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N. 1

G. 1

THE GREATEST WORKS

OF THE

GREATEST AUTHORS

ANCIENT AND MODERN

COMPRISING THE ESSAYS OF

LORD MACAULAY

LORD BACON

JOHN STUART MILL

LETTERS OF JUNIUS

HERBERT SPENCER

TALES OF WASHINGTON IRVING

WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

AND CHOICE SELECTIONS OF

DEMOSTHENES

PLUTARCH

EUBIPIDES

SOPHOCLES

HERODOTUS

CICERO

HOMER

VIRGIL

HORACE

BESIDES MANY OTHERS

ALSO

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE

OF

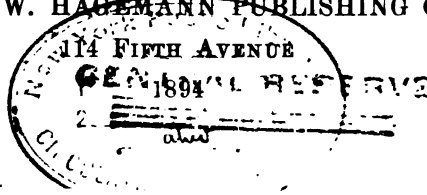
PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

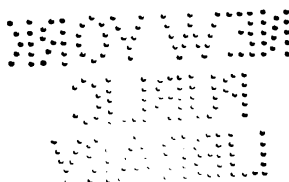
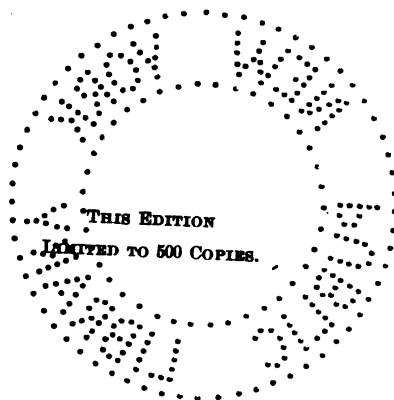
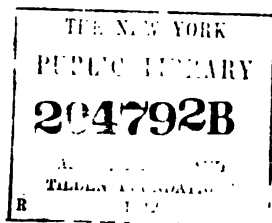
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MILTON.*

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1823, Mr. Lemon, deputy keeper of the state papers, in the course of his researches among the presses of his office, met with a large Latin manuscript. With it were found corrected copies of the foreign despatches written by Milton, while he filled the office of Secretary, and several papers relating to the Popish Trials and the Rye-house Plot. The whole was wrapped up in an envelope, superscribed *To Mr. Skinner, Merchant*. On examination, the large manuscript proved to be the long lost *Essay on the Doctrines of Christianity*, which, according to Wood and Toland, Milton finished after the Restoration, and deposited with Cyriac Skinner. Skinner, it is well known, held the same political opinions with his illustrious friend. It is therefore probable, as Mr. Lemon conjectures, that he may have fallen under the suspicions of the government during that persecution of the Whigs which followed the dissolution of the Oxford parliament, and that, in consequence of a general seizure of his papers, this work may have been brought to the office in which it has been found. But whatever the adventures of the manuscript may have been, no doubt can exist that it is a genuine relic of the great poet.

Mr. Sumner, who was commanded by his Majesty to edit and translate the treatise, has acquitted himself of his task in a manner honorable to his talents and to his character. His version is not indeed very easy or elegant; but it is entitled to the praise of clearness and fidelity. His notes abound with interesting quotations, and have the rare merit of really elucidating the text. The preface is evidently the work of a sensible and candid man, firm in his own religious opinions, and tolerant towards those of others.

The book itself will not add much to the fame of Milton. It is, like all his Latin works, well written, though not exactly in the style

of the prize essays of Oxford and Cambridge. There is no elaborate imitation of classical antiquity, no scrupulous purity, none of the ceremonial cleanness which characterizes the diction of our academical Pharisees. The author does not attempt to polish and brighten his composition into the Ciceronian gloss and brilliancy. He does not in short sacrifice sense and spirit to pedantic refinements. The nature of his subject compelled him to use many words

"That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp."

But he writes with as much ease and freedom as if Latin were his mother tongue; and, where he is least happy, his failure seems to arise from the carelessness of a native, not from the ignorance of a foreigner. We may apply to him what Denham with great felicity says of Cowley. He wears the garb, but not the clothes of the ancients.

Throughout the volume are discernible the traces of a powerful and independent mind, emancipated from the influence of authority, and devoted to the search of truth. Milton professes to form his system from the Bible alone; and his digest of scriptural texts is certainly among the best that have appeared. But he is not always so happy in his inferences as in his citations.

Some of the heterodox doctrines which he avows seemed to have excited considerable amazement, particularly his Arianism, and his theory on the subject of polygamy. Yet we can scarcely conceive that any person could have read the *Paradise Lost* without suspecting him of the former; nor do we think that any reader, acquainted with the history of his life, ought to be much startled at the latter. The opinions which he has expressed respecting the nature of the Deity, the eternity of matter, and the observation of the Sabbath, might, we think, have caused more just surprise.

But we will not go into the discussion of these points. The book, were it far more orthodox or far more heretical than it is, would not much edify or corrupt the present genera-

* *Joannis Miltoni Angli, de Doctrina Christiana libri duo posthumus. A Treatise on Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone. By JOHN MILTON, translated from the Original by Charles E. Sumner, M.A., etc. etc. 1835.*

tion. The men of our time are not to be converted or perverted by quartos. A few more days, and this essay will follow the *Defensio Populi*, to the dust and silence of the upper shelf. The name of its author, and the remarkable circumstances attending its publication, will secure to it a certain degree of attention. For a month or two it will occupy a few minutes of chat in every drawing-room; and a few columns in every magazine; and it will then, to borrow the elegant language of the play-bills, be withdrawn, to make room for the forthcoming novelties.

We wish however to avail ourselves of the interest, transient as it may be, which this work has excited. The dexterous Capuchins never choose to preach on the life and miracles of a saint, till they have awakened the devotional feelings of their auditors by exhibiting some relic of him, a thread of his garment, a lock of his hair, or a drop of his blood. On the same principle, we intend to take advantage of the late interesting discovery, and, while this memorial of a great and good man is still in the hands of all, to say something of his moral and intellectual qualities. Nor, we are convinced, will the severest of our readers blame us if, on an occasion like the present, we turn for a short time from the topics of the day, to commemorate, in all love and reverence, the genius and virtues of John Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty.

It is by his poetry that Milton is best known; and it is of his poetry that we wish first to speak. By the general suffrage of the civilized world, his place has been assigned among the greatest masters of the art. His detractors, however, though outvoted, have not been silenced. There are many critics, and some of great name, who contrive in the same breath to extol the poems and to decry the poet. The works they acknowledge, considered in themselves, may be classed among the noblest productions of the human mind. But they will not allow the author to rank with those great men who, born in the infancy of civilization, supplied, by their own powers, the want of instruction, and, though destitute of models themselves, bequeathed to posterity models which defy imitation. Milton, it is said, inherited what his predecessors created; he lived in an enlightened age; he received a finished education; and we must therefore, if we would form a just estimate of his powers, make large deductions in consideration of these advantages.

We venture to say, on the contrary, paradoxical as the remark may appear, that no

poet has ever had to struggle with more unfavorable circumstances than Milton. He doubted, as he has himself owned, whether he had not been born "an age too late." For this notion Johnson has thought fit to make him the butt of much clumsy ridicule. The poet, we believe, understood the nature of his art better than the critic. He knew that his poetical genius derived no advantage from the civilization which surrounded him, or from the learning which he had acquired; and he looked back with something like regret to the ruder age of simple words and vivid impressions.

We think that, as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we fervently admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more, because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. We cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely the uniformity of the phenomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental science to that of the imitative arts. The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting materials, ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter, or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits that hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers, speedily surpass them in actual attainments. Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues on Political Economy could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation.

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may indeed improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical

operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive, and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical, that of a half-civilized people is poetical.

This change in the language of men is partly the cause and partly the effect of a corresponding change in the nature of their intellectual operations, of a change by which science gains and poetry loses. Generalization is necessary to the advancement of knowledge; but particularly is indispensable to the creations of the imagination. In proportion as men know more and think more, they look less at individuals and more at classes. They therefore make better theories and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of images, and personified qualities instead of men. They may be better able to analyze human nature than their predecessors. But analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. He may believe in a moral sense, like Shaftesbury; he may refer all human actions to self-interest, like Helvetius; or he may never think about the matter at all. His creed on such subjects will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lacrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood, will affect the tears of his Niobe, or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakespeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one. It is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in the Fable of the Bees. But could Mandeville have created an Iago? Well as he knew how to resolve characters into their elements, would he have been able to combine those elements in such a manner as to make up a man, a real, living, individual man?

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind, if any thing which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness. By poetry we mean not all writing in verse, nor even all good writing in verse. Our definition excludes many metrical compositions which, on other grounds, deserve the highest praise. By poetry we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colors. Thus the

greatest of poets has described it, in lines universally admired for the vigor and felicity of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled:

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

These are the fruits of the "fine frenzy" which he ascribes to the poet,—a fine frenzy doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just; but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, every thing ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence of all people children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by Hamlet or Lear, as a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding-hood. She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes; she weeps; she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds.

In a rude state of society men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones; but little poetry. Men will judge and compare; but they will not create. They will talk about the old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them. But they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their ruder ancestors, the agony, the ecstasy, the plenitude of belief. The Greek Rhapsodists, according to Plato, could scarce recite Homer without falling into convulsions. The Mohawk hardly feels the scalping knife while he shouts his death-song. The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous. Such feelings are very rare in a civilized community, and

most rare among those who participate most in its improvements. They linger longest among the peasantry.

Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And, as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which the poet calls up grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction.

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority. His very talents will be a hindrance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency, will in general be proportioned to the vigor and activity of his mind. And it is well if, after all his sacrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man or a modern ruin. We have seen in our own time great talents, intense labor, and long meditation, employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed, we will not say, absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.

If these reasonings be just, no poet has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. He received a learned education; he was a profound and elegant classical scholar; he had studied all the mysteries of Rabbinical literature; he was intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe, from which either pleasure or information was then to be derived. He was perhaps the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the excellence of his Latin verse. The genius of Petrarch was scarcely of the first order; and his poems in the ancient language, though much praised by those who have never read them, are wretched compositions. Cowley, with all his admirable wit and ingenuity, had little imagination; nor indeed do we think his classical diction comparable to that of Milton. The authority of Johnson is against us on this point. But Johnson had studied the bad writers of the middle ages till he had become utterly insensible to the Augustan elegance, and was as

ill qualified to judge between two Latin styles as a habitual drunkard to set up for a wine-taster.

Versification in a dead language is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly, imitation of that which elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection. The soils on which this rarity flourishes are in general as ill-suited to the production of vigorous native poetry as the flower-pots of a hot-house to the growth of oaks. That the author of the *Paradise Lost* should have written the *Epistle to Manso* was truly wonderful. Never before were such marked originality and such exquisite mimicry found together. Indeed in all the Latin poems of Milton the artificial manner indispensable to such works is admirably preserved, while, at the same time, his genius gives to them a peculiar charm, an air of nobleness and freedom, which distinguishes them from all other writings of the same class. They remind us of the amusements of those angelic warriors who composed the cohort of Gabriel:

"About him exercised heroic games
The unarmed youth of heaven. But o'er their heads
Celestial armory, shield, helm, and spear,
Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold."

We cannot look upon the sportive exercises for which the genius of Milton ungirds itself, without catching a glimpse of the gorgeous and terrible panoply which it is accustomed to wear. The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle. So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind, that it not only was not suffocated beneath the weight of fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance.

It is not our intention to attempt any thing like a complete examination of the poetry of Milton. The public has long been agreed as to the merit of the most remarkable passages, the incomparable harmony of the numbers, and the excellence of that style, which no rival has been able to equal, and no parodist to degrade, which displays in their highest perfection the idiomatic powers of the English tongue, and to which every ancient and every modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music. In the vast field of criticism on which we are entering innumerable reapers have already put their sickles. Yet the harvest is so abundant that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf.

The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so

much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors. The most unimaginative man must understand the *Iliad*. Homer gives him no choice, and requires from him no exertion, but takes the whole upon himself, and sets the images in so clear a light, that it is impossible to be blind to them. The works of Milton cannot be comprehended or enjoyed, unless the mind of the reader co-operate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture, or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the key-note, and expects his hearer to make out the melody.

We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression in general means nothing: but, applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced, than the past is present and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence; substitute one synonyme for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power; and he who should then hope to conjure with it would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying, "Open Wheat," "Open Barley," to the door which obeyed no sound but "Open Sesame." The miserable failure of Dryden in his attempt to translate into his own diction some part of the *Paradise Lost*, is a remarkable instance of this.

In support of these observations we may remark, that scarcely any passages in the poems of Milton are more generally known or more frequently repeated than those which are little more than muster-rolls of names. They are not always more appropriate or more melodious than other names. But they are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas. Like the dwelling-place of our infancy revisited in manhood, like the song of our country heard in a strange land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value. One transports us back to a remote period of history. Another places us among the novel scenes and manners of a distant region. A third evokes

all the dear classical recollections of childhood, the school-room, the dog-eared Virgil, the holiday, and the prize. A fourth brings before us the splendid phantoms of chivalrous romance, the trophied lists, the embroidered housings, the quaint devices, the haunted forests, the enchanted gardens, the achievements of enamored knights, and the smiles of rescued princesses.

In none of the works of Milton is his peculiar manner more happily displayed than in *Allegro* and the *Penseroso*. It is impossible to conceive that the mechanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection. These poems differ from others, as a star of roses differs from ordinary rose water, the close packed essence from the thin diluted mixture. They are indeed not so much poems, as collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a stanza.

The *Comus* and the *Samson Agonistes* are works which, though of very different merit, offer some marked points of resemblance. Both are lyric poems in the form of plays. There are perhaps no two kinds of composition so essentially dissimilar as the drama and the ode. The business of the dramatist is to keep himself out of sight, and to let nothing appear but his characters. As soon as he attracts notice to his personal feelings, the illusion is broken. The effect is as unpleasant as that which is produced on the stage by the voice of the prompter or the entrance of a scene-shifter. Hence it was, that the tragedies of Byron were his least successful performances. They resemble those pasteboard pictures invented by the friend of children, Mr. Newbury, in which a single movable head goes round twenty different bodies, so that the same face looks out upon us successively, from the uniform of a hussar, the furs of a judge, and the rags of a beggar. In all the characters, patriots and tyrants, haters and lovers, the frown and sneer of Harold were discernible in an instant. But this species of egotism, though fatal to the drama, is the inspiration of the ode. It is the part of the lyric poet to abandon himself, without reserve, to his own emotion.

Between these hostile elements many great men have endeavored to effect an amalgamation, but never with complete success. The Greek Drama, on the model of which the *Samson* was written, sprang from the Ode. The dialogue was grafted on the chorus, and naturally partook of its character. The genius of the greatest of the Athenian dramatists co-operated with the circumstances under which tragedy made its first appearance.

Æschylus was, head and heart, a lyric poet. In his time, the Greeks had far more intercourse with the East than in the days of Homer, and they had not yet acquired that immense superiority in war, in science, and in the arts, which, in the following generation, led them to treat the Asiatics with contempt. From the narrative of Herodotus it should seem that they still looked up, with the disciples, to Egypt and Assyria. At this period, accordingly, it was natural that the literature of Greece should be tintured with the Oriental style. And that style, we think, is discernible in the works of Pindar and *Æschylus*. The latter often reminds us of the Hebrew writers. The book of Job, indeed, in conduct and diction, bears a considerable resemblance to some of his dramas. Considered as plays, his works are absurd; considered as choruses, they are above all praise. If, for instance, we examine the address of Clytemnestra to Agamemnon on his return, or the description of the seven Argive chiefs, by the principles of dramatic writing, we shall instantly condemn them as monstrous. But if we forget the characters, and think only of the poetry, we shall admit that it has never been surpassed in energy and magnificence. Sophocles made the Greek drama as dramatic as was consistent with its original form. His portraits of men have a sort of similarity; but it is the similarity not of a painting, but of a bas-relief. It suggests a resemblance; but it does not produce an illusion. Euripides attempted to carry the reform further. But it was a task far beyond his powers, perhaps beyond any powers. Instead of correcting what was bad, he destroyed what was excellent. He substituted crutches for stilts, bad sermons for good odes.

Milton, it is well known, admired Euripides highly, much more highly than, in our opinion, Euripides deserved. Indeed the caresses which this partiality leads our countryman to bestow on "sad Electra's poet," sometimes remind us of the beautiful Queen of Fairyland kissing the long ears of Bottom. At all events, there can be no doubt that this veneration for the Athenian, whether just or not, was injurious to the *Samson Agonistes*. Had Milton taken *Æschylus* for his model, he would have given himself up to the lyric inspiration, and poured out profusely all the treasures of his mind, without bestowing a thought on those dramatic proprieties which the nature of the work rendered it impossible to preserve. In the attempt to reconcile things in their own nature inconsistent, he has failed, as every one else must have failed. We cannot identify ourselves with the characters,

as in a good play. We cannot identify ourselves with the poet, as in a good ode. The conflicting ingredients, like an acid and an alkali mixed, neutralize each other. We are by no means insensible to the merits of this celebrated piece, to the severe dignity of the style, the graceful and pathetic solemnity of the opening speech, or the wild and barbaric melody which gives so striking an effect to the choral passages. But we think it, we confess, the least successful effort of the genius of Milton.

The *Comus* is framed on the model of the Italian Masque, as the *Samson* is framed on the model of the Greek Tragedy. It is certainly the noblest performance of the kind which exists in any language. It is as far superior to the Faithful Shepherdess, as the Faithful Shepherdess is to the *Aminta*, or the *Aminta* to the *Pastor Fido*. It was well for Milton that he had here no Euripides to mislead him. He understood and loved the literature of modern Italy. But he did not feel for it the same veneration which he entertained for the remains of Athenian and Roman poetry, consecrated by so many lofty and endearing recollections. The faults, moreover, of his Italian predecessors were of a kind to which his mind had a deadly antipathy. He could stoop to a plain style, sometimes even to a bald style; but false brilliancy was his utter aversion. His muse had no objection to a russet attire; but she turned with disgust from the finery of Guarini, as tawdry and as paltry as the rags of a chimney-sweeper on May-day. Whatever ornaments she wears are of massive gold, not only dazzling to the sight, but capable of standing the severest test of the crucible.

Milton attended in the *Comus* to the distinction which he afterwards neglected in the *Samson*. He made his Masque what it ought to be, essentially lyrical, and dramatic only in semblance. He has not attempted a fruitless struggle against a defect inherent in the nature of that species of composition; and he has therefore succeeded, wherever success was not impossible. The speeches must be read as majestic soliloquies; and he who so reads them will be enraptured with their eloquence, their sublimity, and their music. The interruptions of the dialogue, however, impose a constraint upon the writer, and break the illusion of the reader. The finest passages are those which are lyric in form as well as in spirit. "I should much commend," says the excellent Sir Henry Wotton in a letter to Milton, "the tragical part if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto, I must plain-

ly confess to you, I have seen yet nothing parallel in our language." The criticism was just. It is when Milton escapes from the shackles of the dialogue, when he is discharged from the labor of uniting two incongruous styles, when he is at liberty to indulge his choral raptures without reserve, that he rises even above himself. Then, like his own good Genius bursting from the earthly form and weeds of Thyrsis, he stands forth in celestial freedom and beauty; he seems to cry exultingly,

"Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run."

to skim the earth, to soar above the clouds, to bathe in the Elysian dew of the rainbow, and to inhale the balmy smells of nard and cassia, which the musky winds of the zephyr scatter through the cedared alleys of the Hesperides.

There are several of the minor poems of Milton on which we would willingly make a few remarks. Still more willingly would we enter into a detailed examination of that admirable poem, the *Paradise Regained*, which, strangely enough, is scarcely ever mentioned except as an instance of the blindness of the parental affection which men of letters bear towards the offspring of their intellects. That Milton was mistaken in preferring this work, excellent as it is, to the *Paradise Lost*, we readily admit. But we are sure that the superiority of the *Paradise Lost* to the *Paradise Regained* is not more decided, than the superiority of the *Paradise Regained* to every poem which has since made its appearance. Our limits, however, prevent us from discussing the point at length. We hasten on to that extraordinary production which the general suffrage of critics has placed in the highest class of human compositions.

The only poem of modern times which can be compared with the *Paradise Lost* is the *Divine Comedy*. The subject of Milton, in some points, resembled that of Dante; but he has treated it in a widely different manner. We cannot, we think, better illustrate our opinion respecting our own great poet, than by contrasting him with the father of Tuscan literature.

The poetry of Milton differs from that of Dante, as the hieroglyphics of Egypt differed from the picture-writing of Mexico. The images which Dante employs speak for themselves; they stand simply for what they are. Those of Milton have a signification which is often discernible only to the initiated. Their value depends less on what they directly represent than on what they remotely suggest. However strange, however grotesque, may be

the appearance which Dante undertakes to describe, he never shrinks from describing it. He gives us the shape, the color, the sound, the smell, the taste; he counts the numbers; he measures the size. His similes are the illustrations of a traveller. Unlike those of other poets, and especially of Milton, they are introduced in a plain, business-like manner; not for the sake of any beauty in the objects from which they are drawn; not for the sake of any ornament which they may impart to the poem; but simply in order to make the meaning of the writer as clear to the reader as it is to himself. The ruins of the precipice which led from the sixth to the seventh circle of hell were like those of the rock which fell into the Adige on the south of Trent. The cataract of Phlegethon was like that of Aqua Cheta at the monastery of St. Benedict. The place where the heretics were confined in burning tombs resembled the vast cemetery of Arles.

Now let us compare with the exact details of Dante the dim intimations of Milton. We will cite a few examples. The English poet has never thought of taking the measure of Satan. He gives us merely a vague idea of vast bulk. In one passage the fiend lies stretched out huge in length, floating many a rood, equal in size to the earth-born enemies of Jove, or to the sea-monster which the mariner mistakes for an island. When he addresses himself to battle against the guardian angels, he stands like Teneriffe or Atlas: his stature reaches the sky. Contrast with these descriptions the lines in which Dante has described the gigantic spectre of Nimrod. "His face seemed to me as long and as broad as the ball of St. Peter's at Rome; and his other limbs were in proportion; so that the bank, which concealed him from the waist downwards, nevertheless showed so much of him, that three tall Germans would in vain have attempted to reach to his hair." We are sensible that we do no justice to the admirable style of the Florentine poet. But Mr. Cary's translation is not at hand; and our version, however rude, is sufficient to illustrate our meaning.

Once more, compare the lazar-house in the eleventh book of the *Paradise Lost* with the last ward of Malebolge in Dante. Milton avoids the loathsome details, and takes refuge in indistinct but solemn and tremendous imagery, Despair hurrying from couch to couch to mock the wretches with his attendance, Death shaking his dart over them, but, in spite of supplications, delaying to strike. What says Dante? "There was such a moan there as there would be if all the sick who, between July and September, are in the hospitals of Valdichiana, and of the Tuscan swamps, and

of Sardinia were in one pit together; and such a stench was issuing forth as is wont to issue from decayed limbs."

We will not take upon ourselves the invidious office of settling precedence between two such writers. Each in his own department is incomparable; and each, we may remark, has wisely, or fortunately, taken a subject adapted to exhibit his peculiar talent to the greatest advantage. The *Divine Comedy* is a personal narrative. Dante is the eye-witness and ear-witness of that which he relates. He is the very man who has heard the tormented spirits crying out for the second death, who has read the dusky characters on the portal within which there is no hope, who has hidden his face from the terrors of the Gorgon, who has fled from the hooks and the seething pitch of *Barbariccia* and *Draghignazzo*. His own hands have grasped the shaggy sides of *Lucifer*. His own feet have climbed the mountain of expiation. His own brow has been marked by the purifying angel. The reader would throw aside such a tale in incredulous disgust, unless it were told with the strongest air of veracity, with a sobriety even in its horrors, with the greatest precision and multiplicity in its details. The narrative of Milton in this respect differs from that of Dante, as the adventures of *Amadis* differ from those of *Gulliver*. The author of *Amadis* would have made his book ridiculous if he had introduced those minute particulars which give such a charm to the work of Swift, the nautical observations, the affected delicacy about names, the official documents transcribed at full length, and all the unmeaning gossip and scandal of the court, springing out of nothing, and tending to nothing. We are not shocked at being told that a man who lived, nobody knows when, saw many very strange sights, and we can easily abandon ourselves to the illusion of the romance. But when *Lemuel Gulliver*, surgeon, resident at *Rotherhithe*, tells us of pygmies and giants, dying islands, and philosophizing horses, nothing but such circumstantial touches could produce for a single moment a deception on the imagination.

Of all the poets who have introduced into their works the agency of supernatural beings, Milton has succeeded best. Here Dante decidedly yields to him: and as this is a point on which many rash and ill-considered judgments have been pronounced, we feel inclined to dwell on it a little longer. The most fatal error which a poet can possibly commit in the management of his machinery, is that of attempting to philosophize too much. Milton has been often censured for ascribing to spirits

many functions of which spirits must be incapable. But these objections, though sanctioned by eminent names, originate, we venture to say, in profound ignorance of the art of poetry.

What is a spirit? What are our own minds, the portion of spirit with which we are best acquainted? We observe certain phenomena. We cannot explain them into material causes. We therefore infer that there exists something which is not material. But of this something we have no idea. We can define it only by negatives. We can reason about it only by symbols. We use the word: but we have no image of the thing; and the business of poetry is with images, and not with words. The poet uses words indeed; but they are merely the instruments of his art, not its objects. They are the materials which he is to dispose in such a manner as to present a picture to the mental eye. And if they are not so disposed, they are no more entitled to be called poetry than a bale of canvas and a box of colors to be called a painting.

Logicians may reason about abstractions. But the great mass of men must have images. The strong tendency of the multitude in all ages and nations to idolatry can be explained on no other principle. The first inhabitants of Greece, there is reason to believe, worshipped one invisible Deity. But the necessity of having something more definite to adore produced, in a few centuries, the innumerable crowd of Gods and Goddesses. In like manner the ancient Persians thought it impious to exhibit the Creator under a human form. Yet even these transferred to the Sun the worship which, in speculation, they considered due only to the Supreme Mind. The History of the Jews is the record of a continued struggle between pure Theism, supported by the most terrible sanctions, and the strangely fascinating desire of having some visible and tangible object of adoration. Perhaps none of the secondary causes which Gibbon has assigned for the rapidity with which Christianity spread over the world, while Judaism scarcely ever acquired a proselyte, operated more powerfully than this feeling. God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshippers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception: but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy,

and the pride of the portico, and the fasces of the Lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust. Soon after Christianity had achieved its triumph, the principle which had assisted it began to corrupt it. It became a new Paganism. Patron saints assumed the offices of household gods. St. George took the place of Mars. St. Elmo consoled the mariner for the loss of Castor and Pollux. The Virgin Mother and Cecilia succeeded to Venus and the Muses. The fascination of sex and loveliness was again joined to that of celestial dignity; and the homage of chivalry was blended with that of religion. Reformers have often made a stand against these feelings; but never with more than apparent and partial success. The men who demolished the images in Cathedrals have not always been able to demolish those which were enshrined in their minds. It would not be difficult to show that in politics the same rule holds good. Doctrines, we are afraid, must generally be embodied before they can excite a strong public feeling. The multitude is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge, or the most insignificant name, than for the most important principle.

From these considerations, we infer that no poet, who should affect that metaphysical accuracy for the want of which Milton has been blamed, would escape a disgraceful failure. Still, however, there was another extreme, which, though far less dangerous, was also to be avoided. The imaginations of men are in a great measure under the control of their opinions. The most exquisite art of poetical coloring can produce no illusion, when it is employed to represent that which is at once perceived to be incongruous and absurd. Milton wrote in an age of philosophers and theologians. It was necessary, therefore, for him to abstain from giving such a shock to their understandings as might break the charm which it was his object to throw over their imaginations. This is the real explanation of the indistinctness and inconsistency with which he has often been reproached. Dr. Johnson acknowledges that it was absolutely necessary that the spirit should be clothed with material forms. "But," says he, "the poet should have secured the consistency of his system by keeping immateriality out of sight, and seducing the reader to drop it from his thoughts." This is easily said; but what if Milton could not seduce his readers to drop immateriality from their thoughts? What if the contrary opinion had so fully taken possession of the minds of men as to leave no room even for the half belief which poetry requires? Such we suspect to have been the

case. It was impossible for the poet to adopt altogether the material or the immaterial system. He therefore took his stand on the debatable ground. He left the whole in ambiguity. He has, doubtless, by so doing laid himself open to the charge of inconsistency. But, though philosophically in the wrong, we cannot but believe that he was poetically in the right. This task, which almost any other writer would have found impracticable, was easy to him. The peculiar art which he possessed of communicating his meaning circuitously through a long succession of associated ideas, and of intimating more than he expressed, enabled him to disguise those incongruities which he could not avoid.

Poetry which relates to the beings of another world ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so. That of Dante is picturesque indeed beyond any that was ever written. Its effect approaches to that produced by the pencil or the chisel. But it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. This a fault on the right side, a fault inseparable from the plan of Dante's poem, which, as we have already observed, rendered the utmost accuracy of description necessary. Still it is a fault. The supernatural agents excite an interest; but it is not the interest which is proper to supernatural agents. We feel that we could talk to the ghosts and demons without any emotion of unearthly awe. We could, like Don Juan, ask them to supper, and eat heartily in their company. Dante's angels are good men with wings. His devils are spiteful ugly executioners. His dead men are merely living men in strange situations. The scene which passes between the poet and Farinata is justly celebrated. Still, Farinata in the burning tomb is exactly what Farinata would have been at an *auto da fe*. Nothing can be more touching than the first interview of Dante and Beatrice. Yet what is it, but a lovely woman chiding, with sweet austere composure, the lover for whose affection she is grateful, but whose vices she reprobates? The feelings which give the passage its charm would suit the streets of Florence as well as the summit of the Mount of Purgatory.

The spirits of Milton are unlike those of almost all other writers. His fiends, in particular, are wonderful creations. They are not metaphysical abstractions. They are not wicked men. They are not ugly beasts. They have no horns, no tails, none of the fee-faw-fum of Tasso and Klopstock. They have just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings. Their characters are, like their forms, marked by a certain dim resemblance to those of men, but exaggerated

to gigantic dimensions, and veiled in mysterious gloom.

Perhaps the gods and dæmons of Æschylus may best bear a comparison with the angels and devils of Milton. The style of the Athenian had, as we have remarked, something of the Oriental character; and the same peculiarity may be traced in his mythology. It has nothing of the amenity and elegance which we generally find in the superstitions of Greece. All is rugged, barbaric, and colossal. The legends of Æschylus seem to harmonize less with the fragrant groves and graceful porticoes in which his countrymen paid their vows to the God of Light and Goddess of Desire, than with those huge and grotesque labyrinths of eternal granite in which Egypt enshrined her mystic Osiris, or in which Hindostan still bows down to her seven-headed idols. His favorite gods are those of the elder generation, the sons of heaven and earth, compared with whom Jupiter himself was a stripling and an upstart, the gigantic Titans, and the inexorable Furies. Foremost among his creations of this class stands Prometheus, half fiend, half redeemer, the friend of man, the sullen and implacable enemy of heaven. Prometheus bears undoubtedly a considerable resemblance to the Satan of Milton. In both we find the same impatience of control, the same ferocity, the same unconquerable pride. In both characters also are mingled, though in very different proportions, some kind and generous feelings. Prometheus, however, is hardly superhuman enough. He talks too much of his chains and his uneasy posture: he is rather too much depressed and agitated. His resolution seems to depend on the knowledge which he possesses that he holds the fate of his torturer in his hands, and that the hour of his release will surely come. But Satan is a creature of another sphere. The might of his intellectual nature is victorious over the extremity of pain. Amidst agonies which cannot be conceived without horror, he deliberates, resolves, and even exults. Against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake, and the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermitted misery, his spirit bears up unbroken, resting on its own innate energies, requiring no support from anything external, nor even from hope itself.

To return for a moment to the parallel which we have been attempting to draw between Milton and Dante, we would add that the poetry of these great men has in a considerable degree taken its character from their moral qualities. They are not egotists. They rarely obtrude their idiosyncrasies on

their readers. They have nothing in common with those modern beggars for fame, who extorts a pittance from the compassion of the inexperienced by exposing the nakedness and sores of their minds. Yet it would be difficult to name two writers whose works have been more completely, though undesignedly, colored by their personal feelings.

The character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of spirit; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the Divine Comedy we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of earth nor the hope of heaven could dispel it. It turned every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness." The gloom of his characters discolours all the passions of men, and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the eternal throne. All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belong to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home, and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pandar in the style of a bellman, were now the favorite writers of the Sovereign and of the public. It was a loathsome herd, which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus, grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human, dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances.

Amidst these that fair Muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the Masque, lofty, spotless, and serene, to be chattered at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole rout of Satyrs and Goblins. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, they might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions, and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die.

Hence it was that, though he wrote the *Paradise Lost* at a time of life when images of beauty and tenderness are in general beginning to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by anxiety and disappointment, he adorned it with all that is most lovely and delightful in the physical and in the moral world. Neither Theocritus nor Ariosto had a finer or a more healthful sense of the pleasantness of external objects, or loved better to luxuriate amidst sunbeams and flowers, the songs of nightingales, the juice of summer fruits, and the coolness of shady fountains. His conception of love united all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside. His poetry reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy land, are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.

Traces, indeed, of the peculiar character of Milton may be found in all his works; but it is most strongly displayed in the *Sonnets*. Those remarkable poems have been undervalued by critics who have not understood their nature. They have no epigrammatic point. There is none of the ingenuity of Filicaja in the thought, none of the hard and brilliant enamel of Petrarch in the style. They are simple but majestic records of the feelings of the poet; as little tricked out for the public eye as his diary would have been. A

victory, an expected attack upon the city, a momentary fit of depression or exultation, a jest thrown out against one of his books, a dream which for a short time restored to him that beautiful face over which the grave had closed forever, led him to musings, which, without effort, shaped themselves into verse. The unity of sentiment and severity of style which characterize these little pieces remind us of the Greek Anthology, or perhaps still more of the *Collects* of the English Liturgy. The noble poem on the *Massacres of Piedmont* is strictly a *Collect* in verse.

The *Sonnets* are more or less striking according as the occasions which gave birth to them are more or less interesting. But they are, almost without exception, dignified by a sobriety and greatness of mind to which we know not where to look for a parallel. It would, indeed, be scarcely safe to draw any decided inferences as to the character of a writer from passages directly egotistical. But the qualities which we have ascribed to Milton, though perhaps most strongly marked in those parts of his works which treat of his personal feelings, are distinguishable in every page, and impart to all his writings, prose and poetry, English, Latin, and Italian, a strong family likeness.

His public conduct was such as was to be expected from a man of a spirit so high and of an intellect so powerful. He lived at one of the most memorable eras in the history of mankind, at the very crisis of the great conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes, liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice. That great battle was fought for no single generation, for no single land. The destinies of the human race were staked on the same cast with the freedom of the English people. Then were first proclaimed those mighty principles which have since worked their way into the depths of the American forests, which have roused Greece from the slavery and degradation of two thousand years, and which, from one end of Europe to the other, have kindled an unquenchable fire in the hearts of the oppressed, and loosed the knees of the oppressors with an unwonted fear.

Of those principles, then struggling for their infant existence, Milton was the most devoted and eloquent literary champion. We need not say how much we admire his public conduct. But we cannot disguise from ourselves that a large portion of his countrymen still think it unjustifiable. The civil war, indeed, has been more discussed, and is less understood, than any event in English history. The friends of liberty la-

bored under the disadvantage of which the lion in the fable complained so bitterly. Though they were the conquerors, their enemies were the painters. As a body, the Roundheads had done their utmost to decry and ruin literature; and literature was even with them, as, in the long run, it always is with its enemies. The best book on their side of the question is the charming narrative of Mrs. Hutchinson. May's History of the Parliament is good; but it breaks off at the most interesting crisis of the struggle. The performance of Ludlow is foolish and violent: and most of the later writers who have espoused the same cause, Oldmixon for instance, and Catherine Macaulay, have, to say the least, been more distinguished by zeal than either by candor or by skill. On the other side are the most authoritative and the most popular historical works in our language, that of Clarendon, and that of Hume. The former is not only ably written and full of valuable information, but has also an air of dignity and sincerity which makes even the prejudices and errors with which it abounds respectable. Hume, from whose fascinating narrative the great mass of the reading public are still contented to take their opinions, hated religion so much that he hated liberty for having been allied with religion, and has pleaded the cause of tyranny with the dexterity of an advocate while affecting the impartiality of a judge.

The public conduct of Milton must be approved or condemned according as the resistance of the people to Charles the First shall appear to be justifiable or criminal. We shall therefore make no apology for dedicating a few pages to the discussion of that interesting and most important question. We shall not argue it on general grounds. We shall not recur to those primary principles from which the claim of any government to the obedience of its subjects is to be deduced. We are entitled to that vantage ground; but we will relinquish it. We are, on this point, so confident of superiority, that we are not unwilling to imitate the ostentatious generosity of those ancient knights, who vowed to joust without helmet or shield against all enemies, and to give their antagonists the advantage of sun and wind. We will take the naked constitutional question. We confidently affirm, that every reason which can be urged in favor of the Revolution of 1688 may be urged with at least equal force in favor of what is called the Great Rebellion.

In one respect, only, we think, can the warmest admirers of Charles venture to say that he was a better sovereign than his son.

He was not, in name and profession, a Papist; we say in name and profession, because both Charles himself and his creature Laud, while they abjured the innocent badges of Popery, retained all its worst vices, a complete subjection of reason to authority, a weak preference of form to substance, a childish passion for mummeries, an idolatrous veneration for the priestly character, and, above all, a merciless intolerance. This, however, we waive. We will concede that Charles was a good Protestant; but we say that his Protestantism does not make the slightest distinction between his case and that of James.

The principles of the Revolution have often been grossly misrepresented, and never more than in the course of the present year. There is a certain class of men, who, while they profess to hold in reverence the great names and great actions of former times, never look at them for any other purpose than in order to find in them some excuse for existing abuses. In every venerable precedent they pass by what is essential, and take only what is accidental: they keep out of sight what is beneficial, and hold up to public imitation all that is defective. If, in any part of any great example, there be anything unsound, these flesh flies detect it with an unerring instinct, and dart upon it with a ravenous delight. If some good end has been attained in spite of them, they feel, with their prototype, that

"Their labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil."

To the blessings which England has derived from the Revolution these people are utterly insensible. The expulsion of a tyrant, the solemn recognition of popular rights, liberty, security, toleration, all go for nothing with them. One sect there was, which, from unfortunate temporary causes, it was thought necessary to keep under close restraint. One part of the empire there was so unhappily circumstanced, that at that time its misery was necessary to our happiness, and its slavery to our freedom. These are the parts of the Revolution which the politicians of whom we speak, love to contemplate, and, which seem to them not indeed to vindicate, but in some degree to palliate, the good which it has produced. Talk to them of Naples, of Spain, or of South America. They stand forth zealous for the doctrine of Divine Right which has now come back to us, like a thief from transportation, under the *alias* of Legitimacy. But mention the miseries of Ireland. Then William is a hero. Then Somers and Shrewsbury are great men. Then the Revolution is a glorious era. The very same persons

who, in this country, never omit an opportunity of reviving every wretched Jacobite slander respecting the Whigs of that period, have no sooner crossed St. George's Channel than they begin to fill their bumpers to the glorious and immortal memory. They may truly boast that they look not at men, but at measures. So that evil be done, they care not who does it; the arbitrary Charles, or the liberal William, Ferdinand the Catholic, or Frederic the Protestant. On such occasions their deadliest opponents may reckon upon their candid construction. The bold assertions of these people have of late impressed a large portion of the public with an opinion that James the Second was expelled simply because he was a Catholic, and that the Revolution was essentially a Protestant Revolution.

But this certainly was not the case; nor can any person who has acquired more knowledge of the history of those times than is to be found in Goldsmith's Abridgment believe that, if James had held his own religious opinions without wishing to make proselytes, or if, wishing even to make proselytes, he had contented himself with exerting only his constitutional influence for that purpose, the Prince of Orange would ever have been invited over. Our ancestors, we suppose, knew their own meaning; and, if we may believe them, their hostility was primarily not to popery, but to tyranny. They did not drive out a tyrant because he was a Catholic; but they excluded Catholics from the crown, because they thought them likely to be tyrants. The ground on which they, in their famous resolution, declared the throne vacant, was this, "that James had broken the fundamental laws of the kingdom." Every man, therefore, who approves of the Revolution of 1688 must hold that the breach of fundamental laws on the part of the sovereign justifies resistance. The question, then, is this: Had Charles the First broken the fundamental laws of England?

No person can answer in the negative, unless he refuses credit, not merely to all the accusations brought against Charles by his opponents, but to the narratives of the warmest Royalists, and to the confessions of the King himself. If there be any truth in any historian of any party who has related the events of that reign, the conduct of Charles, from his accession to the meeting of the Long Parliament, had been a continued course of oppression and treachery. Let those who applaud the Revolution, and condemn the Rebellion, mention one act of James the Second to which a parallel is not to be found in the history of his father. Let them lay their

fingers on a single article in the Declaration of Right, presented by the two Houses to William and Mary, which Charles is not acknowledged to have violated. He had, according to the testimony of his own friends, usurped the functions of the legislature, raised taxes without the consent of parliament, and quartered troops on the people in the most illegal and vexatious manner. Not a single session of parliament had passed without some unconstitutional attack on the freedom of debate; the right of petition was grossly violated; arbitrary judgments, exorbitant fines, and unwarranted imprisonments were grievances of daily occurrence. If these things do not justify resistance, the Revolution was treason; if they do, the Great Rebellion was laudable.

But, it is said, why not adopt milder measures? Why, after the King had consented to so many reforms, and renounced so many oppressive prerogatives, did the parliament continue to rise in their demands at the risk of provoking a civil war? The ship-money had been given up. The Star Chamber had been abolished. Provision had been made for the frequent convocation and secure deliberation of parliaments. Why not pursue an end confessedly good by peaceable and regular means? We recur again to the analogy of the Revolution. Why was James driven from the throne? Why was he not retained upon conditions? He too had offered to call a free parliament and to submit to its decision all the matters in dispute. Yet we are in the habit of praising our forefathers, who preferred a revolution, a disputed succession, a dynasty of strangers, twenty years of foreign and intestine war, a standing army, and a national debt, to the rule, however restricted, of a tried and proved tyrant. The Long Parliament acted on the same principle and is entitled to the same praise. They could not trust the King. He had no doubt passed salutary laws; but what assurance was there that he would not break them? He had renounced oppressive prerogatives; but where was the security that he would not resume them? The nation had to deal with a man whom no tie could bind, a man who made and broke promises with equal facility, a man whose honor had been a hundred times pawned, and never redeemed.

Here, indeed, the Long Parliament stands on still stronger ground than the Convention of 1688. No action of James can be compared to the conduct of Charles with respect to the Petition of Right. The Lords and Commons present him with a bill in which the constitutional limits of his power are marked out.

He hesitates; he evades; at last he bargains to give his assent for five subsidies. The bill receives his solemn assent; the subsidies are voted; but no sooner is the tyrant relieved, than he returns at once to all the arbitrary measures which he had bound himself to abandon, and violates all the clauses of the very Act which he had been paid to pass.

For more than ten years the people had seen the rights which were theirs by a double claim, by immemorial inheritance and by recent purchase, infringed by the perfidious king who had recognized them. At length circumstances compelled Charles to summon another parliament: another chance was given to our fathers: were they to throw it away as they had thrown away the former? Were they again to be cozened by *le Roi le veut*? Were they again to advance their money on pledges which had been forfeited over and over again? Were they to lay a second Petition of Right at the foot of the throne, to grant another lavish aid in exchange for another unmeaning ceremony, and then to take their departure, till, after ten years more of fraud and oppression, their prince should again require a supply, and again repay it with a perjury? They were compelled to choose whether they would trust a tyrant or conquer him. We think that they chose wisely and nobly.

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James the Second no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defence is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he

was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

We cannot refrain from adding a few words respecting a topic on which the defenders of Charles are fond of dwelling. If, they say, he governed his people ill, he at least governed them after the example of his predecessors. If he violated their privileges, it was because those privileges had not been accurately defined. No act of oppression has ever been imputed to him which has not a parallel in the annals of the Tudors. This point Hume has labored, with an art which is as discreditable in a historical work as it would be admirable in a forensic address. The answer is short, clear, and decisive. Charles had assented to the Petition of Right. He had renounced the oppressive powers said to have been exercised by his predecessors, and he had renounced them for money. He was not entitled to set up his antiquated claims against his own recent release.

The arguments are so obvious, that it may seem superfluous to dwell upon them. But those who have observed how much the events of that time are misrepresented and misunderstood will not blame us for stating the case simply. It is a case of which the simplest statement is the strongest.

The enemies of the Parliament, indeed, rarely choose to take issue on the great points of the question. They content themselves with exposing some of the crimes and follies to which public commotions necessarily give birth. They bewail the unmerited fate of Strafford. They execrate the lawless violence of the army. They laugh at the Scriptural names of the preachers. Major-generals fleecing their districts; soldiers revelling on the spoils of a ruined peasantry; upstarts, enriched by the public plunder taking possession of the hospitable firesides and hereditary trees of the old gentry; boys smashing the

beautiful windows of cathedrals; Quakers riding naked through the market-place; Fifth-monarchy men shouting for King Jesus; agitators lecturing from the tops of tubs on the fate of Agag; all these, they tell us, were the offspring of the Great Rebellion.

Be it so. We are not careful to answer in this matter. These charges, were they infinitely more important, would not alter our opinion of an event which alone has made us to differ from the slaves who crouch beneath despotic sceptres. Many evils, no doubt, were produced by the civil war. They were the price of our liberty. Has the acquisition been worth the sacrifice? It is the nature of the Devil of tyranny to tear and rend the body which he leaves. Are the miseries of continued possession less horrible than the struggles of the tremendous exorcism?

If it were possible that a people brought up under an intolerant and arbitrary system could subvert that system without acts of cruelty and folly, half the objections to despotic power would be removed. We should, in that case, be compelled to acknowledge that it at least produces no pernicious effects on the intellectual and moral character of a nation. We deplore the outrages which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a revolution was necessary. The violence of those outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people; and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live. Thus it was in our civil war. The heads of the church and state reaped only that which they had sown. The government had prohibited free discussion: it had done its best to keep the people unacquainted with their duties and their rights. The retribution was just and natural. If our rulers suffered from popular ignorance, it was because they had themselves taken away the key of knowledge. If they were assailed with blind fury, it was because they had exacted an equally blind submission.

It is the character of such revolutions that we always see the worst of them at first. Till men have been some time free, they know not how to use their freedom. The natives of wine countries are generally sober. In climates where wine is a rarity intemperance abounds. A newly liberated people may be compared to a northern army encamped on the Rhine or the Xeres. It is said that, when soldiers in such a situation first find themselves able to indulge without restraint in such a rare and expensive luxury, nothing is to be

seen but intoxication. Soon, however, plenty teaches discretion; and, after wine has been for a few months their daily fare, they become more temperate than they had ever been in their own country. In the same manner, the final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation and mercy. Its immediate effects are often atrocious crimes, conflicting errors, skepticism on points the most clear, dogmatism on points the most mysterious. It is just at this crisis that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half-finished edifice: they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the frightful irregularity of the whole appearance; and then ask in scorn where the promised splendor and comfort is to be found. If such miserable sophisms were to prevail there would never be a good house or a good government in the world.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day: he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. But the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educes out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water till he had learnt to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

Therefore it is that we decidedly approve of the conduct of Milton and the other wise and good men who, in spite of much that was ridiculous and hateful in the conduct of their associates, stood firmly by the cause of Public Liberty. We are not aware that the poet has been charged with personal participation in any of the blamable excesses of that time. The favorite topic of his enemies is the line of conduct which he pursued with regard to the execution of the King. Of that celebrated proceeding we by no means approve. Still we must say, in justice to the many eminent persons who concurred in it, and in justice more particularly to the eminent person who defended it, that nothing can be more absurd than the imputations which, for the last hundred and sixty years, it has been the fashion to cast upon the Regicides. We have, throughout, abstained from appealing to first principles. We will not appeal to them now. We recur again to the parallel case of the Revolution. What essential distinction can be drawn between the execution of the father and the deposition of the son? What constitutional maxim is there which applies to the former and not to the latter? The King can do no wrong. If so, James was as innocent as Charles could have been. The minister only ought to be responsible for the acts of the Sovereign. If so, why not impeach Jefferies and retain James? The person of a King is sacred. Was the person of James considered sacred at the Boyne? To discharge cannon against an army in which a King is known to be posted is to approach pretty near to regicide. Charles, too, it should always be remembered, was put to death by men who had been exasperated by the hostilities of several years, and who had never been bound to him by any other tie than that which was common to them with all their fellow-citizens. Those who drove James from his throne, who seduced his army, who alienated his friends, who first imprisoned him in his palace, and then turned him out of it, who broke in upon his very slumbers by imperious messages, who pursued him with fire and sword from one part of the empire to another, who hanged, drew, and quartered his adherents, and attainted his innocent heir, were his nephew and

his two daughters. When we reflect on all these things, we are at a loss to conceive how the same persons who, on the fifth of November, thank God for wonderfully conducting his servant William, and for making all opposition fall before him until he became our King and Governor, can, on the thirtieth of January, contrive to be afraid that the blood of the Royal Martyr may be visited on themselves and their children.

We disapprove, we repeat, of the execution of Charles; not because the constitution exempts the King from responsibility, for we know that all such maxims, however excellent, have their exceptions; nor because we feel any peculiar interest in his character, for we think that his sentence describes him with perfect justice as "a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy;" but because we are convinced that the measure was most injurious to the cause of freedom. He whom it removed was a captive and a hostage: his heir, to whom the allegiance of every Royalist was instantly transferred, was at large. The Presbyterians could never have been perfectly reconciled to the father: they had no such rooted enmity to the son. The great body of the people, also, contemplated that proceeding with feelings which, however unreasonable, no government could safely venture to outrage.

But though we think the conduct of the Regicides blamable, that of Milton appears to us in a very different light. The deed was done. It could not be undone. The evil was incurred; and the object was to render it as small as possible. We censure the chiefs of the army for not yielding to the popular opinion; but we cannot censure Milton for wishing to change that opinion. The very feeling which would have restrained us from committing the act would have led us, after it had been committed, to defend it against the ravings of servility and superstition. For the sake of public liberty, we wish that the thing had not been done, while the people disapproved of it. But, for the sake of public liberty, we should also have wished the people to approve of it when it was done. If anything more were wanting to the justification of Milton, the book of Salmasius would furnish it. That miserable performance is now with justice considered only as a beacon to word-catchers, who wish to become statesmen. The celebrity of the man who refuted it, the "*Æneæ magni dextra*," gives it all its fame with the present generation. In that age the state of things was different. It was not then fully understood how vast an interval separates the mere classical scholar from the polit-

ical philosopher. Nor can it be doubted that a treatise which, bearing the name of so eminent a critic, attacked the fundamental principles of all free governments, must, if suffered to remain unanswered, have produced a most pernicious effect on the public mind.

We wish to add a few words relative to another subject, on which the enemies of Milton delight to dwell, his conduct during the administration of the Protector. That an enthusiastic votary of liberty should accept office under a military usurper seems, no doubt, at first sight, extraordinary. But all the circumstances in which the country was then placed were extraordinary. The ambition of Oliver was of no vulgar kind. He never seems to have coveted despotic power. He at first fought sincerely and manfully for the parliament, and never deserted it, till it had deserted its duty. If he dissolved it by force, it was not till he found that the few members who remained after so many deaths, secessions, and expulsions, were desirous to appropriate to themselves a power which they held only in trust, and to inflict upon England the curse of a Venetian oligarchy. But even when thus placed by violence at the head of affairs, he did not assume unlimited power. He gave the country a constitution far more perfect than any which had at that time been known in the world. He reformed the representative system in a manner which has extorted praise even from Lord Clarendon. For himself he demanded indeed the first place in the commonwealth; but with powers scarcely so great as those of a Dutch stadtholder, or an American president. He gave the parliament a voice in the appointment of ministers, and left to it the whole legislative authority, not even reserving to himself a veto on its enactments; and he did not require that the chief magistracy should be hereditary in his family. Thus far, we think, if the circumstances of the time and the opportunities which he had of aggrandizing himself be fairly considered, he will not lose by comparison with Washington or Bolivar. Had his moderation been met with corresponding moderation, there is no reason to think that he would have overstepped the line which he had traced for himself. But when he found that his parliaments questioned the authority under which they met, and that he was in danger of being deprived of the restricted power which was absolutely necessary to his personal safety, then, it must be acknowledged, he adopted a more arbitrary policy.

Yet, though we believe that the intentions of Cromwell were at first honest, though we believe that he was driven from the noble

course which he had marked out for himself by the almost irresistible force of circumstances, though we admire, in common with all men of all parties, the ability and energy of his splendid administration, we are not pleading for arbitrary and lawless power, even in his hands. We know that a good constitution is infinitely better than the best despot. But we suspect, that at the time of which we speak the violence of religious and political enmities rendered a stable and happy settlement next to impossible. The choice lay, not between Cromwell and liberty, but between Cromwell and the Stuarts. That Milton chose well, no man can doubt who fairly compares the events of the protectorate with those of the thirty years which succeeded it, the darkest and most disgraceful in the English annals. Cromwell was evidently laying, though in an irregular manner, the foundations of an admirable system. Never before had religious liberty and the freedom of discussion been enjoyed in a greater degree. Never had the national honor been better upheld abroad, or the seat of justice better filled at home. And it was rarely that any opposition which stopped short of open rebellion provoked the resentment of the liberal and magnanimous usurper. The institutions which he had established, as set down in the Instrument of Government, and the Humble Petition and Advice, were excellent. His practice, it is true, too often departed from the theory of these institutions. But, had he lived a few years longer, it is probable that his institutions would have survived him, and that his arbitrary practice would have died with him. His power had not been consecrated by ancient prejudices. It was upheld only by his great personal qualities. Little, therefore, was to be dreaded from a second protector, unless he was also a second Oliver Cromwell. The events which followed his decease are the most complete vindication of those who exerted themselves to uphold his authority. His death dissolved the whole frame of society. The army rose against the parliament, the different corps of the army against each other. Sect raved against sect. Party plotted against party. The Presbyterians, in their eagerness to be revenged on the Independents, sacrificed their own liberty, and deserted all their old principles. Without casting one glance on the past, or requiring one stipulation for the future, they threw down their freedom at the feet of the most frivolous and heartless of tyrants.

Then came those days, never to be recalled without a blush, the days of servitude without loyalty and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of

cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The King cringed to his rival that he might trample on his people, sank into a viceroy of France, and pocketed, with complacent infamy, her degrading insults, and her more degrading gold. The caresses of harlots, and the jests of buffoons, regulated the policy of the state. The government had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean. In every high place, worship was paid to Charles and James, Belial and Moloch; and England propitiated those obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race accursed of God and man was a second time driven forth, to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a by-word and a shaking of the head to the nations.

Most of the remarks which we have hitherto made on the public character of Milton, apply to him only as one of a large body. We shall proceed to notice some of the peculiarities which distinguished him from his contemporaries. And, for that purpose, it is necessary to take a short survey of the parties into which the political world was at that time divided. We must premise, that our observations are intended to apply only to those who adhered, from a sincere preference, to one or to the other side. In days of public commotion, every faction, like an Oriental army, is attended by a crowd of camp-followers, an useless and heartless rabble, who prowl round its line of march in the hope of picking up something under its protection, but desert it in the day of battle, and often join to exterminate it after a defeat. England, at the time of which we are treating, abounded with fickle and selfish politicians, who transferred their support to every government as it rose, who kissed the hand of the King in 1640, and spat in his face in 1649, who shouted with equal glee when Cromwell was inaugurated in Westminster Hall, and when he was dug up to be hanged at Tyburn, who dined on calves' heads, or stuck up oak-branches, as circumstances altered, without the slightest shame or repugnance. These we leave out of the account. We take our estimate of parties from those who really deserved to be called partisans.

We would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the

surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

"Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio
Che mortali perigli in se contiene:
Eor qui tener a fren nostro dealo,
Ed esser cauti molto a noi conviene."

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry, or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging,

in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks

had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion, the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker: but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part or lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowl-

edge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: and we know that, in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity, that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstons and their De Monforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and an useful body.

The Puritans espoused the cause of civil liberty mainly because it was the cause of religion. There was another party, by no means numerous, but distinguished by learning and ability, which acted with them on very different principles. We speak of those whom Cromwell was accustomed to call the Heathens, men who were, in the phraseology of that time, doubting Thomases or careless Gallios with regard to religious subjects, but passionate worshippers of freedom. Heated by the study of ancient literature, they set up their country as their idol, and proposed to themselves the heroes of Plutarch as their examples. They seem to have borne some resemblance to the Brissotines of the French Revolution. But it is not very easy to draw the line of distinction between them and their devout associates, whose tone and manner they sometimes found it convenient to affect, and sometimes, it is probable, imperceptibly adopted.

We now come to the Royalists. We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candor. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horse-boys, gamblers and braves, whom the hope of license and plunder attracted from all the dens of Whitefriars to the standard of Charles, and who disgraced their associates by excesses which, under the stricter discipline of the Parliamentary armies, were never tolerated. We will select a more favorable specimen. Thinking as we do that the cause of the King was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ, with the mutes who throng their ante chambers, and the Janissaries who mount guard at their gates. Our royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling courtiers, bowing at every step, and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction, dressed up in uniforms caned into skill, intox-

icated into valor, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honor, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell potent as that of Duessa; and like the Red-Cross Knight, they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress. In truth they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant church that they fought, but for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life. With many of the vices of the Round Table, they had also many of its virtues, courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness, and respect for women. They had far more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.

Milton did not strictly belong to any of the classes which we have described. He was not a Puritan. He was not a freethinker. He was not a Royalist. In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union. From the Parliament and from the Court, from the conventical and from the Gothic cloister, from the gloomy and sepulchral circles of the Roundheads, and from the Christmas revel of the hospitable Cavalier, his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled. Like the Puritans, he lived

"As ever in his great task-master's eye."

Like them, he kept his mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge and an eternal reward. And hence he acquired their contempt of external circumstances, their fortitude, their tranquillity, their inflexible resolution. But not the coolest skeptic or the most profane scoffer was more perfectly free from the contagion of their frantic delusions, their savage manners, their ludicrous jargon, their scorn of science, and their aversion to pleasure.

Hating tyranny with a perfect hatred, he had nevertheless all the estimable and ornamental qualities which were almost entirely monopolized by the party of the tyrant. There was none who had a stronger sense of the value of literature, a finer relish for every elegant amusement, or a more chivalrous delicacy of honor and love. Though his opinions were democratic, his tastes and his associations were such as harmonize best with monarchy and aristocracy. He was under the influence of all the feelings by which the gallant Cavaliers were misled. But of those feelings he was the master and not the slave. Like the hero of Homer, he enjoyed all the pleasures of fascination; but he was not fascinated. He listened to the song of the Syrens; yet he glided by without being seduced to their fatal shore. He tasted the cup of Circe; but he bore about him a sure antidote against the effects of its bewitching sweetness. The allusions which captivated his imagination never impaired his reasoning powers. The statesman was proof against the splendor, the solemnity, and the romance which enchanted the poet. Any person who will contrast the sentiments expressed in his treatises on Prelacy with the exquisite lines on ecclesiastical architecture and music in the *Penseroso*, which was published about the same time, will understand our meaning. This is an inconsistency which, more than any thing else, raises his character in our estimation, because it shows how many private tastes and feelings he sacrificed, in order to do what he considered his duty to mankind. It is the very struggle of the noble Othello. His heart relents; but his hand is firm. He does nought in hate, but all in honor. He kisses the beautiful deceiver before he destroys her.

That from which the public character of Milton derives its great and peculiar splendor, still remains to be mentioned. If he exerted himself to overthrow a forsworn king and a persecuting hierarchy, he exerted himself in conjunction with others. But the glory of the battle which he fought for the species of freedom which is the most valuable, and which was then the least understood, the freedom of the human mind, is all his own. Thousands and tens of thousands among his contemporaries raised their voices against Ship-money and the Star-chamber. But there were few indeed who discerned the more fearful evils of moral and intellectual slavery, and the benefits which would result from the liberty of the press and the unfettered exercise of private judgment. These were the objects which Milton justly conceived to be the most important. He was desirous that the people

should think for themselves as well as tax themselves, and should be emancipated from the dominion of prejudice as well as from that of Charles. He knew that those who, with the best intentions, overlooked these schemes of reform, and contented themselves with pulling down the King and imprisoning the malignants, acted like the heedless brothers in his own poem, who, in their eagerness to disperse the train of the sorcerer, neglected the means of liberating the captive. They thought only of conquering when they should have thought of disenchanting.

"Oh, he mistook! Ye should have snatched his wand
And bound him fast. Without the rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the lady that sits here
Bound in strong fetters fixed and motionless."

To reverse the rod, to spell the charm backward, to break the ties which bound a stupefied people to the seat of enchantment, was the noble aim of Milton. To this all his public conduct was directed. For this he joined the Presbyterians; for this he forsook them. He fought their perilous battle; but he turned away with disdain from their insolent triumph. He saw that they, like those whom they had vanquished, were hostile to the liberty of thought. He therefore joined the Independents, and called upon Cromwell to break the secular chain, and to save free conscience from the paw of the Presbyterian wolf. With a view to the same great object, he attacked the licensing system, in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand and as frontlets between his eyes. His attacks were, in general, directed less against particular abuses than against those deeply-seated errors on which almost all abuses are founded, the servile worship of eminent men and the irrational dread of innovation.

That he might shake the foundations of these debasing sentiments more effectually, he always selected for himself the boldest literary services. He never came up in the rear when the outworks had been carried and the breach entered. He pressed into the forlorn hope. At the beginning of the changes, he wrote with incomparable energy and eloquence against the bishops. But, when his opinion seemed likely to prevail, he passed on to other subjects, and abandoned prelacy to the crowd of writers who now hastened to insult a falling party. There is no more hazardous enterprise than that of bearing the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses in which no light has ever shone. But it was the choice and the pleasure of Milton to penetrate the noisome vapors, and

to brave the terrible explosion. Those who most disapprove of his opinions must respect the hardihood with which he maintained them. He, in general, left to others the credit of expounding and defending the popular parts of his religious and political creed. He took his own stand upon those which the great body of his countrymen reprobated as criminal, or derided as paradoxical. He stood up for divorce and regicide. He attacked the prevailing systems of education. His radiant and beneficent career resembled that of the god of light and fertility.

"Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi."

It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has the great poet ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

We had intended to look more closely at these performances, to analyze the peculiarities of the diction, to dwell at some length on the sublime wisdom of the *Areopagitica* and the nervous rhetoric of the *Iconoclast*, and to point out some of those magnificent passages which occur in the *Treatise of Reformation*, and the *Animadversions on the Remonstrant*. But the length to which our remarks have already extended renders this impossible.

We must conclude. And yet we can scarcely tear ourselves away from the subject. The days immediately following the publication of this relic of Milton appear to be peculiarly set apart, and consecrated to his memory. And we shall scarcely be censured if, on this his festival, we be found lingering near his shrine, how worthless soever may be the offering which we bring to it. While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the writer. We are transported a hundred and fifty years back. We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging; that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings; that we can catch the quick twinkle of

his eyes, rolling in vain to find the day; that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction. We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word, the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand and weep upon it, the earnestness with which we should endeavor to console him, if indeed such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues, the eagerness with which we should contest with his daughters, or with his Quaker friend Elwood, the privilege of reading Homer to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips.

These are perhaps foolish feelings. Yet we cannot be ashamed of them; nor shall we be sorry if what we have written shall in any degree excite them in other minds. We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen *Boswellism*. But there are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are pleasant to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth and which were distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by superior bloom and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot, without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

ON LIBERTY.

DEDICATION.

To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward—I dedicate this volume. Like all that I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me; but the work as it stands has had, in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful re-examination, which they are now never destined to receive. Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it, than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE subject of this Essay is not the so-called Liberty of the Will, so unfortunately opposed to the misnamed doctrine of Philosophical Necessity; but Civil, or Social Liberty: the nature and limits of the power which can be legitimately exercised by society over the individual. A question seldom stated, and hardly ever discussed, in general terms, but which profoundly influences the practical controversies of the age by its latent presence, and is likely soon to make itself recognized as the vital question of the future. It is so far from being new, that, in a certain sense, it has divided mankind, almost from the remotest ages; but in the stage of progress into which the more civilized portions of the species have now entered, it presents itself under new conditions, and requires a different and more fundamental treatment.

The struggle between Liberty and Authority is the most conspicuous feature in the portions of history with which we are earliest familiar, particularly in that of Greece, Rome, and England. But in old times this contest was between subjects, or some classes of subjects, and the Government. By liberty, was meant protection against the tyranny of the political rulers. The rulers were conceived (except in some of the popular governments of Greece) as in a necessarily antagonistic position to the people whom they ruled. They consisted of a governing One, or a governing

tribe or caste, who derived their authority from inheritance or conquest, who, at all events, did not hold it at the pleasure of the governed, and whose supremacy men did not venture, perhaps did not desire, to contest, whatever precautions might be taken against its oppressive exercise. Their power was regarded as necessary, but also as highly dangerous; as a weapon which they would attempt to use against their subjects, no less than against external enemies. To prevent the weaker members of the community from being preyed upon by innumerable vultures, it was needful that there should be an animal of prey stronger than the rest, commissioned to keep them down. But as the king of the vultures would be no less bent upon preying on the flock than any of the minor harpies, it was indispensable to be in a perpetual attitude of defence against his beak and claws. The aim, therefore, of patriots was to set limits to the power which the ruler should be suffered to exercise over the community; and this limitation was what they meant by liberty. It was attempted in two ways. First, by obtaining a recognition of certain immunities, called political liberties or rights, which it was to be regarded as a breach of duty in the ruler to infringe, and which if he did infringe, specific resistance, or general rebellion, was held to be justifiable. A second, and generally a later expedient, was the establishment of constitutional checks, by which the consent of the community, or of a body of some sort, supposed to represent its interests, was made a necessary condition to some of the more important acts of the governing power. To the first of these modes of limitation, the ruling power, in most European countries, was compelled, more or less, to submit. It was not so with the second; and, to attain this, or when already in some degree possessed, to attain it more completely, became everywhere the principal object of the lovers of liberty. And so long as mankind were content to combat one enemy by another, and to be ruled by a master, on condition of being guaranteed more or less efficaciously against his tyranny, they did not carry their aspirations beyond this point.

A time, however, came, in the progress of

human affairs, when men ceased to think it a necessity of nature that their governors should be an independent power, opposed in interest to themselves. It appeared to them much better that the various magistrates of the State should be their tenants or delegates, revocable at their pleasure. In that way alone, it seemed, they could have complete security that the powers of government would never be abused to their disadvantage. By degrees this new demand for elective and temporary rulers became the prominent object of the exertions of the popular party, wherever any such party existed; and superseded, to a considerable extent, the previous efforts to limit the power of rulers. As the struggle proceeded for making the ruling power emanate from the periodical choice of the ruled, some persons began to think that too much importance had been attached to the limitation of the power itself. *That* (it might seem) was a resource against rulers whose interests were habitually opposed to those of the people. What was now wanted was, that the rulers should be identified with the people; that their interest and will should be the interest and will of the nation. The nation did not need to be protected against its own will. There was no fear of its tyrannizing over itself. Let the rulers be effectually responsible to it, promptly removable by it, and it could afford to trust them with power of which it could itself dictate the use to be made. Their power was but the nation's own power, concentrated, and in a form convenient for exercise. This mode of thought, or rather perhaps of feeling, was common among the last generation of European liberalism, in the Continental section of which it still apparently predominates. Those who admit any limit to what a government may do, except in the case of such governments as they think ought not to exist, stand out as brilliant exceptions among the political thinkers of the Continent. A similar tone of sentiment might by this time have been prevalent in our own country, if the circumstances which for a time encouraged it, had continued unaltered.

But, in political and philosophical theories, as well as in persons, success discloses faults and infirmities which failure might have concealed from observation. The notion, that the people have no need to limit their power over themselves, might seem axiomatic, when popular government was a thing only dreamed about, or read of as having existed at some distant period of the past. Neither was that notion necessarily disturbed by such temporary aberrations as those of the French Revolution, the worst of which were the work of

an usurping few, and which, in any case, belonged, not to the permanent working of popular institutions, but to a sudden and convulsive outbreak against monarchical and aristocratic despotism. In time, however, a democratic republic came to occupy a large portion of the earth's surface, and made itself felt as one of the most powerful members of the community of nations; and elective and responsible government became subject to the observations and criticisms which wait upon a great existing fact. It was now perceived that such phrases as 'self-government,' and 'the power of the people over themselves,' do not express the true state of the case. The 'people' who exercise the power are not always the same people with those over whom it is exercised; and the 'self-government' spoken of is not the government of each by himself, but of each by all the rest. The will of the people, moreover, practically means the will of the most numerous or the most active *part* of the people; the majority, or those who succeed in making themselves accepted as the majority; the people, consequently, *may* desire to oppress a part of their number; and precautions are as much needed against this as against any other abuse of power. The limitation, therefore, of the power of government over individuals loses none of its importance when the holders of power are regularly accountable to the community, that is, to the strongest party therein. This view of things, recommending itself equally to the intelligence of thinkers and to the inclination of those important classes in European society to whose real or supposed interests democracy is adverse, has had no difficulty in establishing itself; and in political speculations 'the tyranny of the majority' is now generally included among the evils against which society requires to be on its guard.

Like other tyrannies, the tyranny of the majority was at first, and is still vulgarly held in dread, chiefly as operating through the acts of the public authorities. But reflecting persons perceived that when society is itself the tyrant—society collectively, over the separate individuals who compose it—its means of tyrannizing are not restricted to the acts which it may do by the hands of its political functionaries. Society can and does execute its own mandates: and if it issues wrong mandates instead of right, or any mandates at all in things with which it ought not to meddle, it practises a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression since, though not usually upheld by such extreme penalties, it leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating much more

deeply into the details of life, and enslaving the soul itself. Protection, therefore, against the tyranny of the magistrate is not enough: there needs protection also against the tyranny of the prevailing opinion and feeling; against the tendency of society to impose, by other means than civil penalties, its own ideas and practices as rules of conduct on those who dissent from them; to fetter the development, and, if possible, prevent the formation, of any individuality not in harmony with its ways, and compels all characters to fashion themselves upon the model of its own. There is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence: and to find that limit, and maintain it against encroachment, is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs, as protection against political despotism.

But though this proposition is not likely to be contested in general terms, the practical question, where to place the limit—how to make the fitting adjustment between individual independence and social control—is a subject on which nearly everything remains to be done. All that makes existence valuable to any one, depends on the enforcement of restraints upon the actions of other people. Some rules of conduct, therefore, must be imposed, by law in the first place, and by opinion on many things which are not fit subjects for the operation of law. What these rules should be, is the principal question in human affairs; but if we except a few of the most obvious cases, it is one of those which least progress has been made in resolving. No two ages, and scarcely any two countries, have decided it alike; and the decision of one age or country is a wonder to another. Yet the people of any given age and country no more suspect any difficulty in it, than if it were a subject on which mankind had always been agreed. The rules which obtain among themselves appear to them self-evident and self-justifying. This all but universal illusion is one of the examples of the magical influence of custom, which is not only, as the proverb says, a second nature, but is continually mistaken for the first. The effect of custom, in preventing any misgiving respecting the rules of conduct which mankind impose on one another, is all the more complete because the subject is one on which it is not generally considered necessary that reasons should be given, either by one person to others, or by each to himself. People are accustomed to believe, and have been encouraged in the belief by some who aspire to the character of philosophers, that their feelings, on subjects of this nature, are better than reasons, and

render reasons unnecessary. The practical principle which guides them to their opinions on the regulation of human conduct, is the feeling in each person's mind that everybody should be required to act as he, and those with whom he sympathizes, would like them to act. No one, indeed, acknowledges to himself that his standard of judgment is his own liking; but an opinion on a point of conduct, not supported by reasons, can only count as one person's preference; and if the reasons, when given, are a mere appeal to a similar preference felt by other people, it is still only many people's liking instead of one. To an ordinary man, however, his own preference, thus supported, is not only a perfectly satisfactory reason, but the only one he generally has for any of his notions of morality, taste, or propriety, which are not expressly written in his religious creed; and his chief guide in the interpretation even of that. Men's opinions, accordingly, on what is laudable or blamable, are affected by all the multifarious causes which influence their wishes in regard to the conduct of others, and which are as numerous as those which determine their wishes on any other subject. Sometimes their reason—at other times their prejudices or superstitions: often their social affections, not seldom their antisocial ones, their envy or jealousy, their arrogance or contemptuousness; but most commonly, their desires or fears for themselves—their legitimate or illegitimate self-interest. Wherever there is an ascendant class, a large portion of the morality of the country emanates from its class interests, and its feelings of class superiority. The morality between Spartans and Helots, between planters and negroes, between princes and subjects, between nobles and roturiers, between men and women, has been for the most part the creation of these class interests and feelings: and the sentiments thus generated, react in turn upon the moral feelings of the members of the ascendant class, in their relations among themselves. Where, on the other hand, a class, formerly ascendant, has lost its ascendancy, or where its ascendancy is unpopular, the prevailing moral sentiments frequently bear the impress of an impatient dislike of superiority. Another grand determining principle of the rules of conduct, both in act and forbearance, which have been enforced by law or opinion, has been the servility of mankind towards the supposed preferences or aversions of their temporal masters or of their gods. This servility, though essentially selfish, is not hypocrisy; it gives rise to perfectly genuine sentiments of abhorrence; it made men burn magicians and heretics.

Among so many baser influences, the general and obvious interests of society have of course had a share, and a large one, in the direction of the moral sentiments: less, however, as a matter of reason, and on their own account, than as a consequence of the sympathies and antipathies which grew out of them: and sympathies and antipathies which had little or nothing to do with the interests of society, have made themselves felt in the establishment of moralities with quite as great force.

The likings and dislikings of society, or of some powerful portion of it, are thus the main thing which has practically determined the rules laid down for general observance, under the penalties of law or opinion. And in general, those who have been in advance of society in thought and feeling, have left this condition of things unassailed in principle, however they may have come into conflict with it in some of its details. They have occupied themselves rather in inquiring what things society ought to like or dislike, than in questioning whether its likings or dislikings should be a law to individuals. They preferred endeavoring to alter the feelings of mankind on the particular points on which they were themselves heretical, rather than make common cause in defence of freedom, with heretics generally. The only case in which the higher ground has been taken on principle and maintained with consistency, by any but an individual here and there, is that of religious belief; a case instructive in many ways, and not least so as forming a most striking instance of the fallibility of what is called the moral sense: for the *odium theologicum*, in a sincere bigot, is one of the most unequivocal cases of moral feeling. Those who first broke the yoke of what called itself the Universal Church, were in general as little willing to permit difference of religious opinion as that church itself. But when the heat of the conflict was over, without giving a complete victory to any party, and each church or sect was reduced to limit its hopes to retaining possession of the ground it already occupied; minorities, seeing that they had no chance of becoming majorities, were under the necessity of pleading to those whom they could not convert, for permission to differ. It is accordingly on this battle field, almost solely, that the rights of the individual against society have been asserted on broad grounds of principle, and the claim of society to exercise authority over dissentients, openly controverted. The great writers to whom the world owes what religious liberty it possesses, have mostly asserted freedom of conscience as an indefeasible right, and denied absolutely

that a human being is accountable to others for his religious belief. Yet so natural to mankind is intolerance in whatever they really care about, that religious freedom has hardly anywhere been practically realized, except where religious indifference, which dislikes to have its peace disturbed by theological quarrels, has added its weight to the scale. In the minds of almost all religious persons, even in the most tolerant countries, the duty of toleration is admitted with tacit reserves. One person will bear with dissent in matters of church government, but not of dogma; another can tolerate everybody, short of a Papist or an Unitarian; another, every one who believes in revealed religion; a few extend their charity a little further, but stop at the belief in a God and in a future state. Wherever the sentiment of the majority is still genuine and intense, it is found to have abated little of its claim to be obeyed.

In England, from the peculiar circumstances of our political history, though the yoke of opinion is perhaps heavier, that of law is lighter, than in most other countries of Europe; and there is considerable jealousy of direct interference, by the legislative or the executive power, with private conduct; not so much from any just regard for the independence of the individual, as from the still subsisting habit of looking on the government as representing an opposite interest to the public. The majority have not yet learnt to feel the power of the government their power, or its opinions their opinions. When they do so, individual liberty will probably be as much exposed to invasion from the government, as it already is from public opinion. But, as yet, there is a considerable amount of feeling ready to be called forth against any attempt of the law to control individuals in things in which they have not hitherto been accustomed to be controlled by it; and this with very little discrimination as to whether the matter is, or is not, within the legitimate sphere of legal control; insomuch that the feeling, highly salutary on the whole, is perhaps quite as often misplaced as well grounded in the particular instances of its application. There is, in fact, no recognized principle by which the propriety or impropriety of government interference is customarily tested. People decide according to their personal preferences. Some, whenever they see any good to be done, or evil to be remedied, would willingly instigate the government to undertake the business; while others prefer to bear almost any amount of social evil, rather than add one to the departments of human interests amenable to governmental control. And men range themselves on

one or the other side in any particular case, according to this general direction of their sentiments; or according to the degree of interest which they feel in the particular thing which it is proposed that the government should do, or according to the belief they entertain that the government would, or would not, do it in the manner they prefer; but very rarely on account of any opinion to which they consistently adhere, as to what things are fit to be done by a government. And it seems to me that in consequence of this absence of rule or principle, one side is at present as often wrong as the other; the interference of government is, with about equal frequency, improperly invoked and improperly condemned.

The object of this Essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him, must be calculated to produce evil to some one else. The only part of the conduct of any one, for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that this doctrine is meant to apply only to human beings in the maturity of their faculties. We are not speaking of children, or of young persons below the age which the law may fix as that of manhood or womanhood. Those who are still in a state to require being taken care of by others, must be protected against their own actions as well as against external injury. For the same reason, we may leave out of

consideration those backward states of society in which the race itself may be considered as in its nonage. The early difficulties in the way of spontaneous progress are so great, that there is seldom any choice of means for overcoming them; and a ruler full of the spirit of improvement is warranted in the use of any expedients that will attain an end, perhaps otherwise unattainable. Despotism is a legitimate mode of government in dealing with barbarians, provided the end be their improvement, and the means justified by actually effecting that end. Liberty, as a principle, has no application to any state of things anterior to the time when mankind have become capable of being improved by free and equal discussion. Until then, there is nothing for them but implicit obedience to an Akbar or a Charlemagne, if they are so fortunate as to find one. But as soon as mankind have attained the capacity of being guided to their own improvement by conviction or persuasion (a period long since reached in all nations with whom we need here concern ourselves), compulsion, either in the direct form or in that of pains and penalties for non-compliance, is no longer admissible as a means to their own good, and justifiable only for the security of others.

It is proper to state that I forego any advantage which could be derived to my argument from the idea of abstract right, as a thing independent of utility. I regard utility as the ultimate appeal of all ethical questions: but it must be utility in the largest sense, grounded on the permanent interests of a man as a progressive being. Those interests, I contend, authorize the subjection of individual spontaneity to external control, only in respect to those actions of each, which concern the interest of other people. If any one does an act hurtful to others, there is a *prima facie* case for punishing him, by law, or, where legal penalties are not safely applicable, by general disapprobation. There are also many positive acts for the benefit of others, which he may rightfully be compelled to perform; such as to give evidence in a court of justice; to bear his fair share in the common defence, or in any other joint work necessary to the interest of the society of which he enjoys the protection; and to perform certain acts of individual beneficence, such as saving a fellow-creature's life, or interposing to protect the defenceless against ill-usage, things which whenever it is obviously a man's duty to do, he may rightfully be made responsible to society for not doing. A person may cause evil to others not only by his actions but by his inaction, and in either case he is justly ac-

countable to them for the injury. The latter case, it is true, requires a much more cautious exercise of compulsion than the former. To make any one answerable for doing evil to others, is the rule; to make him answerable for not preventing evil, is, comparatively speaking, the exception. Yet there are many cases clear enough and grave enough to justify that exception. In all things which regard the external relations of the individual, he is *de jure* amenable to those whose interests are concerned, and if need be, to society as their protector. There are often good reasons for not holding him to the responsibility; but these reasons must arise from the special expediences of the case: either because it is a kind of case in which he is on the whole likely to act better, when left to his own discretion, than when controlled in any way in which society have it in their power to control him; or because the attempt to exercise control would produce other evils, greater than those which it would prevent. When such reasons as these preclude the enforcement of responsibility, the conscience of the agent himself should step into the vacant judgment seat, and protect those interests of others which have no external protection; judging himself all the more rigidly, because the case does not admit of his being made accountable to the judgment of his fellow-creatures.

But there is a sphere of action in which society, as distinguished from the individual, has, if any, only an indirect interest; comprehending all that portion of a person's life and conduct which affects only himself, or if it also affects others, only with their free, voluntary, and undeceived consent and participation. When I say only himself, I mean directly and in the first instance: for whatever affects himself, may affect others through himself; and the objection which may be grounded on this contingency, will receive consideration in the sequel. This, then, is the appropriate region of human liberty. It comprises, first, the inward domain of consciousness; demanding liberty of conscience, in the most comprehensive sense; liberty of thought and feeling; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological. The liberty of expressing and publishing opinions may seem to fall under a different principle, since it belongs to that part of the conduct of an individual which concerns other people; but, being almost of as much importance as the liberty of thought itself, and resting in great part on the same reasons, is practically inseparable from it. Secondly, the principle requires liberty of tastes and pursuits; of

framing the plan of our life to suit our own character; of doing as we like, subject to such consequences as may follow: without impediment from our fellow-creatures, so long as what we do does not harm them, even though they should think our conduct foolish, perverse, or wrong. Thirdly, from this liberty of each individual, follows the liberty, within the same limits, of combination among individuals; freedom to unite, for any purpose not involving harm to others: the persons combining being supposed to be of full age, and not forced or deceived.

No society in which these liberties are not, on the whole, respected, is free, whatever may be its form of government; and none is completely free in which they do not exist absolutely and unqualified. The only freedom which deserves the name, is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, or mental and spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves, than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest.

Though this doctrine is anything but new, and, to some persons, may have the air of a truism, there is no doctrine which stands more directly opposed to the general tendency of existing opinion and practice. Society has expended fully as much effort in the attempt (according to its lights) to compel people to conform to its notions of personal, as of social excellence. The ancient commonwealths thought themselves entitled to practice, and the ancient philosophers countenanced, the regulation of every part of private conduct by public authority, on the ground that the State had a deep interest in the whole bodily and mental discipline of every one of its citizens; a mode of thinking which may have been admissible in small republics surrounded by powerful enemies, in constant peril of being subverted by foreign attack or internal commotion, and to which even a short interval of relaxed energy and self-command might so easily be fatal, that they could not afford to wait for the salutary permanent effects of freedom. In the modern world, the greater size of political communities, and above all, the separation between spiritual and temporal authority (which placed the direction of men's consciences in other hands than those which controlled their worldly affairs), prevented so great an interference by law in the details of private life; but the engines of moral repression have been wielded more strenuously against divergence from the reigning opinion

in self-regarding, than even in social matters; religion, the most powerful of the elements which have entered into the formation of moral feeling, having almost always been governed either by the ambition of a hierarchy, seeking control over every department of human conduct, or by the spirit of Puritanism. And some of those modern reformers who have placed themselves in strongest opposition to the religions of the past, have been noway behind either churches or sects in their assertion of the right of spiritual domination: M. Comte, in particular, whose social system, as unfolded in his *Système de Politique Positive*, aims at establishing (though by moral more than by legal appliances) a despotism of society over the individual, surpassing anything contemplated in the political ideal of the most rigid disciplinarian among the ancient philosophers.

Apart from the peculiar tenets of individual thinkers, there is also in the world at large an increasing inclination to stretch unduly the powers of society over the individual, both by the force of opinion and even by that of legislation; and as the tendency of all the changes taking place in the world is to strengthen society, and diminish the power of the individual, this encroachment is not one of the evils which tend spontaneously to disappear, but, on the contrary, to grow more and more formidable. The disposition of mankind, whether as rulers or as fellow-citizens, to impose their own opinions and inclinations as a rule of conduct on others, is so energetically supported by some of the best and by some of the worst feelings incident to human nature, that it is hardly ever kept under restraint by anything but want of power; and as the power is not declining, but growing, unless a strong barrier of moral conviction can be raised against the mischief, we must expect, in the present circumstances of the world, to see it increase.

It will be convenient for the argument, if, instead of at once entering upon the general thesis, we confine ourselves in the first instance to a single branch of it, on which the principle here stated is, if not fully, yet to a certain point, recognized by the current opinions. This one branch is the Liberty of Thought: from which it is impossible to separate the cognate liberty of speaking and of writing. Although these liberties, to some considerable amount, form part of the political morality of all countries which profess religious toleration and free institutions, the grounds, both philosophical and practical, on which they rest, are perhaps not so familiar to the general mind, nor so thoroughly appreciated by many even of the leaders of opinion,

as might have been expected. Those grounds, when rightly understood, are of much wider application than to only one division of the subject, and a thorough consideration of this part of the question will be found the best introduction to the remainder. Those to whom nothing which I am about to say will be new, may therefore, I hope, excuse me, if on a subject which now for three centuries has been so often discussed, I venture on one discussion more.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE LIBERTY OF THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION.

THE time, it is to be hoped, is gone by, when any defence would be necessary of the 'liberty of the press' as one of the securities against corrupt or tyrannical government. No argument, we may suppose, can now be needed, against permitting a legislature or an executive, not identified in interest with the people, to prescribe opinions to them, and determine what doctrines or what arguments they shall be allowed to hear. This aspect of the question, besides, has been so often and so triumphantly enforced by preceding writers, that it needs not be specially insisted on in this place. Though the law of England on the subject of the press, is as servile to this day as it was in the time of the Tudors, there is little danger of its being actually put in force against political discussion, except during some temporary panic, when fear of insurrection drives ministers and judges from their propriety;* and, speaking generally, it is not,

* These words had scarcely been written, when, as if to give them an emphatic contradiction, occurred the Government Press Prosecutions of 1858. That ill-judged interference with the liberty of public discussion has not, however, induced me to alter a single word in the text, nor has it at all weakened my conviction that, moments of panic excepted, the era of pains and penalties for political discussion has, in our own country, passed away. For, in the first place, the prosecutions were not persisted in; and, in the second, they were never, properly speaking, political prosecutions. The offence charged was not that of criticising institutions, or the acts or persons of rulers, but of circulating what was deemed an immoral doctrine, the lawfulness of Tyrannicide.

If the arguments of the present chapter are of any validity, there ought to exist the fullest liberty of professing and discussing, as a matter of ethical conviction, any doctrine, however immoral it may be considered. It would, therefore, be irrelevant and out of place to examine here, whether the doctrine of Tyrannicide deserves that title. I shall content myself with saying that the subject has been at all times one of the open questions of morals; that the act of a private citizen in striking down a criminal, who, by raising himself above the law, has placed himself beyond the reach of legal punishment or control, has been accounted by whole nations, and by some of the best and wisest of men, not a crime, but an act of exalted virtue; and that, right or wrong, it is not of the nature of assassination, but of civil war. As such, I hold that the instigation to it, in a specific case, may be a proper subject of punishment, but only if an overt act has followed, and at least a probable connection can be established between the act

in constitutional countries, to be apprehended, that the government, whether completely responsible to the people or not, will often attempt to control the expression of opinion, except when in doing so it makes itself the organ of the general intolerance of the public. Let us suppose, therefore, that the government is entirely at one with the people, and never thinks of exerting any power of coercion unless in agreement with what it conceives to be their voice. But I deny the right of the people to exercise such coercion, either by themselves or by their government. The power itself is illegitimate. The best government has no more title to it than the worst. It is as noxious, or more noxious, when exerted in accordance with public opinion, than when in opposition to it. If all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. Were an opinion a personal possession of no value except to the owner; if to be obstructed in the enjoyment of it were simply a private injury, it would make some difference whether the injury was inflicted only on a few persons or on many. But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is, that it is robbing the human race, posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion, still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth: if wrong, they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth, produced by its collision with error.

It is necessary to consider separately these two hypotheses, each of which has a distinct branch of the argument corresponding to it. We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavoring to stifle is a false opinion; and if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still.

First: the opinion which it is attempted to suppress by authority may possibly be true. Those who desire to suppress it, of course deny its truth; but they are not infallible. They have no authority to decide the question for all mankind, and exclude every other person from the means of judging. To refuse a hearing to an opinion, because they are sure that it is false, is to assume that *their* certainty is the same thing as *absolute* certainty.

and the instigation. Even then, it is not a foreign government but the very government assailed, which alone, in the exercise of self-defence, can legitimately punish attacks directed against its own existence.

All silencing of discussion is an assumption of infallibility. Its condemnation may be allowed to rest on this common argument, not the worse for being common.

Unfortunately for the good sense of mankind, the fact of their fallibility is far from carrying the weight in their practical judgment, which is always allowed to it in theory; for while every one well knows himself to be fallible, few think it necessary to take any precautions against their own fallibility, or admit the supposition that any opinion, of which they feel very certain, may be one of the examples of the error to which they acknowledge themselves to be liable. Absolute princes, or others who are accustomed to unlimited deference, usually feel this complete confidence in their own opinions on nearly all subjects. People more happily situated, who sometimes hear their opinions disputed, and are not wholly unused to be set right when they are wrong, place the same unbounded reliance only on such of their opinions as are shared by all who surround them, or to whom they habitually defer: for in proportion to a man's want of confidence in his own solitary judgment, does he usually repose with implicit trust on the infallibility of 'the world' in general. And the world, to each individual, means the part of it with which he comes in contact; his party, his sect, his church, his class of society: the man may be called, by comparison, almost liberal and large minded to whom it means anything so comprehensive as his own country or his own age. Nor is his faith in this collective authority at all shaken by his being aware that other ages, countries, sects, churches, classes, and parties have thought, and even now think, the exact reverse. He devolves upon his own world the responsibility of being in the right against the dissentient worlds of other people; and it never troubles him that mere accident has decided which of these numerous worlds is the object of his reliance, and that the same causes which make him a Churchman in London, would have made him a Buddhist or a Confucian in Peking. Yet it is as evident in itself, as any amount of argument can make it, that ages are no more infallible than individuals; every age having held many opinions which subsequent ages have deemed not only false but absurd; and it is as certain that many opinions, now general, will be rejected by future ages, as it is that many, once general, are rejected by the present.

The objection likely to be made to this argument, would probably take some such form as the following. There is no greater assumption of infallibility in forbidding the propaga-

tion of error, than in any other thing which is done by public authority on its own judgment and responsibility. Judgment is given to men that they may use it. Because it may be used erroneously, are men to be told that they ought not to use it at all? To prohibit what they think pernicious, is not claiming exemption from error, but fulfilling the duty incumbent on them, although fallible, of acting on their conscientious conviction. If we were never to act on our opinions, because those opinions may be wrong, we should leave all our interests uncared for, and all our duties unperformed. An objection which applies to all conduct, can be no valid objection to any conduct in particular. It is the duty of governments, and of individuals, to form the truest opinions they can; to form them carefully, and never impose them upon others unless they are quite sure of being right. But when they are sure (such reasoners may say), it is not conscientiousness but cowardice to shrink from acting on their opinions, and allow doctrines which they honestly think dangerous to the welfare of mankind, either in this life or in another, to be scattered abroad without restraint, because other people, in less enlightened times, have persecuted opinions now believed to be true. Let us take care, it may be said, not to make the same mistake: but governments and nations have made mistakes in other things which are not denied to be fit subjects for the exercise of authority: they have laid on bad taxes, made unjust wars. Ought we therefore to lay on no taxes, and, under whatever provocation, make no wars? Men, and governments, must act to the best of their ability. There is no such thing as absolute certainty, but there is assurance sufficient for the purposes of human life. We may, and must, assume our opinion to be true for the guidance of our own conduct: and it is assuming no more when we forbid bad men to pervert society by the propagation of opinions which we regard as false and pernicious.

I answer, that it is assuming very much more. There is the greatest difference between presuming an opinion to be true, because, with every opportunity for contesting it, it has not been refuted, and assuming its truth for the purpose of not permitting its refutation. Complete liberty of contradicting and disproving our opinion, is the very condition which justifies us in assuming its truth for purposes of action; and on no other terms can a being with human faculties have any rational assurance of being right.

When we consider either the history of opinion, or the ordinary conduct of human life, to

what is it to be ascribed that the one and the other are no worse than they are? Not certainly to the inherent force of the human understanding; for, on any matter not self-evident, there are ninety-nine persons totally incapable of judging of it, for one who is capable; and the capacity of the hundredth person is only comparative; for the majority of the eminent men of every past generation held many opinions now known to be erroneous, and did or approved numerous things which no one will now justify. Why is it, then, that there is on the whole a preponderance among mankind of rational opinions and rational conduct? If there really is this preponderance—which there must be unless human affairs are, and have always been, in an almost desperate state—it is owing to a quality of the human mind, the source of everything respectable in man either as an intellectual or as a moral being, namely, that his errors are corrigible. He is capable of rectifying his mistakes, by discussion and experience. Not by experience alone. There must be discussion, to show how experience is to be interpreted. Wrong opinions and practices gradually yield to fact and argument: but facts and arguments, to produce any effect on the mind, must be brought before it. Very few facts are able to tell their own story, without comments to bring out their meaning. The whole strength and value, then, of human judgment, depending on the one property, that it can be set right when it is wrong, reliance can be placed on it only when the means of setting it right are kept constantly at hand. In the case of any person whose judgment is really deserving of confidence, how has it become so? Because he has kept his mind open to criticism of his opinions and conduct. Because it has been his practice to listen to all that could be said against him; to profit by as much of it as was just, and expound to himself, and upon occasion to others, the fallacy of what was fallacious. Because he has felt, that the only way in which a human being can make some approach to knowing the whole of a subject, is by hearing what can be said about it by persons of every variety of opinion, and studying all modes in which it can be looked at by every character of mind. No wise man ever acquired his wisdom in any mode but this; nor is it in the nature of human intellect to become wise in any other manner. The steady habit of correcting and completing his own opinion by collating it with those of others, so far from causing doubt and hesitation in carrying it into practice, is the only stable foundation for a just reliance on it: for, being cognizant of all that can, at least

obviously, be said against him, and having taken up his position against all gainsayers—knowing that he has sought for objections and difficulties, instead of avoiding them, and has shut out no light which can be thrown upon the subject from any quarter—he has a right to think his judgment better than that of any person, or any multitude, who have not gone through a similar process.

It is not too much to require that what the wisest of mankind, those who are best entitled to trust their own judgment, find necessary to warrant their relying on it, should be submitted to by that miscellaneous collection of a few wise and many foolish individuals, called the public. The most intolerant of churches, the Roman Catholic Church, even at the canonization of a saint, admits, and listens patiently to, a 'devil's advocate.' The holiest of men, it appears, cannot be admitted to posthumous honors, until all that the devil could say against him is known and weighed. If even the Newtonian philosophy were not permitted to be questioned, mankind could not feel as complete assurance of its truth as they now do. The beliefs which we have most warrant for, have no safeguard to rest on, but a standing invitation to the whole world to prove them unfounded. If the challenge is not accepted, or is accepted and the attempt fails, we are far enough from certainty still; but we have done the best that the existing state of human reason admits of; we have neglected nothing that could give the truth a chance of reaching us: if the lists are kept open, we may hope that if there be a better truth, it will be found when the human mind is capable of receiving it; and in the mean time we may rely on having attained such approach to truth, as is possible in our own day. This is the amount of certainty attainable by a fallible being, and this the sole way of attaining it.

Strange it is, that men should admit the validity of the arguments for free discussion, but object to their being 'pushed to an extreme;' not seeing that unless the reasons are good for an extreme case, they are not good for any case. Strange that they should imagine that they are not assuming infallibility, when they acknowledge that there should be free discussion on all subjects which can possibly be *doubtful*, but think that some particular principle or doctrine should be forbidden to be questioned because it is so *certain*, that is, because *they are certain* that it is certain. To call any proposition certain, while there is any one who would deny its certainty if permitted, but who is not permitted, is to assume that we ourselves, and those who agree with

us, are the judges of certainty, and judges without hearing the other side.

In the present age—which has been described as 'destitute of faith, but terrified at scepticism'—in which people feel sure, not so much that their opinions are true, as that they should not know what to do without them—the claims of an opinion to be protected from public attack are rested not so much on its truth, as on its importance to society. There are, it is alleged, certain beliefs, so useful, not to say indispensable to well-being, that it is as much the duty of governments to uphold those beliefs, as to protect any other of the interests of society. In a case of such necessity, and so directly in the line of their duty, something less than infallibility may, it is maintained, warrant, and even bind, governments, to act on their own opinion, confirmed by the general opinion of mankind. It is also often argued, and still oftener thought, that none but bad men would desire to weaken these salutary beliefs; and there can be nothing wrong, it is thought, in restraining bad men, and prohibiting what only such men would wish to practice. This mode of thinking makes the justification of restraints on discussion not a question of the truth of doctrines, but of their usefulness; and flatters itself by that means to escape the responsibility of claiming to be an infallible judge of opinions. But those who thus satisfy themselves, do not perceive that the assumption of infallibility is merely shifted from one point to another. The usefulness of an opinion is itself matter of opinion: as disputable, as open to discussion, and requiring discussion as much, as the opinion itself. There is the same need of an infallible judge of opinions to decide an opinion to be noxious, as to decide it to be false, unless the opinion condemned has full opportunity of defending itself. And it will not do to say that the heretic may be allowed to maintain the utility or harmlessness of his opinion, though forbidden to maintain its truth. The truth of an opinion is part of its utility. If we would know whether or not it is desirable that a proposition should be believed, is it possible to exclude the consideration of whether or not it is true? In the opinion, not of bad men, but of the best men, no belief which is contrary to truth can be really useful: and can you prevent such men from urging that plea, when they are charged with culpability for denying some doctrine which they are told is useful, but which they believe to be false? Those who are on the side of received opinions, never fail to take all possible advantage of this plea; you do not find *them* handling the question of utility as if it could be completely abstracted from

that of truth: on the contrary, it is, above all, because their doctrine is 'the truth,' that the knowledge or the belief of it is held to be so indispensable. There can be no fair discussion of the question of usefulness, when an argument so vital may be employed on one side, but not on the other. And in point of fact, when law or public feeling do not permit the truth of an opinion to be disputed, they are just as little tolerant of a denial of its usefulness. The utmost they allow is an extenuation of its absolute necessity, or of the positive guilt of rejecting it.

In order more fully to illustrate the mischief of denying a hearing to opinions because we, in our own judgment, have condemned them, it will be desirable to fix down the discussion to a concrete case; and I choose, by preference, the cases which are least favorable to me—in which the argument against freedom of opinion, both on the score of truth and on that of utility, is considered the strongest. Let the opinions impugned be the belief in a God and in a future state, or any of the commonly received doctrines of morality. To fight the battle on such ground, gives a great advantage to an unfair antagonist; since he will be sure to say (and many who have no desire to be unfair will say it internally), Are these the doctrines which you do not deem sufficiently certain to be taken under the protection of law? Is the belief in a God one of the opinions, to feel sure of which, you hold to be assuming infallibility? But I must be permitted to observe, that it is not the feeling sure of a doctrine (be it what it may) which I call an assumption of infallibility. It is the undertaking to decide that question *for others*, without allowing them to hear what can be said on the contrary side. And I denounce and reprobate this pretension not the less, if put forth on the side of my most solemn convictions. However positive any one's persuasion may be, not only of the falsity but of the pernicious consequences—not only of the pernicious consequences, but (to adopt expressions which I altogether condemn) the immorality and impiety of an opinion; yet if, in pursuance of that private judgment, though backed by the public judgment of his country or his contemporaries, he prevents the opinion from being heard in its defence, he assumes infallibility. And so far from the assumption being less objectionable or less dangerous because the opinion is called immoral or impious, this is the case of all others in which it is most fatal. These are exactly the occasions on which the men of one generation commit those dreadful mistakes, which excite the astonishment and horror of posterity. It is among such that

we find the instances memorable in history, when the arm of the law has been employed to root out the best men and the noblest doctrines; with deplorable success as to the men, though some of the doctrines have survived to be (as if in mockery) invoked, in defence of similar conduct towards those who dissent from *them*, or from their received interpretation.

Mankind can hardly be too often reminded, that there was once a man named Socrates, between whom and the legal authorities and public opinion of his time, there took place a memorable collision. Born in an age and country abounding in individual greatness, this man has been handed down to us by those who best knew both him and the age, as the most virtuous man in it; while *we* know him as the head and prototype of all subsequent teachers of virtue, the source equally of the lofty inspiration of Plato and the judicious utilitarianism of Aristotle, '*i maestri di color che sanno*,' the two headsprings of ethical as of all other philosophy. This acknowledged master of all the eminent thinkers who have since lived—whose fame, still growing after more than two thousand years, all but outweighs the whole remainder of the names which make his native city illustrious—was put to death by his countrymen, after a judicial conviction, for impiety and immorality. Impiety, in denying the gods recognized by the State; indeed his accuser asserted (see the '*Apologia*') that he believed in no gods at all. Immorality, in being, by his doctrines and instructions, a 'corrupter of youth.' Of these charges the tribunal, there is every ground for believing, honestly found him guilty, and condemned the man who probably of all then born had deserved best of mankind, to be put to death as a criminal.

To pass from this to the only other instance of judicial iniquity, the mention of which, after the condemnation of Socrates, would not be an anti-climax: the event which took place on Calvary rather more than eighteen hundred years ago. The man who left on the memory of those who witnessed his life and conversation, such an impression of his moral grandeur, that eighteen subsequent centuries have done homage to him as the Almighty in person, was ignominiously put to death, as what? As a blasphemer. Men did not merely mistake their benefactor; they mistook him for the exact contrary of what he was, and treated him as that prodigy of impiety, which they themselves are now held to be, for their treatment of him. The feelings with which mankind now regard these lamentable transactions, especially the later of the two, render them

extremely unjust in their judgment of the unhappy actors. These were, to all appearance, not bad men—not worse than men commonly are, but rather the contrary; men who possessed in a full, or somewhat more than a full measure, the religious, moral, and patriotic feelings of their time and people: the very kind of men who, in all times, our own included, have every chance of passing through life blameless and respected. The high-priest who rent his garments when the words were pronounced, which, according to all the ideas of his country, constituted the blackest guilt, was in all probability quite as sincere in his horror and indignation, as the generality of respectable and pious men now are in the religious and moral sentiments they profess; and most of those who now shudder at his conduct, if they had lived in his time, and been born Jews, would have acted precisely as he did. Orthodox Christians who are tempted to think that those who stoned to death the first martyrs must have been worse men than they themselves are, ought to remember that one of those persecutors was Saint Paul.

Let us add one more example, the most striking of all, if the impressiveness of an error is measured by the wisdom and virtue of him who falls into it. If ever any one, possessed of power, had grounds for thinking himself the best and most enlightened among his cotemporaries, it was the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Absolute monarch of the whole civilized world, he preserved through life not only the most unblemished justice, but what was less to be expected from his Stoical breeding, the tenderest heart. The few failings which are attributed to him, were all on the side of indulgence: while his writings, the highest ethical product of the ancient mind, differ scarcely perceptibly, if they differ at all, from the most characteristic teachings of Christ. This man, a better Christian in all but the dogmatic sense of the word, than almost any of the ostensibly Christian sovereigns who have since reigned, persecuted Christianity. Placed at the summit of all the previous attainments of humanity, with an open, unfettered intellect, and a character which led him of himself to embody in his moral writings the Christian ideal, he yet failed to see that Christianity was to be a good and not an evil to the world, with his duties to which he was so deeply penetrated. Existing society he knew to be in a deplorable state. But such as it was, he saw, or thought he saw, that it was held together, and prevented from being worse, by belief and reverence of the received divinities. As a ruler of

mankind, he deemed it his duty not to suffer society to fall in pieces; and saw not how, if its existing ties were removed, any others could be formed which could again knit it together. The new religion openly aimed at dissolving these ties: unless, therefore, it was his duty to adopt that religion, it seemed to be his duty to put it down. Inasmuch then as the theology of Christianity did not appear to him true or of divine origin; inasmuch as this strange history of a crucified God was not credible to him, and a system which purported to rest entirely upon a foundation to him so wholly unbelievable, could not be foreseen by him to be that renovating agency which, after all abatements, it has in fact proved to be; the gentlest and most amiable of philosophers and rulers, under a solemn sense of duty, authorized the persecution of Christianity. To my mind this is one of the most tragical facts in all history. It is a bitter thought, how different a thing the Christianity of the world might have been, if the Christian faith had been adopted as the religion of the empire under the auspices of Marcus Aurelius instead of those of Constantine. But it would be equally unjust to him and false to truth, to deny, that no one plea which can be urged for punishing anti-Christian teaching, was wanting to Marcus Aurelius for punishing, as he did, the propagation of Christianity. No Christian more firmly believes that Atheism is false, and tends to the dissolution of society, than Marcus Aurelius believed the same things of Christianity; he who, of all men then living, might have been thought the most capable of appreciating it. Unless any one who approves of punishment for the promulgation of opinions, flatters himself that he is a wiser and better man than Marcus Aurelius—more deeply versed in the wisdom of his time, more elevated in his intellect above it—more earnest in his search for truth, or more single-minded in his devotion to it when found; let him abstain from that assumption of the joint infallibility of himself and the multitude, which the great Antoninus made with so unfortunate a result.

Aware of the impossibility of defending the use of punishment for restraining irreligious opinions, by any argument which will not justify Marcus Antoninus, the enemies of religious freedom, when hard pressed, occasionally accept this consequence, and say, with Dr. Johnson, that the persecutors of Christianity were in the right; that persecution is an ordeal through which truth ought to pass, and always passes successfully, legal penalties being, in the end, powerless against truth, though sometimes beneficially effective

against mischievous errors. This is a form of the argument for religious intolerance, sufficiently remarkable not to be passed without notice.

A theory which maintains that truth may justifiably be persecuted because persecution cannot possibly do it any harm, cannot be charged with being intentionally hostile to the reception of new truths; but we cannot commend the generosity of its dealing with the persons to whom mankind are indebted for them. To discover to the world something which deeply concerns it, and of which it was previously ignorant; to prove to it that it had been mistaken on some vital point of temporal or spiritual interest, is as important a service as a human being can render to his fellow-creatures, and in certain cases, as in those of the early Christians and of the Reformers, those who think with Dr. Johnson believe it to have been the most precious gift which could be bestowed on mankind. That the authors of such splendid benefits should be requited by martyrdom; that their reward should be to be dealt with as the vilest of criminals, is not, upon this theory, a deplorable error and misfortune, for which humanity should mourn in sackcloth and ashes, but the normal and justifiable state of things. The propounder of a new truth, according to this doctrine, should stand, as stood, in the legislation of the Locrians, the proposer of a new law, with a halter round his neck, to be instantly tightened if the public assembly did not, on hearing his reasons, then and there adopt his proposition. People who defend this mode of treating benefactors, cannot be supposed to set much value on the benefit; and I believe this view of the subject is mostly confined to the sort of persons who think that new truths may have been desirable once, but that we have had enough of them now.

But, indeed, the dictum that truth always triumphs over persecution, is one of those pleasant falsehoods which men repeat after one another till they pass into commonplaces, but which all experience refutes. History teems with instances of truth put down by persecution. If not suppressed forever, it may be thrown back for centuries. To speak only of religious opinions: the Reformation broke out at least twenty times before Luther, and was put down. Arnold of Brescia was put down. Fra Dolcino was put down. Savonarola was put down. The Albigeois were put down. The Vaudois were put down. The Lollards were put down. The Hussites were put down. Even after the era of Luther, wherever persecution was persisted in, it was successful. In Spain, Italy, Flanders,

the Austrian empire, Protestantism was rooted out; and, most likely, would have been so in England, had Queen Mary lived, or Queen Elizabeth died. Persecution has always succeeded, save where the heretics were too strong a party to be effectually persecuted. No reasonable person can doubt that Christianity might have been extirpated in the Roman Empire. It spread, and became predominant, because the persecutions were only occasional, lasting but a short time, and separated by long intervals of almost undisturbed propagandism. It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to error, of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake. Men are not more zealous for truth than they often are for error, and a sufficient application of legal or even of social penalties will generally succeed in stopping the propagation of either. The real advantage which truth has consists in this, that when an opinion is true, it may be extinguished once, twice, or many times, but in the course of ages there will generally be found persons to rediscover it, until some one of its reappearances falls on a time when from favorable circumstances it escapes persecution until it has made such head as to withstand all subsequent attempts to suppress it.

It will be said, that we do not now put to death the introducers of new opinions: we are not like our fathers who slew the prophets, we even build sepulchres to them. It is true we no longer put heretics to death; and the amount of penal infliction which modern feeling would probably tolerate, even against the most obnoxious opinions, is not sufficient to extirpate them. But let us not flatter ourselves that we are yet free from the stain even of legal persecution. Penalties for opinion, or at least for its expression, still exist by law; and their enforcement is not, even in these times, so unexampled as to make it at all incredible that they may some day be revived in full force. In the year 1857, at the summer assizes of the county of Cornwall, an unfortunate man * said to be of unexceptionable conduct in all relations of life, was sentenced to twenty-one months' imprisonment, for uttering and writing on a gate some offensive words concerning Christianity. Within a month of the same time, at the Old Bailey, two persons, on two separate occasions,† were rejected as jurymen, and one of them grossly insulted by the judge and by one of the coun-

* Thomas Pooley, Bodmin Assizes, July 31, 1857. In December following, he received a free pardon from the Crown.

† George Jacob Holyoake, August 17, 1857; Edward True-love, July, 1857.

sel, because they honestly declared that they had no theological belief; and a third, a forger,* for the same reason, was denied justice against a thief. This refusal of redress took place in virtue of the legal doctrine, that no person can be allowed to give evidence in a court of justice, who does not profess belief in a God (any god is sufficient) and in a future state; which is equivalent to declaring such persons to be outlaws, excluded from the protection of the tribunals; who may not only be robbed or assaulted with impunity, if no one but themselves, or persons of similar opinions be present, but any one else may be robbed or assaulted with impunity, if the proof of the fact depends on their evidence. The assumption on which this is grounded, is that the oath is worthless, of a person who does not believe in a future state; a proposition which betokens much ignorance of history in those who assent to it (since it is historically true that a large proportion of infidels in all ages have been persons of distinguished integrity and honor); and would be maintained by no one who had the smallest conception how many of the persons in greatest repute with the world, both for virtues and attainments, are well known, at least to their intimates, to be unbelievers. The rule, besides, is suicidal, and cuts away its own foundation. Under pretence that atheists must be liars, it admits the testimony of all atheists who are willing to lie, and rejects only those who brave the obloquy of publicly confessing a detested creed rather than affirm a falsehood. A rule thus self-convicted of absurdity so far as regards its professed purpose, can be kept in force only as a badge of hatred, a relic of persecution; a persecution, too, having the peculiarity, that the qualification for undergoing it, is the being clearly proved not to deserve it. The rule, and the theory it implies, are hardly less insulting to believers than to infidels. For if he who does not believe in a future state necessarily lies, it follows that they who do believe are only prevented from lying, if prevented they are, by the fear of hell. We will not do the authors and abettors of the rule the injury of supposing, that the conception which they have formed of Christian virtue is drawn from their own consciousness.

These, indeed, are but rags and remnants of persecution, and may be thought to be not so much an indication of the wish to persecute, as an example of that very frequent infirmity of English minds, which makes them take a preposterous pleasure in the assertion of a

bad principle, when they are no longer bad enough to desire to carry it really into practice. But unhappily there is no security in the state of the public mind, that the suspension of worse forms of legal persecution, which has lasted for about the space of a generation, will continue. In this age the quiet surface of routine is as often ruffled by attempts to resuscitate past evils, as to introduce new benefits. What is boasted of at the present time as the revival of religion, is always, in narrow and uncultivated minds, at least as much the revival of bigotry; and where there is the strong permanent leaven of intolerance in the feelings of a people, which at all times abides in the middle classes of this country, it needs but little to provoke them into actively persecuting those whom they have never ceased to think proper objects of persecution.* For it is this—it is the opinions men entertain, and the feelings they cherish, respecting those who disown the beliefs they deem important, which makes this country not a place of mental freedom. For a long time past, the chief mischief of the legal penalties is that they strengthen the social stigma. It is that stigma which is really effective, and so effective is it, that the profession of opinions which are under the ban of society is much less common in England, than is, in many other countries, the avowal of those which incur risk of judicial punishment. In respect to all persons but those whose pecuniary circumstances make them independent of the good will of other people, opinion, on this subject, is as efficacious as law; men might as well be imprisoned, as ex-

* Ample warning may be drawn from the large infusion of the passions of a persecutor, which mingled with the general display of the worst parts of our national character on the occasion of the Sepoy insurrection. The ravings of fanatics or charlatans from the pulpit may be unworthy of notice; but the heads of the Evangelical party have announced as their principle for the government of Hindoos and Mahomedans, that no schools be supported by public money in which the Bible is not taught, and by necessary consequence that no public employment be given to any but real or pretended Christians. An Under-Secretary of State, in a speech delivered to his constituents on the 12th of November, 1857, is reported to have said: 'Toleration of their faith' (the faith of a hundred millions of British subjects), 'the superstition which they called religion, by the British Government, had had the effect of retarding the ascendancy of the British name, and preventing the salutary growth of Christianity. . . . Toleration was the great corner-stone of the religious liberties of this country; but do not let them abuse that precious word toleration. As he understood it, it meant the complete liberty to all, freedom of worship, among Christians, who worshipped upon the same foundation. It meant toleration of all sects and denominations of Christians who believed in the one mediation.' I desire to call attention to the fact, that a man who has been deemed fit to fill a high office in the government of this country under a liberal Ministry, maintains the doctrine that all who do not believe in the divinity of Christ are beyond the pale of toleration. Who, after this imbecile display, can indulge the illusion that religious persecution has passed away, never to return?

* Baron de Gleichen, Marlborough Street Police Court, August 4, 1857.

cluded from the means of earning their bread. Those whose bread is already secured, and who desire no favors from men in power, or from bodies of men, or from the public, have nothing to fear from the open avowal of any opinions, but to be ill-thought of and ill-spoken of, and this it ought not to require a very heroic mould to enable them to bear. There is no room for any appeal *ad misericordiam* in behalf of such persons. But though we do not now inflict so much evil on those who think differently from us, as it was formerly our custom to do, it may be that we do ourselves as much evil as ever by our treatment of them. Socrates was put to death, but the Socratic philosophy rose like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the whole intellectual firmament. Christians were cast to the lions, but the Christian church grew up a stately and spreading tree, overtopping the older and less vigorous growths, and stifling them by its shade. Our merely social intolerance kills no one, roots out no opinions, but induces men to disguise them or to abstain from any active effort for their diffusion. With us, heretical opinions do not perceptibly gain, or even lose, ground in each decade or generation; they never blaze out far and wide, but continue to smoulder in the narrow circles of thinking and studious persons among whom they originate, without ever lighting up the general affairs of mankind with either a true or a deceptive light. And thus is kept up a state of things very satisfactory to some minds, because, without the unpleasant process of fining or imprisoning anybody, it maintains all prevailing opinions outwardly undisturbed, while it does not absolutely interdict the exercise of reason by dissentients afflicted with the malady of thought. A convenient plan for having peace in the intellectual world, and keeping all things going on therein very much as they do already. But the price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification, is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind. A state of things in which a large portion of the most active and inquiring intellects find it advisable to keep the general principles and grounds of their convictions within their own breasts, and attempt, in what they address to the public, to fit as much as they can of their own conclusions to premises which they have internally renounced, cannot send forth the open, fearless characters, and logical, consistent intellects who once adorned the thinking world. The sort of men who can be looked for under it, are either mere conformers to common-place, or time-servers for truth, whose arguments on all great subjects are

meant for their hearers, and are not those which have convinced themselves. Those who avoid this alternative, do so by narrowing their thoughts and interest to things which can be spoken of without venturing within the region of principles, that is, to small practical matters, which would come right of themselves, if but the minds of mankind were strengthened and enlarged, and which will never be made effectually right until then: while that which would strengthen and enlarge men's minds, free and daring speculation on the highest subjects, is abandoned.

Those in whose eyes this reticence on the part of heretics is no evil, should consider in the first place, that in consequence of it there is never any fair and thorough discussion of heretical opinions; and that such of them as could not stand such a discussion, though they may be prevented from spreading, do not disappear. But it is not the minds of heretics that are deteriorated most, by the ban placed on all inquiry which does not end in the orthodox conclusions. The greatest harm done is to those who are not heretics, and whose whole mental development is cramped, and their reason cowed, by the fear of heresy. Who can compute what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid characters, who dare not follow out any bold, vigorous, independent train of thought, lest it should land them in something which would admit of being considered irreligious or immoral? Among them we may occasionally see some man of deep conscientiousness, and subtle and refined understanding, who spends a life in sophisticating with an intellect which he cannot silence, and exhausts the resources of ingenuity in attempting to reconcile the promptings of his conscience and reason with orthodoxy, which yet he does not, perhaps, to the end succeed in doing. No one can be a great thinker who does not recognize, that as a thinker it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead. Truth gains more even by the errors of one who, with due study and preparation, thinks for himself, than by the true opinions of those who only hold them because they do not suffer themselves to think. Not that it is solely, or chiefly, to form great thinkers, that freedom of thinking is required. On the contrary, it is as much and even more indispensable, to enable average human beings to attain the mental stature which they are capable of. There have been, and may again be, great individual thinkers, in a general atmosphere of mental slavery. But there never has been, nor ever will be, in that atmosphere, an intellectually active peo-

ple. Where any people has made a temporary approach to such a character, it has been because the dread of heterodox speculation was for a time suspended. Where there is a tacit convention that principles are not to be disputed; where the discussion of the greatest questions which can occupy humanity is considered to be closed, we cannot hope to find that generally high scale of mental activity which has made some periods of history so remarkable. Never when controversy avoided the subjects which are large and important enough to kindle enthusiasm, was the mind of a people stirred up from its foundations, and the impulse given which raised even persons of the most ordinary intellect to something of the dignity of thinking beings. Of such we have had an example in the condition of Europe during the times immediately following the Reformation; another, though limited to the Continent and to a more cultivated class, in the speculative movement of the latter half of the eighteenth century; and a third, of still briefer duration, in the intellectual fermentation of Germany during the Goethian and Fichtean period. These periods differed widely in the particular opinions which they developed; but were alike in this, that during all three the yoke of authority was broken. In each an old mental despotism had been thrown off, and no new one had yet taken its place. The impulse given at these three periods has made Europe what it now is. Every single improvement which has taken place either in the human mind or in institutions, may be traced distinctly to one or other of them. Appearances have for some time indicated that all three impulses are well nigh spent; and we can expect no fresh start, until we again assert our mental freedom.

Let us now pass to the second division of the argument, and dismissing the supposition that any of the received opinions may be false, let us assume them to be true, and examine into the worth of the manner in which they are likely to be held, when their truth is not freely and openly canvassed. However unwillingly a person who has a strong opinion may admit the possibility that his opinion may be false, he ought to be moved by the consideration that however true it may be, if it is not fully, frequently, and fearlessly discussed, it will be held as a dead dogma, not a living truth.

There is a class of persons (happily not quite so numerous as formerly) who think it enough if a person assents undoubtingly to what they think true, though he has no knowledge whatever of the grounds of the opinion, and could

not make a tenable defence of it against the most superficial objections. Such persons, if they can once get their creed taught from authority, naturally think that no good, and some harm, comes of its being allowed to be questioned. Where their influence prevails, they make it nearly impossible for the received opinion to be rejected wisely and considerately, though it may still be rejected rashly and ignorantly; for to shut out discussion entirely is seldom possible, and when it once gets in, beliefs not grounded on conviction are apt to give way before the slightest semblance of an argument. Waving, however, this possibility—assuming that the true opinion abides in the mind, but abides as a prejudice, a belief independent of, and proof against, argument—this is not the way in which truth ought to be held by a rational being. This is not knowing the truth. Truth, thus held, is but one superstition the more, accidentally clinging to the words which enunciate a truth.

If the intellect and judgment of mankind ought to be cultivated, a thing which Protestants at least do not deny, on what can these faculties be more appropriately exercised by any one, than on the things which concern him so much that it is considered necessary for him to hold opinions on them? If the cultivation of the understanding consists in one thing more than in another, it is surely in learning the grounds of one's own opinions.

Whatever people believe, on subjects on which it is of the first importance to believe rightly, they ought to be able to defend against at least the common objections. But, some one may say, 'Let them be *taught* the grounds of their opinions. It does not follow that opinions must be merely parroted because they are never heard controverted. Persons who learn geometry do not simply commit the theorems to memory, but understand and learn likewise the demonstrations; and it would be absurd to say that they remain ignorant of the grounds of geometrical truths, because they never hear any one deny, and attempt to disprove them.' Undoubtedly: and such teaching suffices on a subject like mathematics, where there is nothing at all to be said on the wrong side of the question. The peculiarity of the evidence of mathematical truths is, that all the argument is on one side. There are no objections, and no answers to objections. But on every subject on which difference of opinion is possible, the truth depends on a balance to be struck between two sets of conflicting reasons. Even in natural philosophy, there is always some other explanation possible of the same

facts; some geocentric theory instead of heliocentric, some phlogiston instead of oxygen; and it has to be shown why that other theory cannot be the true one: and until this is shown, and until we know how it is shown, we do not understand the grounds of our opinion. But when we turn to subjects infinitely more complicated, to morals, religion, politics, social relations, and the business of life, three-fourths of the arguments for every disputed opinion consist in dispelling the appearances which favor some opinion different from it. The greatest orator, save one, of antiquity, has left it on record that he always studied his adversary's case with as great, if not still greater, intensity than even his own. What Cicero practised as the means of forensic success, requires to be imitated by all who study any subject in order to arrive at the truth. He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that. His reasons may be good, and no one may have been able to refute them. But if he is equally unable to refute the reasons on the opposite side; if he does not so much as know what they are, he has no ground for preferring either opinion. The rational position for him would be suspension of judgment, and unless he content himself with that, he is either led by authority, or adopts, like the generality of the world, the side to which he feels most inclination. Nor is it enough that he should hear the arguments of adversaries from his own teachers, presented as they state them, and accompanied by what they offer as refutations. That is not the way to do justice to the arguments, or bring them into real contact with his own mind. He must be able to hear them from persons who actually believe them; who defend them in earnest, and do their very utmost for them. He must know them in their most plausible and persuasive form; he must feel the whole force of the difficulty which the true view of the subject has to encounter and dispose of; else he will never really possess himself of the portion of truth which meets and removes that difficulty. Ninety-nine in a hundred of what are called educated men are in this condition; even of those who can argue fluently for their opinions. Their conclusion may be true, but it might be false for anything they know: they have never thrown themselves into the mental position of those who think differently from them, and considered what such persons may have to say; and consequently they do not in any proper sense of the word, know the doctrine which they themselves profess. They do not know those parts of it which explain and justify the remainder; the consid-

erations which show that a fact which seemingly conflicts with another is reconcilable with it, or that, of two apparently strong reasons, one and not the other ought to be preferred. All that part of the truth which turns the scale, and decides the judgment of a completely informed mind, they are strangers to; nor is it ever really known, but to those who have attended equally and impartially to both sides, and endeavored to see the reasons of both in the strongest light. So essential is this discipline to a real understanding of moral and human subjects, that if opponents of all important truths do not exist, it is indispensable to imagine them, and supply them with the strongest arguments which the most skilful devil's advocate can conjure up.

To abate the force of these considerations, an enemy of free discussion may be supposed to say that there is no necessity for mankind in general to know and understand all that can be said against or for their opinions by philosophers and theologians. That it is not needful for common men to be able to expose all the misstatements or fallacies of an ingenious opponent. That it is enough if there is always somebody capable of answering them, so that nothing likely to mislead uninstructed persons remains unrefuted. That simple minds, having been taught the obvious grounds of the truths inculcated on them, may trust to authority for the rest, and being aware that they have neither knowledge nor talent to resolve every difficulty which can be raised, may repose in the assurance that all those which have been raised have been or can be answered, by those who are specially trained to the task.

Conceding to this view of the subject the utmost that can be claimed for it by those most easily satisfied with the amount of understanding of truth which ought to accompany the belief of it; even so, the argument for free discussion is no way weakened. For even this doctrine acknowledges that mankind ought to have a rational assurance that all objections have been satisfactorily answered; and how are they to be answered if that which requires to be answered is not spoken? or how can the answer be known to be satisfactory, if the objectors have no opportunity of showing that it is unsatisfactory? If not the public, at least the philosophers and theologians who are to resolve the difficulties, must make themselves familiar with those difficulties in their most puzzling form; and this cannot be accomplished unless they are freely stated, and placed in the most advantageous light which they admit of. The

Catholic Church has its own way of dealing with this embarrassing problem. It makes a broad separation between those who can be permitted to receive its doctrines on conviction, and those who must accept them on trust. Neither, indeed, are allowed any choice as to what they will accept; but the clergy, such at least as can be fully confided in, may admissibly and meritoriously make themselves acquainted with the arguments of opponents, in order to answer them, and may, therefore, read heretical books; the laity, not unless by special permission, hard to be obtained. This discipline recognizes a knowledge of the enemy's case as beneficial to the teachers, but finds means, consistent with this, of denying it to the rest of the world: thus giving to the *élite* more mental culture, though not more mental freedom, than it allows to the mass. By this device it succeeds in obtaining the kind of mental superiority which its purposes require; for though culture without freedom never made a large and liberal mind, it can make a clever *nisi prius* advocate of a cause. But in countries professing Protestantism, this resource is denied; since Protestants hold, at least in theory, that the responsibility for the choice of a religion must be borne by each for himself, and cannot be thrown off upon teachers. Besides, in the present state of the world, it is practically impossible that writings which are read by the instructed can be kept from the uninstructed. If the teachers of mankind are to be cognizant of all that they ought to know, everything must be free to be written and published without restraint.

If, however, the mischievous operation of the absence of free discussion, when the received opinions are true, were confined to leaving men ignorant of the grounds of those opinions, it might be thought that this, if an intellectual, is no moral evil, and does not affect the worth of the opinions, regarded in their influence on the character. The fact, however, is, that not only the grounds of the opinion are forgotten in the absence of discussion, but too often the meaning of the opinion itself. The words which convey it, cease to suggest ideas, or suggest only a small portion of those they were originally employed to communicate. Instead of a vivid conception, and a living belief, there remain only a few phrases retained by rote; or, if any part, the shell and husk only of the meaning is retained, the finer essence being lost. The great chapter in human history which this fact occupies and fills, cannot be too earnestly studied and meditated on.

It is illustrated in the experience of almost all

ethical doctrines and religious creeds. They are all full of meaning and vitality to those who originate them, and to the direct disciples of the originators. Their meaning continues to be felt in undiminished strength, and is perhaps brought out into even fuller consciousness, so long as the struggle lasts to give the doctrine or creed an ascendancy over other creeds. At last it either prevails, and becomes the general opinion, or its progress stops; it keeps possession of the ground it has gained, but ceases to spread further. When either of these results has become apparent, controversy on the subject flags, and gradually dies away. The doctrine has taken its place, if not as a received opinion, as one of the admitted sects or divisions of opinion: those who hold it have generally inherited, not adopted it; and conversion from one of these doctrines to another, being now an exceptional fact, occupies little place in the thoughts of their professors. Instead of being, as at first, constantly on the alert either to defend themselves against the world, or to bring the world over to them, they have subsided into acquiescence, and neither listen, when they can help it, to arguments against their creed, nor trouble dissentients (if there be such) with arguments in its favor. From this time may usually be dated the decline in the living power of the doctrine. We often hear the teachers of all creeds lamenting the difficulty of keeping up in the minds of believers a lively apprehension of the truth which they nominally recognize, so that it may penetrate the feelings, and acquire a real mastery over the conduct. No such difficulty is complained of while the creed is still fighting for its existence: even the weaker combatants then know and feel what they are fighting for, and the difference between it and other doctrines; and in that period of every creed's existence, not a few persons may be found, who have realized its fundamental principles in all the forms of thought, have weighed and considered them in all their important bearings, and have experienced the full effect on the character, which belief in that creed ought to produce in a mind thoroughly imbued with it. But when it has come to be an hereditary creed, and to be received passively, not actively—when the mind is no longer compelled, in the same degree as at first, to exercise its vital powers on the questions which its belief presents to it, there is a progressive tendency to forget all of the belief except the formularies, or to give it a dull and torpid assent, as if accepting it on trust dispensed with the necessity of realizing it in consciousness, or testing it by personal experience; until it almost ceases to

connect itself at all with the inner life of the human being. Then are seen the cases, so frequent in this age of the world as almost to form the majority, in which the creed remains as it were outside the mind, incrusting and petrifying it against all other influences addressed to the higher parts of our nature; manifesting its power by not suffering any fresh and living conviction to get in, but itself doing nothing for mind or heart, except standing sentinel over them to keep them vacant.

To what an extent doctrines intrinsically fitted to make the deepest impression upon the mind may remain in it as dead beliefs, without being ever realized in the imagination, the feelings, or the understanding, is exemplified by the right in which the majority of believers hold the doctrines of Christianity. By Christianity I here mean what is accounted such by all churches and sects—the maxims and precepts contained in the New Testament. These are considered sacred, and accepted as laws, by all professing Christians. Yet it is scarcely too much to say that not one Christian in a thousand guides or tests his individual conduct by reference to those laws. The standard to which he does refer it, is the custom of his nation, his class, or his religious profession. He has thus, on the one hand, a collection of ethical maxims, which he believes to have been vouchsafed to him by infallible wisdom as rules for his government; and on the other a set of every-day judgments and practices, which go a certain length with some of those maxims, not so great a length with others, stand in direct opposition to some, and are, on the whole, a compromise between the Christian creed and the interests and suggestions of worldly life. To the first of these standard he gives his homage; to the other his real allegiance. All Christians believe that the blessed are the poor and humble, and those who are ill-used by the world; that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; that they should judge not, lest they be judged; that they should swear not at all; that they should love their neighbor as themselves; that if one take their cloak, they should give him their coat also; that they should take no thought for the morrow; that if they would be perfect they should sell all that they have and give it to the poor. They are not insincere when they say that they believe these things. They do believe them, as people believe what they have always heard lauded and never discussed. But in the sense of that living belief which regulates conduct, they believe these doctrines just up to the point to

which it is usual to act upon them. The doctrines in their integrity are serviceable to pelt adversaries with; and it is understood that they are to be put forward (when possible) as the reasons for whatever people do that they think laudable. But any one who reminded them that the maxims require an infinity of things which they never even think of doing, would gain nothing but to be classed among those very unpopular characters who affect to be better than other people. The doctrines have no hold on ordinary believers—are not a power in their minds. They have an habitual respect for the sound of them, but no feeling which spreads from the words to the things signified, and forces the mind to take *them* in, and make them conform to the formula. Whenever conduct is concerned, they look round for Mr. A and B to direct them how far to go in obeying Christ.

Now we may be well assured that the case was not thus, but far otherwise, with the early Christians. Had it been thus, Christianity never would have expanded from an obscure sect of the despised Hebrews into the religion of the Roman empire. When their enemies said, 'See how these Christians love one another' (a remark not likely to be made by anybody now), they assuredly had a much livelier feeling of the meaning of their creed than they have ever had since. And to this cause, probably, it is chiefly owing that Christianity now makes so little progress in extending its domain, and after eighteen centuries, is still nearly confined to Europeans and the descendants of Europeans. Even with the strictly religious, who are much in earnest about their doctrines, and attach a greater amount of meaning to many of them than people in general, it commonly happens that the part which is thus comparatively active in their minds is that which was made by Calvin, or Knox, or some such person much nearer in character to themselves. The sayings of Christ co-exist passively in their minds, producing hardly any effect beyond what is caused by mere listening to words so amiable and bland. There are many reasons, doubtless, why doctrines which are the badge of a sect retain more of their vitality than those common to all recognized sects, and why more pains are taken by teachers to keep their meaning alive; but one reason certainly is, that the peculiar doctrines are more questioned, and have to be oftener defended against open gainsayers. Both teachers and learners go to sleep at their post, as soon as there is no enemy in the field.

The same thing holds true, generally speaking, of all traditional doctrines—those of pru-

dence and knowledge of life, of morals or religion. All languages and literatures are full of general observations on life, both as to what it is, and how to conduct oneself in it; observations which everybody knows, which everybody repeats, or hears with acquiescence, which are received as truisms, yet of which most people first truly learn the meaning, when experience, generally of a painful kind, has made it a reality to them. How often, when smarting under some unforeseen misfortune or disappointment, does a person call to mind some proverb or common saying, familiar to him all his life, the meaning of which, if he had ever before felt it as he does now, would have saved him from the calamity. There are indeed reasons for this, other than the absence of discussion: there are many truths of which the full meaning *cannot* be realized, until personal experience has brought it home. But much more of the meaning even of these would have been understood, and what was understood would have been far more deeply impressed on the mind, if the man had been accustomed to hear it argued *pro* and *con* by people who did understand it. The tendency of mankind to leave off thinking about a thing when it is no longer doubtful, is the cause of half their errors. A cotemporary author has well spoken of 'the deep slumber of a decided opinion.'

But what! (it may be asked) Is the absence of unanimity an indispensable condition of true knowledge? Is it necessary that some part of mankind should persist in error, to enable any to realize the truth? Does a belief cease to be real and vital as soon as it is generally received—and is a proposition never thoroughly understood and felt unless some doubt of it remains? As soon as mankind have unanimously accepted a truth, does the truth perish within them? The highest aim and best result of improved intelligence, it has hitherto been thought, is to unite mankind more and more in the acknowledgment of all important truths: and does the intelligence only last as long as it has not achieved its object? Do the fruits of conquest perish by the very completeness of the victory?

I affirm no such thing. As mankind improve, the number of doctrines which are no longer disputed or doubted will be constantly on the increase: and the well-being of mankind may almost be measured by the number and gravity of the truths which have reached the point of being uncontested. The cessation, on one question after another, of serious controversy, is one of the necessary incidents of the consolidation of opinion; a consolidation as salutary in the case of true opinions,

as it is dangerous and noxious when the opinions are erroneous. But though this gradual narrowing of the bounds of diversity of opinion is necessary in both senses of the term, being at once inevitable and indispensable, we are not therefore obliged to conclude that all its consequences must be beneficial. The loss of so important an aid to the intelligent and living apprehension of a truth, as is afforded by the necessity of explaining it to, or defending it against, opponents, though not sufficient to outweigh, is no trifling drawback from, the benefit of its universal recognition. Where this advantage can no longer be had, I confess I should like to see the teachers of mankind endeavoring to provide a substitute for it; some contrivance for making the difficulties of the question as present to the learner's consciousness, as if they were pressed upon him by a dissentient champion, eager for his conversion.

But instead of seeking contrivances for this purpose, they have lost those they formerly had. The Socratic dialectics, so magnificently exemplified in the dialogues of Plato, were a contrivance of this description. They were essentially a negative discussion of the great questions of philosophy and life, directed with consummate skill to the purpose of convincing any one who had merely adopted the commonplaces of received opinion, that he did not understand the subject—that he as yet attached no definite meaning to the doctrines he professed; in order that, becoming aware of his ignorance, he might be put in the way to obtain a stable belief, resting on a clear apprehension both of the meaning of doctrines and of their evidence. The school disputations of the Middle Ages had a somewhat similar object. They were intended to make sure that the pupil understood his own opinion, and (by necessary correlation) the opinion opposed to it, and could enforce the grounds of the one and confute those of the other. These last-mentioned contests had indeed the incurable defect, that the premises appealed to were taken from authority, not from reason; and, as a discipline to the mind, they were in every respect inferior to the powerful dialectics which formed the intellects of the 'Socratici viri:' but the modern mind owes far more to both than it is generally willing to admit, and the present modes of education contain nothing which in the smallest degree supplies the place either of the one or of the other. A person who derives all his instruction from teachers or books, even if he escape the besetting temptation of contenting himself with cram, is under no compulsion to hear both sides; accordingly it is far from a

frequent accomplishment, even among thinkers, to know both sides; and the weakest part of what everybody says in defence of his opinion, is what he intends as a reply to antagonists. It is the fashion of the present time to disparage negative logic—that which points out weaknesses in theory or errors in practice, without establishing positive truths. Such negative criticism would indeed be poor enough as an ultimate result; but as a means to attaining any positive knowledge or conviction worthy the name, it cannot be valued too highly; and until people are again systematically trained to it, there will be few great thinkers, and a low general average of intellect, in any but the mathematical and physical departments of speculation. On any other subject no one's opinions deserve the name of knowledge, except so far as he has either had forced upon him by others, or gone through of himself, the same mental process which would have been required of him in carrying on an active controversy with opponents. That, therefore, which when absent, it is so indispensable, but so difficult, to create, how worse than absurd it is to forego, when spontaneously offering itself! If there are any persons who contest a received opinion, or who will do so if law or opinion will let them, let us thank them for it, open our minds to listen to them, and rejoice that there is some one to do for us what we otherwise ought, if we have any regard for either the certainty or the vitality of our convictions, to do with much greater labor for ourselves.

It still remains to speak of one of the principal causes which make diversity of opinion advantageous, and will continue to do so until mankind shall have entered a stage of intellectual advancement which at present seems at an incalculable distance. We have hitherto considered only two possibilities: that the received opinion may be false, and some other opinion, consequently, true; or that, the received opinion being true, a conflict with the opposite error is essential to a clear apprehension and deep feeling of its truth. But there is a commoner case than either of these; when the conflicting doctrines, instead of being one true and the other false, share the truth between them; and the nonconforming opinion is needed to supply the remainder of the truth, of which the received doctrine embodies only a part. Popular opinions, on subjects not palpable to sense, are often true, but seldom or never the whole truth. They are a part of the truth; sometimes a greater, sometimes a smaller part, but exaggerated, distorted, and disjoined from the truths by which they ought to be accompanied and limited. Heretical

opinions, on the other hand, are generally some of these suppressed and neglected truths, bursting the bonds which kept them down, and either seeking reconciliation with the truth contained in the common opinion, or fronting it as enemies, and setting themselves up, with similar exclusiveness, as the whole truth. The latter case is hitherto the most frequent, as, in the human mind, one-sidedness has always been the rule, and many-sidedness the exception. Hence, even in revolutions of opinion, one part of the truth usually sets while another rises. Even progress, which ought to superadd, for the most part only substitutes, one partial and incomplete truth for another; improvement consisting chiefly in this, that the new fragment of truth is more wanted, more adapted to the needs of the time, than that which it displaces.

Such being the partial character of prevailing opinions, even when resting on a true foundation, every opinion which embodies somewhat of the portion of truth which the common opinion omits, ought to be considered precious, with whatever amount of error and confusion that truth may be blended. No sober judge of human affairs will feel bound to be indignant because those who force on our notice truths which we should otherwise have overlooked, overlook some of those which we see. Rather, he will think that so long as popular truth is one-sided, it is more desirable than otherwise that unpopular truth should have one-sided assertors too; such being usually the most energetic, and the most likely to compel reluctant attention to the fragment of wisdom which they proclaim as if it were the whole.

Thus, in the eighteenth century, when nearly all the instructed, and all those of the uninstructed who were led by them, were lost in admiration of what is called civilization, and of the marvels of modern science, literature, and philosophy, and while greatly overrating the amount of unlikeness between the men of modern and those of ancient times, indulged the belief that the whole of the difference was in their own favor; with what a salutary shock did the paradoxes of Rousseau explode like bombshells in the midst, dislocating the compact mass of one-sided opinion, and forcing its elements to recombine in a better form and with additional ingredients. Not that the current opinions were on the whole farther from the truth than Rousseau's were; on the contrary, they were nearer to it; they contained more of positive truth, and very much less of error. Nevertheless there lay in Rousseau's doctrine, and has floated down the stream of opinion along with it, a considerable

amount of exactly those truths which the popular opinion wanted; and these are the deposit which was left behind when the flood subsided. The superior worth of simplicity of life, the enervating and demoralizing effect of the trammels and hypocrisies of artificial society, are ideas which have never been entirely absent from cultivated minds since Rousseau wrote; and they will in time produce their due effect, though at present needing to be asserted as much as ever, and to be asserted by deeds, for words, on this subject, have nearly exhausted their power.

In politics, again, it is almost a commonplace, that a party of order or stability, and a party of progress or reform, are both necessary elements of a healthy state of political life; until the one or the other shall have so enlarged its mental grasp as to be a party equally of order and of progress, knowing and distinguishing what is fit to be preserved from what ought to be swept away. Each of these modes of thinking derives its utility from the deficiencies of the other; but it is in a great measure the opposition of the other that keeps each within the limits of reason and sanity. Unless opinions favorable to democracy and to aristocracy, to property and to equality, to co-operation and to competition, to luxury and to abstinence, to sociality and individuality, to liberty and discipline, and all the other standing antagonisms of practical life, are expressed with equal freedom, and enforced and defended with equal talent and energy, there is no chance of both elements obtaining their due; one scale is sure to go up, and the other down. Truth, in the great practical concerns of life, is so much a question of the reconciling and combining of opposites, that very few have minds sufficiently capacious and impartial to make the adjustment with an approach to correctness, and it has to be made by the rough process of a struggle between combatants fighting under hostile banners. On any of the great open questions just enumerated, if either of the two opinions has a better claim than the other, not merely to be tolerated, but to be encouraged and countenanced, it is the one which happens at the particular time and place to be in a minority. That is the opinion which, for the time being, represents the neglected interests, the side of human well-being which is in danger of obtaining less than its share. I am aware that there is not, in this country, any intolerance of differences of opinion on most of these topics. They are adduced to show, by admitted and multiplied examples, the universality of the fact, that only through diversity of opinion is there, in the existing state of human intellect, a chance

of fair play to all sides of the truth. When there are persons to be found, who form an exception to the apparent unanimity of the world on any subject, even if the world is in the right, it is always probable that dissentients have something worth hearing to say for themselves, and that truth would lose something by their silence.

It may be objected, 'But *some* received principles, especially on the highest and most vital subjects, are more than half-truths. The Christian morality, for instance, is the whole truth on that subject, and if any one teaches a morality, which varies from it, he is wholly in error.' As this is of all cases the most important in practice, none can be fitter to test the general maxim. But before pronouncing what Christian morality is or is not, it would be desirable to decide what is meant by Christian morality. If it means the morality of the New Testament, I wonder that any one who derives his knowledge of this from the book itself, can suppose that it was announced, or intended, as a complete doctrine of morals. The Gospel always refers to a pre-existing morality, and confines its precepts to the particulars in which that morality was to be corrected, or superseded by a wider and higher; expressing itself, moreover, in terms most general, often impossible to be interpreted literally, and possessing rather the impressiveness of poetry or eloquence than the precision of legislation. To extract from it a body of ethical doctrine, has never been possible without eking it out from the Old Testament, that is, from a system elaborate indeed, but in many respects barbarous, and intended only for a barbarous people. St. Paul, a declared enemy to this Judaical mode of interpreting the doctrine and filling up the scheme of his Master, equally assumes a pre-existing morality, namely that of the Greeks and Romans; and his advice to Christians is in a great measure a system of accommodation to that; even to the extent of giving an apparent sanction to slavery. What is called Christian, but should rather be termed theological, morality, was not the work of Christ or the Apostles, but is of much later origin, having been gradually built up by the Catholic Church of the first five centuries, and though not implicitly adopted by moderns and Protestants, has been much less modified by them than might have been expected. For the most part, indeed, they have contented themselves with cutting off the additions which had been made to it in the Middle Ages each sect supplying the place by fresh additions, adapted to its own character and tendencies. That mankind owe a great debt to

this morality, and to its early teachers, I should be the last person to deny; but I do not scruple to say of it that it is, in many important points, incomplete and one-sided, and that unless ideas and feelings, not sanctioned by it, had contributed to the formation of European life and character, human affairs would have been in a worse condition than they now are.

Christian morality (so called) has all the characters of a reaction; it is, in great part, a protest against Paganism. Its ideal is negative rather than positive; passive rather than active; Innocence rather than Nobleness; Abstinence from Evil, rather than energetic Pursuit of Good; in its precepts (as has been well said) 'thou shalt not' predominates unduly over 'thou shalt.' In its horror of sensuality, it made an idol of asceticism, which has been gradually compromised away into one of legality. It holds out the hope of heaven and the threat of hell, as the appointed and appropriate motives to a virtuous life: in this falling far below the best of the ancients, and doing what lies in it to give to human morality an essentially selfish character, by disconnecting each man's feelings of duty from the interests of his fellow-creatures, except so far as a self-interested inducement is offered to him for consulting them. It is essentially a doctrine of passive obedience; it inculcates submission to all authorities found established; who indeed are not to be actively obeyed when they command what religion forbids, but who are not to be resisted, far less rebelled against, for any amount of wrong to ourselves. And while, in the morality of the best Pagan nations, duty to the State holds even a disproportionate place, infringing on the just liberty of the individual; in purely Christian ethics, that grand department of duty is scarcely noticed or acknowledged. It is in the Koran, not the New Testament, that we read the maxim—'A ruler who appoints any man to an office, when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God and against the State.' What little recognition the idea of obligation to the public obtains in modern morality, is derived from Greek and Roman sources, not from Christian; as, even in the morality of private life, whatever exists of magnanimity, highmindedness, personal dignity, even the sense of honor, is derived from the purely human, not the religious part of our education, and never could have grown out of a standard of ethics in which the only worth, professedly recognized, is that of obedience.

I am as far as any one from pretending that

these defects are necessarily inherent in the Christian ethics, in every manner in which it can be conceived, or that the many requisites of a complete moral doctrine which it does not contain, do not admit of being reconciled with it. Far less would I insinuate this of the doctrines and precepts of Christ himself. I believe that the sayings of Christ are all, that I can see any evidence of their having been intended to be; that they are irreconcilable with nothing which a comprehensive morality requires; that everything which is excellent in ethics may be brought within them, with no greater violence to their language than has been done to it by all who have attempted to deduce from them any practical system of conduct whatever. But it is quite consistent with this, to believe that they contain, and were meant to contain, only a part of the truth; that many essential elements of the highest morality are among the things which are not provided for, nor intended to be provided for, in the recorded deliverances of the Founder of Christianity, and which have been entirely thrown aside in the system of ethics erected on the basis of those deliverances by the Christian Church. And this being so, I think it a great error to persist in attempting to find in the Christian doctrine that complete rule for our guidance, which its author intended it to sanction and enforce, but only partially to provide. I believe, too, that this narrow theory is becoming a grave practical evil, detracting greatly from the moral training and instruction, which so many well-meaning persons are now at length exerting themselves to promote. I much fear that by attempting to form the mind and feelings on an exclusively religious type, and discarding those secular standards (as for want of a better name they may be called) which heretofore co-existed with and supplemented the Christian ethics, receiving some of its spirit, and infusing into it some of theirs, there will result, and is even now resulting, a low, abject, servile type of character, which, submit itself as it may to what it deems the Supreme Will, is incapable of rising to or sympathizing in the conception of Supreme Goodness. I believe that other ethics than any which can be evolved from exclusively Christian sources, must exist side by side with Christian ethics to produce the moral regeneration of mankind; and that the Christian system is no exception to the rule, that in an imperfect state of the human mind, the interests of truth require a diversity of opinions. It is not necessary that in ceasing to ignore the moral truths not contained in Christianity, men should ignore any of those which it

does contain. Such prejudice, or oversight, when it occurs, is altogether an evil; but it is one from which we cannot hope to be always exempt, and must be regarded as the price paid for an inestimable good. The exclusive pretension made by a part of the truth to be the whole, must and ought to be protested against; and if a reactionary impulse should make the protesters unjust in their turn, this one-sidedness, like the other, may be lamented, but must be tolerated. If Christians would teach infidels to be just to Christianity, they should themselves be just to infidelity. It can do truth no service to blink the fact, known to all who have the most ordinary acquaintance with literary history, that a large portion of the noblest and most valuable moral teaching has been the work, not only of men who did not know, but of men who knew and rejected, the Christian faith.

I do not pretend that the most unlimited use of the freedom of enunciating all possible opinions would put an end to the evils of religious or philosophical sectarianism. Every truth which men of narrow capacity are in earnest about, is sure to be asserted, inculcated, and in many ways even acted on, as if no other truth existed in the world, or at all events none that could limit or qualify the first. I acknowledge that the tendency of all opinions to become sectarian is not cured by the freest discussion, but is often heightened and exacerbated thereby; the truth which ought to have been, but was not, seen, being rejected all the more violently because proclaimed by persons regarded as opponents. But it is not on the impassioned partisan, it is on the calmer and more disinterested bystander, that this collision of opinions works its salutary effect. Not the violent conflict between parts of the truth, but the quiet suppression of half of it, is the formidable evil; there is always hope when people are forced to listen to both sides; it is when they attend only to one that errors harden into prejudices, and truth itself ceases to have the effect of truth, by being exaggerated into falsehood. And since there are few mental attributes more rare than that judicial faculty which can sit in intelligent judgment between two sides of a question, of which only one is represented by an advocate before it, truth has no chance but in proportion as every side of it, every opinion which embodies any fraction of the truth, not only finds advocates, but is so advocated as to be listened to.

We have now recognized the necessity to the mental well-being of mankind (on which

all their other well-being depends) of freedom of opinion, and freedom of the expression of opinion, on four distinct grounds; which we will now briefly recapitulate.

First, if any opinion is compelled to silence, that opinion may, for aught we can certainly know, be true. To deny this is to assume our own infallibility.

Secondly, though the silenced opinion be an error, it may, and very commonly does, contain a portion of truth; and since the general or prevailing opinion on any subject is rarely or never the whole truth, it is only by the collision of adverse opinions that the remainder of the truth has any chance of being supplied.

Thirdly, even if the received opinion be not only true, but the whole truth; unless it is suffered to be, and actually is, vigorously and earnestly contested, it will, by most of those who receive it, be held in the manner of a prejudice, with little comprehension or feeling of its rational grounds. And not only this, but, fourthly, the meaning of the doctrine itself will be in danger of being lost, or enfeebled, and deprived of its vital effect on the character and conduct: the dogma becoming a mere formal profession, inefficacious for good, but cumbering the ground, and preventing the growth of any real and heartfelt conviction, from reason or personal experience.

Before quitting the subject of freedom of opinion, it is fit to take some notice of those who say, that the free expression of all opinions should be permitted, on condition that the manner be temperate, and do not pass the bounds of fair discussion. Much might be said on the impossibility of fixing where these supposed bounds are to be placed; for if the test be offence to those opinions are attacked, I think experience testifies that this offence is given whenever the attack is telling and powerful, and that every opponent who pushes them hard, and whom they find it difficult to answer, appears to them, if he shows any strong feeling on the subject, an intemperate opponent. But this, though an important consideration in a practical point of view, merges in a more fundamental objection. Undoubtedly the manner of asserting an opinion, even though it be a true one, may be very objectionable, and may justly incur severe censure. But the principal offences of the kind are such as it is mostly impossible, unless by accidental self-betrayal, to bring home to conviction. The gravest of them is, to argue sophistically, to suppress facts or arguments, to misstate the elements of the case, or misrepresent the opposite opinion. But all this, even to the most aggravated degree, is

so continually done in perfect good faith, by persons who are not considered, and in many other respects may not deserve to be considered, ignorant or incompetent, that it is rarely possible, on adequate grounds, conscientiously to stamp the misrepresentation as morally culpable; and still less could law presume to interfere with this kind of controversial misconduct. With regard to what is commonly meant by intemperate discussion, namely, invective, sarcasm, personality, and the like, the denunciation of these weapons would deserve more sympathy if it were ever proposed to interdict them equally to both sides; but it is only desired to restrain the employment of them against the prevailing opinion: against the unprevailing they may not only be used without general disapproval, but will be likely to obtain for him who uses them the praise of honest zeal and righteous indignation. Yet whatever mischief arises from their use, is greatest when they are employed against the comparatively defenceless; and whatever unfair advantage can be derived by any opinion from this mode of asserting it, accrues almost exclusively to received opinions. The worst offence of this kind which can be committed by a polemic, is to stigmatize those who hold the contrary opinion as bad and immoral men. To calumny of this sort, those who hold any unpopular opinion are peculiarly exposed, because they are in general few and un-influential, and nobody but themselves feels much interested in seeing justice done them; but this weapon is, from the nature of the case, denied to those who attack a prevailing opinion: they can neither use it with safety to themselves, nor, if they could, would it do anything but recoil on their own cause. In general, opinions contrary to those commonly received can only obtain a hearing by studied moderation of language, and the most cautious avoidance of unnecessary offence, from which they hardly ever deviate even in a slight degree without losing ground: while unmeasured vituperation employed on the side of the prevailing opinion, really does deter people from professing contrary opinions, and from listening to those who profess them. For the interest, therefore, of truth and justice, it is far more important to restrain this employment of vituperative language than the other; and, for example, if it were necessary to choose, there would be much more need to discourage offensive attacks on infidelity than on religion. It is, however, obvious that law and authority have no business with restraining either, while opinion ought, in every instance, to determine its verdict by the circumstances of the individual case; con-

demning every one, on whichever side of the argument he places himself, in whose mode of advocacy either want of candor, or malignity, bigotry, or intolerance of feeling manifest themselves; but not inferring these vices from the side which a person takes, though it be the contrary side of the question to our own: and giving merited honor to every one, whatever opinion he may hold, who has calmness to see and honesty to state what his opponents and their opinions really are, exaggerating nothing to their discredit, keeping nothing back which tells, or can be supposed to tell, in their favor. This is the real morality of public discussion: and if often violated, I am happy to think that there are many controversialists who to a great extent observe it, and a still greater number who conscientiously strive towards it.

CHAPTER III.

OF INDIVIDUALITY, AS ONE OF THE ELEMENTS OF WELL-BEING.

SUCH being the reasons which make it imperative that human beings should be free to form opinions, and to express their opinions without reserve; and such the baneful consequences to the intellectual, and through that to the moral nature of man, unless this liberty is either conceded, or asserted in spite of prohibition; let us next examine whether the same reasons do not require that men should be free to act upon their opinions—to carry these out in their lives, without hindrance, either physical or moral, from their fellow-men, so long as it is at their own risk and peril. This last proviso is of course indispensable. No one pretends that actions should be as free as opinions. On the contrary, even opinions lose their immunity, when the circumstances in which they are expressed are such as to constitute their expression a positive instigation to some mischievous act. An opinion that corn-dealers are starvers of the poor, or that private property is robbery, ought to be unmolested when simply circulated through the press, but may justly incur punishment when delivered orally to an excited mob assembled before the house of a corn-dealer, or when handed about among the same mob in the form of a placard. Acts, of whatever kind, which, without justifiable cause, do harm to others, may be, and in the more important cases absolutely require to be, controlled by the unfavorable sentiments, and, when needful, by the active interference of mankind.

The liberty of the individual must be thus far limited; he must not make himself a nuisance to other people. But if he refrains from molesting others in what concerns them, and merely acts according to his own inclination and judgment in things which concern himself, the same reasons which show that opinion should be free, prove also that he should be allowed, without molestation, to carry his opinions into practice at his own cost. That mankind are not infallible; that their truths, for the most part, are only half-truths; that unity of opinion, unless resulting from the fullest and freest comparison of opposite opinions, is not desirable, and diversity not an evil, but a good, until mankind are much more capable than at present of recognizing all sides of the truth, are principles applicable to men's modes of action, not less than to their opinions. As it is useful that while mankind are imperfect there should be different opinions, so it is that there should be different experiments of living; that free scope should be given to varieties of character short of injury to others; and that the worth of different modes of life should be proved practically, when any one thinks fit to try them. It is desirable, in short, that in things which do not primarily concern others, individuality should assert itself. Where, not the person's own character, but the traditions or customs of other people are the rule of conduct, there is wanting one of the principal ingredients of human happiness, and quite the chief ingredient of individual and social progress.

In maintaining this principle, the greatest difficulty to be encountered does not lie in the appreciation of means towards an acknowledged end, but in the indifference of persons in general to the end itself. If it were felt that the free development of individuality is one of the leading essentials of well-being; that it is not only a co-ordinate element with all that is designated by the terms civilization, instruction, education, culture, but is itself a necessary part and condition of all those things; there would be no danger that liberty should be under-valued, and the adjustment of the boundaries between it and social control would present no extraordinary difficulty. But the evil is, that individual spontaneity is hardly recognized by the common modes of thinking, as having any intrinsic worth, or deserving any regard on its own account. The majority, being satisfied with the ways of mankind as they now are (for it is they who make them what they are), cannot comprehend why those ways should not be good enough for everybody; and what is more,

spontaneity forms no part of the ideal of the majority of moral and social reformers, but is rather looked on with jealousy, as a troublesome and perhaps rebellious obstruction to the general acceptance of what these reformers, in their own judgment, think would be best for mankind. Few persons, out of Germany, even comprehend the meaning of the doctrine which Wilhelm von Humboldt, so eminent both as a *savant* and as a politician, made the text of a treatise—that 'the end of man, or that which is prescribed by the eternal or immutable dictates of reason, and not suggested by vague and transient desires, is the highest and most harmonious development of his powers to a complete and consistent whole;' that, therefore, the object 'towards which every human being must ceaselessly direct his efforts, and on which especially those who design to influence their fellow-men must ever keep their eyes, is the individuality of power and development,' that for this there are two requisites, 'freedom, and variety of situations;' and that from the union of these arise 'individual vigor and manifold diversity,' which combine themselves in 'originality.'*

Little, however, as people are accustomed to a doctrine like that of Von Humboldt, and surprising as it may be to them to find so high a value attached to individuality, the question one must nevertheless think, can only be one of degree. No one's idea of excellence in conduct is that people should do absolutely nothing but copy one another. No one would assert that people ought not to put into their mode of life, and into the conduct of their concerns, any impress whatever of their own judgment, or of their own individual character. On the other hand, it would be absurd to pretend that people ought to live as if nothing whatever had been known in the world before they came into it; as if experience had as yet done nothing towards showing that one mode of existence, or of conduct, is preferable to another. Nobody denies that people should be so taught and trained in youth, as to know and benefit by the ascertained results of human experience. But it is the privilege and proper condition of a human being, arrived at the maturity of his faculties, to use and interpret experience in his own way. It is for him to find out what part of recorded experience is properly applicable to his own circumstances and character. The traditions and customs of other people are, to a certain extent, evidence of what their experience has taught them; presumptive evidence, and as such,

* *The Sphere and Duties of Government*, from the German of Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, pp. 11-15.

have a claim to his deference: but, in the first place, their experience may be too narrow; or they may not have interpreted it rightly. Secondly, their interpretation of experience may be correct, but unsuitable to him. Customs are made for customary circumstances, and customary characters; and his circumstances or his character may be uncustomary. Thirdly, though the customs be both good as customs, and suitable to him yet to conform to custom, merely as custom, does not educate or develop in him any of the qualities which are the distinctive endowment of a human being. The human faculties of perception, judgment, discriminative feeling, mental activity, and even moral preference, are exercised only in making a choice. He who does anything because it is the custom, makes no choice. He gains no practice either in discerning or in desiring what is best. The mental and moral, like the muscular powers, are improved only by being used. The faculties are called into no exercise by doing a thing merely because others do it, no more than by believing a thing only because others believe it. If the grounds of an opinion are not conclusive to the person's own reason, his reason cannot be strengthened, but is likely to be weakened, by his adopting it: and if the inducements to an act are not such as are contemporaneous to his own feelings and character (where affection, or the rights of others, are not concerned) it is so much done towards rendering his feelings and character inert and torpid, instead of active and energetic.

He who lets the world, or his own portion of it, choose his plan of life for him, has no need of any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation. He who chooses his plan for himself, employs all his faculties. He must use observation to see, reasoning and judgment to foresee, activity to gather materials for decision, discrimination to decide, and when he has decided, firmness and self-control to hold to his deliberate decision. And these qualities he requires and exercises exactly in proportion as the part of his conduct which he determines according to his own judgment and feelings is a large one. It is possible that he might be guided in some good path, and kept out of harm's way, without any of these things. But what will be his comparative worth as a human being? It really is of importance, not only what men do, but also what manner of men they are that do it. Among the works of man, which human life is rightly employed in perfecting and beautifying, the first in importance surely is man himself. Supposing it were possible to get houses built, corn grown, battles fought, causes tried, and

even churches erected and prayers said, by machinery—by automatons in human form—it would be a considerable loss to exchange for these automatons even the men and women who at present inhabit the more civilized parts of the world, and who assuredly are but starved specimens of what nature can and will produce. Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing.

It will probably be conceded that it is desirable people should exercise their understandings, and that an intelligent following of custom, or even occasionally an intelligent deviation from custom, is better than a blind and simply mechanical adhesion to it. To a certain extent it is admitted, that our understanding should be our own: but there is not the same willingness to admit that our desires and impulses should be our own likewise; or that to possess impulses of our own, and of any strength, is anything but a peril and a snare. Yet desires and impulses are as much a part of a perfect human being, as beliefs and restraints: and strong impulses are only perilous when not properly balanced; when one set of aims and inclinations is developed into strength, while others, which ought to co-exist with them, remain weak and inactive. It is not because men's desires are strong that they act ill; it is because their consciences are weak. There is no natural connection between strong impulses and a weak conscience. The natural connection is the other way. To say that one person's desires and feelings are stronger and more various than those of another, is merely to say that he has more of the raw material of human nature, and is therefore capable, perhaps of more evil, but certainly of more good. Strong impulses are but another name for energy. Energy may be turned to bad uses; but more good may always be made of an energetic nature, than of an indolent and impassive one. Those who have most natural feeling, are always those whose cultivated feelings may be made the strongest. The same strong susceptibilities which make the personal impulses vivid and powerful, are also the source from whence are generated the most passionate love of virtue, and the sternest self-control. It is through the cultivation of these, that society both does its duty and protects its interests: not by rejecting the stuff of which heroes are made, because it knows not how to make them. A person whose desires and impulses are his own—are the expression of his own nature, as

it has been developed and modified by his own culture—is said to have a character. One whose desires and impulses are not his own, has no character, no more than a steam-engine has a character. If, in addition to being his own, his impulses are strong, and are under the government of a strong will, he has an energetic character. Whoever thinks that individuality of desires and impulses should not be encouraged to unfold itself, must maintain that society has no need of strong natures—is not the better for containing many persons who have much character—and that a high general average of energy is not desirable.

In some early states of society, these forces might be, and were, too much ahead of the power which society then possessed of disciplining and controlling them. There has been a time when the element of spontaneity and individuality was in excess and the social principle had a hard struggle with it. The difficulty then was, to induce men of strong bodies or minds to pay obedience to any rules which required them to control their impulses. To overcome this difficulty, law and discipline, like the Popes struggling against the Emperors, asserted a power over the whole man, claiming to control all his life in order to control his character—which society had not found any other sufficient means of binding. But society has now fairly got the better of individuality; and the danger which threatens human nature is not the excess, but the deficiency, of personal impulses and preferences. Things are vastly changed, since the passions of those who were strong by station or by personal endowment were in a state of habitual rebellion against laws and ordinances, and required to be rigorously chained up to enable the persons within their reach to enjoy any particle of security. In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, every one lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. Not only in what concerns others, but in what concerns only themselves, the individual or the family do not ask themselves—what do I prefer? or, what would suit my character and disposition? or, what would allow the best and highest in me to have fair play, and enable it to grow and thrive? They ask themselves, what is suitable to my position? what is usually done by persons of my station and pecuniary circumstances? or (worse still) what is usually done by persons of a station and circumstances superior to mine? I do not mean that they choose what is customary, in preference to what suits their own inclination. It does not occur to

them to have any inclination, except for what is customary. Thus the mind itself is bowed to the yoke: even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of; they like in crowds; they exercise choice only among things commonly done: peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes: until by dint of not following their own nature, they have no nature to follow: their human capacities are withered and starved: they become incapable of any strong wishes or native pleasures, and are generally without either opinions or feelings of home growth, or properly their own. Now is this, or is it not, the desirable condition of human nature?

It is so, on the Calvinistic theory. According to that, the one great offence of man is self-will. All the good of which humanity is capable, is comprised in obedience. You have no choice; thus you must do, and no otherwise: 'whatever is not a duty, is a sin.' Human nature being radically corrupt, there is no redemption for any one until human nature is killed within him. To one holding this theory of life, crushing out any of the human faculties, capacities, and susceptibilities, is no evil: man needs no capacity, but that of surrendering himself to the will of God: and if he uses any of his faculties for any other purpose but to do that supposed will more effectually, he is better without them. This is the theory of Calvinism; and it is held, in a mitigated form by many who do not consider themselves Calvinists; the mitigation consisting in giving a less ascetic interpretation to the alleged will of God; asserting it to be his will that mankind should gratify some of their inclinations; of course not in the manner they themselves prefer, but in the way of obedience, that is, in a way prescribed to them by authority; and, therefore, by the necessary condition of the case, the same for all.

In some such insidious form, there is at present a strong tendency to this narrow theory of life, and to the pinched and hide-bound type of human character which it patronizes. Many persons, no doubt, sincerely think that human beings thus cramped and dwarfed, are as their Maker designed them to be; just as many have thought that trees are a much finer thing when clipped into pollards, or cut out into figures of animals, than as nature made them. But if it be any part of religion to believe that man was made by a good Being, it is more consistent with that faith to believe, that this Being gave all human faculties that they might be cultivated and unfolded, not rooted out and consumed, and

that he takes delight in every nearer approach made by his creatures to the ideal conception embodied in them, every increase in any of their capabilities of comprehension, of action, or of enjoyment. There is a different type of human excellence from the Calvinistic: a conception of humanity as having its nature bestowed on it for other purposes than merely to be abnegated. 'Pagan self-assertion' is one of the elements of human worth, as well as 'Christian self-denial.'* There is a Greek ideal of self-development, which the Platonic and Christian ideal of self-government blends with, but does not supersede. It may be better to be a John Knox than an Alcibiades, but it is better to be a Pericles than either; nor would a Pericles, if we had one in these days, be without anything good which belonged to John Knox.

It is not by wearing down into uniformity all that is individual in themselves, but by cultivating it, and calling it forth, within the limits imposed by the rights and interests of others, that human beings become a noble and beautiful object of contemplation: and as the works partake the character of those who do them, by the same process human life also becomes rich, diversified, and animating, furnishing more abundant aliment to high thoughts and elevating feelings, and strengthening the tie which binds every individual to the race, by making the race infinitely better worth belonging to. In proportion to the development of his individuality, each person becomes more valuable to himself, and is therefore capable of being more valuable to others. There is a greater fullness of life about his own existence, and when there is more life in the units there is more in the mass which is composed of them. As much compression as is necessary to prevent the stronger specimens of human nature from encroaching on the rights of others, cannot be dispensed with; but for this there is ample compensation even in the point of view of human development. The means of development which the individual loses by being prevented from gratifying his inclinations to the injury of others, are chiefly obtained at the expense of the development of other people. And even to himself there is a full equivalent in the better development of the social part of his nature, rendered possible by the restraint put upon the selfish part. To be held to rigid rules of justice for the sake of others, develops the feelings and capacities which have the good of others for their object. But to be restrained in things not affecting

their good, by their mere displeasure, develops nothing valuable, except such force of character as may unfold itself in resisting the restraint. If acquiesced in, it dulls and blunts the whole nature. To give any fair play to the nature of each, it is essential that different persons should be allowed to lead different lives. In proportion as this latitude has been exercised in any age, has that age been noteworthy to posterity. Even despotism does not produce its worst effects, so long as individuality exists under it; and whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it may be called, and whether it professes to be enforcing the will of God or the injunctions of men.

Having said that Individuality is the same thing with development, and that it is only the cultivation of individuality which produces, or can produce, well-developed human beings, I might here close the argument: for what more or better can be said of any condition of human affairs, than that it brings human beings themselves nearer to the best thing they can be? or what worse can be said of any obstruction to good, than that it prevents this? Doubtless, however, these considerations will not suffice to convince those who most need convincing; and it is necessary further to show that these developed human-beings are of some use to the undeveloped—to point out to those who do not desire liberty, and would not avail themselves of it, that they may be in some intelligible manner rewarded for allowing other people to make use of it without hindrance.

In the first place, then, I would suggest that they might possibly learn something from them. It will not be denied by anybody, that originality is a valuable element in human affairs. There is always need of persons not only to discover new truths, and point out when what were once truths are true no longer, but also to commence new practices, and set the example of more enlightened conduct, and better taste and sense in human life. This cannot well be gainsayed by anybody who does not believe that the world has already attained perfection in all its ways and practices. It is true that this benefit is not capable of being rendered by everybody alike: there are but few persons, in comparison with the whole of mankind, whose experiments, if adopted by others, would be likely to be any improvement on established practice. But these few are the salt of the earth; without them, human life would become a stagnant pool. Not only is it they who introduce good things which did not before exist; it is they who keep the life in those which already exist. If there were nothing new to be done,

* *Sterling's Essays.*

would human intellect cease to be necessary? Would it be a reason why those who do the old things should forget why they are done, and do them like cattle, not like human beings? There is only too great a tendency in the best beliefs and practices to degenerate into the mechanical; and unless there were a succession of persons whose ever-recurring originality prevents the grounds of those beliefs and practices from becoming merely traditional, such dead matter would not resist the smallest shock from anything really alive, and there would be no reason why civilization should not die out, as in the Byzantine Empire. Persons of genius, it is true, are, and are always likely to be, a small minority; but in order to have them, it is necessary to preserve the soil in which they grow. Genius can only breathe freely in an *atmosphere* of freedom. Persons of genius are, *ex vi termini*, more individual than any other people—less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the small number of moulds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character. If from timidity they consent to be forced into one of these moulds, and to let all that part of themselves which cannot expand under the pressure remain unexpanded, society will be little the better for their genius. If they are of a strong character, and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace, to point out with solemn warning as 'wild,' 'erratic,' and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara River for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.

I insist thus emphatically on the importance of genius, and the necessity of allowing it to unfold itself freely both in thought and in practice, being well aware that no one will deny the position in theory, but knowing also that almost every one, in reality, is totally indifferent to it. People think genius a fine thing if it enables a man to write an exciting poem, or paint a picture. But in its true sense, that of originality in thought and action, though no one says that it is not a thing to be admired, nearly all, at heart, think that they can do very well without it. Unhappily this is too natural to be wondered at. Originality is the one thing which unoriginal minds cannot feel the use of. They cannot see what it is to do for them: how should they? If they could see what it would do for them, it would not be originality. The first service which originality has to render them, is that of opening their eyes: which being once fully done, they would have a chance of being themselves original.

Meanwhile, recollecting that nothing was ever yet done which some one was not the first to do, and that all good things which exist are the fruits of originality, let them be modest enough to believe that there is something still left for it to accomplish, and assure themselves that they are more in need of originality, the less they are conscious of the want.

In sober truth, whatever homage may be professed, or even paid, to real or supposed mental superiority, the general tendency of things throughout the world is to render mediocrity the ascendant power among mankind. In ancient history, in the Middle Ages, and in a diminishing degree through the long transition from feudality to the present time, the individual was a power in himself, and if he had either great talents or a high social position, he was a considerable power. At present individuals are lost in the crowd. In politics it is almost a triviality to say that public opinion now rules the world. The only power deserving the name is that of masses, and of governments while they make themselves the organ of the tendencies and instincts of masses. This is as true in the moral and social relations of private life as in public transactions. Those whose opinions go by the name of public opinion, are not always the same sort of public: in America they are the whole white population; in England chiefly the middle class. But they are always a mass, that is to say, collective mediocrity. And what is a still greater novelty, the mass do not now take their opinions from dignitaries in Church or State, from ostensible leaders, or from books. Their thinking is done for them by men much like themselves, addressing them or speaking in their name, on the spur of the moment, through the newspapers. I am not complaining of all this. I do not assert that anything better is compatible, as a general rule, with the present low state of the human mind. But that does not hinder the government of mediocrity from being mediocre government.

No government by a democracy or a numerous aristocracy, either in its political acts or in the opinions, qualities, and tone of mind which it fosters, ever did or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign Many have let themselves be guided (which in their best times they always have done) by the counsels and influence of a more highly gifted and instructed One or Few. The initiation of all wise or noble things comes and must come from individuals; generally at first from some one individual. The honor and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following that initiative; that he can

respond internally to wise and noble things, and be led to them with his eyes open. I am not countenancing the sort of 'hero-worship' which applauds the strong man of genius for forcibly seizing on the government of the world and making it do his bidding in spite of itself. All he can claim is, freedom to point out the way. The power of compelling others into it is not only inconsistent with the freedom and development of all the rest, but corrupting to the strong man himself. It does seem, however, that when the opinions of masses of merely average men are everywhere become or becoming the dominant power, the counterpoise and corrective to that tendency would be, the more and more pronounced individuality of those who stand on the higher eminences of thought. It is in these circumstances most especially, that exceptional individuals, instead of being deterred, should be encouraged in acting differently from the mass. In other times there was no advantage in their doing so, unless they acted not only differently, but better. In this age, the mere example of non-conformity, the mere refusal to bend the knee to custom, is itself a service. Precisely because the tyranny of opinion is such as to make eccentricity a reproach, it is desirable, in order to break through that tyranny, that people should be eccentric. Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigor, and moral courage it contained. That so few now dare to be eccentric, marks the chief danger of the time.

I have said that it is important to give the freest scope possible to uncustomary things, in order that it may in time appear which of these are fit to be converted into customs. But independence of action, and disregard of custom, are not solely deserving of encouragement for the chance they afford that better modes of action, and customs more worthy of general adoption, may be struck out; nor is it only persons of decided mental superiority who have a just claim to carry on their lives in their own way. There is no reason that all human existence should be constructed on some one or some small number of patterns. If a person possesses any tolerable amount of common sense and experience, his own mode of laying out his existence is the best, not because it is the best in itself, but because it is his own mode. Human beings are not like sheep; and even sheep are not undistinguishably alike. A man cannot get a coat or a pair of boots to fit him, unless they are either made to his measure, or he has a

whole warehouseful to choose from: and is it easier to fit him with a life than with a coat, or are human beings more like one another in their whole physical and spiritual conformation than in the shape of their feet? If it were only that people have diversities of taste, that is reason enough for not attempting to shape them all after one model. But different persons also require different conditions for their spiritual development; and can no more exist healthily in the same moral, than all the variety of plants can in the same physical, atmosphere and climate. The same things which are helps to one person towards the cultivation of his higher nature are hindrances to another. The same mode of life is a healthy excitement to one, keeping all his faculties of action and enjoyment in their best order, while to another it is a distracting burden, which suspends or crushes all internal life. Such are the differences among human beings in their sources of pleasure, their susceptibilities of pain, and the operation on them of different physical and moral agencies, that unless there is a corresponding diversity in their modes of life, they neither obtain their fair share of happiness, nor grow up to the mental, moral, and æsthetic stature of which their nature is capable. Why then should tolerance, as far as the public sentiment is concerned, extend only to tastes and modes of life which extort acquiescence by the multitude of their adherents? Nowhere (except in some monastic institutions) is diversity of taste entirely unrecognized; a person may, without blame, either like or dislike rowing, or smoking, or music, or athletic exercises, or chess, or cards, or study, because both those who like each of these things, and those who dislike them, are too numerous to be put down. But the man, and still more the woman, who can be accused either of doing 'what nobody does,' or of not doing 'what everybody does,' is the subject of as much depreciatory remark as if he or she had committed some grave moral delinquency. Persons require to possess a title, or some other badge of rank, or of the consideration of people of rank, to be able to indulge somewhat in the luxury of doing as they like without detriment to their estimation. To indulge somewhat, I repeat: for whoever allow themselves much of that indulgence, incur the risk of something worse than disparaging speeches—they are in peril of a commission *de lunatico*, and of having their property taken from them and given to their relations.*

There is one characteristic of the present

* There is something both contemptible and frightful in the sort of evidence on which, of late years, any person can be

direction of public opinion, peculiarly calculated to make it intolerant of any marked demonstration of individuality. The general average of mankind are not only moderate in intellect, but also moderate in inclinations: they have no tastes or wishes strong enough to incline them to do anything unusual, and they consequently do not understand those who have, and class all such with the wild and intemperate whom they are accustomed to look down upon. Now, in addition to this fact, which is general, we have only to suppose that a strong movement has set in towards the improvement of morals, and it is evident what we have to expect. In these days such a movement has set in; much has actually been effected in the way of increased regularity of conduct, and discouragement of excesses; and there is a philanthropic spirit abroad, for the exercise of which there is no more inviting field than the moral and prudential improvement of our fellow-creatures. These tendencies of the times cause the public to be more disposed than at most former periods to prescribe general rules of conduct, and endeavor to make every one conform to the approved standard. And that standard, express or tacit, is to desire nothing strongly. Its ideal of character is to be without any marked character; to maim by compression, like a Chinese lady's foot, every part of human nature which stands out prominently, and tends to make the person markedly dissimilar in outline to commonplace humanity.

As is usually the case with ideals which exclude one-half of what is desirable, the present standard of approbation produces only an inferior imitation of the other half. Instead of great energies guided by vigorous

reason, and strong feelings strongly controlled by a conscientious will, its result is weak feelings and weak energies, which therefore can be kept in outward conformity to rule without any strength either of will or of reason. Already energetic characters on any large scale are becoming merely traditional. There is now scarcely any outlet for energy in this country except business. The energy expended in this may still be regarded as considerable. What little is left from that employment, is expended on some hobby; which may be a useful, even a philanthropic hobby, but is always some one thing, and generally a thing of small dimensions. The greatness of England is now all collective: individually small, we only appear capable of anything great by our habit of combining; and with this our moral and religious philanthropists are perfectly contented. But it was men of another stamp than this that made England what it has been; and men of another stamp will be needed to prevent its decline.

The despotism of custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement, being in unceasing antagonism to that disposition to aim at something better than customary, which is called, according to circumstances, the spirit of liberty, or that of progress or improvement. The spirit of improvement is not always a spirit of liberty, for it may aim at forcing improvements on an unwilling people; and the spirit of liberty, in so far as it resists such attempts, may ally itself locally and temporarily with the opponents of improvement; but the only unfailing and permanent source of improvement is liberty, since by it there are as many possible independent centres of improvement as there are individuals. The progressive principle, however, in either shape, whether as the love of liberty or of improvement, is antagonistic to the sway of Custom, involving at least emancipation from that yoke; and the contest between the two constitutes the chief interest of the history of mankind. The greater part of the world has, properly speaking, no history, because the despotism of Custom is complete. This is the case over the whole East. Custom is there, in all things, the final appeal; justice and right mean conformity to custom; the argument of custom no one, unless some tyrant intoxicated with power, thinks of resisting. And we see the result. Those nations must once have had originality; they did not start out of the ground populous, lettered, and versed in many of the arts of life; they made themselves all this, and were then the greatest and most powerful nations of the world. What are they now? The subjects or dependents of

judicially declared unfit for the management of his affairs; and after his death, his disposal of his property can be set aside, if there is enough of it to pay the expenses of litigation—which are charged on the property itself. All the minute details of his daily life are pried into, and whatever is found which, seen through the medium of the perceiving and describing faculties of the lowest of the low, bears an appearance unlike absolute commonplace, is laid before the jury as evidence of insanity, and often with success; the jurors being little, if at all, less vulgar and ignorant than the witnesses; while the judges, with that extraordinary want of knowledge of human nature and life which continually astonishes us in English lawyers, often help to mislead them. These trials speak volumes as to the state of feeling and opinion among the vulgar with regard to human liberty. So far from setting any value on individuality—so far from respecting the right of each individual to act, in things indifferent, as seems good to his own judgment and inclinations, judges and juries cannot even conceive that a person in a state of sanity can desire such freedom. In former days, when it was proposed to burn atheists, charitable people used to suggest putting them in a madhouse instead: it would be nothing surprising now—a-days were we to see this done, and the doers applauding themselves, because, instead of persecuting for religion, they had adopted so humane and Christian a mode of treating these unfortunates, not without a silent satisfaction at their having thereby earned their deserts.

tribes whose forefathers wandered in the forests when theirs had magnificent palaces and gorgeous temples, but over whom custom exercised only a divided rule with liberty and progress. A people, it appears, may be progressive for a certain length of time, and then stop: when does it stop? When it ceases to possess individuality. If a similar change should befall the nations of Europe, it will not be in exactly the same shape: the despotism of custom with which these nations are threatened is not precisely stationariness. It proscribes singularity, but it does not preclude change, provided all change together. We have discarded the fixed costumes of our forefathers; every one must still dress like other people, but the fashion may change once or twice a year. We thus take care that when there is a change it shall be for change's sake, and not from any idea of beauty or convenience; for the same idea of beauty or convenience would not strike all the world at the same moment, and be simultaneously thrown aside by all at another moment. But we are progressive as well as changeable: we continually make new inventions in mechanical things, and keep them until they are again superseded by better; we are eager for improvement in politics, in education, even in morals, though in this last our idea of improvement chiefly consists in persuading or forcing other people to be as good as ourselves. It is not progress that we object to; on the contrary, we flatter ourselves that we are the most progressive people who ever lived. It is individuality that we war against: we should think we had done wonders if we had made ourselves all alike; forgetting that the unlikeness of one person to another is generally the first thing which draws the attention of either to the imperfection of his own type, and the superiority of another, or the possibility, by combining the advantages of both, of producing something better than either. We have a warning example in China—a nation of much talent, and, in some respects, even wisdom, owing to the rare good fortune of having been provided at an early period with a particularly good set of customs, the work, in some measure, of men to whom even the most enlightened European must accord, under certain limitations, the title of sages and philosophers. They are remarkable, too, in the excellence of their apparatus for impressing, as far as possible, the best wisdom they possess upon every mind in the community, and securing that those who have appropriated most of it shall occupy the posts of honor and power. Surely the people who did this have discovered the secret of human progressiveness, and must have kept

themselves steadily at the head of the movement of the world. On the contrary, they have become stationary, have remained so for thousands of years; and if they are ever to be farther improved, it must be by foreigners. They have succeeded beyond all hope in what English philanthropists are so industriously working at—in making a people all alike, all governing their thoughts and conduct by the same maxims and rules; and these are the fruits. The modern *régime* of public opinion is, in an unorganized form, what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized; and unless individuality shall be able successfully to assert itself against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China.

What is it that has hitherto preserved Europe from this lot? What has made the European family of nations an improving, instead of a stationary portion of mankind? Not any superior excellence in them, which, when it exists, exists as the effect, not as the cause; but their remarkable diversity of character and culture. Individuals, classes, nations, have been extremely unlike one another; they have struck out a great variety of paths, each leading to something valuable; and although at every period those who travelled in different paths have been intolerant of one another, and each would have thought it an excellent thing if all the rest could have been compelled to travel his road, their attempts to thwart each other's development have rarely had any permanent success, and each has in time endured to receive the good which the others have offered. Europe is, in my judgment, wholly indebted to this plurality of paths for its progressive and many-sided development. But it already begins to possess this benefit in a considerably less degree. It is decidedly advancing toward the Chinese ideal of making all people alike. M. de Tocqueville, in his last important work, remarks how much more the Frenchmen of the present day resemble one another, than did those even of the last generation. The same remark might be made of Englishmen in a far greater degree. In a passage already quoted from Wilhelm von Humboldt, he points out two things as necessary conditions of human development, because necessary to render people unlike one another; namely, freedom, and variety of situations. The second of these two conditions is in this country every day diminishing. The circumstances which surround different classes and individuals, and shape their characters, are daily becoming more assimilated. Formerly, different ranks, different neighbor

hoods, different trades and professions, lived in what might be called different worlds; at present to a great degree in the same. Comparatively speaking, they now read the same things, listen to the same things, see the same things, go to the same places, have their hopes and fears directed to the same objects, have the same rights and liberties, and the same means of asserting them. Great as are the differences of position which remain, they are nothing to those which have ceased. And the assimilation is still proceeding. All the political changes of the age promote it, since they all tend to raise the low and to lower the high. Every extension of education promotes it, because education brings people under common influences, and gives them access to the general stock of facts and sentiments. Improvement in the means of communication promotes it, by bringing the inhabitants of distant places into personal contact, and keeping up a rapid flow of changes of residence between one place and another. The increase of commerce and manufactures promotes it, by diffusing more widely the advantages of easy circumstances, and opening all objects of ambition, even the highest, to general competition, whereby the desire of rising becomes no longer the character of a particular class, but of all classes. A more powerful agency than even all these, in bringing about a general similarity among mankind, is the complete establishment, in this and other free countries, of the ascendancy of public opinion in the State. As the various social eminences which enabled persons entrenched on them to disregard the opinion of the multitude gradually become levelled; as the very idea of resisting the will of the public, when it is positively known that they have a will, disappears more and more from the minds of practical politicians; there ceases to be any social support for non-conformity — any substantive power in society, which, itself opposed to the ascendancy of numbers, is interested in taking under its protection opinions and tendencies at variance with those of the public.

The combination of all these causes form so great a mass of influences hostile to Individuality, that it is not easy to see how it can stand its ground. It will do so with increasing difficulty, unless the intelligent part of the public can be made to feel its value — to see that it is good there should be differences, even though not for the better, even though, as it may appear to them, some should be for the worse. If the claims of Individuality are ever to be asserted, the time is now, while much is still wanting to complete the enforced assimilation. It is only in the earlier

stages that any stand can be successfully made against the encroachment. The demand that all other people shall resemble ourselves, grows by what it feeds on. If resistance waits till life is reduced *nearly* to one uniform type, all deviations from that type will come to be considered impious, immoral, even monstrous and contrary to nature. Mankind speedily become unable to conceive diversity, when they have been for some time unaccustomed to see it.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE LIMITS TO THE AUTHORITY OF SOCIETY OVER THE INDIVIDUAL.

WHAT, then, is the rightful limit to the sovereignty of the individual over himself? Where does the authority of society begin? How much of human life should be assigned to individuality, and how much to society?

Each will receive its proper share, if each has that which more particularly concerns it. To individuality should belong the part of life in which it is chiefly the individual that is interested; to society, the part which chiefly interests society.

Though society is not founded on a contract, and though no good purpose is answered by inventing a contract in order to deduce social obligations from it, every one who receives the protection of society owes a return for the benefit, and the fact of living in society renders it indispensable that each should be bound to observe a certain line of conduct towards the rest. This conduct consists, first, in not injuring the interests of one another; or rather certain interests, which, either by express legal provision or by tacit understanding, ought to be considered as rights; and secondly, in each person's bearing his share (to be fixed on some equitable principle) of the labors and sacrifices incurred for defending the society or its members from injury and molestation. These conditions society is justified in enforcing, at all costs to those who endeavor to withhold fulfilment. Nor is this all that society may do. The acts of an individual may be hurtful to others, or wanting in due consideration for their welfare, without going to the length of violating any of their constituted rights. The offender may then be justly punished by opinion, though not by law. As soon as any part of a person's conduct affects prejudicially the interests of others, society has jurisdiction over it, and the question whether the general welfare will

or will not be promoted by interfering with it, becomes open to discussion. But there is no room for entertaining any such question when a person's conduct affects the interests of no persons besides himself, or needs not affect them unless they like (all the persons concerned being of full age, and the ordinary amount of understanding). In all such cases, there should be perfect freedom, legal and social, to do the action and stand the consequences.

It would be a great misunderstanding of this doctrine, to suppose that it is one of selfish indifference, which pretends that human beings have no business with each other's conduct in life, and that they should not concern themselves about the well-doing or well-being of one another, unless their own interest is involved. Instead of any diminution, there is need of a great increase of disinterested exertion to promote the good of others. But disinterested benevolence can find other instruments to persuade people to their good, than whips and scourges, either of the literal or the metaphorical sort. I am the last person to undervalue the self-regarding virtues; they are only second in importance, if even second, to the social. It is equally the business of education to cultivate both. But even education works by conviction and persuasion as well as by compulsion, and it is by the former only that, when the period of education is passed, the self-regarding virtues should be inculcated. Human beings owe to each other help to distinguish the better from the worse, and encouragement to choose the former and avoid the latter. They should be forever stimulating each other to increased exercise of their higher faculties, and increased direction of their feelings and aims towards wise instead of foolish, elevating instead of degrading, objects and contemplations. But neither one person, nor any number of persons, is warranted in saying to another human creature of ripe years, that he shall not do with his life for his own benefit what he chooses to do with it. He is the person most interested in his own well-being: the interest which any other person, except in cases of strong personal attachment, can have in it, is trifling, compared with that which he himself has; the interest which society has in him individually (except as to his conduct to others) is fractional, and altogether indirect: while with respect to his own feelings and circumstances, the most ordinary man or woman has means of knowledge immeasurably surpassing those that can be possessed by any one else. The interference of society to overrule his judgment and purposes in

what only regards himself, must be grounded on general presumptions; which may be altogether wrong, and even if right, are as likely as not to be misapplied to individual cases, by persons no better acquainted with the circumstances of such cases than those are who look at them merely from without. In this department, therefore, of human affairs, Individuality has its proper field of action. In the conduct of human beings towards one another, it is necessary that general rules should for the most part be observed, in order that people may know what they have to expect: but in each person's own concerns, his individual spontaneity is entitled to free exercise. Considerations to aid his judgment, exhortations to strengthen his will, may be offered to him, even obtruded on him, by others; but he himself is the final judge. All errors which he is likely to commit against advice and warning, are far outweighed by the evil of allowing others to constrain him to what they deem his good.

I do not mean that the feelings with which a person is regarded by others, ought not to be in any way affected by his self-regarding qualities or deficiencies. This is neither possible nor desirable. If he is eminent in any of the qualities which conduce to his own good, he is so far a proper object of admiration and so much the nearer to the ideal perfection of human nature. If he is grossly deficient in those qualities, a sentiment the opposite of admiration will follow. There is a degree of folly, and a degree of what may be called (though the phrase is not unobjectionable) lowness or depravation of taste, which, though it cannot justify doing harm to the person who manifests it, renders him necessarily and properly a subject of distaste, or, in extreme cases, even of contempt: a person could not have the opposite qualities in due strength without entertaining these feelings. Though doing no wrong to any one, a person may so act as to compel us to judge him, and feel to him, as a fool, or as a being of an inferior order: and since this judgment and feeling are a fact which he would prefer to avoid, it is doing him a service to warn him of it beforehand, as of any other disagreeable consequence to which he exposes himself. It would be well, indeed, if this good office were more freely rendered than the common notions of politeness at present permit, and if one person could honestly point out to another that he thinks him in fault, without being considered unmannerly or presuming. We have a right, also, in various ways, to act upon our unfavorable opinion of any one, not to the oppression of his individuality, but in the exer-

cise of ours. We are not bound, for example, to seek his society; we have a right to avoid it (though not to parade the avoidance), for we have a right to choose the society most acceptable to us. We have a right, and it may be our duty, to caution others against him, if we think his example or conversation likely to have a pernicious effect on those with whom he associates. We may give others a preference over him in optional good offices, except those which tend to his improvement. In these various modes a person may suffer very severe penalties at the hands of others, for faults which directly concern only himself; but he suffers these penalties only in so far as they are the natural, and, as it were, the spontaneous consequences of the faults themselves, not because they are purposely inflicted on him for the sake of punishment. A person who shows rashness, obstinacy, self-conceit—who cannot live within moderate means—who cannot restrain himself from hurtful indulgences—who pursues animal pleasures at the expense of those of feeling and intellect—must expect to be lowered in the opinion of others, and to have a less share of their favorable sentiments; but of this he has no right to complain, unless he has merited their favor by special excellence in his social relations, and has thus established a title to their good offices, which is not affected by his demerits towards himself.

What I contend for is, that the inconveniences which are strictly inseparable from the unfavorable judgment of others, are the only ones to which a person should ever be subjected for that portion of his conduct and character which concerns his own good, but which does not affect the interests of others in their relations with him. Acts injurious to others require a totally different treatment. Encroachment on their rights; infliction on them of any loss or damage not justified by his own rights; falsehood or duplicity in dealing with them; unfair or ungenerous use of advantages over them; even selfish abstinence from defending them against injury—these are fit objects of moral reprobation, and, in grave cases, of moral retribution and punishment. And not only these acts, but the dispositions which lead to them, are properly immoral, and fit subjects of disapprobation which may rise to abhorrence. Cruelty of disposition; malice and ill-nature; that most anti-social and odious of all passions, envy; dissimulation and insincerity; irascibility on insufficient cause, and resentment disproportioned to the provocation; the love of domineering over others; the desire to engross more than one's share of advantages (the *πλεονεξία*

of the Greeks); the pride which derives gratification from the abasement of others; the egotism which thinks self and its concerns more important than everything else, and decides all doubtful questions in its own favor;—these are moral vices, and constitute a bad and odious moral character; unlike the self-regarding faults previously mentioned, which are not properly immoralities, and to whatever pitch they may be carried, do not constitute wickedness. They may be proofs of any amount of folly, or want of personal dignity and self-respect; but they are only a subject of moral reprobation when they involve a breach of duty to others, for whose sake the individual is bound to have care for himself. What are called duties to ourselves are not socially obligatory, unless circumstances render them at the same time duties to others. The term duty, to oneself, when it means anything more than prudence, means self-respect or self-development; and for none of these is any one accountable to his fellow-creatures, because for none of them is it for the good of mankind that he be held accountable to them.

The distinction between the loss of consideration which a person may rightly incur by defect of prudence or of personal dignity, and the reprobation which is due to him for an offence against the rights of others, is not a merely nominal distinction. It makes a vast difference both in our feelings and in our conduct towards him, whether he displeases us in things in which we think we have a right to control him, or in things in which we know that we have not. If he displeases us, we may express our distaste, and we may stand aloof from a person as well as from a thing that displeases us; but we shall not therefore feel called on to make his life uncomfortable. We shall reflect that he already bears, or will bear the whole penalty of his error; if he spoils his life by mismanagement, we shall not, for that reason, desire to spoil it still further: instead of wishing to punish him, we shall rather endeavor to alleviate his punishment, by showing him how he may avoid or cure the evils his conduct tends to bring upon him. He may be to us an object of pity, perhaps of dislike, but not of anger or resentment; we shall not treat him like an enemy of society: the worst we shall think ourselves justified in doing is leaving him to himself, if we do not interfere benevolently by showing interest or concern for him. It is far otherwise if he has infringed the rules necessary for the protection of his fellow-creatures, individually or collectively. The evil consequences of his acts do not then fall on himself, but on others; and society, as the protector of all its members, must retali-

ate on him; must inflict pain on him for the express purpose of punishment, and must take care that it be sufficiently severe. In the one case, he is an offender at our bar, and we are called on not only to sit in judgment on him, but, in one shape or another, to execute our own sentence: in the other case, it is not our part to inflict any suffering on him, except what may incidentally follow from our using the same liberty in the regulation of our own affairs, which we allow to him in his.

The distinction here pointed out between the part of a person's life which concerns only himself, and that which concerns others, many persons will refuse to admit. How (it may be asked) can any part of the conduct of a member of society be a matter of indifference to the other members? No person is an entirely isolated being; it is impossible for a person to do anything seriously or permanently hurtful to himself, without mischief reaching at least to his near connections, and often far beyond them. If he injures his property, he does harm to those who directly or indirectly derived support from it, and usually diminishes, by a greater or less amount, the general resources of the community. If he deteriorates his bodily or mental faculties, he not only brings evil upon all who depended on him for any portion of their happiness, but disqualifies himself for rendering the services which he owes to his fellow creatures generally; perhaps becomes a burden on their affection or benevolence; and if such conduct were very frequent, hardly any offence that is committed would detract more from the general sum of good. Finally, if by his vices or follies a person does no direct harm to others, he is nevertheless (it may be said) injurious by his example; and ought to be compelled to control himself, for the sake of those whom the sight or knowledge of his conduct might corrupt or mislead.

And even (it will be added) if the consequences of misconduct could be confined to the vicious or thoughtless individual, ought society to abandon to their own guidance those who are manifestly unfit for it? If protection against themselves is confessedly due to children and persons under age, is not society equally bound to afford it to persons of mature years who are equally incapable of self-government? If gambling, or drunkenness, or incontinence, or idleness, or uncleanness, are as injurious to happiness, and as great a hindrance to improvement, as many or most of the acts prohibited by law, why (it may be asked) should not law, so far as is consistent with practicability and social convenience, endeavor to repress these also?

And as a supplement to the unavoidable imperfections of law, ought not opinion at least to organize a powerful police against these vices, and visit rigidly with social penalties those who are known to practise them. There is no question here (it may be said) about restricting individuality, or impeding the trial of new and original experiments in living. The only things it is sought to prevent are things which have been tried and condemned from the beginning of the world until now; things which experience has shown not to be useful or suitable to any person's individuality. There must be some length of time and amount of experience, after which a moral or prudential truth may be regarded as established: and it is merely desired to prevent generation after generation from falling over the same precipice which has been fatal to their predecessors.

I fully admit that the mischief which a person does to himself may seriously affect, both through their sympathies and their interests, those nearly connected with him, and in a minor degree, society at large. When, by conduct of this sort, a person is led to violate a distinct and assignable obligation to any other person or persons, the case is taken out of the self-regarding class, and becomes amenable to moral disapprobation in the proper sense of the term. If, for example, a man, through intemperance or extravagance, becomes unable to pay his debts, or, having undertaken the moral responsibility of a family, becomes from the same cause incapable of supporting or educating them, he is deservedly reprobated, and might be justly punished; but it is for the breach of duty to his family or creditors, not for the extravagance. If the resources which ought to have been devoted to them, had been diverted from them for the most prudent investment, the moral culpability would have been the same. George Barnwell murdered his uncle to get money for his mistress, but if he had done it to set himself up in business he would equally have been hanged. Again, in the frequent case of a man who causes grief to his family by addiction to bad habits, he deserves reproach for his unkindness or ingratitude; but so he may for cultivating habits not in themselves vicious, if they are painful to those with whom he passes his life, or who from personal ties are dependent on him for their comfort. Whoever fails in the consideration generally due to the interests and feelings of others, not being compelled by some more imperative duty, or justified by allowable self-preference, is a subject of moral disapprobation for that failure, but not for

the cause of it, nor for the errors, merely personal to himself, which may have remotely led to it. In like manner, when a person disables himself, by conduct purely self-regarding, from the performance of some definite duty incumbent on him to the public, he is guilty of a social offence. No person ought to be punished simply for being drunk; but a soldier or a policeman should be punished for being drunk on duty. Whenever, in short, there is a definite damage, or a definite risk of damage, either to an individual or to the public, the case is taken out of the province of liberty, and placed in that of morality or law.

But with regard to the merely contingent, or, as it may be called, constructive injury which a person causes to society, by conduct which neither violates any specific duty to the public, nor occasions perceptible hurt to any assignable individual except himself; the inconvenience is one which society can afford to bear, for the sake of the greater good of human freedom. If grown persons are to be punished for not taking proper care of themselves, I would rather it were for their own sake, than under pretence of preventing them from impairing their capacity of rendering to society benefits which society does not pretend it has a right to exact. But I cannot consent to argue the point as if society had no means of bringing its weaker members up to its ordinary standard of rational conduct, except waiting till they do something irrational, and then punishing them, legally or morally, for it. Society has had absolute power over them during all the early portion of their existence: it has had the whole period of childhood and nonage in which to try whether it could make them capable of rational conduct in life. The existing generation is master both of the training and the entire circumstances of the generation to come; it cannot indeed make them perfectly wise and good, because it is itself so lamentably deficient in goodness and wisdom; and its best efforts are not always, in individual cases, its most successful ones; but it is perfectly well able to make the rising generation, as a whole, as good as, and a little better than, itself. If society lets any considerable number of its members grow up mere children, incapable of being acted on by rational consideration of distant motives, society has itself to blame for the consequences. Armed not only with all the powers of education, but with the ascendancy which the authority of a received opinion always exercises over the minds who are least fitted to judge for themselves; and aided by the nat-

ural penalties which cannot be prevented from falling on those who incur the distaste or the contempt of those who know them; let not society pretend that it needs, besides all this, the power to issue commands and enforce obedience in the personal concerns of individuals, in which, on all principles of justice and policy, the decision ought to rest with those who are to abide the consequences. Nor is there anything which tends more to discredit and frustrate the better means of influencing conduct, than a resort to the worse. If there be among those whom it is attempted to coerce into prudence or temperance, any of the material of which vigorous and independent characters are made, they will infallibly rebel against the yoke. No such person will ever feel that others have a right to control him in his concerns, such as they have to prevent him from injuring them in theirs; and it easily comes to be considered a mark of spirit and courage to fly in the face of such usurped authority, and do with ostentation the exact opposite of what it enjoins; as in the fashion of grossness which succeeded, in the time of Charles II., to the fanatical moral intolerance of the Puritans. With respect to what is said of the necessity of protecting society from the bad example set to others by the vicious or the self-indulgent; it is true that bad example may have a pernicious effect, especially the example of doing wrong to others with impunity to the wrong-doer. But we are now speaking of conduct which, while it does no wrong to others, is supposed to do great harm to the agent himself: and I do not see how those who believe this, can think otherwise than that the example, on the whole, must be more salutary than hurtful, since, if it displays the misconduct, it displays also the painful or degrading consequences which, if the conduct is justly censured, must be supposed to be in all or most cases attendant on it.

But the strongest of all the arguments against the interference of the public with purely personal conduct, is that when it does interfere, the odds are that it interferes wrongly, and in the wrong place. On questions of social morality, of duty to others, the opinion of the public, that is, of an overruling majority, though often wrong, is likely to be still oftener right; because on such questions they are only required to judge of their own interests; of the manner in which some mode of conduct, if allowed to be practised, would affect themselves. But the opinion of a similar majority, imposed as a law on the minority, on questions of self-regarding conduct, is quite as likely to be wrong as right:

for in these cases public opinion means, at the best, some people's opinion of what is good or bad for other people; while very often it does not even mean that; the public, with the most perfect indifference, passing over the pleasure or convenience of those whose conduct they censure, and considering only their own preference. There are many who consider as an injury to themselves any conduct which they have a distaste for, and resent it as an outrage to their feelings; as a religious bigot, when charged with disregarding the religious feelings of others, has been known to retort that they disregard his feelings, by persisting in their abominable worship or creed. But there is no parity between the feeling of a person for his own opinion, and the feeling of another who is offended at his holding it; no more than between the desire of a thief to take a purse, and the desire of the right owner to keep it. And a person's taste is as much his own peculiar concern as his opinion or his purse. It is easy for any one to imagine an ideal public, which leaves the freedom and choice of individuals in all uncertain matters undisturbed, and only requires them to abstain from modes of conduct which universal experience has condemned. But where has there been seen a public which set any such limit to its censorship? or when does the public trouble itself about universal experience? In its interferences with personal conduct it is seldom thinking of anything but the enormity of acting or feeling differently from itself; and this standard of judgment, thinly disguised, is held up to mankind as the dictate of religion and philosophy, by nine-tenths of all moralists and speculative writers. These teach that things are right because they are right; because we feel them to be so. They tell us to search in our own minds and hearts for laws of conduct binding on ourselves and on all others. What can the poor public do but apply these instructions, and make their own personal feelings of good and evil, if they are tolerably unanimous in them, obligatory on all the world?

The evil here pointed out is not one which exists only in theory; and it may perhaps be expected that I should specify the instances in which the public of this age and country improperly invests its own preferences with the character of moral laws. I am not writing an essay on the aberrations of existing moral feeling. That is too weighty a subject to be discussed parenthetically, and by way of illustration. Yet examples are necessary, to show that the principle I maintain is of serious and practical moment, and that I am not

endeavoring to erect a barrier against imaginary evils. And it is not difficult to show, by abundant instances, that to extend the bounds of what may be called moral police, until it encroaches on the most unquestionably legitimate liberty of the individual, is one of the most universal of all human propensities.

As a first instance, consider the antipathies which men cherish on no better grounds than that persons whose religious opinions are different from theirs, do not practise their religious observances, especially their religious abstinences. To cite a rather trivial example, nothing in the creed or practice of Christians does more to envenom the hatred of Mahomedans against them, than the fact of their eating pork. There are few acts which Christians and Europeans regard with more unaffected disgust, than Mussulmans regard this particular mode of satisfying hunger. It is, in the first place, an offence against their religion; but this circumstance by no means explains either the degree or the kind of their repugnance; for wine also is forbidden by their religion, and to partake of it is by all Mussulmans accounted wrong, but not disgusting. Their aversion to the flesh of the 'unclean beast' is, on the contrary, of that peculiar character, resembling an instinctive antipathy, which the idea of uncleanness, when once it thoroughly sinks into the feelings, seems always to excite even in those whose personal habits are anything but scrupulously cleanly, and of which the sentiment of religious impurity, so intense in the Hindoos, is a remarkable example. Suppose now that in a people, of whom the majority were Mussulmans, that majority should insist upon not permitting pork to be eaten within the limits of the country. This would be nothing new in Mahomedan countries.* Would it be a legitimate exercise of the moral authority of public opinion? and if not, why not? The practice is really revolting to such a public. They also sincerely think that it is forbidden and abhorred by the Deity. Neither could the prohibition be censured as religious persecution. It might be religious in its origin,

* The case of the Bombay Parsees is a curious instance in point. When this industrious and enterprising tribe, the descendants of the Persian fire-worshippers, flying from their native country before the Caliphs, arrived in Western India, they were admitted to toleration by the Hindoo sovereigns, on condition of not eating beef. When those regions afterwards fell under the dominion of Mahomedan conquerors, the Parsees obtained from them a continuance of indulgence, on condition of refraining from pork. What was at first obedience to authority became a second nature, and the Parsees to this day abstain both from beef and pork. Though not required by their religion, the double abstinence has had time to grow into a custom of their tribe; and custom, in the East, is a religion.

but it would not be persecution for religion, since nobody's religion makes it a duty to eat pork. The only tenable ground of condemnation would be, that with the personal tastes and self-regarding concerns of individuals the public has no business to interfere.

To come somewhat nearer home: the majority of Spaniards consider it a gross impiety, offensive in the highest degree to the Supreme Being, to worship him in any other manner than the Roman Catholic; and no other public worship is lawful on Spanish soil. The people of all Southern Europe look upon a married clergy as not only irreligious, but unchaste, indecent, gross, disgusting. What do Protestants think of these perfectly sincere feelings, and of the attempt to enforce them against non-Catholics? Yet, if mankind are justified in interfering with each other's liberty in things which do not concern the interests of others, on what principle is it possible consistently to exclude these cases? or who can blame people for desiring to suppress what they regard as a scandal in the sight of God and man? No stronger case can be shown for prohibiting anything which is regarded as a personal immorality, than is made out for suppressing these practices in the eyes of those who regard them as impieties; and unless we are willing to adopt the logic of persecutors, and to say that we may persecute others because we are right, and that they must not persecute us because they are wrong, we must beware of admitting a principle of which we should resent as a gross injustice the application to ourselves.

The preceding instances may be objected to, although unreasonably, as drawn from contingencies impossible among us: opinion, in this country, not being likely to enforce abstinence from meats, or to interfere with people for worshipping, and for either marrying or not marrying, according to their creed or inclination. The next example, however, shall be taken from an interference with liberty which we have by no means passed all danger of. Wherever the Puritans have been sufficiently powerful, as in New England, and in Great Britain at the time of the Commonwealth, they have endeavored, with considerable success, to put down all public, and nearly all private, amusements: especially music, dancing, public games, or other assemblages for purposes of diversion, and the theatre. There are still in this country large bodies of persons by whose notions of morality and religion these recreations are condemned; and those persons belonging chiefly to the middle class, who are the ascendant power in the

present social and political condition of the kingdom, it is by no means impossible that persons of these sentiments may at some time or other command a majority in Parliament. How will the remaining portion of the community like to have the amusements that shall be permitted to them regulated by the religious and moral sentiments of the stricter Calvinists and Methodists? Would they not, with considerable peremptoriness, desire these intrusively pious members of society to mind their own business? This is precisely what should be said to every government and every public, who have the pretension that no person shall enjoy any pleasure which they think wrong. But if the principle of the pretension be admitted, no one can reasonably object to its being acted on in the sense of the majority, or other preponderating power in the country; and all persons must be ready to conform to the idea of a Christian commonwealth, as understood by the early settlers in New England, if a religious profession similar to theirs should ever succeed in regaining its lost ground, as religions supposed to be declining have so often been known to do.

To imagine another contingency, perhaps more likely to be realized than the one last mentioned. There is confessedly a strong tendency in the modern world towards a democratic constitution of society, accompanied or not by popular political institutions. It is affirmed that in the country where this tendency is most completely realized—where both society and the government are most democratic—the United States—the feeling of the majority, to whom any appearance of a more showy or costly style of living than they can hope to rival is disagreeable, operates as a tolerably effectual sumptuary law, and that in many parts of the Union it is really difficult for a person possessing a very large income to find any mode of spending it, which will not incur popular disapprobation. Though such statements as these are doubtless much exaggerated as a representation of existing facts, the state of things they describe is not only a conceivable and possible, but a probable result of democratic feeling, combined with the notion that the public has a right to a veto on the manner in which individuals shall spend their incomes. We have only further to suppose a considerable diffusion of Socialist opinions and it may become infamous in the eyes of the majority to possess more property than some very small amount, or any income not earned by manual labor. Opinions similar in principle to these, already prevail widely among the artizan class, and weigh oppressively on those who are amen-

able to the opinion chiefly of that class, namely, its own members. It is known that the bad workmen who form the majority of the operatives in many branches of industry, are decidedly of opinion that bad workmen ought to receive the same wages as good, and that no one ought to be allowed, through piece-work or otherwise, to earn by superior skill or industry more than others can without it. And they employ a moral police, which occasionally becomes a physical one, to deter skilful workmen from receiving, and employers from giving, a larger remuneration for a more useful service. If the public have any jurisdiction over private concerns, I cannot see that these people are in fault, or that any individual's particular public can be blamed for asserting the same authority over his individual conduct, which the general public asserts over people in general.

But, without dwelling upon supposititious cases, there are, in our own day, gross usurpations upon the liberty of private life actually practised, and still greater ones threatened with some expectation of success, and opinions propounded which assert an unlimited right in the public not only to prohibit by law everything which it thinks wrong, but in order to get at what it thinks wrong, to prohibit a number of things which it admits to be innocent.

Under the name of preventing intemperance, the people of one English colony, and of nearly half the United States, have been interdicted by law from making any use whatever of fermented drinks, except for medical purposes: for prohibition of their sale is in fact, as it is intended to be, prohibition of their use. And though the impracticability of executing the law has caused its repeal in several of the States which had adopted it, including the one from which it derives its name, an attempt has notwithstanding been commenced, and is prosecuted with considerable zeal by many of the professed philanthropists, to agitate for a similar law in this country. The association, or 'Alliance' as it terms itself, which has been formed for this purpose, has acquired some notoriety through the publicity given to a correspondence between its Secretary and one of the very few English public men who hold that a politician's opinions ought to be founded on principles. Lord Stanley's share in this correspondence is calculated to strengthen the hopes already built on him, by those who know how rare such qualities as are manifested in some of his public appearances, unhappily are among those who figure in political life. The organ of the Alliance, who would 'deeply de-

plore the recognition of any principle which could be wrested to justify bigotry and persecution,' undertakes to point out the 'broad and impassable barrier' which divides such principles from those of the association. 'All matters relating to thought, opinion, conscience, appear to me,' he says, 'to be without the sphere of legislation; all pertaining to social act, habit, relation, subject only to a discretionary power vested in the State itself, and not in the individual, to be within it.' No mention is made of a third class, different from either of these, viz. acts and habits which are not social, but individual; although it is to this class, surely, that the act of drinking fermented liquors, belongs. Selling fermented liquors, however, is trading, and trading is a social act. But the infringement complained of is not on the liberty of the seller, but on that of the buyer and consumer; since the State might just as well forbid him to drink wine, as purposely make it impossible for him to obtain it. The Secretary, however, says, 'I claim, as a citizen, a right to legislate whenever my social rights are invaded by the social act of another.' And now for the definition of these 'social rights.' 'If anything invades my social rights, certainly the traffic in strong drink does. It destroys my primary right of security, by constantly creating and stimulating social disorder. It invades my right of equality, by deriving a profit from the creation of a misery I am taxed to support. It impedes my right to free moral and intellectual development, by surrounding my path with dangers, and by weakening and demoralizing society, from which I have a right to claim mutual aid and intercourse.' A theory of 'social rights,' the like of which probably never before found its way into distinct language: being nothing short of this—that it is the absolute social right of every individual, that every other individual shall act in every respect exactly as he ought; that whosoever fails thereof in the smallest particular, violates my social right, and entitles me to demand from the legislature the removal of the grievance. So monstrous a principle is far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which it would not justify; it acknowledges no right to any freedom whatever, except perhaps to that of holding opinions in secret, without ever disclosing them: for, the moment an opinion which I consider noxious passes any one's lips, it invades all the 'social rights' attributed to me by the Alliance. The doctrine ascribes to all mankind a vested interest in each other's moral, intellectual, and even

physical perfection, to be defined by each claimant according to his own standard.

Another important example of illegitimate interference with the rightful liberty of the individual, not simply threatened, but long since carried into triumphant effect, is Sabbatarian legislation. Without doubt, abstinence on one day in the week, so far as the exigencies of life permit, from the usual daily occupation, though in no respect religiously binding on any except Jews, is a highly beneficial custom. And inasmuch as this custom cannot be observed without a general consent to that effect among the industrious classes, therefore, in so far as some persons by working may impose the same necessity on others, it may be allowable and right that the law should guarantee to each the observance by others of the custom, by suspending the greater operations of industry on a particular day. But this justification, grounded on the direct interest which others have in each individual's observance of the practice, does not apply to the self-chosen occupations in which a person may think fit to employ his leisure; nor does it hold good, in the smallest degree, for legal restrictions on amusements. It is true that the amusement of some is the day's work of others; but the pleasure, not to say the useful recreation, of many, is worth the labor of a few, provided the occupation is freely chosen, and can be freely resigned. The operatives are perfectly right in thinking that if all worked on Sunday, seven days' work would have to be given for six days' wages: but so long as the great mass of employments are suspended, the small number who for the enjoyment of others must still work, obtain a proportional increase of earnings; and they are not obliged to follow those occupations, if they prefer leisure to emolument. If a further remedy is sought, it might be found in the establishment by custom of a holiday on some other day of the week for those particular classes of persons. The only ground, therefore, on which restrictions on Sunday amusements can be defended, must be that they are religiously wrong; a motive of legislation which can never be too earnestly protested against. '*Deorum injuriæ Diis curæ.*' It remains to be proved that society or any of its officers holds a commission from on high to avenge any supposed offence to Omnipotence, which is not also a wrong to our fellow-creatures. The notion that it is one man's duty that another should be religious, was the foundation of all the religious persecutions ever perpetrated, and if admitted, would fully justify them. Though the feeling which breaks out in the repeated at-

tempts to stop railway travelling on Sunday, in the resistance to the opening of Museums, and the like, has not the cruelty of the old persecutors, the state of mind indicated by it is fundamentally the same. It is a determination not to tolerate others in doing what is permitted by their religion, because it is not permitted by the persecutor's religion. It is a belief that God not only abominates the act of the misbeliever, but will not hold us guiltless if we leave him unmolested.

I cannot refrain from adding to these examples of the little account commonly made of human liberty, the language of downright persecution which breaks out from the press of this country, whenever it feels called on to notice the remarkable phenomenon of Mormonism. Much might be said on the unexpected and instructive fact, that an alleged new revelation, and a religion founded on it, the product of palpable imposture, not even supported by the *prestige* of extraordinary qualities in its founder, is believed by hundreds of thousands, and has been made the foundation of a society, in the age of newspapers, railways, and the electric telegraph. What here concerns us is, that this religion, like other and better religions, has its martyrs; that its prophet and founder was, for his teaching, put to death by a mob; that others of its adherents lost their lives by the same lawless violence; that they were forcibly expelled, in a body, from the country in which they first grew up; while, now that they have been chased into a solitary recess in the midst of a desert, many in this country openly declare that it would be right (only that it is not convenient) to send an expedition against them, and compel them by force to conform to the opinions of other people. The article of the Mormonite doctrine which is the chief provocative to the antipathy which thus breaks through the ordinary restraints of religious tolerance, is its sanction of polygamy; which, though permitted to Mahomedans, and Hindoos, and Chinese, seems to excite unquenchable animosity when practised by persons who speak English, and profess to be a kind of Christians. No one has a deeper disapprobation than I have of this Mormon institution; both for other reasons, and because, far from being in any way countenanced by the principle of liberty, it is a direct infraction of that principle, being a mere riveting of the chains of one half of the community, and an emancipation of the other from reciprocity of obligation towards them. Still, it must be remembered that, this relation is as much voluntary on the part of the women concerned in, and who may be deemed

the sufferers by it, as is the case with any other form of the marriage institution; and however surprising this fact may appear, it has its explanation in the common ideas and customs of the world, which teaching women to think marriage the one thing needful, make it intelligible that many a woman should prefer being one of several wives, to not being a wife at all. Other countries are not asked to recognize such unions, or release any portion of their inhabitants from their own laws on the score of Mormonite opinions. But when the dissentients have conceded to the hostile sentiments of others, far more than could justly be demanded; when they have left the countries to which their doctrines were unacceptable, and established themselves in a remote corner of the earth, which they have been the first to render habitable to human beings; it is difficult to see on what principles but those of tyranny they can be prevented from living there under what laws they please, provided they commit no aggression on other nations, and allow perfect freedom of departure to those who are dissatisfied with their ways. A recent writer, in some respects of considerable merit, proposes (to use his own words) not a crusade, but a *civilizade*, against this polygamous community, to put an end to what seems to him a retrograde step in civilization. It also appears so to me, but I am not aware that any community has a right to force another to be civilized. So long as the sufferers by the bad law do not invoke assistance from other communities, I cannot admit that persons entirely unconnected with them ought to step in and require that a condition of things with which all who are directly interested appear to be satisfied, should be put an end to because it is a scandal to persons some thousands of miles distant, who have no part or concern in it. Let them send missionaries, if they please, to preach against it; and let them, by any fair means (of which silencing the teachers is not one), oppose the progress of similar doctrines among their own people. If civilization has got the better of barbarism when barbarism had the world to itself, it is too much to profess to be afraid lest barbarism, after having been fairly got under, should revive and conquer civilization. A civilization that can thus succumb to its vanquished enemy, must first have become so degenerate, that neither its appointed priests and teachers, nor anybody else, has the capacity, or will take the trouble, to stand up for it. If this be so, the sooner such a civilization receives notice to quit, the better. It can only go on from bad to worse, until destroyed and regenerated (like

the Western Empire) by energetic barbarians.

CHAPTER V.

APPLICATIONS.

THE principles asserted in these pages must be more generally admitted as the basis for discussion of details, before a consistent application of them to all the various departments of government and morals can be attempted with any prospect of advantage. The few observations I propose to make on questions of detail, are designed to illustrate the principles, rather than to follow them out to their consequences. I offer, not so much applications, as specimens of application; which may serve to bring into greater clearness the meaning and limits of the two maxims which together form the entire doctrine of this Essay, and to assist the judgment in holding the balance between them, in the cases where it appears doubtful which of them is applicable to the case.

The maxims are, first, that the individual is not accountable to society for his actions, in so far as these concern the interests of no person but himself. Advice, instruction, persuasion, and avoidance by other people if thought necessary by them for their own good, are the only measures by which society can justifiably express its dislike or disapprobation of his conduct. Secondly, that for such actions as are prejudicial to the interests of others, the individual is accountable, and may be subjected either to social or to legal punishment, if society is of opinion that the one or the other is requisite for its better protection.

In the first place, it must by no means be supposed, because damage, or probability of damage, to the interests of others, can alone justify the interference of society, that therefore it always does justify such interference. In many cases, an individual, in pursuing a legitimate object, necessarily and therefore legitimately causes pain or loss to others, or intercepts a good which they had a reasonable hope of obtaining. Such oppositions of interest between individuals often arise from bad social institutions, but are unavoidable while those institutions last; and some would be unavoidable under any institutions. Whoever succeeds in an overcrowded profession, or in a competitive examination; whoever is preferred to another in any contest for an object which both desire, reaps benefit from the loss

of others, from their wasted exertion and their disappointment. But it is, by common admission, better for the general interest of mankind, that persons should pursue their objects undeterred by this sort of consequences. In other words, society admits no right, either legal or moral, in the disappointed competitors, to immunity from this kind of suffering; and feels called on to interfere, only when means of success have been employed which it is contrary to the general interest to permit—namely, fraud or treachery, and force.

Again, trade is a social act. Whoever undertakes to sell any description of goods to the public, does what affects the interest of other persons, and of society in general; and thus his conduct, in principle, comes within the jurisdiction of society: accordingly, it was once held to be the duty of governments, in all cases which were considered of importance, to fix prices, and regulate the processes of manufacture. But it is now recognized, though not till after a long struggle, that both the cheapness and the good quality of commodities are most effectually provided for by leaving the producers and sellers perfectly free, under the sole check of equal freedom to the buyers for supplying themselves elsewhere. This is the so-called doctrine of Free Trade, which rests on grounds different from, though equally solid with, the principle of individual liberty asserted in this Essay. Restrictions on trade, or on production for purposes of trade, are indeed restraints; and all restraint, *quæ* restraint, is an evil: but the restraints in question affect only that part of conduct which society is competent to restrain, and are wrong solely because they do not really produce the results which it is desired to produce by them. As the principle of individual liberty is not involved in the doctrine of Free Trade, so neither is it in most of the questions which arise respecting the limits of that doctrine; as, for example, what amount of public control is admissible for the prevention of fraud by adulteration; how far sanitary precautions, or arrangements to protect work-people employed in dangerous occupations, should be enforced on employers. Such questions involve considerations of liberty, only in so far as leaving people to themselves is always better, *cæteris paribus*, than controlling them: but that they may be legitimately controlled for these ends, is in principle undeniable. On the other hand, there are questions relating to interference with trade, which are essentially questions of liberty; such as the Maine Law, already touched upon; the prohibition of the importation of opium into

China; the restriction of the sale of poisons; all cases, in short, where the object of the interference is to make it impossible or difficult to obtain a particular commodity. These interferences are objectionable, not as infringements on the liberty of the producer or seller, but on that of the buyer.

One of these examples, that of the sale of poisons, opens a new question; the proper limits of what may be called the functions of police; how far liberty may legitimately be invaded for the prevention of crime, or of accident.

It is one of the undisputed functions of government to take precautions against crime before it has been committed, as well as to detect and punish it afterwards. The preventive function of government, however, is far more liable to be abused, to the prejudice of liberty, than the punitive function; for there is hardly any part of the legitimate freedom of action of a human being which would not admit of being represented, and fairly too, as increasing the facilities for some form or other of delinquency. Nevertheless, if a public authority, or even a private person, sees any one evidently preparing to commit a crime, they are not bound to look on inactive until the crime is committed, but may interfere to prevent it. If poisons were never bought or used for any purpose except the commission of murder, it would be right to prohibit their manufacture and sale. They may, however, be wanted not only for innocent but for useful purposes, and restrictions cannot be imposed in the one case without operating in the other. Again, it is a proper office of public authority to guard against accidents. If either a public officer or any one else saw a person attempting to cross a bridge which had been ascertained to be unsafe, and there were no time to warn him of his danger, they might seize him and turn him back, without any real infringement of his liberty; for liberty consists in doing what one desires, and he does not desire to fall into the river. Nevertheless, when there is not a certainty, but only a danger of mischief, no one but the person himself can judge of the sufficiency of the motive which may prompt him to incur the risk: in this case, therefore (unless he is a child, or delirious, or in some state of excitement or absorption incompatible with the full use of the reflecting faculty), he ought, I conceive, to be only warned of the danger; not forcibly prevented from exposing himself to it.

Similar considerations, applied to such a question as the sale of poisons, may enable us to decide which among the possible modes of

regulation are or are not contrary to principle. Such a precaution, for example, as that of labelling the drug with some word expressive of its dangerous character, may be enforced without violation of liberty: the buyer cannot wish not to know that the thing he possesses has poisonous qualities. But to require in all cases the certificate of a medical practitioner, would make it sometimes impossible, always expensive, to obtain the article for legitimate uses. The only mode apparent to me, in which difficulties may be thrown in the way of crime committed through this means, without any infringement worth taking into account, upon the liberty of those who desire the poisonous substance for other purposes, consists in providing what, in the apt language of Bentham, is called 'preappointed evidence.' This provision is familiar to every one in the case of contracts. It is usual and right that the law, when a contract is entered into, should require as the condition of its enforcing performance, that certain formalities should be observed, such as signatures, attestation of witnesses, and the like, in order that in case of subsequent dispute, there may be evidence to prove that the contract was really entered into, and that there was nothing in the circumstances to render it legally invalid: the effect being to throw great obstacles in the way of fictitious contracts, or contracts made in circumstances which, if known, would destroy their validity. Precautions of a similar nature might be enforced in the sale of articles adapted to be instruments of crime. The seller, for example, might be required to enter in a register the exact time of the transaction, the name and address of the buyer, the precise quality and quantity sold; to ask the purpose for which it was wanted, and record the answer he received. When there was no medical prescription, the presence of some third person might be required, to bring home the fact to the purchaser, in case there should afterwards be reason to believe that the article had been applied to criminal purposes. Such regulations would in general be no material impediment to obtaining the article, but a very considerable one to making an improper use of it without detection.

The right inherent in society, to ward off crimes against itself by antecedent precautions, suggests the obvious limitations to the maxim, that purely self-regarding misconduct cannot properly be meddled with in the way of prevention or punishment. Drunkenness, for example, in ordinary cases, is not a fit subject for legislative interference; but I should deem it perfectly legitimate that a

person who had once been convicted of any act of violence to others under the influence of drink, should be placed under a special legal restriction, personal to himself; that if he were afterwards found drunk, he should be liable to a penalty, and that if when in that state he committed another offence, the punishment to which he would be liable for that other offence should be increased in severity. The making himself drunk, in a person whom drunkenness excites to do harm to others, is a crime against others. So, again, idleness, except in a person receiving support from the public, or except when it constitutes a breach of contract, cannot without tyranny be made a subject of legal punishment; but if, either from idleness or from any other avoidable cause, a man fails to perform his legal duties to others, as for instance to support his children, it is no tyranny to force him to fulfil that obligation, by compulsory labor, if no other means are available.

Again, there are many acts which, being directly injurious only to the agents themselves, ought not to be legally interdicted, but which, if done publicly, are a violation of good manners, and coming thus within the category of offences against others, may rightly be prohibited. Of this kind are offences against decency; on which it is unnecessary to dwell, the rather as they are only connected indirectly with our subject, the objection to publicity being equally strong in the case of many actions not in themselves condemnable, nor supposed to be so.

There is another question to which an answer must be found, consistent with the principles which have been laid down. In cases of personal conduct supposed to be blamable, but which respect for liberty precludes society from preventing or punishing, because the evil directly resulting falls wholly on the agent; what the agent is free to do, ought other persons to be equally free to counsel or instigate? This question is not free from difficulty. The case of a person who solicits another to do an act, is not strictly a case of self-regarding conduct. To give advice or offer inducements to any one, is a social act, and may, therefore, like actions in general which affect others, be supposed amenable to social control. But a little reflection corrects the first impression, by showing that if the case is not strictly within the definition of individual liberty, yet the reasons on which the principle of individual liberty is grounded, are applicable to it. If people must be allowed, in whatever concerns only themselves, to act as seems best to themselves, at their own peril, they must equally be free to consult with one

another about what is fit to be so done; to exchange opinions, and give and receive suggestions. Whatever it is permitted to do, it must be permitted to advise to do. The question is doubtful, only when the instigator derives a personal benefit from his advice; when he makes it his occupation, for subsistence or pecuniary gain, to promote what society and the State consider to be an evil. Then, indeed, a new element of complication is introduced; namely, the existence of classes of persons with an interest opposed to what is considered as the public weal, and whose mode of living is grounded on the counteraction of it. Ought this to be interfered with, or not? Fornication, for example, must be tolerated, and so must gambling; but should a person be free to be a pimp, or to keep a gambling-house? The case is one of those which lie on the exact boundary line between two principles, and it is not at once apparent to which of the two it properly belongs. There are arguments on both sides. On the side of toleration it may be said, that the fact of following anything as an occupation, and living or profiting by the practice of it, cannot make that criminal which would otherwise be admissible; that the act should either be consistently permitted or consistently prohibited: that if the principles which we have hitherto defended are true, society has no business, as society, to decide anything to be wrong which concerns only the individual; that it cannot go beyond dissuasion, and that one person should be as free to persuade as another to dissuade. In opposition to this it may be contended, that although the public, or the State, are not warranted in authoritatively deciding, for purposes of repression or punishment, that such or such conduct affecting only the interests of the individual is good or bad, they are fully justified in assuming, if they regard it as bad, that its being so or not is at least a disputable question: that, this being supposed, they cannot be acting wrongly in endeavoring to exclude the influence of solicitations which are not disinterested, of instigators who cannot possibly be impartial—who have a direct personal interest on one side, and that side the one which the State believes to be wrong, and who promote it for personal objects only.

There can surely, it may be urged, be nothing lost, no sacrifice of good, by so ordering matters that persons shall make their election, either wisely or foolishly, on their own prompting, as free as possible from the arts of persons who stimulate their inclinations for interested purposes of their own. Thus (it may

be said) though the statutes respecting unlawful games are utterly indefensible—though all persons should be free to gamble in their own or each other's houses, or in any place of meeting established by their own subscriptions, and open only to the members and their visitors—yet public gambling-houses should not be permitted. It is true that the prohibition is never effectual, and that, whatever amount of tyrannical power may be given to the police, gambling-houses can always be maintained under other pretences; but they may be compelled to conduct their operations with a certain degree of secrecy and mystery, so that nobody knows anything about them but those who seek them; and more than this, society ought not to aim at. There is considerable force in these arguments. I will not venture to decide whether they are sufficient to justify the moral anomaly of punishing the accessory, when the principal is (and must be) allowed to go free; of fining or imprisoning the procurer, but not the fornicator—the gambling-house keeper, but not the gambler. Still less ought the common operations of buying and selling to be interfered with on analogous grounds. Almost every article which is bought and sold may be used in excess, and the sellers have a pecuniary interest in encouraging that excess; but no argument can be founded on this, in favor, for instance, of the Maine Law; because the class of dealers in strong drinks, though interested in their abuse, are indispensably required for the sake of their legitimate use. The interest, however, of these dealers in promoting intemperance is a real evil, and justifies the State in imposing restrictions and requiring guarantees which, but for that justification, would be infringements of liberty.

A further question is, whether the State, while it permits, should nevertheless indirectly discourage conduct which it deems contrary to the best interests of the agent; whether, for example, it should take measures to render the means of drunkenness more costly or add to the difficulty of procuring them by limiting the number of the places of sale. On this, as on most other practical questions, many distinctions require to be made. To tax stimulants for the sole purpose of making them more difficult to be obtained, is a measure differing only in degree from their entire prohibition; and would be justifiable only if that were justifiable. Every increase of cost is a prohibition, to those whose means do not come up to the augmented price; and to those who do, it is a penalty laid on them for gratifying a particular taste. Their choice of

pleasures, and their mode of expending their income, after satisfying their legal and moral obligations to the State and to individuals, are their own concern, and must rest with their own judgment. These considerations may seem at first sight to condemn the selection of stimulants as special subjects of taxation for purposes of revenue. But it must be remembered that taxation for fiscal purposes is absolutely inevitable; that in most countries it is necessary that a considerable part of that taxation should be indirect; that the State, therefore, cannot help imposing penalties, which to some persons may be prohibitory, on the use of some articles of consumption. It is hence the duty of the State to consider, in the imposition of taxes, what commodities the consumers can best spare; and *à fortiori*, to select in preference those of which it deems the use, beyond a very moderate quantity, to be positively injurious. Taxation, therefore, of stimulants, up to the point which produces the largest amount of revenue (supposing that the State needs all the revenue which it yields) is not only admissible, but to be approved of.

The question of making the sale of these commodities a more or less exclusive privilege, must be answered differently, according to the purposes to which the restriction is intended to be subservient. All places of public resort require the restraint of a police, and places of this kind peculiarly, because offences against society are especially apt to originate there. It is, therefore, fit to confine the power of selling these commodities (at least for consumption on the spot) to persons of known or vouched-for respectability of conduct; to make such regulations respecting hours of opening and closing as may be requisite for public surveillance, and to withdraw the license if breaches of peace repeatedly take place through the connivance or incapacity of the keeper of the house, or if it becomes a rendezvous for concocting and preparing offences against the law. And further restriction I do not conceive to be, in principle, justifiable. The limitation in number, for instance, of beer and spirit houses, for the express purpose of rendering them more difficult of access, and diminishing the occasions of temptation, not only exposes all to an inconvenience because there are some by whom the facility would be abused, but is suited only to a state of society in which the laboring classes are avowedly treated as children or savages, and placed under an education of restraint, to fit them for future admission to the privileges of freedom. This is not the principle on which the laboring classes are professedly governed in any free

country; and no person who sets due value on freedom will give his adhesion to their being so governed, unless after all efforts have been exhausted to educate them for freedom and govern them as freemen, and it has been definitively proved that they can only be governed as children. The bare statement of the alternative shows the absurdity of supposing that such efforts have been made in any case which needs be considered here. It is only because the institutions of this country are a mass of inconsistencies, that things find admittance into our practice which belong to the system of despotic, or what is called paternal, government, while the general freedom of our institutions precludes the exercise of the amount of control necessary to render the restraint of any real efficacy as a moral education.

It was pointed out in an early part of this Essay, that the liberty of the individual, in things wherein the individual is alone concerned, implies a corresponding liberty in any number of individuals to regulate by mutual agreement such things as regard them jointly, and regard no persons but themselves. This question presents no difficulty, so long as the will of all the persons implicated remains unaltered; but since that will may change, it is often necessary, even in things in which they alone are concerned, that they should enter into engagements with one another; and when they do, it is fit, as a general rule, that those engagements should be kept. Yet, in the laws probably, of every country, this general rule has some exceptions. Not only persons are not held to engagements which violate the rights of third parties, but it is sometimes considered a sufficient reason for releasing them from an engagement, that it is injurious to themselves. In this and most other civilized countries, for example, an engagement by which a person should sell himself or allow himself to be sold, as a slave, would be null and void; neither enforced by law nor by opinion. The ground for thus limiting his power of voluntarily disposing of his own lot in life, is apparent, and is very clearly seen in this extreme case. The reason for not interfering, unless for the sake of others, with a person's voluntary acts, is consideration for his liberty. His voluntary choice is evidence that what he so chooses is desirable, or at the least endurable, to him, and his good is on the whole best provided for by allowing him to take his own means of pursuing it. But by selling himself for a slave, he abdicates his liberty; he foregoes any future use of it beyond that single act. He therefore defeats, in his own case, the very purpose which is the justifica-

tion of allowing him to dispose of himself. He is no longer free; but is thenceforth in a position which has no longer the presumption in its favor, that would be afforded by his voluntarily remaining in it.

The principle of freedom cannot require that he should be free not to be free. It is not freedom, to be allowed to alienate his freedom. These reasons, the force of which is so conspicuous in this peculiar case, are evidently of far wider application; yet a limit is everywhere set to them by the necessities of life, which continually require, not indeed that we should resign our freedom, but that we should consent to this and the other limitation of it. The principle, however, which demands uncontrolled freedom of action in all that concerns only the agents themselves, requires that those who have become bound to one another, in things which concern no third party, should be able to release one another from the engagement: and even without such voluntary release, there are perhaps no contracts or engagements, except those that relate to money or money's worth, of which one can venture to say that there ought to be no liberty whatever of retraction. Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, in the excellent essay from which I have already quoted, states it as his conviction, that engagements which involve personal relations or services, should never be legally binding beyond a limited duration of time; and that the most important of these engagements, marriage, having the peculiarity that its objects are frustrated unless the feelings of both the parties are in harmony with it, should require nothing more than the declared will of either party to dissolve it. This subject is too important, and too complicated, to be discussed in a parenthesis, and I touch on it only so far as is necessary for purposes of illustration. If the conciseness and generality of Baron Humboldt's dissertation had not obliged him in this instance to content himself with enunciating his conclusion without discussing the premises, he would doubtless have recognized that the question cannot be decided on grounds so simple as those to which he confines himself.

When a person, either by express promise or by conduct, has encouraged another to rely upon his continuing to act in a certain way—to build expectations and calculations, and stake any part of his plan of life upon that supposition—a new series of moral obligations arises on his part towards that person, which may possibly be overruled, but cannot be ignored. And again, if the relation between two contracting parties has been fol-

lowed by consequences to others; if it has placed third parties in any peculiar position, or, as in the case of marriage, has even called third parties into existence, obligations arise on the part of both the contracting parties towards those third persons, the fulfilment of which, or at all events the mode of fulfilment, must be greatly affected by the continuance or disruption of the relation between the original parties to the contract. It does not follow, nor can I admit, that these obligations extend to requiring the fulfilment of the contract at all costs to the happiness of the reluctant party; but they are a necessary element in the question; and even if, as Von Humboldt maintains, they ought to make no difference in the *legal* freedom of the parties to release themselves from the engagement (and I also hold that they ought not to make *much* difference), they necessarily make a great difference in the *moral* freedom. A person is bound to take all these circumstances into account, before resolving on a step which may affect such important interests of others; and if he does not allow proper weight to those interests, he is morally responsible for the wrong. I have made these obvious remarks for the better illustration of the general principle of liberty, and not because they are at all needed on the particular question, which, on the contrary, is usually discussed as if the interest of children was everything, and that of grown persons nothing.

I have already observed that, owing to the absence of any recognized general principles, liberty is often granted where it should be withheld, as well as withheld where it should be granted; and one of the cases in which, in the modern European world, the sentiment of liberty is the strongest, is a case where, in my view, it is altogether misplaced. A person should be free to do as he likes in his own concerns; but he ought not to be free to do as he likes in acting for another, under the pretext that the affairs of the other are his own affairs. The State, while it respects the liberty of each in what specially regards himself, is bound to maintain a vigilant control over his exercise of any power which it allows him to possess over others. This obligation is almost entirely disregarded in the case of the family relations, a case, in its direct influence on human happiness, more important than all others taken together. The almost despotic power of husbands over wives needs not be enlarged upon here, because nothing more is needed for the complete removal of the evil, than that wives should have the same rights, and should receive the protection of

law in the same manner, as all other persons; and because, on this subject, the defenders of established injustice do not avail themselves of the plea of liberty, but stand forth openly as the champions of power. It is in the case of children, that misapplied notions of liberty are a real obstacle to the fulfilment by the State of its duties. One would almost think that a man's children were supposed to be literally, and not metaphorically, a part of himself, so jealous is opinion of the smallest interference of law with his absolute and exclusive control over them; more jealous than of almost any interference with his own freedom of action: so much less do the generality of mankind value liberty than power. Consider, for example, the case of education. Is it not almost a self-evident axiom, that the State should require and compel the education, up to a certain standard, of every human being who is born its citizen? Yet who is there that is not afraid to recognize and assert this truth? Hardly any one indeed will deny that it is one of the most sacred duties of the parents (or as law and usage now stand, the father), after summoning a human being into the world, to give to that being an education fitting him to perform his part well in life towards others and towards himself. But while this is unanimously declared to be the father's duty, scarcely anybody, in this country, will bear to hear of obliging him to perform it. Instead of his being required to make any exertion or sacrifice for securing education to his child, it is left to his choice to accept it or not when it is provided gratis! It still remains unrecognized, that to bring a child into existence without a fair prospect of being able, not only to provide food for its body, but instruction and training for its mind, is a moral crime, both against the unfortunate offspring and against society; and that if the parent does not fulfil this obligation, the State ought to see it fulfilled, at the charge, as far as possible, of the parent.

Were the duty of enforcing universal education once admitted, there would be an end to the difficulties about what the State should teach, and how it should teach, which now convert the subject into a mere battle field for sects and parties, causing the time and labor which should have been spent in educating, to be wasted in quarrelling about education. If the government would make up its mind to require for every child a good education, it might save itself the trouble of providing one. It might leave to parents to obtain the education where and how they pleased, and content itself with helping to pay the school fees of the poorer classes of children, and defray-

ing the entire school expenses of those who have no one else to pay for them. The objections which are urged with reason against State education, do not apply to the enforcement of education by the State, but to the State's taking upon itself to direct that education: which is a totally different thing. That the whole or any large part of the education of the people should be in State hands, I go as far as any one in deprecating. All that has been said of the importance of individuality of character, and diversity in opinions and modes of conduct, involves, as of the same unspeakable importance, diversity of education. A general State education is a mere contrivance for moulding people to be exactly like one another: and as the mould in which it casts them is that which pleases the predominant power in the government, whether this be a monarch, a priesthood, an aristocracy, or the majority of the existing generation; in proportion as it is efficient and successful, it establishes a despotism over the mind, leading by natural tendency to one over the body. An education established and controlled by the State should only exist, if it exist at all, as one among many competing experiments, carried on for the purpose of example and stimulus, to keep the others up to a certain standard of excellence. Unless, indeed, when society in general is in so backward a state that it could not or would not provide for itself any proper institutions of education, unless the government undertook the task: then, indeed, the government may, as the less of two great evils, take upon itself the business of schools and universities, as it may that of joint stock companies, when private enterprise, in a shape fitted for undertaking great works of industry, does not exist in the country. But in general, if the country contains a sufficient number of persons qualified to provide education under government auspices, the same persons would be able and willing to give an equally good education on the voluntary principle, under the assurance of remuneration afforded by a law-rendering education compulsory, combined with State aid to those unable to defray the expense.

The instrument for enforcing the law could be no other than public examinations, extending to all children, and beginning at an early age. An age might be fixed at which every child must be examined, to ascertain if he (or she) is able to read. If a child proves unable, the father, unless he has some sufficient ground of excuse, might be subjected to a moderate fine, to be worked out, if necessary, by his labor; and the child might be put to

school at his expense. Once in every year the examination should be renewed, with a gradually extending range of subjects, so as to make the universal acquisition, and what is more, retention, of a certain minimum of general knowledge, virtually compulsory. Beyond that minimum, there should be voluntary examinations on all subjects, at which all who come up to a certain standard of proficiency might claim a certificate. To prevent the State from exercising, through these arrangements, an improper influence over opinion, the knowledge required for passing an examination (beyond the merely instrumental parts of knowledge, such as languages and their use) should, even in the higher classes of examinations, be confined to facts and positive science exclusively. The examinations on religion, politics, or other disputed topics, should not turn on the truth or falsehood of opinions, but on the matter of fact that such and such an opinion is held; on such grounds, by such authors, or schools, or churches. Under this system, the rising generation would be no worse off in regard to all disputed truths, than they are at present; they would be brought up either churchmen or dissenters as they now are, the State merely taking care that they should be instructed churchmen, or instructed dissenters. There would be nothing to hinder them from being taught religion, if their parents chose, at the same schools where they were taught other things. All attempts by the State to bias the conclusions of its citizens on disputed subjects, are evil; but it may very properly offer to ascertain and certify that a person possesses the knowledge, requisite to make his conclusions, on any given subject, worth attending to. A student of philosophy would be the better for being able to stand an examination both in Locke and in Kant, whichever of the two he takes up with, or even if with neither: and there is no reasonable objection to examining an atheist in the evidences of Christianity, provided he is not required to profess a belief in them. The examinations, however, in the higher branches of knowledge should, I conceive, be entirely voluntary. It would be giving too dangerous a power to governments, were they allowed to exclude any one from professions, even from the profession of teacher, for alleged deficiency of qualifications: and I think, with Wilhelm von Humboldt, that degrees, or other public certificates of scientific or professional acquirements, should be given to all who present themselves for examination, and stand the test; but that such certificates should confer no advantage over competitors, other than

the weight which may be attached to their testimony by public opinion.

It is not in the matter of education only, that misplaced notions of liberty prevent moral obligations on the part of parents from being recognized, and legal obligations from being imposed, where there are the strongest grounds for the former always, and in many cases for the latter also. The fact itself, of causing the existence of a human being, is one of the most responsible actions in the range of human life. To undertake this responsibility—to bestow a life which may be either a curse or a blessing—unless the being on whom it is to be bestowed will have at least the ordinary chances of a desirable existence, is a crime against that being. And in a country either over-peopled, or threatened with being so, to produce children, beyond a very small number, with the effect of reducing the reward of labor by their competition, is a serious offence against all who live by the remuneration of their labor. The laws which, in many countries on the Continent, forbid marriage unless the parties can show that they have the means of supporting a family, do not exceed the legitimate powers of the State: and whether such laws be expedient or not (a question mainly dependent on local circumstances and feelings), they are not objectionable as violations of liberty. Such laws are interferences of the State to prohibit a mischievous act—an act injurious to others, which ought to be a subject of reprobation, and social stigma, even when it is not deemed expedient to superadd legal punishment. Yet the current ideas of liberty, which bend so easily to real infringements of the freedom of the individual in things which concern only himself, would repel the attempt to put any restraint upon his inclinations when the consequence of their indulgence is a life or lives of wretchedness and depravity to the offspring, with manifold evils to those sufficiently within reach to be in any way affected by their actions. When we compare the strange respect of mankind for liberty, with their strange want of respect for it, we might imagine that a man had an indispensable right to do harm to others, and no right at all to please himself without giving pain to any one.

I have reserved for the last place a large class of questions respecting the limits of government interference, which, though closely connected with the subject of this Essay, do not, in strictness, belong to it. These are cases in which the reasons against interference do not turn upon the principle of liberty: the question is not about restraining the actions of individuals, but about helping them: it is

asked whether the government should do, or cause to be done, something for their benefit, instead of leaving it to be done by themselves, individually or in voluntary combination.

The objections to government interference, when it is not such as to involve infringement of liberty, may be of three kinds.

The first is, when the thing to be done is likely to be better done by individuals than by the government. Speaking generally, there is no one so fit to conduct any business, or to determine how or by whom it shall be conducted, as those who are personally interested in it. This principle condemns the interferences, once so common, of the legislature, or the officers of government, with the ordinary processes of industry. But this part of the subject has been sufficiently enlarged upon by political economists, and is not particularly related to the principles of this Essay.

The second objection is more nearly allied to our subject. In many cases, though individuals may not do the particular thing so well, on the average, as the officers of government, it is nevertheless desirable that it should be done by them, rather than by the government, as a means to their own mental education—a mode of strengthening their active faculties, exercising their judgment, and giving them a familiar knowledge of the subjects with which they are thus left to deal. This is a principal, though not the sole, recommendation of jury trial (in cases not political); of free and popular local and municipal institutions; of the conduct of industrial and philanthropic enterprises by voluntary associations. These are not questions of liberty, and are connected with that subject only by remote tendencies; but they are questions of development. It belongs to a different occasion from the present to dwell on these things as parts of national education; as being, in truth, the peculiar training of a citizen, the practical part of the political education of a free people, taking them out of the narrow circle of personal and family selfishness, and accustoming them to the comprehension of joint interests, the management of joint concerns—habituating them to act from public or semi-public motives, and guide their conduct by aims which unite instead of isolating them from one another. Without these habits and powers, a free constitution can neither be worked nor preserved; as is exemplified by the too often transitory nature of political freedom in countries where it does not rest upon a sufficient basis of local liberties. The management of purely local business by the locali-

ties, and of the great enterprises of industry by the union of those who voluntarily supply the pecuniary means, is further recommended by all the advantages which have been set forth in this Essay as belonging to individuality of development, and diversity of modes of action. Government operations tend to be everywhere alike. With individuals and voluntary associations, on the contrary, there are varied experiments, and endless diversity of experience. What the State can usefully do is to make itself a central depository, and active circulator and diffuser, of the experience resulting from many trials. Its business is to enable each experimentalist to benefit by the experiments of others; instead of tolerating no experiments but its own.

The third, and most cogent reason for restricting the interference of government, is the great evil of adding unnecessarily to its power. Every function superadded to those already exercised by the government, causes its influence over hopes and fears to be more widely diffused, and converts, more and more, the active and ambitious part of the public into hangers-on of the government, or of some party which aims at becoming the government. If the roads, the railways, the banks, the insurance offices, the great joint-stock companies, the universities, and the public charities, were all of them branches of the government; if, in addition, the municipal corporations and local boards, with all that now devolves on them, became departments of the central administration; if the employes of all these different enterprises were appointed and paid by the government, and looked to the government for every rise in life; not all the freedom of the press and popular constitution of the legislature would make this or any other country free otherwise than in name. And the evil would be greater, the more efficiently and scientifically the administrative machinery was constructed—the more skilful the arrangements for obtaining the best qualified hands and heads with which to work it.

In England it has of late been proposed that all the members of the civil service of government should be selected by competitive examination, to obtain for those employments the most intelligent and instructed persons procurable; and much has been said and written for and against this proposal. One of the arguments most insisted on by its opponents, is that the occupation of a permanent official servant of the State does not hold out sufficient prospects of emolument and importance to attract the highest talents, which will always be able to find a more inviting career

in the professions, or in the service of companies and other public bodies. One would not have been surprised if this argument had been used by the friends of the proposition, as an answer to its principal difficulty. Coming from the opponents it is strange enough. What is urged as an objection is the safety-valve of the proposed system. If indeed all the high talent of the country *could* be drawn into the service of the government, a proposal tending to bring about that result might well inspire uneasiness. If every part of the business of society which required organized concert, or large and comprehensive views, were in the hands of the government, and if government offices were universally filled by the ablest men, all the enlarged culture and practised intelligence in the country, except the purely speculative, would be concentrated in a numerous bureaucracy, to whom alone the rest of the community would look for all things: the multitude for direction and dictation in all they had to do; the able and aspiring for personal advancement. To be admitted into the ranks of this bureaucracy, and when admitted, to rise therein, would be the sole objects of ambition. Under this régime, not only is the outside public ill-qualified, for want of practical experience, to criticise or check the mode of operation of the bureaucracy, but even if the accidents of despotic or the natural working of popular institutions occasionally raise to the summit a ruler or rulers of reforming inclinations, no reform can be effected which is contrary to the interest of the bureaucracy. Such is the melancholy condition of the Russian empire, as shown in the accounts of those who have had sufficient opportunity of observation. The Czar himself is powerless against the bureaucratic body; he can send any one of them to Siberia, but he cannot govern without them, or against their will. On every decree of his they have a tacit veto, by merely refraining from carrying it into effect. In countries of more advanced civilization and of a more insurrectionary spirit, the public, accustomed to expect everything to be done for them by the State, or at least to do nothing for themselves without asking from the State not only leave to do it, but even how it is to be done, naturally hold the State responsible for all evil which befalls them, and when the evil exceeds their amount of patience, they rise against the government, and make what is called a revolution; whereupon somebody else, with or without legitimate authority from the nation, vaults into the seat, issues his orders to the bureaucracy, and everything goes on much as it did before; the bu-

reaucracy being unchanged, and nobody else being capable of taking their place.

A very different spectacle is exhibited among a people accustomed to transact their own business. In France, a large part of the people having been engaged in military service, many of whom have held at least the rank of non-commissioned officers, there are in every popular insurrection several persons competent to take the lead, and improvise some tolerable plan of action. What the French are in military affairs, the Americans are in every kind of civil business; let them be left without a government, every body of Americans is able to improvise one, and to carry on that or any other public business with a sufficient amount of intelligence, order, and decision. This is what every free people ought to be: and a people capable of this is certain to be free; it will never let itself be enslaved by any man or body of men because these are able to seize and pull the reins of the central administration. No bureaucracy can hope to make such a people as this do or undergo anything that they do not like. But where everything is done through the bureaucracy, nothing to which the bureaucracy is really adverse can be done at all. The constitution of such countries is an organization of the experience and practical ability of the nation, into a disciplined body for the purpose of governing the rest; and the more perfect that organization is in itself, the more successful in drawing to itself and educating for itself the persons of greatest capacity from all ranks of the community, the more complete is the bondage of all, the members of the bureaucracy included. For the governors are as much the slaves of their organization and discipline, as the governed are of the governors. A Chinese mandarin is as much the tool and creature of a despotism as the humblest cultivator. An individual Jesuit is to the utmost degree of abasement the slave of his order, though the order itself exists for the collective power and importance of its members.

It is not, also, to be forgotten, that the absorption of all the principal ability of the country into the governing body is fatal, sooner or later, to the mental activity and progressiveness of the body itself. Banded together as they are—working a system which, like all systems, necessarily proceeds in a great measure by fixed rules—the official body are under the constant temptation of sinking into indolent routine, or, if they now and then desert that mill-horse round, of rushing into some half-examined crudity which has struck the fancy of some leading

member of the corps: and the sole check to these closely allied, though seemingly opposite, tendencies, the only stimulus which can keep the ability of the body itself up to a high standard, is liability to the watchful criticism of equal ability outside the body. It is indispensable, therefore, that the means should exist, independently of the government, of forming such ability, and furnishing it with the opportunities and experience necessary for a correct judgment of great practical affairs. If we would possess permanently a skilful and efficient body of functionaries—above all, a body able to originate and willing to adopt improvements; if we would not have our bureaucracy degenerate into a pedantocracy, this body must not engross all the occupations which form and cultivate the faculties required for the government of mankind.

To determine the point at which evils, so formidable to human freedom and advancement, begin, or rather at which they begin to predominate over the benefits attending the collective application of the force of society, under its recognized chiefs, for the removal of the obstacles which stand in the way of its well-being; to secure as much of the advantages of centralized power and intelligence, as can be had without turning into governmental channels too great a proportion of the general activity—is one of the most difficult and complicated questions in the art of government. It is, in a great measure, a question of detail, in which many and various considerations must be kept in view, and no absolute rule can be laid down. But I believe that the practical principle in which safety resides, the ideal to be kept in view, the standard by which to test all arrangements intended for overcoming the difficulty, may be conveyed in these words: the greatest dissemination of power consistent with efficiency; but the greatest possible centralization of information, and diffusion of it from the centre. Thus, in municipal administration, there would be, as in the New England States, a very minute division among separate officers, chosen by the localities, of all business which is not better left to the persons directly interested; but besides this, there would be, in each department of local affairs, a central superintendence, forming a branch of the general government. The organ of this superintendence would concentrate, as in a focus, the variety of information and experience derived from the conduct of that branch of public business in all the localities, from everything analogous which is done in foreign countries, and from the general princi-

ples of political science. This central organ should have a right to know all that is done, and its special duty should be that of making the knowledge acquired in one place available for others. Emancipated from the petty prejudices and narrow views of a locality by its elevated position and comprehensive sphere of observation, its advice would naturally carry much authority; but its actual power, as a permanent institution, should, I conceive, be limited to compelling the local officers to obey the laws laid down for their guidance. In all things not provided for by general rules, those officers should be left to their own judgment, under responsibility to their constituents. For the violation of rules, they should be responsible to law, and the rules themselves should be laid down by the legislature; the central administrative authority only watching over their execution, and if they were not properly carried into effect, appealing, according to the nature of the case, to the tribunals to enforce the law, or to the constituencies to dismiss the functionaries who had not executed it according to its spirit. Such, in its general conception, is the central superintendence which the Poor Law Board is intended to exercise over the administrators of the Poor Rate throughout the country. Whatever powers the Board exercises beyond this limit, were right and necessary in that peculiar case, for the cure of rooted habits of maladministration in matters deeply affecting not the localities merely, but the whole community; since no locality has a moral right to make itself by mismanagement a nest of pauperism, necessarily overflowing into other localities, and impairing the moral and physical condition of the whole laboring community. The powers of administrative coercion and subordinate legislation possessed by the Poor Law Board (but which, owing to the state of opinion on the subject, are very scantily exercised by them), though perfectly justifiable in a case of first-rate national interest, would be wholly out of place in the superintendence of interests purely local. But a central organ of information and instruction for all the localities, would be equally valuable in all departments of administration. A government cannot have too much of the kind of activity which does not impede, but aids and stimulates, individual exertion and development. The mischief begins when, instead of calling forth the activity and powers of individuals and bodies, it substitutes its own activity for theirs; when, instead of informing, advising, and, upon occasion, denouncing, it makes them work in

fetters, or bids them stand aside and does their work instead of them. The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it; and a State which postpones the interests of *their* mental expansion and elevation, to a little more of administrative skill, or of that semblance of it which practice gives, in the details of business; a State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes—will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything, will in the end avail it nothing, for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might work more smoothly, it has preferred to banish.

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE.

By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

AUTHOR OF "A PAINTER'S CAMP," "THOUGHTS ABOUT ART," "THE UNKNOWN RIVER," ETC.

TO EUGÈNE H.

WE have shared together many hours of study, and you have been willing, at the cost of much patient labor, to cheer the difficult paths of intellectual toil by the unfailing sweetness of your beloved companionship. It seems to me that all those things which we have learned together are doubly my own; whilst those other studies which I have pursued in solitude have never yielded me more than a maimed and imperfect satisfaction. The dream of my life would be to associate you with all I do if that were possible; but since the ideal can never be wholly realized, let me at least rejoice that we have been so little separated, and that the subtle influence of your finer taste and more delicate perception is ever, like some penetrating perfume, in the whole atmosphere around me.

PREFACE.

I PROPOSE, in the following pages, to consider the possibilities of a satisfactory intellectual life under various conditions of ordinary human existence. It will form a part of my plan to take into account favorable and unfavorable influences of many kinds; and my chief purpose, so far as any effect upon others may be hoped for, will be to guard some who may read the book alike against the loss of time caused by unnecessary discouragement, and the waste of effort which is the consequence of misdirected energies.

I have adopted the form of letters addressed to persons of very different position in order that every reader may have a chance of finding what concerns him. The letters, it is unnecessary to observe, are in one sense as fic-

titious as those we find in novels, for they have never been sent to anybody by the post, yet the persons to whom they are addressed are not imaginary. I made it a rule, from the beginning, to think of a real person when writing, from an apprehension that by dwelling in a world too exclusively ideal I might lose sight of many impediments which beset all actual lives, even the most exceptional and fortunate.

The essence of the book may be expressed in a few sentences, the rest being little more than evidence or illustration. First, it appears that all who are born with considerable intellectual faculties are urged towards the intellectual life by irresistible instincts, as water-fowl are urged to an aquatic life; but the lower animals have this advantage over man, that as their purposes are simpler, so they attain them more completely than he does. The life of a wild duck is in perfect accordance with its instincts, but the life of an intellectual man is never on all points perfectly in accordance with *his* instincts. Many of the best intellectual lives known to us have been hampered by vexatious impediments of the most various and complicated kinds; and when we come to have accurate and intimate knowledge of the lives led by our intellectual contemporaries, we are always quite sure to find that each of them has some great thwarting difficulty to contend against. Nor is it too much to say that if a man were so placed and endowed in every way that all his work should be made as easy as the ignorant imagine it to be, that man would find in that very facility itself a condition most unfavorable to his intellectual growth. So that, however circumstances may help us or hinder us, the intellectual life is always a contest or a discipline, and the art or skill of living intellectu-

ally does not so much consist in surrounding ourselves with what is reputed to be advantageous as in compelling every circumstance and condition of our lives to yield us some tribute of intellectual benefit and force. The needs of the intellect are as various as intellects themselves are various: and if a man has got high mental culture during his passage through life it is of little consequence where he acquired it, or how. The school of the intellectual man is the place where he happens to be, and his teachers are the people, books, animals, plants, stones, and earth round about him. The feeling almost always predominant in the minds of intellectual men as they grow older, is not so much one of regret that their opportunities were not more abundant, as of regret that they so often missed opportunities which they might have turned to better account.

I have written for all classes, in the conviction that the intellectual life is really within the reach of every one who earnestly desires it. The highest culture can never be within the reach of those who cannot give the years of labor which it costs; and if we cultivate ourselves to shine in the eyes of others, to become famous in literature or science, then of course we must give many more hours of labor than can be spared from a life of practical industry. But I am fully convinced of this, convinced by the observation of living instances in all classes, that any man or woman of large natural capacity may reach the tone of thinking which may justly be called intellectual, even though that thinking may not be expressed in the most perfect language. The essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science or in perfection of expression, but in a constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts, and this preference may be the habit of a mind which has not any very considerable amount of information. This may be very easily demonstrated by a reference to men who lived intellectually in ages when science had scarcely begun to exist, and when there was but little literature that could be of use as an aid to culture. The humblest subscriber to a mechanics' institute has easier access to sound learning than had either Solomon or Aristotle, yet both Solomon and Aristotle lived the intellectual life. Whoever reads English is richer in the aids to culture than Plato was, yet Plato *thought* intellectually. It is not erudition that makes the intellectual man, but a sort of virtue which delights in vigorous and beautiful thinking, just as moral virtue delights in vigorous and beautiful conduct. Intellectual living is not so much an

accomplishment as a state or condition of the mind in which it seeks earnestly for the highest and purest truth. It is the continual exercise of a firmly noble choice between the larger truth and the lesser, between that which is perfectly just and that which falls a little short of justice. The ideal life would be to choose thus firmly and delicately always, yet if we often blunder and fail for want of perfect wisdom and clear light, have we not the inward assurance that our aspiration has not been all in vain, that it has brought us a little nearer to the Supreme Intellect whose effulgence draws us whilst it dazzles? Here is the true secret of that fascination which belongs to intellectual pursuits, that they reveal to us a little more, and yet a little more, of the eternal order of the Universe, establishing us so firmly in what is known, that we acquire an unshakable confidence in the laws which govern what is not, and never can be, known.

PART I.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS.

LETTER I.

TO A YOUNG MAN OF LETTERS WHO WORKED EXCESSIVELY.

Mental labor believed to be innocuous to healthy persons—
Difficulty of testing this—Case of the poet Wordsworth—
Case of an eminent living author—Case of a literary clergyman—
Case of an energetic tradesman—Instances of two Londoners who wrote professionally—Scott's paralysis—
Byron's death—All intellectual labor proceeds on a physical basis.

So little is really known about the action of the nervous system, that to go into the subject from the physiological point of view would be to undertake a most difficult investigation, entirely beyond the competence of an unscientific person like your present correspondent. You will, therefore, permit me, in reference to this, to leave you to the teaching of the most advanced physiologists of the time; but I may be able to offer a few practical suggestions, based on the experience of intellectual workers, which may be of use to a man whose career is likely to be one of severe and almost uninterrupted intellectual labor.

A paper was read several years ago before the members of a society in London, in which the author maintained that mental labor was never injurious to a perfectly healthy human organization, and that the numerous cases of break-down, which are commonly attributed

to excessive brain-work, are due, in reality, to the previous operation of disease.

This is one of those assertions which cannot be answered in a sentence. Concentrated within the briefest expression it comes to this, that mental labor cannot produce disease, but may aggravate the consequences of disease which already exists.

The difficulty of testing this is obvious; for so long as health remains quite perfect, it remains perfect, of course, whether the brain is used or not; and when failure of health becomes manifest, it is not always easy to decide in what degree mental labor may have been the cause of it. Again, the accuracy of so general a statement cannot be proved by any number of instances in its favor, since it is universally admitted that brain-work is not the only cause of disease, and no one affirms that it is more than one amongst many causes which may impede the bodily functions.

When the poet Wordsworth was engaged in composing the "White Doe of Rylstone," he received a wound in his foot, and he observed that the continuation of the literary labor increased the irritation of the wound; whereas by suspending his work he could diminish it, and absolute mental rest produced a perfect cure. In connection with this incident he remarked that poetic excitement, accompanied by protracted labor in composition, always brought on more or less of bodily derangement. He preserved himself from permanently injurious consequences by his excellent habits of life.

A very eminent living author, whose name I do not feel at liberty to mention, is always prostrated by severe illness at the conclusion of each of his works; another is unwell every Sunday, because he does not write on that day, and the recoil after the mental stretch of the week is too much for him.

In the case of Wordsworth, the physical constitution is believed to have been sound. His health at seventy-two was excellent; the two other instances are more doubtful in this respect, yet both these writers enjoy very fair health, after the pressure of brain-work has been removed for any considerable time. A clergyman of robust organization, who does a good deal of literary work at intervals, told me that, whenever he had attempted to make it regular, the consequence had always been distressing nervous sensations, from which at other times he was perfectly free. A tradesman, whose business affords an excellent outlet for energetic bodily activity, told me that having attempted, in addition to his ordinary work, to acquire a foreign language which seemed likely to be useful to him, he had been

obliged to abandon it on account of alarming cerebral symptoms. This man has immense vigor and energy, but the digestive functions, in this instance, are sluggish. However, when he abandoned study, the cerebral inconveniences disappeared, and have never returned since.

Two Londoners who followed literature as a profession, and who both worked to excess, had cerebral attacks of a still more decided kind. One of them, after his recovery, resolved to regulate his work in future, so that it might never pass the limits of moderation. He is now living, and in possession of a remarkably clear and richly furnished intellect. The other, who returned to his old habits, died in two years from softening of the brain. I am not aware that in these cases there was any other disease than that produced by an immoderate use of the mental powers.

The health of Sir Walter Scott—we have this on his own testimony—was uncommonly robust, and there is every reason to believe that his paralysis was brought on by the excessive labor which resulted from his pecuniary embarrassments, and that without such excessive mental labor and anxiety he would have preserved his health much longer. The death of Byron was due, no doubt, quite as much to habits of dissipation as to poetical excitement; still it is probable that he would have borne either of these evil influences if it had not been accompanied by the other; and that to a man whose way of life was so exhausting as Byron's was, the addition of constant poetical excitement and hard work in production, may be said without exaggeration to have killed him. We know that Scott, with all his facility, had a dread of that kind of excitement, and withdrew from the poetical arena to avoid it. We know, too, that the brain of Southey proved ultimately unable to endure the burden of the tasks he laid upon it.

Difficult as it may be in some instances to ascertain quite accurately whether an overworked man had perfectly sound bodily health to begin with, obvious as it may be that in many breakdowns the final failure has been accelerated by diseases independent of mental work, the facts remain, that the excessive exercise of the mental powers is injurious to bodily health and that all intellectual labor proceeds upon a physical basis. No man can safely forget this, and act as if he were a pure spirit, superior to physical considerations. Let me then, in other letters on this subject, direct your attention to the close connection which exists between intellectual production

and the state of the body and the brain; not with the authority of a physician, but with the sympathy of a fellow-laborer, who has learned something from his own experience, and still more from the more varied experience of his friends.

LETTER II.

TO A YOUNG MAN OF LETTERS WHO WORKED EXCESSIVELY.

Mental labor rarely compatible with the best physical conditions—Wordsworth's manner of composition—Mr. W. F. A. Delane—George Sand working under pressure—Sir Walter Scott's field-sports—Physical exercise the best tranquillizer of the nervous system—Eugène Sue—Shelley's love of boating—Nervousness the affliction of brain-workers—Nature's kindly warning—Working by spurts—Beckford—Byron—Indolence of men of genius fortunate—Distressing nature of cerebral fatigue.

It is possible that many of the worst results of intellectual labor may be nothing more than indirect results. We may suffer, not from the work itself, but from sedentary confinement, from want of exercise, from insufficient variety and amusement.

Mental labor is seldom compatible with the best physical conditions; it is so sometimes, however, or may be made so by an effort of will and resolution. Wordsworth composed his poetry in the open air, as he walked, and so preserved himself from the evil of close confinement to the desk. Mr. W. F. A. Delane, who did so much for the organization of the *Times* newspaper when it was under his management, began by doing law reports for that paper, in London and on circuit. His appearance of rude health surprised other members of his profession, but he accounted for it by the care he took to compensate for the bad air and sedentary labor in the courts of law by travelling between the assize towns on horseback, and also by a more than commonly temperate way of life, since he carefully avoided the bar dinners, eating and drinking for health alone. It is possible to endure the most unhealthy labor when there are frequent intervals of invigorating exercise, accompanied by habits of strict sobriety. The plan, so commonly resorted to, of trying to get health in stock for the rest of the year by a fortnight's hurried travelling in the autumn, is not so good as Mr. Delane's way of getting the week's supply of health during the course of the week itself.

It happened once that George Sand was hurried by the proprietor of a newspaper who wanted one of her novels as a *feuilleton*.

She has always been a careful and deliberate worker, very anxious to give all necessary labor in preparation, and, like all such conscientious laborers, she can scarcely endure to be pushed. However, on this occasion she worked overtime, as they say in Lancashire, and to enable herself to bear the extra pressure she did part of the work at night in order to keep several hours of daylight clear for her walks in the country, where she lived. Many writers, in the same situation, would have temporarily abandoned exercise, but George Sand clung to it all the more at a time when it was especially necessary that she should be well. In the same way Sir Walter Scott counterbalanced the effects of sedentary occupation by his hearty enjoyment of field-sports. It has been supposed that his outdoor exercise, which to weaker persons appears excessive, may have helped to bring on the stroke of paralysis which finally disabled him; but the fact is, that when the stroke arrived Sir Walter had altered his habits of life in obedience to what he believed to be his duty, and had abandoned, or nearly so, the active amusements of his happier years. I believe rather that whilst he took so much exercise his robust constitution not only enabled him to endure it without injury, but required it to keep the nervous system healthy, in spite of his hard work in literary composition. Physical exercise, when the constitution is strong enough to endure it, is by far the best tranquillizer of the nervous system which has yet been discovered, and Sir Walter's life at Abbotsford was, in this respect at least, grounded on the true philosophy of conduct. The French romancer, Eugène Sue, wrote till ten o'clock every morning, and passed the rest of the day, when at his country house, either in horse-exercise, or field-sports, or gardening, for all of which he had a liking which amounted to passion. Shelley's delight was boating, which at once exercised his muscles and relieved his mind from the weariness of incessant invention or speculation. It will generally be found, that whenever a man of much intellectual distinction has maintained his powers in full activity, it has been by avoiding the bad effects of an entirely sedentary life.

I well believe that a person naturally robust, with a clear and powerful brain, could bear twelve or fourteen hours' work every day for years together so far as the work itself is concerned, if only so large an expenditure of time left a sufficient margin for amusement, and exercise, and sleep. But the privation of exercise, by weakening the digestive and assimilative powers, reduces the flow of

healthy and rich blood to the brain—the brain requires an enormous quantity of blood, especially when the cerebral matter is rapidly destroyed by intellectual labor—and usually brings on nervousness, the peculiar affliction of the over-driven mental laborer. This nervousness is Nature's kindly warning, preserving us, if we attend to it in time, from much more serious consequences. The best preventive of it, and often the only cure, is plenty of moderate exercise. The customs of the upper classes in England happily provide this in the best shape, that of amusement enjoyed in society, but our middle classes in large towns do not get nearly enough of it, and the most studious are always strongly tempted to neglect it altogether.

Men of great imaginative power are commonly addicted to a habit which is peculiarly dangerous. They work as race-horses work, with the utmost intensity of effort during short spaces of time, taxing all their powers whilst the brilliant effort lasts. When Beckford wrote the wonderful tale "Vathek" in his twentieth year, he did it at a single sitting, which lasted for three days and two nights, and it cost him a serious illness. Several of the best poems by Byron were written, if not quite with equal rapidity, still on the same principle of composition at white heat. In cases of this kind, Nature provides her own remedy in the indolence of the imaginative temperament, which leaves large spaces of time for the action of the recuperative processes. The same law governs the physical energies of the carnivora, which maintain, or recover, their capacity for extraordinary effort by intervals of absolute repose. In its long spaces of mental rest the imaginative temperament recruits itself by amusement, which in England usually includes physical exercise of some kind.

This fortunate indolence of men of genius would in most instances ensure their safety if they were not impelled by necessity to labor beyond the suggestions of inclination. The exhausted brain never of itself seeks the additional exhaustion of hard work. You know very well when you are tired, and at such times the natural man in you asks plainly enough for rest and recreation. The art is so to arrange our lives that the natural man may sometimes have his way, and forget, if only for a time, the labors which lead to weariness—not to that pleasant weariness of the body which promises soundest sleep, but the distressing fatigue of the exhausted spirit which is tortured by the importunity of ideas which it is unable to express, and apprehensions that it cannot dismiss, which fights

through the sleepless night the phantoms of unconquerable horror.

NOTE.—The bad effect of literary composition on the physical state which was observed by Wordsworth in his own case was also noticed by Shelley during the composition of the "Cenci," which, he said, had been a fine antidote to nervous medicines, and kept, he believed, the pain in his side "as sticks do a fire." These influences are best observed in people whose health is delicate. Although Joubert, for example, had an extremely clear intellect, he could scarcely write at all on account of the physical consequences. I have come to the conclusion that literary work acts simply as a strong stimulant. In moderate quantities it is not only innocent, but decidedly beneficial; in excess it acts like poison on the nervous system. What constitutes excess every man has to find out by his own experience. A page was excess to Joubert, a chapter was moderation to Alexandre Dumas.

LETTER III.

TO A STUDENT IN UNCERTAIN HEALTH.

Habits of Kant, the philosopher—Objection to an over-minute regularity of habit—Value of independence of character—Case of an English author—Case of an English resident in Paris—Scott an abundant eater and drinker—Goethe also—An eminent French publisher—Turgot—Importance of good cookery—Wine drinking—Ale—The aid of stimulants treacherous—The various effects of tobacco—Tea and coffee—Case of an English clergyman—Balzac—The Arab custom of coffee-drinking—Wisdom of occasionally using stimulants.

IMMANUEL KANT, who was a master in the art of taking care of himself, had by practice acquired a dexterous mode of folding himself up in the bed-clothes, by passing them over and under his shoulders, so that, when the operation was complete, he was shut up like the silkworm in his cocoon. "When I am thus snugly folded up in my bed," he would say to his friends, "I say to myself, can any man be in better health than I am?"

There is nothing in the lives of philosophers more satisfactory than this little passage. If Kant had said to himself, "Can anybody be wiser, more learned, more justly deserving of immortal fame than I am?" we should have felt, that however agreeable this opinion might have been to the philosopher who held it, his private satisfaction stood in need of confirmation from without; and even if he had really been all this, we might have reflected that wisdom and learning still leave their possessor exposed to the acutest kinds of suffering. But when a philosopher rolls himself up at night, and congratulates himself on the possession of perfect health, we only think what a happy man he was to possess that first of blessings, and what a sensible man to know the value of it! And Kant had a deeper happiness in this reflection than any which could spring from the mere consciousness of possessing one of the unearned gifts of nature. The excellence of his health was due in part to a

sufficiently good constitution, but it was due also to his own extreme carefulness about his habits. By an unceasing observation of his own bodily life, as far as possible removed from the anxiety of hypochondriacs, he managed to keep the physical machine in such regular order, that for more than thirty years he always rose precisely at the same minute. If his object had been health for health's sake, the result would still have been well worth any sacrifices of momentary inclination that it cost him; but Kant had a higher purpose. He well knew that the regularity of the intellectual life depended entirely on the regularity of the bodily functions, and, unlike the foolish men alluded to by Goethe who pass the day in complaining of headache, and the night in drinking the wine that produces it, Kant not only knew that regular health was necessary to his work as a philosopher, but did everything in his power to preserve it. Few intellectual laborers have in this respect given evidence of such persistent strength of will.

In his manner of living he did not consult custom, but the needs of his individual nature. It is not always easy for great brain-workers to follow with perfect fidelity the customs of the people about them. These usages have been gradually formed by the majority to suit the needs of the majority: but there are cases where a close adherence to them would be a serious hindrance to the highest and best activity. A good example of this is Kant's intense antipathy to beer. It did not suit him, and he was right in his non-conformity to German usage on this point, but he was mistaken in believing beer to be universally injurious. There is a very general belief in England that what is called a good breakfast is the foundation of the labor of the day. Kant's breakfast, which he took at five in the morning at all seasons of the year, consisted of a cup of tea and a pipe of tobacco. On this he worked eight hours, either in lecturing or writing—a long stretch of uninterrupted labor. He dined at one, and this was his only meal, for he had no supper. The single repast was a deviation from ordinary usage, but Kant found that it suited him, probably because he read in the evening from six till a quarter to ten, and a second meal might have interfered with this by diminishing his power of attention. There exists a strong medical objection to this habit of taking only one meal in twenty-four hours, which indeed is almost unknown in England, though not extremely rare on the Continent. I know an old gentleman who for forty years has lived as Kant did, and

enjoys excellent health and uncommon mental clearness.

A detail which illustrates Kant's attention to whatever could affect his physical life, is his rule to withdraw his mind from everything requiring effort fifteen minutes before he went to bed. His theory, which is fully confirmed by the experience of others, was, that there was a risk of missing sleep if the brain was not tranquillized before bed-time. He knew that the intellectual life of the day depended on the night's rest, and he took this precaution to secure it. The regularity of his daily walk, taken during the afternoon in all weathers, and the strict limitation of the hours of rest, also helped the soundness of his sleep.

He would not walk out in company, for the whimsical reason that if he opened his mouth a colder air would reach his lungs than that which passed through the nostrils; and he would not eat alone, but always had guests to dinner. There are good physiological reasons in favor of pleasant society at table, and, besides these, there are good intellectual reasons also.

By attention to these rules of his, Kant managed to keep both body and mind in a working order, more uninterrupted than is usual with men who go through much intellectual labor. The solitary objection to his system is the excessive regularity of habit to which it bound him by chains of his own forging. He found a quiet happiness in this regularity: indeed, happiness is said to be more commonly found in habit than in anything else, so deeply does it satisfy a great permanent instinct of our nature. But a *minute* regularity of habit is objectionable, because it can only be practicable at home, and is compatible only with an existence of the most absolute tranquillity. Kant did not travel, and never could have travelled. He was a bachelor, and could not have ceased to be a bachelor, without a disturbance that would have been intolerable to him. He enjoyed the full benefits of his system without experiencing its disadvantages, but any considerable change of situation would have made the disadvantages apparent. Few lives can be so minutely regulated without risk of future inconvenience.

Kant's example is a good one so far as this, that it proved a sort of independence of character which would be valuable to every student. All who need to keep their minds in the best possible condition ought to have resolution enough to regulate their living in a manner which experience, in their case, proves to be most favorable. Whatever may be the authority of custom, a wise man makes

himself independent of usages which are impediments to his best activity. I know an author who was always unwell about eleven o'clock in the morning—so unwell that he could do nothing but lament his miserable fate. Knowing by experience the powerful effect of regimen, I inquired whether he enjoyed his breakfast. "No, he did not." "Then why did he attempt to eat any breakfast?" It turned out that this foolish man swallowed every morning two cups of bad coffee and a quantity of greasy food, from a patriotic deference to the customs of his country. He was persuaded to abandon this unsuitable habit and to eat nothing till half-past ten, when his adviser prescribed a well-cooked little *déjeuner à la fourchette*, accompanied by half a bottle of sound Bordeaux. The effect was magical. My friend felt light and cheerful before *déjeuner*, and worked quite happily and well, whilst after *déjeuner* he felt like a horse that has eaten his corn. Nor was the good effect a transitory one; the bad symptoms never returned, and he still adheres to his new arrangement. This little reform made a wretched existence happy, and has had for its result an increase in production with a diminution of fatigue. The explanation is that the stomach did not ask for the early breakfast, and had a hard fight to overcome it, after which came exhaustion and a distaste both for food and work. There are cases where an opposite rule is the right one. An Englishman living in Paris found the French *déjeuner* unsuitable for him, and discovered that he worked best on a substantial English breakfast, with strong tea, at eight in the morning, after which he went on working all day without any further nourishment till dinner at six in the evening. A friend of Sir Walter Scott's, who had stayed with him at Abbotsford, told me that Sir Walter ate and drank like everybody else as to times and seasons, but much more abundantly than people of less vigorous organization. Goethe used to work till eleven without taking anything, then he drank a cup of chocolate and worked till one. "At two he dined. This meal was the important meal of the day. His appetite was immense. Even on the days when he complained of not being hungry he ate much more than most men. Puddings, sweets, and cakes were always welcome. He sat a long while over his wine. He was fond of wine, and drank daily his two or three bottles." An eminent French publisher, one of the most clear-headed and hard-working men of his generation, never touched food or drink till six in the evening, when he ate an excellent dinner with his guests. He found this system favorable to

his work, but a man of less robust constitution would have felt exhausted in the course of the day.

Turgot could not work well till after he had dined copiously, but many men cannot think after a substantial meal; and here, in spite of the example set by Scott and Goethe, let me observe that nothing interferes so much with brainwork as over-eating. The intellectual workman requires nourishment of the best possible quality, but the quantity ought always to be well within the capacity of his digestive powers. The truth appears to be, that whilst the intellectual life makes very large demands upon nutrition—for cerebral activity cannot go forward without constant supplies of force, which must come ultimately from what we have eaten—this kind of life, being sedentary, is unfavorable to the work of digestion. Brain-workers cannot eat like sportsmen and farmers without losing many hours in torpor, and yet they need nutrition as much as if they led active lives. The only way out of this difficulty is to take care that the food is good enough for a moderate quantity of it to maintain the physical and mental powers. The importance of scientific cookery can hardly be exaggerated. Intellectual labor is, in its origin, as dependent upon the art of cookery as the dissemination of its results is dependent upon paper-making and printing. This is one of those matters which people cannot be brought to consider seriously; but cookery in its perfection—the great science of preparing food in the way best suited to our use—is really the most important of all sciences, and the mother of the arts. The wonderful theory that the most ignorant cookery is the most favorable to health is only fit for the dark ages. It is grossly and stupidly untrue. A scientific cook will keep you in regular health, when an ignorant one will offer you the daily alternative of starving or indigestion.

The great question of drinks is scarcely less important. Sound natural wines, not strengthened by any addition of alcohol, are known to supply both stimulus and nourishment to the brain. Goethe's practice was not irrational, though he drank fifty thousand bottles in his lifetime. Still it is not necessary to imitate him to this extent. The wine-drinking populations have keener and livelier wits than those who use other beverages. It is proved by long experience that the pure juice of the grape sustains the force and activity of the brain. The poets who from age to age have sung the praise of wine were not wholly either deceivers or deceived. In the lands of the vine, where the plant is looked upon as a

nursing mother, men do not injure their health by drinking; but in the colder North, where the grape can never ripen, the deaths from intemperance are frequent. Bread and wine are almost pure gifts of nature, though both are prepared by man after the old traditional ways. These are not poisons, but gin and absinthe are poisons, madness poured out from a bottle! Kant and Goethe loved the pure Rhine wine, and their brains were clear and vigorous to the utmost span of life. It was not wine that ruined Burns and Byron, or Baudelaire, or Alfred de Musset.

Notwithstanding Kant's horror of beer, that honest northern drink deserves our friendly recognition. It has quite a peculiar effect upon the nervous system, giving a rest and calm which no other drink can procure for it so safely. It is said that beer drinkers are slow, and a little stupid; that they have an ox-like placidity not quite favorable to any brilliant intellectual display. But there are times when this placidity is what the laboring brain most needs. After the agitations of too active thinking there is safety in a tankard of ale. The wine drinkers are agile, but they are excitable; the beer drinkers are heavy, but in their heaviness there is peace. In that clear golden drink which England has brewed for more than a thousand Octobers, and will brew for a thousand more, we may find perhaps some explanation of that absence of irritability which is the safe-guard of the national character, which makes it faithful in its affections, easy to govern, not easy to excite to violence.

If I have spoken favorably of beer and wine as having certain intellectual uses, please remember that I recommend only the habitual use of them, not mad rites of Bacchus, and even the habitual use only just so far as it may suit the individual constitution. The liberal regimen of Scott and Goethe would not answer in every case, and there are organizations, often very robust, in which intoxicating drinks of all kinds, even in the most moderate quantity, impede the brain's action instead of aiding it. Two of the most able men I have ever known could not drink pure wine of any kind because it sent the blood to the head, with consequent cerebral oppression. And whilst on this subject I ought to observe, that the aid which these stimulants afford, even when the body gratefully accepts them, is often treacherous from its very acceptability. Men who are over-driven—and the number of such men is unhappily very great in these days—say that without stimulants they could not get through their labor; but the stimulants often delude

us as to the limits of our natural powers and encourage us to attempt too much. The help they give us is not altogether illusory; under certain limitations it is real, but many have gone farther than the reality of the assistance warranted. The ally brings to us an increase of forces, but he comes with appearances of power surpassing the reality, and we undertake tasks beyond our strength. In drinking, as in eating, the best rule for the intellectual is moderation in quantity with good quality, a sound wine, and not enough of it to foster self-delusion.

The use of tobacco has so much extended itself in the present generation that we are all obliged to make a decision for ourselves on the ancient controversy between its friends and enemies. We cannot form a reasonable opinion about tobacco without bearing in mind that it produces, according to circumstances, one of two entirely distinct and even opposite classes of effects. In certain states of the body it acts as a stimulant, in other states as a narcotic. People who have a dislike to smoking affirm that it stupefies; but this assertion, at least so far as the temporary consequences are concerned, is not supported by experience. Most of the really brilliant conversations that I have listened to have been accompanied by clouds of tobacco-smoke; and a great deal of the best literary composition that is produced by contemporary authors is wrought by men who are actually smoking whilst they work. My own experience is that very moderate smoking acts as a pleasant stimulus upon the brain, whilst it produces a temporary lassitude of the muscular system, not perceptible in times of rest, but an appreciable hindrance in times of muscular exertion. It is better therefore for men who feel these effects from tobacco to avoid it when they are in exercise, and to use it only when the body rests and the mind labors. Pray remember, however, that this is the experience of an exceedingly moderate smoker, who has not yet got himself into the general condition of body which is brought on by a larger indulgence in tobacco. On the other hand, it is evident that men engaged in physical labor find a muscular stimulus in occasional smoking, and not a temporary lassitude. It is probable that the effect varies with individual cases, and is never precisely what our own experience would lead us to imagine. For excessive smokers, it appears to be little more than the tranquillizing of a sort of uneasiness, the continual satisfaction of a continual craving. I have never been able to ascertain that moderate smoking diminished intellectual force; but I have observed in exces-

give smokers a decided weakening of the will, and a preference for talking about work to the effort of actual labor. The opinions of medical men on this subject are so much at variance that their science only adds to our uncertainty. One doctor tells me that the most moderate smoking is unquestionably injurious, whilst others affirm that it is innocent. Speaking simply from self-observation, I find that in my own case tea and coffee are far more perilous than tobacco.

Almost all English people are habitual tea-drinkers, and as the tea they drink is very strong, they may be said to use it in excess. The unpleasant symptoms which tea-poisoning produces in a patient not inured by habit, disappear in the seasoned tea-drinker, leaving only a certain exhilaration, which appears to be perfectly innocuous. If tea is a safe stimulant, it is certainly an agreeable one, and there seems to be no valid reason why brain-workers should refuse themselves that solace. I knew a worthy clergyman many years ago who from the most conscientious motives denied himself ale and wine, but found a fountain of consolation in the tea-pot. His usual allowance was sixteen cups, all of heroic strength, and the effect upon his brain seems to have been altogether favorable, for his sermons were both long and eloquent, and to this day he is preaching still, without any diminution of his powers. French people find in coffee the most efficacious remedy for the temporary torpor of the mind which results from the processes of digestion. Balzac drank great quantities of coffee whilst he wrote; and this, it is believed, brought on the terrible nervous disease that accelerated his end. The best proof that tea and coffee are favorable to intellectual expression is that all nations use one or the other as aids to conversation. In Mr. Palgrave's *Travels in Arabia* there is never any talk without the inevitable coffee, that fragrant Arabian berry prepared with such delicate cunning that it yields the perfect aroma.

The wisdom of occasionally using these various stimulants for intellectual purposes is proved by a single consideration. Each of us has a little cleverness and a great deal of sluggish stupidity. There are certain occasions when we absolutely need the little cleverness that we possess. The orator needs it when he speaks, the poet when he versifies, but neither cares how stupid he may become when the oration is delivered and the lyric set down on paper. The stimulant serves to bring out the talent when it is wanted, like the wind in the pipes of an organ. "What will it matter if I am even a little duller after-

wards?" says the genius; "I can afford to be dull when I have done." But the truth still remains that there are stimulants and stimulants. Not the nectar of the gods themselves were worth the dash of a wave upon the beach, and the pure cool air of the morning.

NOTE.—What is said in the above letter about the employment of stimulants is intended to apply only to cases in which there is no organic disease. The harm which diseased persons do to themselves by conforming to customs which are innocent for others is as lamentable as it is easily avoidable. Two bottles of any natural wine grown above the latitude of Lyons are a permissible daily allowance to a man whose organs are all sound; but the doctors in the wine districts unanimously forbid pure wine when there is a chronic inflammatory tendency. In these cases even the most honest Bordeaux ought to be diluted with twice its volume of water. There are many chronic diseases which tobacco irritates and accelerates. Both wine and tobacco are injurious to weak eyes.

LETTER IV.

TO A MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN.

Muscular and intellectual tendencies in two boys—Difficulty of finding time to satisfy both—Plato on the influences of music and gymnastics—Somnolence and digestion—Neglect of literature—Natural restlessness of the active temperament—Case of a Garibaldiian officer—Difficulty of taking a sufficient interest in exercise—A boar hunt.

I KNOW two little boys, sons of a near neighbor, who have from childhood exhibited opposite tendencies. One of them is incessantly active, always out of doors in any weather, busy about horses, and farming, and game, heedless of his books, and studying only under positive compulsion. The other sits at home with his lessons or a story book, and only goes out because he is incited by the fraternal example. The two lads represent two distinct varieties of human life, the active and the intellectual. The elder is happiest during physical exertion; the younger is happiest when his brain is fully occupied. Left entirely to themselves, without the equalizing influence of the outside world and the ways of living which general custom has established, they would lead the most opposite lives. The elder would inevitably become a farmer, that he might live in the country and take exercise all day long, or else he would seek adventure in wild travel, or in romantic warfare; but the younger would very quickly be taken possession of by some engrossing intellectual pursuit, and lead the life of a sedentary student. The problem which these two young lives have before them is the reconciliation of their tendencies. Since they come of cultivated parents, the intellectual lad has the better chance of following his own bent. Both will have to take their University degrees, and the younger has the advan-

tage there. Still there are powerful influences in favor of the elder. His activity will be encouraged by the admiration of his companions, and by the example of the country gentlemen who are his neighbors. He can ride, and row, and swim; he is beginning to shoot; at twenty he will be a sportsman. When once he has taken his degree, I wonder what will be the advances in his intellectual culture. Fraternal and social influences will preserve the younger from absolute physical inaction; but there are not any influences powerful enough to keep the elder safe from intellectual rust.

If you, who are a distinguished sportsman and athlete, would kindly inform us with perfect frankness of the line which your studies have followed since you quitted Eton, we should be the wiser for your experience. Have gymnastic exercises hardened you, as Plato said they did, when pursued excessively? and do you need the musical studies which he both valued and dreaded as the most powerful of softening influences? If you have energy enough to lead both lives, pray how do you find the time?

As to Plato's musical influence, you invite it, and yet you treacherously elude its power. After being out all day in the pursuit of sylvan pleasures (if shooting on treeless wastes can be called a sylvan pleasure), you come home at nightfall ravenous. Then you do ample justice to your dinner, and having satisfied your *faim de chasseur*, you go into the drawing-room, and ask your wife to play and sing to you. If Plato could witness that pretty scene, he would approve your obedience to his counsels. He would behold an athletic Englishman stretching his mighty limbs on a couch of soft repose, and letting his soul grow tender as his ears drank ravishing harmonies. If, however, the ancient sage, delighted with so sweet a picture of strength refined by song, were to dwell upon the sight as I have done, he would perceive too soon that, although your body was present indeed, your soul had become deaf in sleep's oblivion. So it happens to you night after night, and the music reaches you no more than the songs of choristers reach the dead in the graves below.

And the elevating influences of literature? You have books, of course, in abundance. There is a library, amongst other luxuries of your home. But the literature your intellect feeds upon is in the columns of the *Field*, your newspaper. Yet this neglect of the means of culture is not due to any natural feebleness of the mind. Your brain, by its nature, is as vigorous as your vigorous body.

It is sleep, and weariness, and the great necessary business of digestion, that drown your intellectual energies. The work of repairing so great a destruction of muscle is nature's chief concern. Since you became the mighty hunter that you are, the wear and tear have been enormous, and the necessary rapidity of reconstruction has absorbed your rich vitality.

I will not question the wisdom of your choice, if there has been any deliberate choice, though perhaps the life of action that you lead may have grown rather out of circumstances determining habit than from any conscious resolution. Health is so much more necessary to happiness than culture, that few who could choose between them would sacrifice it for learning, unless they were impelled by irresistible instincts. And beyond the great delight of health and strength there is a restlessness in men born to be active which must have its outlet in activity. I knew a brave Italian who had followed Garibaldi in all his romantic enterprises, who had suffered from privation and from wounds, who had not only faced death in the wildest adventures, but, what is even more terrible to the active temperament, had risked health from frequent exposure; and when I asked him whether it was affection to his famous chief, or faith in a political creed, or some more personal motive that had led him to this scorn of prudence, he answered that, after honest self-examination, he believed the most powerful motive to be the passion for an active life. The active temperament likes physical action for its own sake, and not as a means of health. Activity renews itself and claims larger and larger satisfaction, till at last the habit of it absorbs the whole energy of the man.

Although such a life as yours would be incompatible with the work I have to do, it would be an unmixed benefit to me to take a greater interest in exercise. If you could but communicate that interest, how willingly would I become your pupil! The fatal law of the studious temperament is, that in exercise itself it must find some intellectual charm, so that we quit our books in the library only to go and read the infinite book of nature. We cannot go out in the country without incessantly thinking about either botany, or geology, or landscape painting, and it is difficult for us to find a refuge from the importunate habit of investigation. Sport is the only refuge, but the difficulty is to care about it sufficiently to avoid *ennui*. When you have not the natural instinct, how are you to supply its place by any make-believe excitement?

There is no position in the world more wearisome than that of a man inwardly indifferent to the amusement in which he is trying to take part. You can watch for game with an invincible patience, for you have the natural instinct, but after the first ten minutes on the skirts of the wood I lay my gun down and begin to botanize. Last week a friendly neighbor invited me to a boar-hunt. The boar was supposed to be in the middle of a great impenetrable plantation, and all I did during the whole morning was to sit in my saddle awaiting the exit of the beast, cantering from one point of the wood's circumference to another, as the cry of the dogs guided me. Was it pleasure? A true hunter would have found interest enough in expectation, but I felt like a man on a railway-platform who is waiting for a train that is late.

LETTER V.

TO A STUDENT WHO NEGLECTED BODILY EXERCISE.

Difficulty of conciliating the animal and the intellectual lives—Bodily activity sometimes preserved by an effort of the will—Necessity of faith in exercise—Incompatibility between physical and intellectual living disappears in large spaces of time—Franklin's theory about concentration in exercise—Time an essential factor—Health of a rural postman—Pedestrian habits of Wordsworth—Pedestrian and equestrian habits of Sir Walter Scott—Goethe's wild delight in physical exercise—Alexander Humboldt combated early delicacy by exercise—Intellectual utilities of physical action.

"We have done those things which we ought not to have done; we have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and there is no health in us."

How applicable, my dear brother, are these words which the Church, in her wisdom, has seen to be adapted to all sinners—how applicable, I say, are they to students most especially! They have quite a personal applicability to you and me. We have read all day long, and written till three o'clock in the morning; we have taken no exercise for weeks, and there is no health in us. The doctor scrutinizes our wearied eyes, and knows that our brains are weary. Little do we need his warnings, for does not Nature herself remind us of our disobedience, and tell us in language not to be misinterpreted, to amend the error of our ways? Our digestion is sluggish and imperfect; we are as nervous as delicate ladies, and there is no health in us.

How easy it is to follow one of the two lives—the animal or the intellectual! how

difficult to conciliate the two! In every one of us there exists an animal which might have been as vigorous as wolves and foxes, if it had been left to develop itself in freedom. But besides the animal, there existed also a mind, and the mental activity restrained the bodily activity, till at last there is a serious danger of putting an end to it altogether.

I know two men, about fifty-five years old both of them, and both of them admirably active. They tell me that their bodily activity has been preserved by an effort of the will; that if they had not resolutely kept up the habit of using legs and arms in daily work or amusement their limbs would have stiffened into uselessness, and their constitutions would have been unable to bear the call of any sudden emergency. One of them has four residences in different parts of the same county, and yet he will not keep a carriage, but is a pedestrian terrible to his friends; the other is at the head of a great business, and gives an example of physical activity to his work-people. Both have an absolute faith in habitual exercise; and both affirm that if the habit were once broken they could never afterwards resume it.

We need this faith in exercise—this firm conviction of its necessity—the sort of conviction that makes a man go out in all weathers, and leave the most urgent intellectual labor for the mere discipline and hardening of the body. Few students possess this faith in its purity. It is hard to believe that we shall get any good from exercise proportionate to the sacrifice of time.

The incompatibility between the physical and the intellectual lives is often very marked if you look at small spaces of time only; but if you consider broader spaces, such as a lifetime, then the incompatibility is not so marked, and gives place to a manifest conciliation. The brain is clearer in vigorous health than it can be in the gloom and misery of sickness; and although health may last for a while without renewal from exercise, so that if you are working under pressure for a month the time given to exercise is so much deducted from the result, it is not so for the life's performance. Health sustained for many years is so useful to the realization of all considerable intellectual undertakings, that the sacrifice to the bodily well-being is the best of all possible investments.

Franklin's theory about concentrating his exercise for the economy of time was founded upon a mistake. Violent exertion for minutes is not equivalent to moderate exercise for hours. The desire to concentrate good of various kinds into the smallest possible space is

one of the commonest of *human* wishes, but it is not encouraged by the broader economy of nature. In the exercise of the mind every teacher is well aware that time is an essential factor. It is necessary to *live* with a study for hundreds or thousands of hours before the mind can assimilate as much of the subject as it may need; and so it is necessary to live in exercise during a thousand hours of every year to make sure of the physical benefits. Even the fresh air itself requires time to renovate our blood. The fresh air cannot be concentrated; and to breathe the prodigious quantities of it which are needed for perfect energy, we must be out in it frequently and long.

The inhabitants of great cities have recourse to gymnastics as a substitute for the sports of the country. These exercises have one advantage—they can be directed scientifically so as to strengthen the limbs that need development; but no city gymnasium can offer the invigorating breezes of the mountain. We require not only exercise but exposure—daily exposure to the health-giving inclemencies of the weather. The postman who brings my letters walks eight thousand miles a year, and enjoys the most perfect regularity of health. There are operatives in factories who go through quite as much bodily exertion, but they have not his fine condition. He is as merry as a lark, and announces himself every morning like a bearer of joyful tidings. What the postman does from necessity an old gentleman did as regularly, though more moderately, for the preservation of his health and faculties. He went out every day; and as he never consulted the weather, so he never had to consult the physicians.

Nothing in the habits of Wordsworth—that model of excellent habits—can be better as an example to men of letters than his love of pedestrian excursions. Wherever he happened to be, he explored the whole neighborhood on foot, looking into every nook and cranny of it; and not merely the immediate neighborhood, but extended tracts of country; and in this way he met with much of his best material. Scott was both a pedestrian and an equestrian traveller, having often, as he tells us, walked thirty miles or ridden a hundred in those rich and beautiful districts which afterwards proved to him such a mine of literary wealth. Goethe took a wild delight in all sorts of physical exercise—swimming in the Ilm by moonlight, skating with the merry little Weimar court on the Schwansee, riding about the country on horseback, and becoming at times quite outrageous in the rich exuberance of his energy. Alexander Humboldt

was delicate in his youth, but the longing for great enterprises made him dread the hindrances of physical insufficiency, so he accustomed his body to exercise and fatigue, and prepared himself for those wonderful explorations which opened his great career. Here are intellectual lives which were forwarded in their special aims by habits of physical exercise; and, in an earlier age, have we not also the example of the greatest intellect of a great epoch, the astonishing Leonardo da Vinci, who took such a delight in horsemanship that although, as Vasari tells us, poverty visited him often, he never could sell his horses or dismiss his grooms?

The physical and intellectual lives are not incompatible. I may go farther, and affirm that the physical activity of men eminent in literature has added abundance to their material and energy to their style; that the activity of scientific men has led them to innumerable discoveries; and that even the more sensitive and contemplative study of the fine arts has been carried to a higher perfection by artists who painted action in which they had had their part, or natural beauty, which they had travelled far to see. Even philosophy itself owes much to mere physical courage and endurance. How much that is noblest in ancient thinking may be due to the hardy health of Socrates!

LETTER VI.

TO AN AUTHOR IN MORTAL DISEASE.

Considering death as a certainty—The wisdom learned from suffering—Employment of happier intervals—The teaching of the diseased not to be rejected—Their double experience—Ignorance of Nature's spoiled children—Benefit of disinterested thought—Reasons for pursuing intellectual labors to the last—Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire.

WHEN Alexandre Bixio lay on his death-bed, his friend Labrousse visited him, and exclaimed on entering the room, "How well you are looking to-day!" To this, Bixio, who was clearly aware of his condition, answered in these words:—"Voyons, mon pauvre Labrousse; tu viens voir un homme qui n'a plus qu'un quart d'heure à vivre, et tu veux lui faire croire qu'il a bonne mine; allons, une poignée de main, cela vaut mieux pour un homme que tous ces petits mensonges-là."

I will vex you with none of these well-meant but wearisome little falsehoods. We both of us know your state; we both know that your malady, though it may be alleviated, can never be cured; and that the fatal

termination of it, though delayed by all the artifices of science, will certainly arrive at last. The cheerful courage which enables you to look this certainty in the face has also enabled you to extract from years of suffering that profoundest wisdom which (as one of the wisest of living Englishmen has told us) can be learned from suffering alone. The admirable elasticity of your intellectual and moral nature has enabled you, in the intervals of physical uneasiness or pain, to cast aside every morbid thought, to enter quite fully and heartily into the healthy life of others, and to enjoy the magnificent spectacle of the universe with contented submission to its laws—those beneficent yet relentless laws which to you bring debility and death. You have continued to write notwithstanding the progress of your malady; and yet, since it has so pitilessly held you, there is no other change in the spirit of your compositions than the deepening of a graver beauty, the addition of a sweeter seriousness. Not one sentence that you have written betrays either the injustice of the invalid, or his irritability. Your mind is not clouded by any mist from the fever marshes, but its sympathies are far more active than they were. Your pain has taught you a tender pity for all the pain that is outside of you, and a patient gentleness which was wanting to your nature in its days of barbarian health.

Surely it would be a lamentable error if mankind were to carry out the recommendation of certain ruthless philosophers, and reject the help and teaching of the diseased. Without undervaluing the robust performance of healthy natures, and without encouraging literature that is morbid, that is fevered, impatient, and perverse, we may still prize the noble teaching which is the testament of sufferers to the world. The diseased have a peculiar and mysterious experience; they have known the sensations of health, and then, in addition to this knowledge, they have gained another knowledge which enables them to think more accurately even of health itself. A life without suffering would be like a picture without shade. The pets of Nature, who do not know what suffering is, and cannot realize it, have always a certain rawness, like foolish landsmen who laugh at the terrors of the ocean, because they have neither experience enough to know what those terrors are, nor brains enough to imagine them.

You who are borne along, slowly but irresistibly, to that Niagara which plunges into the

gulf of death,—you who, with perfect self-possession and heroic cheerfulness, are counting the last miles of the voyage,—find leisure to study and think as the boat glides onwards silently to the inevitable end. It is one of the happiest privileges of the high intellectual life that it can elevate us—at least in the intervals of relief from complete prostration or acute pain—to regions of disinterested thought, where all personal anxieties are forgotten. To feel that he is still able, even in days of physical weakness and decline, to add something to the world's inheritance of knowledge, or to bequeath to it some new and noble thought in the pearl of complete expression, is a profound satisfaction to the active mind that is lodged in a perishing body. Many diseases fortunately permit this activity to the last; and I do not hesitate to affirm, that the work done in the time of physical decline has in not a few instances been the most perfect and the most permanently valuable. It is not accurately true that the mind and the body invariably fail together. Physicians who know how prevalent chronic diseases are, and how many eminent men are physically inconvenienced by them, know also that minds of great spiritual energy possess the wonderful faculty of indefinitely improving themselves whilst the body steadily deteriorates. Nor is there anything irrational in this persistent improvement of the mind, even to the extremest limit of material decay; for the mind of every intellectual human being is part and parcel of the great permanent mind of humanity; and even if its influence soon ceases to be traceable—if the spoken words are forgotten—if the written volume is not reprinted or even quoted, it has not worked in vain. The intellectual light of Europe in this century is not only due to great luminaries whom every one can name, but to millions of thoughtful persons, now utterly forgotten, who in their time loved the light, and guarded it, and increased it, and carried it into many lands, and bequeathed it as a sacred trust. He who labors only for his personal pleasure may well be discouraged by the shortness and uncertainty of life, and cease from his selfish toil on the first approaches of disease; but whoever has fully realized the grand continuity of intellectual tradition, and taken his own place in it between the future and the past, will work till he can work no more, and then gaze hopefully on the world's great future, like Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, when his blind eyes beheld the future of zoology.

LETTER VII.

TO A YOUNG MAN OF BRILLIANT ABILITY, WHO
HAD JUST TAKEN HIS DEGREE.

A domestic picture—Thoughts suggested by it—Importance of the senses in intellectual pursuits—Importance of hearing to Madame de Staël—Importance of seeing to Mr. Ruskin—Mr. Prescott, the historian—How blindness retarded his work—Value of all the five senses—Self-government indispensable to their perfection—Great value of longevity to the intellectual life.

It is always a great pleasure to me to pass an evening at your father's house; but on the last occasion that pleasure was very much enhanced because you were once more with us. I watched your mother's eyes as she sat in her place in the drawing-room. They followed you almost without ceasing, and there was the sweetest, happiest expression on her dear face, that betrayed her tender maternal love for you and her legitimate maternal pride. Your father was equally happy in his own way; he was much more gay and talkative than I have seen him for two or three anxious years; he told amusing stories; he entered playfully into the jests of others; he had pleasant projects for the future, and spoke of them with facetious exaggeration. I sat quietly in my corner, slyly observing my old friends, and amusing myself by discovering (it did not need much perspicacity for that) the hidden sources of the happiness that was so clearly visible. They were gladdened by the first successes of your manhood; by the evidence of your strength; by the realization of hopes long cherished.

Watching this charming picture with a perfect sympathy, I began to have certain thoughts of my own which it is my present purpose to communicate to you without disguise. I thought, first, how agreeable it was to be the spectator of so pretty a picture; but then my eyes wandered to a painting that hung upon the walls, in which also there were a mother and her son, and this led me a long way. The painting was a hundred years old; but although the colors were not quite so fresh as when they left the palette of the artist, the beautiful youth who stood radiant like a young Apollo in the centre of the composition had not lost one of the great gifts with which his cunning human creator had endowed him. The fire of his eye had not been quenched by time; the bloom of his cheek still flushed with faint vermillion; his lip was full and imperious; his limbs athletic; his bearing haughty and dauntless. All life seemed spread before him like a beautiful rich estate of which every acre was his own. How easily will he conquer fame! how easily kindle passion. Who shall withstand this pink and per-

fection of aristocracy—this ideal of the age of fine gentlemen, with all the gifts of nature helped by all the inventions of art?

Then I thought farther: "That splendid young nobleman in the picture will look just as young as he does now when we shall be either superannuated or dead." And I looked at you and your mother again and thought: "It is just five minutes since I saw these two living beings, and in this little space of time they have both of them aged a little, though no human observer has enough delicacy of perception to detect so inappreciable an alteration." I went gradually on and on into the future, trying to imagine the changes which would come over yourself more especially (for it was you who were the centre of my reverie), till at last I imagined pretty accurately what you might be at sixty; but there it became necessary to stop, because it was too difficult to conceive the processes of decay.

After this, one thought grew upon me and became dominant. I thought, at present he has all the senses in their perfection, and they serve him without a hitch. He is an intelligence served by organs, and the organs are all doing their duty as faithfully as a postman who brings letters. When the postman becomes too infirm to do his work he will retire on his little pension, and another will take his place and bring the letters just as regularly; but when the human organs become infirm they cannot be taken out and replaced by new ones, so that we must content ourselves, to the end, with their service, such as it may be. Then I reflected how useful the senses are to the high intellectual life, and how wise it is, even for intellectual purposes, to preserve them as long as possible in their perfection.

To be able to see and hear well—to feel healthy sensations—even to taste and smell properly, are most important qualifications for the pursuit of literature, and art, and science. If you read attentively the work of any truly illustrious poet, you will find that the whole of the imagery which gives power and splendor to his verse is derived from nature through one or other of these ordinary channels. Some philosophers have gone much farther than this, and have affirmed that the entire intellectual life is based ultimately upon remembered physical sensations; that we have no mental conception that is really independent of sensuous experience; and that the most abstract thought is only removed from sensation by successive processes of substitution. I have not space to enter into so great and mysterious a subject as this; but I desire to draw your attention to a truth very com-

monly overlooked by intellectual people, which is the enormous importance of the organs of sense in the highest intellectual pursuits. I will couple together two names which have owed their celebrity, one chiefly to the use of her ears, the other to the use of his eyes. Madame de Stael obtained her literary material almost exclusively by means of conversation. She directed, systematically, the talk of the learned and brilliant men amongst whom she lived to the subject which for the moment happened to occupy her thoughts. Her literary process (which is known to us in detail through the revelations of her friends) was purposely invented to catch everything that she heard, as a net catches fish in a river. First, she threw down on paper a very brief rough draft of the intended literary project. This she showed to few, but from it she made a second "state" (as an engraver would say), which she exhibited to some of her trusted friends, profiting by their hints and suggestions. Her secretary copied the corrected manuscript, incorporating the new matter, on paper with a very broad margin for farther additions. During all the time that it took to carry her work through these successive states, that ingenious woman made the best possible use of her ears, which were her natural providers. She made everybody talk who was likely to be of any use to her, and then immediately added what she had caught on the wide margin reserved for that purpose. She used her eyes so little that she might almost as well have been blind. We have it on her own authority, that were it not out of respect to custom, she would not open her window to see the Bay of Naples for the first time, whereas she would travel five hundred leagues to talk with a clever man whom she had never met.

Now since Madame de Stael's genius fed itself exclusively through the faculty of hearing, what an enormous difference it would have made to her if she had been deaf! It is probable that the whole of her literary reputation was dependent on the condition of her ears. Even a very moderate degree of deafness (just enough to make listening irksome) might have kept her in perpetual obscurity.

The next instance I intend to give is that of a distinguished contemporary, Mr. Ruskin. His peculiar position in literature is due to his being able to see as cultivated artists see. Everything that is best and most original in his writings is invariably either an account of what he has seen in his own independent inimitable way, or else a criticism of the accu-

rate or defective sight of others. His method of study, by drawing and taking written memoranda of what he has seen, is entirely different from Madame de Stael's method, but refers always, as hers did, to the testimony of the predominant sense. Every one whose attention has been attracted to the subject is aware that, amongst people who are commonly supposed to see equally well, and who are not suspected of any tendency to blindness, the degrees of perfection in this sense vary to infinity. Suppose that Mr. Ruskin (to our great misfortune) had been endowed with no better eyes than many persons who see fairly well in the ordinary sense, his enjoyment and use of sight would have been so much diminished that he would have had little enthusiasm about seeing, and yet that kind of enthusiasm was quite essential to his work.

The well-known instance of Mr. Prescott, the historian, is no doubt a striking proof what *may* be accomplished by a man of remarkable intellectual ability without the help of sight, or rather helped by the sight of others. We have also heard of a blind traveller, and even of a blind entomologist; but in all cases of this kind they are executive difficulties to be overcome, such that only the most resolute natures would ever dream of encountering them. When the materials for the "Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella" arrived in Prescott's house from Europe, his remaining eye had just suffered from over-exertion to such a degree that he could not use it again for years. "I well remember," he wrote in a letter to a friend, "the blank despair which I felt when my literary treasures arrived, and I saw the mine of wealth lying around me which I was forbidden to explore." And although, by a most tedious process, which would have worn out the patience of any other author, Mr. Prescott did at last arrive at the conclusion of his work, it cost him ten years of labor—probably thrice as much time as would have been needed by an author of equal intellectual ability without any infirmity of sight.

Although, of the five senses which God has given us, sight and hearing are the most necessary to the intellectual life, it may easily be demonstrated that the lower ones are not without their intellectual uses. Perfect literature and art can only be produced by men who are perfect in all their natural faculties. The great creative intellects have never been ascetics; they have been rightly and healthily sensitive to every kind of pleasure. The taste of fruits and wines, the perfume of flowers are a part of the means by which the spirit of

Nature influences our most secret thoughts, and conveys to us suggestions, or carries us into states of feeling which have an enormous effect upon our thinking, though the manner in which the effect is produced is one of the deepest mysteries of our mysterious being. When the Caliph Vathek added five wings to the palace of Alkoremme, on the hill of Pied Horses, for the particular gratification of each of his five senses, he only did on a uselessly large scale what every properly-endowed human being does, when he can afford it, on a small one.

You will not suspect me of preaching unlimited indulgence. The very object of this letter is to recommend, for intellectual purposes, the careful preservation of the senses in the freshness of their perfection, and this is altogether incompatible with every species of excess. If you are to see clearly all your life, you must not sacrifice eyesight by overstraining it; and the same law of moderation is the condition of preserving every other faculty. I want you to know the exquisite taste of common dry bread; to enjoy the perfume of a larch wood at a distance; to feel delight when a sea-wave dashes over you. I want your eye to be so sensitive that it shall discern the faintest tones of a gray cloud, and yet so strong that it shall bear to gaze on a white one in the dazzling glory of sunshine. I would have your hearing sharp enough to detect the music of the spheres, if it were but audible, and yet your nervous system robust enough to endure the shock of the guns on an ironclad. To have and keep these powers we need a firmness of self-government that is rare.

Young men are careless of longevity; but how precious are added years to the fulness of the intellectual life! There are lives, such as that of Major Pendennis, which only diminish in value as they advance—when the man of fashion is no longer fashionable, and the sportsman can no longer stride over the ploughed fields. The old age of the Major Pendennises is assuredly not to be envied; but how rich is the age of the Humboldts! I compare the life of the intellectual to a long wedge of gold—the thin end of it begins at birth, and the depth and value of it go on indefinitely increasing till at last comes Death (a personage for whom Nathaniel Hawthorne had a peculiar dislike, for his unmannerly habit of interruption), who stops the auriferous processes. Oh, the mystery of the nameless ones who have died when the wedge was thin and looked so poor and light! Oh, the happiness of the fortunate old men whose thoughts went deeper and deeper like a wall that runs out into the sea!

NOTE—One of the most painful cases of interruption caused by death is that of Cuvier. His paralysis came upon him whilst he was still in full activity, and death prevented him from arranging a great accumulation of scientific material. He said to M. Pasquier, "I had great things still to do; all was ready in my head. After thirty years of labor and research, there remained but to write, and now the hands fail, and carry with them the head." But the most lamentable instances of this kind of interruption are, from the nature of things, unknown to us. Even the friends of the deceased cannot estimate the extent of the loss, for a man's immediate neighbors are generally the very last persons to become aware of the nature of his powers or the value of his acquisitions.

PART II.

THE MORAL BASIS.

LETTER I.

TO A MORALIST WHO HAD SAID THAT THERE WAS A WANT OF MORAL FIBRE IN THE INTELLECTUAL, ESPECIALLY IN POETS AND ARTISTS.

The love of intellectual pleasure—The seeking for a stimulus—Intoxication of poetry and oratory—Other mental intoxications—The Bishop of Exeter on drudgery—The labor of composition in poetry—Wordsworth's dread of it—Moore—His trouble with "Lalla Rookh"—His painstaking in preparation—Necessity of patient industry in other arts—John Lewis, Meissonier, Mulready—Drudgery in struggling against technical difficulties—Water-color painting, etching, oil-painting, fresco, line-engraving—Labor undergone for mere discipline—Moral strength of students—Giordano Bruno.

You told me the other day that you believed the inducement to what I called intellectual living to be merely the love of pleasure—pleasure of a higher kind, no doubt, than that which we derive from wine, yet fairly comparable to it. You went on to say that you could not, from the moral point of view, discern any appreciable difference between intoxicating oneself by means of literature or art and getting tipsy on port wine or brandy; that the reading of poetry, most especially, was clearly self-intoxication—a service of Venus and Bacchus, in which the suggestions of artfully-ordered words were used as substitutes for the harem and the wine-flask. Completing the expression of this idea, you said that the excitement produced by oratory was exactly of the same nature as the excitement produced by gin, so that Mr. Bright and M. Gambetta—nay, even a gentleman so respectable as the late Lord Derby—belonged strictly to the same profession as the publicans, being dealers in stimulants, and no more. The habitual student was, in your view, nothing better than the helpless victim of unresisted appetite, to whom intellectual intoxication having been at first a pleasure, had finally

become a necessity. You added that any rational person who found himself sinking into such a deplorable condition as this, would have recourse to some severe discipline as a preservative—a discipline requiring close attention to common things, and rigorously excluding every variety of thought which could possibly be considered intellectual.

It is strictly true that the three intellectual pursuits—literature, science, and the fine arts—are all of them strong stimulants, and that men are attracted to them by the stimulus they give. But these occupations are morally much nearer to the common level of other occupations than you suppose. There is no doubt a certain intoxication in poetry and painting; but I have seen a tradesman find a fully equivalent intoxication in an addition of figures showing a delightful balance at his banker's. I have seen a young poet intoxicated with the love of poetry; but I have also seen a young mechanical genius on whom the sight of a locomotive acted exactly like a bottle of champagne. Everything that is capable of exciting or moving man, everything that fires him with enthusiasm, everything that sustains his energies above the dead level of merely animal existence, may be compared, and not very untruly, to the action of generous wine. The two most powerful mental stimulants—since they overcome even the fear of death—are unquestionably religion and patriotism: ardent states of feeling both of them when they are genuine; yet this ardor has a great utility. It enables men to bear much, to perform much which would be beyond their natural force if it were not sustained by powerful mental stimulants. And so it is in the intellectual life. It is because its labors are so severe that its pleasures are so glorious. The Creator of intellectual man set him the most arduous tasks—tasks that required the utmost possible patience, courage, self-discipline, and which at the same time were for the most part, from their very nature, likely to receive only the most meagre and precarious pecuniary reward. Therefore, in order that so poor and weak a creature might execute its gigantic works with the energy necessary to their permanence, the labor itself was made intensely attractive and interesting to the few who were fitted for it by their constitution. Since their courage could not be maintained by any of the common motives which carry men through ordinary drudgery—since neither wealth nor worldly position was in their prospects, the drudgery they had to go through was to be rewarded by the triumphs of scientific discovery, by the felicities of artistic expression. A

divine drunkenness was given to them for their encouragement, surpassing the gift of the grape.

But now that I have acknowledged, not ungratefully, the necessity of that noble excitement which is the life of life, it is time for me to add that, in the daily labor of all intellectual workers, much has to be done which requires a robustness of the moral constitution beyond what you appear to be aware of. It is not long since the present Bishop of Exeter truly affirmed, in an address to a body of students, that if there were not weariness in work, that work was not so thorough-going as it ought to be. "Of all work," the Bishop said, "that produces results, nine-tenths must be drudgery. There is no work, from the highest to the lowest, which can be done well by any man who is unwilling to make that sacrifice. Part of the very nobility of the devotion of the true workman to his work consists in the fact that a man is not daunted by finding that drudgery must be done; and no man can really succeed in any walk of life without a good deal of what in ordinary English is called pluck. That is the condition of all work whatever, and it is the condition of all success. There is nothing which so truly repays itself as perseverance against weariness."

You understand, no doubt, that there is drudgery in the work of a lawyer or an accountant, but you imagine that there is no drudgery in that of an artist, or author, or man of science. In these cases you fancy that there is nothing but a pleasant intoxication, like the puffing of tobacco or the sipping of claret after dinner. The Bishop sees more accurately. He knows that "of all work that produces results nine-tenths must be drudgery." He makes no exceptions in favor of the arts and sciences; if he had made any such exceptions, they would have proved the absence of culture in himself. Real work of all descriptions, even including the composition of poetry (the most intoxicating of all human pursuits), contains drudgery in so large a proportion that considerable moral courage is necessary to carry it to a successful issue. Some of the most popular writers of verse have dreaded the labor of composition. Wordsworth shrank from it much more sensitively than he did from his prosaic labors as a distributor of stamps. He had that *horreur de la plume* which is a frequent malady amongst literary men. But we feel, in reading Wordsworth, that composition was a serious toil to him—the drudgery is often visible. Let me take, then, the case of a writer of verse distinguished especially for fluency and ease—the lightest, gayest, appar-

ently most thoughtless of modern minstrels—the author of “The Irish Melodies” and “Lalla Rookh.” Moore said—I quote from memory and may not give the precise words, but they were to this effect—that although the first shadowy imagining of a new poem was a delicious fool’s paradise, the labor of actual composition was something altogether different. He did not, I believe, exactly use the word “drudgery,” but his expression implied that there was painful drudgery in the work. When he began to write “Lalla Rookh” the task was anything but easy to him. He said that he was “at all times a far more slow and painstaking workman than would ever be guessed from the result.” For a long time after the conclusion of the agreement with Messrs. Longman, “though generally at work with a view to this task, he made but very little real progress in it.” After many unsatisfactory attempts, finding that his subjects were so slow in kindling his own sympathies, he began to despair of their ever touching the hearts of others. “Had this series of disheartening experiments been carried on much further, I must have thrown aside the work in despair.” He took the greatest pains in long and laboriously preparing himself by reading. “To form a storehouse, as it were, of illustrations purely Oriental, and so familiarize myself with its various treasures that, quick as Fancy required the aid of fact in her spiritings, the memory was ready to furnish materials for the spell-work; such was, for a long while, the sole object of my studies.” After quoting some opinions favorable to the truth of his Oriental coloring, he says: “Whatever of vanity there may be in citing such tributes, they show, at least, of what great value, even in poetry, is that prosaic quality, industry, since it was in a slow and laborious collection of small facts that the first foundations of this fanciful romance were laid.”

Other fine arts make equally large claims upon the industry of their professors. We see the charming result, which looks as if it were nothing but pleasure—the mere sensuous gratification of an appetite for melody or color; but no one ever eminently succeeded in music or painting without patient submission to a discipline far from attractive or entertaining. An idea was very prevalent amongst the upper classes in England, between twenty and thirty years ago, that art was not a serious pursuit, and that Frenchmen were too frivolous to apply themselves seriously to anything. When, however, the different schools of art in Europe came to be exhibited together, the truth began to dawn

upon people’s minds that the French and Belgian schools of painting had a certain superiority over the rest—a superiority of quite a peculiar sort; and when the critics applied themselves to discover the hidden causes of this generally perceived superiority, they found out that it was due in great measure to the patient drudgery submitted to by those foreign artists in their youth. English painters who have attained distinction have gone through a like drudgery, if not in the public *atelier* at least in secrecy and solitude. Mr. John Lewis, in reply to an application for a drawing to be reproduced by the autotype process, and published in the *Portfolio*, said that his sketches and studies were all in color, but “if we liked to examine them we were welcome to select anything that might be successfully photographed. Not being in London at the time, I charged an experienced friend to go and see if there were anything that would answer our purpose. Soon afterward he wrote: “I have just been to see John Lewis, and have come away *astounded*.” He had seen the vast foundations of private industry on which the artist’s public work had been erected,—innumerable studies in color, wrought with the most perfect care and finish, and all for self-education merely, not for any direct reward in fame. We have all admired the extraordinary power of representation in the little pictures of Meissonier; that power was acquired by painting studies *life-size* for self-instruction, and the artist has sustained his knowledge by persistence in that practice. Mulready, between the conception of a new picture and the execution of it, used to give himself a special training for the intended work by painting a study in color of every separate thing that was to form part of the composition. It is useless to go on multiplying these examples, since all great artists, without exception, have been distinguished for their firm faith in steady well-directed labor. This faith was so strong in Reynolds that it limited his reasoning powers, and prevented him from assigning their due importance to the inborn natural gifts.

Not only in their preparations for work, but even in the work itself, do artists undergo drudgery. It is the peculiarity of their work that, more than any other human work, it displays whatever there may be in it of pleasure and felicity, putting the drudgery as much out of sight as possible; but all who know the secrets of the studio are aware of the ceaseless struggles against technical difficulty which are the price of the charms that pleasantly deceive us. The amateur tries to paint in water-color, and finds that the gra-

dation of his sky will not come right; instead of being a sound gradation like that of the heavenly blue, it is all in spots and patches. Then he goes to some clever artist who seems to get the right thing with enviable ease. "Is my paper good? have my colors been properly ground?" The materials are sound enough, but the artist confesses one of the discouraging little secrets of his craft. "The fact is," he says, "those spots that you complain of happen to all of us, and very troublesome they are, especially in dark tints; the only way is to remove them as patiently as we can, and it sometimes takes several days. If one or two of them remain in spite of us, we turn them into birds." In etching, the most famous practitioners get into messes with the treacherous chemistry of their acids, and need an invincible patience. Even Méryon was always very anxious when the time came for confiding his work to what he called the *traitresse liqueur*; and whenever I give a commission to an etcher, I am always expecting some such despatch as the following: "Plate utterly ruined in the biting. Very sorry. Will begin another immediately." We know what a dreadful series of mishaps attended our fresco-painters at Westminster, and now even the promising water-glass process, in which Maclise trusted, shows the bloom of premature decay. The safest and best known of modern processes, simple oil-painting has its own dangers also. The colors sink and alter; they lose their relative values; they lose their pearly purity, their glowing transparency—they turn to buff and black. The fine arts bristle all over with technical difficulties, and are, I will not say the best school of patience in the world, for many other pursuits are also very good schools of patience; but I will say, without much fear of contradiction from anybody acquainted with the subject, that the fine arts offer drudgery enough, and disappointment enough, to be a training both in patience and in humility.

In the labor of the line-engraver both these qualities are developed to the pitch of perfect heroism. He sits down to a great surface of steel or copper, and day by day, week after week, month after month, ploughs slowly his marvellous lines. Sometimes the picture before him is an agreeable companion; he is in sympathy with the painter; he enjoys every touch that he has to translate. But sometimes, on the contrary, he hates the picture, and engraves it as a professional duty. I happened to call upon a distinguished English engraver—a man of the greatest taste and knowledge, a refined and cultivated critic—

and I found him seated at work before a thing which had nothing to do with fine art—a medley of ugly portraits of temperance celebrities on a platform. "Ah!" he said to me sadly, "you see the dark side of our profession; fancy sitting down to a desk all day long for two years together with that thing to occupy your thoughts!" How much moral fibre was needed to carry to a successful issue so repulsive a task as that! You may answer that a stone-breaker on the roadside surpasses my line-engraver both in patience and in humility; but whereas the sensitiveness of the stone-breaker has been deadened by his mode of life, the sensitiveness of the engraver has been continually fostered and increased. An ugly picture was torture to his cultivated eye, and he had to bear the torture all day long, like the pain of an irritating disease.

Still even the line-engraver has secret sources of entertainment to relieve the mortal tedium of his task-work. The picture may be hideous, but the engraver has hidden consolations in the exercise of his wonderful art. He can at least entertain himself with feats of interpretative skill, with the gentle treacheries of improving here and there upon the hatefulness of the intolerable original. He may congratulate himself in the evening, that one more frightful hat or coat has been got rid of; that the tiresome task has been reduced by a space measurable in eights of an inch. The heaviest work which shows progress is not without one element of cheerfulness.

There is a great deal of intellectual labor, undergone simply for discipline, which shows no present result that is appreciable, and which therefore requires, in addition to patience and humility, one of the noblest of the moral virtues, faith. Of all the toils in which men engage, none are nobler in their origin or their aim than those by which they endeavor to become more wise. Pray observe that whenever the desire for greater wisdom is earnest enough to sustain men in these high endeavors, there must be both humility and faith—the humility which acknowledges present insufficiency, the faith that relies upon the mysterious laws which govern our intellectual being. Be sure that there has been great moral strength in all who have come to intellectual greatness. During some brief moments of insight the mist has rolled away, and they have beheld, like a celestial city, the home of their highest aspirations; but the cloud has gathered round them again, and still in the gloom they have gone steadily forwards, stumbling often, yet maintaining

their unconquerable resolution. It is to this sublime persistence of the intellectual in other ages that the world owes the treasures which they won; it is by a like persistence that we may hope to hand them down, augmented, to the future. Their intellectual purposes did not weaken their moral nature, but exercised and exalted it. All that was best and highest in the imperfect moral nature of Giordano Bruno had its source in that noble passion for Philosophy, which made him declare that for her sake it was easy to endure labor and pain and exile, since he had found "*in brevi labore diuturnam requiem, in levi dolore immensum gaudium, in angusto exilio patriam amplissimam.*"

LETTER II.

TO AN UNDISCIPLINED WRITER.

Early indocility of great workers—External discipline only a substitute for inward discipline—Necessity for inward discipline—Origin of the idea of discipline—Authors peculiarly liable to overlook its uses—Good examples—Sir Arthur Helps—Sainte-Beuve—The central authority in the mind—Locke's opinion—Even the creative faculty may be commanded—Charles Baudelaire—Discipline in common trades and professions—Lawyers and surgeons—Hall—Mental refusals not to be altogether disregarded—The idea of discipline the moral basis of the intellectual life—Alexander Humboldt.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS, in that wise book of his "*Thoughts upon Government*," says that "much of the best and greatest work in the world has been done by those who were anything but docile in their youth." He believes that "this bold statement applies not only to the greatest men in Science, Literature, and Art, but also to the greatest men in official life, in diplomacy, and in the general business of the world."

Many of us who were remarkable for our indocility in boyhood, and remarkable for nothing else, have found much consolation in this passage. It is most agreeable to be told, by a writer very eminent both for wisdom and for culture, that our untowardness was a hopeful sign. Another popular modern writer has also encouraged us by giving a long list of dunces who have become illustrious.

Yet, however flattering it may be to find ourselves in such excellent company, at least so far as the earlier half of life may be concerned, we cannot quite forget the very numerous instances of distinguished persons who began by submitting to the discipline of school and college, and gained honors and reputation there, before encountering the competition of the world.

The external discipline applied by school-

masters is a substitute for that inward discipline which we all so greatly need, and which is absolutely indispensable to culture. Whether a boy happens to be a dunce at school or a youth of brilliant promise, his future intellectual career will depend very much on his moral force. The distinguished men who derived so little benefit from early discipline have invariably subjected themselves to a discipline of another kind which prepared them for the labor of their manhood. It may be a pure assumption to say this, but the assumption is confirmed by every instance that is known to me. Many eminent men have undergone the discipline of business, many like Franklin have been self-disciplined, but I have never heard of a person who had risen to intellectual eminence without voluntary submission to an intellectual discipline of some kind.

There are, no doubt, great pleasures attached to the intellectual life, and quite peculiar to it; but these pleasures are the support of discipline and not its negation. They give us the cheerfulness necessary for our work, but they do not excuse us from the work. They are like the cup of coffee served to a soldier on duty, not like the opium which incapacitates for everything but dreaming.

I have been led into these observations by a perusal of the new book which you sent me. It has many qualities which in a young writer are full of promise. It is earnest, and lively, and exuberant, but at the same time it is undisciplined.

Now I believe it may be affirmed, that although there has been much literature in former ages which was both vigorous and undisciplined, still when an age presents, as ours does, living examples of perfect intellectual discipline, whoever falls below them in this respect contents himself with the very kind of inferiority which of all inferiorities is the easiest to avoid. You cannot, by an effort of the will, hope to rival the brilliance of a genius, but you may quite reasonably expect to obtain as complete a control over your own faculties and your own work as any other highly-cultivated person.

The origin of discipline is the desire to do not merely our best with the degree of power and knowledge which at the time we do actually happen to possess, but with that which we *might* possess if we submitted to the necessary training. The powers given to us by Nature are little more than a power to become, and this becoming is always conditional on some sort of exercise—what sort we have to discover for ourselves.

No class of persons are so liable to overlook

the uses of discipline as authors are. Anybody can write a book, though few can write that which deserves the name of literature. There are great technical differences between literature and book-making, but few can clearly explain these differences, or detect, in their own case, the absence of the necessary qualities. In painting, the most perfect finish is recognized at a glance, but the mind only can perceive it in the book. It was an odd notion of the authorities to exhibit literature in the international exhibitions; but if they could have made people see the difference between sound and unsound workmanship in the literary craft, they would have rendered a great service to the higher intellectual discipline. Sir Arthur Helps might have served as an example to English writers, because he has certain qualities in which we are grievously deficient. He can say a thing in the words that are most fit and necessary, and then leave it. Sainte-Beuve would have been another admirable example of self-discipline, especially to Frenchmen, who would do well to imitate him in his horror of the *à peu près*. He never began to write about anything until he had cleared the ground well before him. He never spoke about any character or doctrine that he had not bottomed (to use Locke's word) as far as he was able. He had an extraordinary aptitude for collecting exactly the sort of material that he needed, for arranging and classifying material, for perceiving its mutual relations. Very few Frenchmen have had Sainte-Beuve's intense repugnance to insufficiency of information and inaccuracy of language. Few indeed are the French journalists of whom it might be said, as it may be truly said of Sainte-Beuve, that he never wrote even an article for a newspaper without having subjected his mind to a special training for that particular article. The preparations for one of his *Lundis* were the serious occupation of several laborious days; and before beginning the actual composition, his mind had been disciplined into a state of the most complete readiness, like the fingers of a musician who has been practising a piece before he executes it.

The object of intellectual discipline is the establishment of a strong central authority in the mind by which all its powers are regulated and directed as the military forces of a nation are directed by the strategist who arranges the operations of a war. The presence of this strong central authority is made manifest in the unity and proportion of the results; when this authority is absent (it is frequently entirely absent from the minds of undisciplined persons, especially of the female

sex), you have a chaos of complete confusion; when the authority without being absent is not strong enough to regulate the lively activity of the intellectual forces, you have too much energy in one direction, too little in another, a brigade where a regiment could have done the work, and light artillery where you want guns of the heaviest calibre.

To establish this central authority it is only necessary, in any vigorous and sound mind, to exercise it. Without such a central power there is neither liberty of action nor security of possession. "The mind," says Locke, "should always be free and ready to turn itself to the variety of objects that occur, and allow them as much consideration as shall, for that time, be thought fit. To be engrossed so by one subject as not to be prevailed on to leave it for another that we judge fitter for our contemplation, is to make it of no use to us. Did this state of mind always remain so, every one would, without scruple, give it the name of perfect madness; and whilst it does last, at whatever intervals it returns, such a rotation of thoughts about the same object no more carries us forward toward the attainment of knowledge, than getting upon a mill-horse whilst he jogs on his circular track, would carry a man on a journey."

Writers of imaginative literature have found in practice that even the creative faculty might be commanded. Charles Baude-laïre, who had the poetical organization with all its worst inconveniences, said nevertheless that "inspiration is decidedly the sister of daily labor. These two contraries do not exclude each other more than all the other contraries which constitute nature. Inspiration obeys like hunger, like digestion, like sleep. There is, no doubt, in the mind a sort of celestial mechanism, of which we need not be ashamed, but we ought to make the best use of it. If we will only live in a resolute contemplation of next day's work, the daily labor will serve inspiration." In cases where discipline is felt to be very difficult, it is generally at the same time felt to be very desirable. George Sand complains that although "to overcome the indiscipline of her brain, she had imposed upon herself a regular way of living, and a daily labor, still twenty times out of thirty she catches herself reading or dreaming, or writing something entirely apart from the work in hand." She adds that without this frequent intellectual *flânerie*, she would have acquired information which has been her perpetual but unrealized desire.

It is the triumph of discipline to overcome both small and great repugnances. We bring ourselves, by its help, to face petty details

that are wearisome, and heavy tasks that are almost appalling. Nothing shows the power of discipline more than the application of the mind in the common trades and professions to subjects which have hardly any interest in themselves. Lawyers are especially admirable for this. They acquire the faculty of resolutely applying their minds to the driest documents, with tenacity enough to end in the perfect mastery of their contents; a feat which is utterly beyond the capacity of any undisciplined intellect, however gifted by Nature. In the case of lawyers there are frequent intellectual repugnances to be overcome; but surgeons and other men of science have to vanquish a class of repugnances even less within the power of the will—the instinctive physical repugnances. These are often so strong as to seem apparently insurmountable, but they yield to persevering discipline. Although Haller surpassed his contemporaries in anatomy, and published several important anatomical works, he was troubled at the outset with a horror of dissection beyond what is usual with the inexperienced, and it was only by firm self-discipline that he became an anatomist at all.

There is, however, one reserve to be made about discipline, which is this: We ought not to disregard altogether the mind's preferences and refusals, because in most cases they are the indication of our natural powers. They are not so always; many have felt attracted to pursuits for which they had no capacity (this happens continually in literature and the fine arts), whilst others have greatly distinguished themselves in careers which were not of their own choosing, and for which they felt no vocation in their youth. Still there exists a certain relation between preference and capacity, which may often safely be relied upon when there are not extrinsic circumstances to attract men or repel them. Discipline becomes an evil, and a very serious evil, causing immense losses of special talents to the community, when it overrides the personal preferences entirely. We are less in danger of this evil, however, from the discipline which we impose upon ourselves than from that which is imposed upon us by the opinion of the society in which we live. The intellectual life has this remarkable peculiarity as to discipline, that whilst very severe discipline is indispensable to it, that which it really needs is the obedience to an inward law, an obedience which is not only compatible with revolt against other people's notions of what the intellectual man ought to think and do, but which often directly leads to such revolt as its own inevitable result.

In the attempt to subject ourselves to the inward law, we may encounter a class of mental refusals which indicate no congenital incapacity, but prove that the mind has been incapacitated by its acquired habits and its ordinary occupations. I think that it is particularly important to pay attention to this class of mental refusals, and to give them the fullest consideration. Suppose the case of a man who has a fine natural capacity for painting, but whose time has been taken up by some profession which has formed in him mental habits entirely different from the mental habits of an artist. The inborn capacity for art might whisper to this man, "What if you were to abandon your profession and turn painter?" But to this suggestion of the inborn capacity the acquired unfitness would, in a man of sense, most probably reply, "No; painting is an art bristling all over with the most alarming technical difficulties, which I am too lazy to overcome; let younger men attack them if they like." Here is a mental refusal of a kind which the severest self-disciplinarian ought to listen to. This is Nature's way of keeping us to our specialities; she protects us by means of what superficial moralists condemn as one of the minor vices—the disinclination to trouble ourselves without necessity, when the work involves the acquisition of new habits.

The moral basis of the intellectual life appears to be the idea of discipline; but the discipline is of a very peculiar kind, and varies with every individual. People of original power have to discover the original discipline that they need. They pass their lives in thoughtfully altering this private rule of conduct as their needs alter, as the legislature of a progressive State makes unceasing alterations in its laws. When we look back upon the years that are gone, this is our bitterest regret, that whilst the precious time, the irrecoverable, was passing by so rapidly, we were intellectually too undisciplined to make the best personal use of all the opportunities that it brought. Those men may be truly esteemed happy and fortunate who can say to themselves in the evening of their days—"I had so prepared myself for every successive enterprise, that when the time came for it to be carried into execution my training ensured success."

I had thought of some examples, and there are several great men who have left us noble examples of self-discipline; but, in the range and completeness of that discipline, in the foresight to discern what would be wanted, in the humility to perceive that it was wanting, in the resolution that it should *not* be wanting

when the time came that such knowledge or faculty should be called for, one colossal figure so far excels all others that I cannot write down their names with that of Alexander Humboldt. The world sees the intellectual greatness of such a man, but does not see the substantial moral basis on which the towering structure rose. When I think of his noble dissatisfaction with what he knew; his ceaseless eagerness to know more, and know it better; of the rare combination of teachableness that despised no help (for he accepted without jealousy the aid of everybody who could assist him), with self-reliance that kept him always calm and observant in the midst of personal danger, I know not which is the more magnificent spectacle, the splendor of the intellectual light, or the beauty and solidity of the moral constitution that sustained it.

LETTER III.

TO A FRIEND WHO SUGGESTED THE SPECULATION "WHICH OF THE MORAL VIRTUES WAS MOST ESSENTIAL TO THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE."

The most essential virtue is disinterestedness—The other virtues possessed by the opponents of intellectual liberty—The Ultramontane party—Difficulty of thinking disinterestedly even about the affairs of another nation—English newspapers do not write disinterestedly about foreign affairs—Difficulty of disinterestedness in recent history—Poets and their readers feel it—Fine subjects for poetry in recent events not yet available—Even history of past times rarely disinterested—Advantages of the study of the dead languages in this respect—Physicians do not trust their own judgment about their personal health—The virtue consists in endeavoring to be disinterested.

I THINK there cannot be a doubt that the most essential virtue is disinterestedness.

Let me tell you, after this decided answer, what are the considerations which have led me to it. I began by taking the other important virtues one by one—industry, perseverance, courage, discipline, humility, and the rest; and then asked myself whether any class of persons possessed and cultivated these virtues who were nevertheless opposed to intellectual liberty. The answer came immediately, that there have in every age been men deservedly respected for these virtues who did all in their power to repress the free action of the intellect. What is called the Ultramontane party in the present day includes great numbers of talented adherents who are most industrious, most persevering, who willingly submit to the severest discipline—who are learned, self-denying, and humble enough to accept the most obscure and ill-requited duties. Some of these men

possess nine-tenths of the qualifications that are necessary to the highest intellectual life—they have brilliant gifts of nature; they are well-educated; they take a delight in the exercise of noble faculties, and yet instead of employing their time and talents to help the intellectual advancement of mankind, they do all in their power to retard it. They have many most respectable virtues, but one is wanting. They have industry, perseverance, discipline, but they have *not* disinterestedness.

I do not mean disinterestedness in its ordinary sense as the absence of selfish care about money. The Church of Rome has thousands of devoted servants who are content to labor in her cause for stipends so miserable that it is clear they have no selfish aim; whilst they abandon all those possibilities of fortune which exist for every active and enterprising layman. But their thinking can never be disinterested so long as their ruling motive is devotion to the interests of their Church. Some of them are personally known to me, and we have discussed together many of the greatest questions which agitate the continental nations at the present time. They have plenty of intellectual acumen; but whenever the discussion touches, however remotely, the ecclesiastical interests that are dear to them, they cease to be observers—they become passionate advocates. It is this habit of advocacy which debars them from all elevated speculation about the future of the human race, and which so often induces them to take a side with incapable and retrograde governments, too willingly overlooking their deficiencies in the expectation of services to the cause. Their predecessors have impeded, as far as they were able, the early growth of science—not for intellectual reasons, but because they instinctively felt that there was something in the scientific spirit not favorable to those interests which they placed far above the knowledge of mere matter.

I have selected the Ultramontane party in the Church of Rome as the most prominent example of a party eminent for many intellectual virtues, and yet opposed to the intellectual life from its own want of disinterestedness. But the same defect exists, to some degree, in every partisan—exists in you and me so far as we are partisans. Let us suppose, for example, that we desired to find out the truth about a question much agitated in a neighboring country at the present time—the question whether it would be better for that country to attempt the restoration of its ancient Monarchy or to try to consolidate a Re-

publican form of government. How difficult it is to think out such a problem disinterestedly, and yet how necessary to the justice of our conclusions that we should think disinterestedly if we pretend to think at all! It is true that we have one circumstance in our favor—we are not French subjects, and this is much. Still we are not disinterested, since we know that the settlement of a great political problem such as this, even though on foreign soil, cannot fail to have a powerful influence on opinion in our own country, and consequently upon the institutions of our native land. We are spectators only, it is true; but we are far from being disinterested spectators. And if you desire to measure the exact degree to which we are interested in the result, you need only look at the newspapers. The English newspapers always treat French affairs from the standpoint of their own party. The Conservative journalist in England is a Monarchist in France, and has no hopes for the Republic; the Liberal journalist in England believes that the French dynasties are used up, and sees no chance of tranquillity outside of republican institutions. In both cases there is an impediment to the intellectual appreciation of the problem.

This difficulty is so strongly felt by those who write and read the sort of literature which aspires to permanence, and which, therefore, ought to have a substantial intellectual basis, that either our distinguished poets choose their subjects in actions long past and half-forgotten, or else, when tempted by present excitement, they produce work which is artistically far inferior to their best.

Our own generation has witnessed three remarkable events which are poetical in the highest degree. The conquest of the Two Sicilies by Garibaldi is a most perfect subject for a heroic poem; the events which led to the execution of the Emperor Maximilian and deprived his Empress of reason, would, in the hands of a great dramatist, afford the finest possible material for a tragedy; the invasion of France by the Germans, the overthrow of Napoleon III., the siege of Paris, are an epic ready to hand that only awaits its Homer; yet, with the exception of Victor Hugo, who is far gone in intellectual decadence, no great poet has sung of these things yet. The subjects are as good as can be, but too near. Neither poet nor reader is disinterested enough for the intellectual enjoyment of these subjects: the poet would not see his way clearly, the reader would not follow unservedly.

It may be added, however, in this connec-

tion, that even past history is hardly ever written disinterestedly. Historians write with one eye on the past and the other on the pre-occupations of the present. So far as they do this they fall short of the intellectual standard. An ideally perfect history would tell the pure truth, and all the truth, so far as it was ascertainable.

Artists are seldom good critics of art, because their own practice biasses them, and they are not disinterested. The few artists who have written soundly about art have succeeded in the difficult task of detaching saying from doing; they have, in fact, become two distinct persons, each oblivious of the other.

The strongest of all the reasons in favor of the study of the dead languages and the literatures preserved in them, has always appeared to me to consist in the more perfect disinterestedness with which we moderns can approach them. The men and events are separated from us by so wide an interval, not only of time and locality, but especially of modes of thought, that our passions are not often enlisted, and the intellect is sufficiently free.

It may be noted that medical men, who are a scientific class, and therefore more than commonly aware of the great importance of disinterestedness in intellectual action, never trust their own judgment when they feel the approaches of disease. They know that it is difficult for a man, however learned in medicine, to arrive at accurate conclusions about the state of a human body that concerns him so nearly as his own, even although the person who suffers has the advantage of actually experiencing the morbid sensations.

To all this you may answer that intellectual disinterestedness seems more an accident of situation than a virtue. The virtue is not to have it, but to seek it in all earnestness; to be ready to accept the truth even when it is most unfavorable to ourselves. I can illustrate my meaning by a reference to a matter of everyday experience. There are people who cannot bear to look into their own accounts from a dread that the clear revelation of figures may be less agreeable to them than the illusions which they cherish. There are others who possess a kind of virtue which enables them to see their own affairs as clearly as if they had no personal interest in them. The weakness of the first is one of the most fatal of intellectual weaknesses; the mental independence of the second is one of the most desirable of intellectual qualities. The endeavor to attain it, or to strengthen it, is a great virtue, and of all the virtues the one most indis-

pensable to the nobility of the intellectual life.

NOTE.—The reader may feel some surprise that I have not mentioned honesty as an important intellectual virtue. Honesty is of great importance, no doubt, but it appears to be (as to practical effects) included in disinterestedness, and to be less comprehensively useful. There is no reason to suspect the honesty of many political and theological partisans, yet their honesty does not preserve them from the worst intellectual habits, such as the habit of "begging the question," of misrepresenting the arguments on the opposite side, of shutting their eyes to every fact which is not perfectly agreeable to them. The truth is, that mere honesty, though a most respectable and necessary virtue, goes a very little way toward the forming of an effective intellectual character. It is valuable rather in the relations of the intellectual man to the outer world around him, and even here it is dangerous unless tempered by discretion. A perfect disinterestedness would ensure the best effects of honesty, and yet avoid some serious evils, against which honesty is not, in itself, a safeguard.

LETTER IV.

TO A MORALIST WHO SAID THAT INTELLECTUAL CULTURE WAS NOT CONDUCTIVE TO SEXUAL MORALITY.

That the Author does not write in the spirit of advocacy.—Two different kinds of immorality—Byron and Shelley—A peculiar temptation for the intellectual—A distinguished foreign writer—Reaction to coarseness from over-refinement—Danger of intellectual excesses—Moral utility of culture—The most cultivated classes at the same time the most moral—That men of high intellectual aims have an especially strong reason for morality—M. Taine's opinion.

A CRITIC in one of the quarterlies once treated me as a feeble defender of my opinions, because I gave due consideration to both sides of a question. He said that, like a wise commander, I capitulated beforehand in case my arguments did not come up for my relief; nay, more, that I gave up my arms in unconditional surrender. To this let me answer, that I have nothing to do with the polemical method, that I do not look upon an opponent as an enemy to be repelled, but as a torch-bearer to be welcomed for any light that he may bring; that I defend nothing, but try to explore everything that lies near enough.

You need not expect me, therefore, to defend very vigorously the morality of the intellectual life. An advocate could do it brilliantly; there are plenty of materials, but so clumsy an advocate as your present correspondent would damage the best of causes by unreasonable indiscretions. So I begin by admitting that your accusations are most of them well founded. Many intellectual people have led immoral lives, others have led lives which, although in strict conformity to their own theories of morality, were in opposition to the morality of their country and their age. Byron is a good instance of the first, and Shelley of the second. Byron

was really and knowingly immoral; Shelley, on the other hand, hated what he considered to be immorality, and lived a life as nearly as possible in accordance with the moral ideal in his own conscience; still he did not respect the moral rule of his country, but lived with Mary Godwin, whilst Harriet, his first wife, was still alive. There is a clear distinction between the two cases; yet both have the defect that the person takes in hand the regulation of his own morality, which it is hardly safe for any one to do, considering the prodigious force of passion.

I find even in the lives of intellectual people a peculiar temptation to immorality from which others are exempt. It is in their nature to feel an eager desire for intellectual companionship, and yet at the same time to exhaust very rapidly whatever is congenial to them in the intellect of their friends. They feel a strong intellectual attraction to persons of the opposite sex; and the idea of living with a person whose conversation is believed at the time to promise an increasing interest, is attractive in ways of which those who have no such wants can scarcely form a conception. A most distinguished foreign writer, of the female sex, has made a succession of domestic arrangements which, if generally imitated by others, would be subversive of any conceivable system of morality; and yet it is clear in this case that the temptation was chiefly, if not entirely, intellectual. The successive companions of this remarkable woman were all of them men of exceptional intellectual power, and her motive for changing them was an unbridled intellectual curiosity.

This is the sort of immorality to which cultivated people are most exposed. It is dangerous to the well-being of a community because it destroys the sense of security on which the idea of the family is founded. If we are to leave our wives when their conversation ceases to be interesting, the foundations of the home will be unsafe. If they are to abandon us when we are dull, to go away with some livelier and more talkative companion, can we ever hope to retain them permanently?

There is another danger which must be looked fairly in the face. When the lives of men are refined beyond the real needs of their organization, Nature is very apt to bring about the most extraordinary reactions. Thus the most exquisitely delicate artists in literature and painting have frequently had reactions of incredible coarseness. Within the Châteaubriand of Atala there existed an obscene Châteaubriand that would burst forth occasionally in talk that no biographer could

repeat. I have heard the same thing of the sentimental Lamartine. We know that Turner, dreamer of enchanted landscapes, took the pleasures of a sailor on the spree. A friend said to me of one of the most exquisite living geniuses: "You can have no conception of the coarseness of his tastes; he associates with the very lowest women, and enjoys their rough brutality."

These cases only prove, what I have always willingly admitted, that the intellectual life is not free from certain dangers if we lead it too exclusively. Intellectual excesses, by the excitement which they communicate to the whole system, have a direct tendency to drive men into other excesses, and a too great refinement in one direction may produce degrading reactions in another. Still the cultivation of the mind, reasonably pursued, is, on the whole, decidedly favorable to morality; and we may easily understand that it should be so, when we remember that people have recourse to sensual indulgences simply from a desire for excitement, whilst intellectual pursuits supply excitement of a more innocent kind and in the utmost variety and abundance. If, instead of taking a few individual instances, you broadly observe whole classes, you will recognize the moral utility of culture. The most cultivated classes in our own country are also the most moral, and these classes have advanced in morality at the same time that they have advanced in culture. English gentlemen of the present day are superior to their forefathers whom Fielding described; they are better educated, and they read more; they are at the same time both more sober and more chaste.

I may add that intellectual men have peculiar and most powerful reasons for avoiding the excesses of immorality, reasons which to any one who has a noble ambition are quite enough to encourage him in self-control. Those excesses are the gradual self-destruction of the intellectual forces, for they weaken the spring of the mind, not leaving it will enough to face the drudgery that is inevitable in every career. Even in cases where they do not immediately lead to visible imbecility, they make the man less efficient and less capable than he might have been; and all experienced wrestlers with fate and fortune know well that success has often, at the critical time, depended upon some very trifling advantage which the slightest diminution of power would have lost to them. No one knows the full immensity of the difference between having power enough to make a little headway against obstacles, and just falling short of the power which is necessary at

the time. In every great intellectual career there are situations like that of a steamer with a storm-wind directly against her and an iron-bound coast behind. If the engines are strong enough to gain an inch an hour she is safe, but if they lose there is no hope. Intellectual successes are so rewarding that they are worth any sacrifice of pleasure; the sense of defeat is so humiliating that fair Venus herself could not offer a consolation for it. An ambitious man will govern himself for the sake of his ambition, and withstand the seductions of the senses. Can he be ever strong enough, can his brain ever be lucid enough for the immensity of the task before him?

"Le jeune homme," says M. Taine, "ignore qu'il n'y a pas de pire déperdition de forces, que de tels commerces abaissent le cœur. qu'après dix ans d'une vie pareille il aura perdu la moitié de sa volonté, que ses pensées auront un arrière-goût habituel d'amertume et de tristesse, que son ressort intérieur sera amolli ou faussé. Il s'excuse à ses propres yeux, en se disant qu'un homme doit tout toucher pour tout connaître. De fait, il apprend la vie, mais bien souvent aussi il perd l'énergie, la chaleur d'âme, la capacité d'agir, et à trente ans il n'est plus bon qu'à faire un employé, un dilettante, ou un rentier."

PART III.

OF EDUCATION.

LETTER I.

TO A FRIEND WHO RECOMMENDED THE AUTHOR
TO LEARN THIS THING AND THAT.

Lesson learned from a cook—The ingredients of knowledge—Importance of proportion in the ingredients—Case of an English author—Two landscape painters—The unity and charm of character often dependent upon the limitations of culture—The burden of knowledge may diminish the energy of action—Difficulty of suggesting a safe rule for the selection of our knowledge—Men qualified for their work by ignorance as well as by knowledge—Men remarkable for the extent of their studies—Franz Wespke—Goethe—Hebrew proverb.

I HAPPENED one day to converse with an excellent French cook about the delicate art which he professed, and he comprised the whole of it under two heads—the knowledge of the mutual influences of ingredients, and the judicious management of heat. It struck me that there existed a very close analogy between cookery and education; and, on following out the subject in my own way, I

found that what he told me suggested several considerations of the very highest importance in the culture of the human intellect.

Amongst the dishes for which my friend had a deserved reputation was a certain *gâteau de foie* which had a very exquisite flavor. The principal ingredient, not in quantity but in power, was the liver of a fowl; but there were several other ingredients also, and amongst these a leaf or two of parsley. He told me that the influence of the parsley was a good illustration of his theory about his art. If the parsley were omitted, the flavor he aimed at was not produced at all; but, on the other hand, if the quantity of parsley was in the least excessive, then the *gâteau* instead of being a delicacy for *gourmets* became an uncatable mess. Perceiving that I was really interested in the subject, he kindly promised a practical evidence of his doctrine, and the next day intentionally spoiled his dish by a trifling addition of parsley. He had not exaggerated the consequences; the delicate flavor entirely departed, and left a nauseous bitterness in its place, like the remembrance of an ill-spent youth.

And so it is, I thought, with the different ingredients of knowledge which are so eagerly and indiscriminately recommended. We are told that we ought to learn this thing and that, as if every new ingredient did not affect the whole flavor of the mind. There is a sort of intellectual chemistry which is quite as marvellous as material chemistry, and a thousand times more difficult to observe. One general truth may, however, be relied upon as surely and permanently our own. It is true that everything we learn affects the whole character of the mind.

Consider how incalculably important becomes the question of proportion in our knowledge, and how that which we are is dependent as much upon our ignorance as our science. What we call ignorance is only a smaller proportion—what we call science only a larger. The larger quantity is recommended as an unquestionable good, but the goodness of it is entirely dependent on the mental product that we want. Aristocracies have always instinctively felt this, and have decided that a gentleman ought not to know too much of certain arts and sciences. The character which they had accepted as their ideal would have been destroyed by indiscriminate additions to those ingredients of which long experience had fixed the exact proportions. The same feeling is strong in the various professions: there is an apprehension that the disproportionate knowledge may destroy the professional nature. The less intelligent members

of the profession will tell you that they dread an unprofessional use of time; but the more thoughtful are not so apprehensive about hours and days, *they* dread that sure transformation of the whole intellect which follows every increase of knowledge.

I knew an English author who by great care and labor had succeeded in forming a style which harmonized quite perfectly with the character of his thinking, and served as an unfailing means of communication with his readers. Every one recognized its simple ease and charm, and he might have gone on writing with that enviable facility had he not determined to study Locke's philosophical compositions. Shortly afterwards my friend's style suddenly lost its grace; he began to write with difficulty, and what he wrote was unpleasantly difficult to read. Even the thinking was no longer his own thinking. Having been in too close communication with a writer who was not a literary artist, his own art had deteriorated in consequence.

I could mention an English landscape painter who diminished the pictorial excellence of his works by taking too much interest in geology. His landscapes became geological illustrations, and no longer held together pictorially. Another landscape painter, who began by taking a healthy delight in the beauty of natural scenery, became morbidly religious after an illness, and thenceforth passed by the loveliest European scenery as comparatively unworthy of his attention, to go and make ugly pictures of places that had sacred associations.

For people who produce nothing these risks appear to be less serious; and yet there have been admirable characters, not productive, whose admirableness might have been lessened by the addition of certain kinds of learning. The last generation of the English country aristocracy was particularly rich in characters whose unity and charm was dependent upon the limitations of their culture, and which would have been entirely altered, perhaps not for the better, by simply knowing a science or a literature that was closed to them.

Abundant illustrations might be collected in evidence of the well-known truth that the burden of knowledge may diminish the energy of action; but this is rather outside of what we are considering, which is the influence of knowledge upon the intellectual and not the active life.

I regret very much not to be able to suggest anything like a safe rule for the selection of our knowledge. The most rational one which

has been hit upon as yet appears to be a simple confidence in the feeling that we inwardly want to know. If I feel the inward want for a certain kind of knowledge, it may perhaps be presumed that it would be good for me; but even this feeling is not perfectly reliable, since people are often curious about things that do not closely concern them, whilst they neglect what it is most important for them to ascertain. All that I venture to insist upon is, that we cannot learn any new thing without changing our whole intellectual composition as a chemical compound is changed by another ingredient; that the mere addition of knowledge may be good for us or bad for us; and that whether it will be good or bad is usually a more obscure problem than the enthusiasm of educators will allow. That depends entirely on the work we have to do. Men are qualified for their work by knowledge, but they are also negatively qualified for it by their ignorance. Nature herself appears to take care that the workman shall not know too much—she keeps him steadily to his task; fixes him in one place mentally if not corporally, and conquers his restlessness by fatigue. As we are bound to a little planet, and hindered by impassable gulfs of space from wandering in stars where we have no business, so we are kept by the force of circumstances to the limited studies that belong to us. If we have any kind of efficiency, very much of it is owing to our narrowness, which is favorable to a powerful individuality.

Sometimes, it is true, we meet with instances of men remarkable for the extent of their studies. Franz Wœpke, who died in 1864, was an extraordinary example of this kind. In the course of a short life he became, although unknown, a prodigy of various learning. His friend M. Taine says that he was erudite in many eruditions. His favorite pursuit was the history of mathematics, but as auxiliaries he had learned Arabic, and Persian, and Sanskrit. He was classically educated, he wrote and spoke the principal modern languages easily and correctly;* his printed works are in three languages. He had lived in several nations, and known their leading men of science. And yet this astonishing list of acquirements may be reduced to the exercise of two decided and natural tastes. Franz Wœpke had the gift of the linguist and an interest in mathematics, the first serving as auxiliary to the second.

Goethe said that "a vast abundance of objects must lie before us ere we can think upon them." Wœpke felt the need of this abund-

ance, but he did not go out of his way to find it. The objectionable seeking after knowledge is the seeking after the knowledge which does not belong to us. In vain you urge me to go in quest of sciences for which I have no natural aptitude. Would you have me act like that foolish camel in the Hebrew proverb, which in going to seek horns lost his ears?

LETTER II.

TO A FRIEND WHO STUDIED MANY THINGS.

Men cannot restrict themselves in learning—Description of a Latin scholar of two generations since—What is attempted by a cultivated contemporary—Advantages of a more restricted field—Privilege of instant admission—Many pursuits cannot be kept up simultaneously—The deterioration of knowledge through neglect—What it really is—The only available knowledge that which we habitually use—Difficulty in modern education—That it is inevitably a beginning of many things and no more—The simpler education of an ancient Greek—That of Alcibiades—How the Romans were situated as to this—The privilege of limited studies belongs to the earlier ages—They learned and we attempt to learn.

It appears to be henceforth inevitable that men should be unable to restrict themselves to one or two pursuits, and you who are in most respects a very perfect specimen of what the age naturally produces in the way of culture, have studied subjects so many and so various that a mere catalogue of them would astonish your grandfather if his shade could revisit his old home. And yet your grandfather was considered a very highly cultivated gentleman according to the ideas and requirements of his time. He was an elegant scholar, but in Latin chiefly, for he said that he never read Greek easily, and indeed he abandoned that language entirely on leaving the University. But his Latin, from daily use and practice (for he let no day slip by without reading some ancient author) and from the thoroughness and accuracy of his scholarship, was always as ready for service as the saddled steeds of Branksome. I think he got more culture, more of the best effects of good literature, out of that one language than some polyglots get out of a dozen. He knew no modern tongue, he had not even the common pretension to read a little French, and in his day hardly anybody studied German. He had no scientific training of any kind except mathematics, in which I have heard him say that he had never been proficient. Of the fine arts his ignorance was complete, so complete that I doubt if he could have distinguished Rigaud from Reynolds, and he had never played upon any musical instrument. The leisure which he enjoyed during a long and

* According to M. Taine. I have elsewhere expressed a doubt about polyglots.

tranquil existence he gave entirely to Latin and English literature, but of the two he enjoyed Latin the more, not with the preference of a pedant, but because it carried him more completely out of the present, and gave him the refreshment of a more perfect change. He produced on all who knew him the impression of a cultivated gentleman, which he was.

There is only an interval of one generation between you and that good Latinist, but how wide is the difference in your intellectual regimen? You have studied—well, here is a little list of what you have studied, and probably even this is not complete:—

Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, mathematics, chemistry; mineralogy, geology, botany, the theory of music, the practice of music on two instruments, much theory about painting, the practice of painting in oil and water-color, photography, etching on copper, etc., etc., etc.

That is to say, six literatures (including English), six sciences (counting mineralogy and geology as one), and five branches or departments of the fine arts.

Omitting English literature from our total, as that may be considered to come by nature to an Englishman, though any real proficiency in it costs the leisure of years, we have here no less than sixteen different pursuits. If you like to merge the theory of music and painting in the practice of those arts, though as a branch of study the theory is really distinct, we have still fourteen pursuits, any one of which is enough to occupy the whole of one man's time. If you gave some time daily to each of these pursuits, you could scarcely give more than half an hour, even supposing that you had no professional occupation, and that you had no favorite study, absorbing time to the detriment of the rest.

Now your grandfather, though he would be considered quite an ignorant country gentleman in these days, had in reality certain intellectual advantages over his more accomplished descendant. In the first place, he entirely escaped the sense of pressure, the feeling of not having time enough to do what he wanted to do. He accumulated his learning as quietly as a stout lady accumulates her fat, by the daily satisfaction of his appetite. And at the same time that he escaped the sense of pressure, he escaped also the miserable sense of imperfection. Of course he did not know Latin like an ancient Roman, but then he never met with any ancient Romans to humiliate him by too rapid and half-intelligible conversation. He met the best Latin-

ists of his day; and felt himself a master amongst masters. Every time he went into his study, to pass delightful hours with the noble authors that he loved, he knew that his admission into that august society would be immediate and complete. He had to wait in no antechamber of mere linguistic difficulty, but passed at once into the atmosphere of ancient thought, and breathed its delicate perfume. In this great privilege of instant admission the man of one study has always the advantage of men more variously cultivated. Their misfortune is to be perpetually waiting in antechambers, and losing time in them. Grammars and dictionaries are antechambers, bad drawing and bad coloring are antechambers, musical practice with imperfect intonation is an antechamber. And the worst is that even when a man, like yourself for instance, of very various culture, has at one time fairly penetrated beyond the antechamber, he is not sure of admittance a year hence, because in the mean time the door may have been closed against him. The rule of each separate hall or saloon of knowledge is that he alone is to be instantly admitted who calls there every day.

The man of various pursuits does not, in any case, keep them up simultaneously; he is led by inclination or compelled by necessity to give predominance to one or another. If you have fifteen different pursuits, ten of them, at any given time, will be lying by neglected. The metaphor commonly used in reference to neglected pursuits is borrowed from the oxidation of metal; it is said that they become rusty. This metaphor is too mild to be exact. Rust on metal, even on polished steel, is easily guarded against by care, and a gun or a knife does not need to be constantly used to keep it from being pitted. The gunsmith and the cutler know how to keep these things, in great quantity, without using them at all. But no one can retain knowledge without using it. The metaphor fails still more seriously in perpetuating a false conception of the deterioration of knowledge through neglect. It is not simply a loss of polish which takes place, not a loss of mere surface-beauty, but absolute disorganization, like the disorganization of a carriage when the axle-tree is taken away. A rusty thing may still be used, but a disorganized thing cannot be used until the lost organ has been replaced. There is no equivalent, amongst ordinary material losses, to the intellectual loss that we incur by ceasing from a pursuit. But we may consider neglect as an enemy who carries away the girths from our saddles, the bits from our bridles, the ears

from our boats, and one wheel from each of our carriages, leaving us indeed still nominally possessors of all these aids to locomotion, but practically in the same position as if we were entirely without them. And as an enemy counts upon the delays caused by these vexations to execute his designs whilst we are helpless, so whilst we are laboring to replace the lost parts of our knowledge the occasion slips by when we most need it. The only knowledge which is available when it is wanted is that which we habitually use. Studies which from their nature cannot be commonly used are always retained with great difficulty. The study of anatomy is perhaps the best instance of this; every one who has attempted it knows with what difficulty it is kept by the memory. Anatomists say that it has to be learned and forgotten six times before it can be counted as a possession. This is because anatomy lies so much outside of what is needed for ordinary life that very few people are ever called upon to use it except during the hours when they are actually studying it. The few who need it every day remember it as easily as a man remembers the language of the country which he inhabits. The workmen in the establishment at Saint Aubin d'Écroville, where Dr. Auzoux manufactures his wonderful anatomical models, are as familiar with anatomy as a painter is with the colors on his palette. *They* never forget it. *Their* knowledge is never made practically valueless by some yawning hiatus, causing temporary incompetence and delay.

To have one favorite study and live in it with happy familiarity, and cultivate every portion of it diligently and lovingly, as a small yeoman proprietor cultivates his own land, this, as to study, at least, is the most enviable intellectual life. But there is another side to the question which has to be considered.

The first difficulty for us is in our education. Modern education is a beginning of many things, and it is little more than a beginning. "My notion of educating my boy," said a rich Englishman, "is not to make him particularly clever at anything during his minority, but to make him overcome the rudimentary difficulties of many things, so that when he selects for himself his own line of culture in the future, it cannot be altogether strange to him, whatever line he may happen to select." A modern father usually allows his son to learn many things from a feeling of timidity about making a choice, if only one thing had to be chosen. He might so easily make a wrong choice! When the inheritance of the human race was less rich, there was no

embarrassment of that kind. Look at the education of an ancient Greek, at the education of one of the most celebrated Athenians, a man living in the most refined and intellectual society, himself mentally and bodily the perfect type of his splendid race, an eloquent and powerful speaker, a most capable commander both by sea and land—look at the education of the brilliant Alcibiades! When Socrates gave the list of the things that Alcibiades had learned, Alcibiades could add to it no other even nominal accomplishment, and what a meagre, short catalogue it was! "But indeed I also pretty accurately know what thou hast learned; thou wilt tell me if anything has escaped my notice. Thou hast learned then thy letters (*γράμματα*), to play on the cithara (*κιθάριζεν*) and to wrestle (*παλαίειν*), for thou hast not cared to learn to play upon the flute. This is all that thou hast learned, unless something has escaped me." The *γράμματα* which Alcibiades had learned with a master meant reading and writing, for he expressly says later on, that as for speaking Greek, *ἑλληνίζειν*, he learned that of no other master than the people. An English education equivalent to that of Alcibiades would therefore consist of reading and writing, wrestling and guitar-playing, the last accomplishment being limited to very simple music. Such an education was possible to an Athenian (though it is fair to add that Socrates does not seem to have thought much of it) because a man situated as Alcibiades was situated in the intellectual history of the world, had no past behind him which deserved his attention more than the present which surrounded him. Simply to speak Greek, *ἑλληνίζειν*, was really then the most precious of all accomplishments, and the fact that Alcibiades came by it easily does not lessen its value. Amongst a people like the Athenians, fond of intellectual talk, conversation was one of the best and readiest means of informing the mind, and certainly the very best means of developing it. It was not a slight advantage to speak the language of Socrates, and have him for a companion.

The cleverest and most accomplished Romans were situated rather more like ourselves, or at least as we should be situated if we had not to learn Latin and Greek, and if there were no modern language worth studying except French. They went to Greece to perfect themselves in Greek, and improve their accent, just as our young gentlemen go to Paris or Touraine. Still, the burden of the past was comparatively light upon their shoulders. An Englishman who had attempted no more than they were bound to attempt might be a scholar, but he would not be considered so.

He might be a thorough scholar in French and English,—that is, he might possess the cream of two great literatures,—but he would be spoken of as a person of defective education. It is the fashion, for example, to speak of Sir Walter Scott as a half-educated man, because he did not know much Greek, yet Sir Walter had studied German with success, and with his habit of extensive reading, and his immense memory, certainly knew incomparably more about the generations which preceded him than Horace knew of those which preceded the Augustan era.

The privilege of limiting their studies, from the beginning, to one or two branches of knowledge, belonged to earlier ages, and every successive accumulation of the world's knowledge has gradually lessened it. School-boys in our time are expected to know more, or to have attempted to learn more, than the most brilliant intellectual leaders of former times. What English parent, in easy circumstances, would be content that his son should have the education of Alcibiades, or an education accurately corresponding to that of Horace, or to that which sufficed for Shakespeare? Yet although the burdens laid upon the memory have been steadily augmented, its powers have not increased. Our brains are not better constituted than those of our forefathers, although where they learned one thing we attempt to learn six. They learned, and we attempt to learn. The only hope for us is to make a selection from the attempts of our too heavily burdened youth, and in those selected studies to emulate in after-life the thoroughness of our forefathers

LETTER III.

TO A FRIEND WHO STUDIED MANY THINGS.

An idealized portrait—The scholars of the sixteenth century—Isolated students—French students of English when isolated from Englishmen—How one of them read Tennyson—Importance of sounds—Illusions of scholarship—Difficulty of appreciating the sense—That Latin may still be made a spoken language—The early education of Montaigne—A contemporary instance—Dream of a Latin island—Rapid corruption of a language taught artificially.

In your answer to my letter about the multiplicity of modern studies you tell me that my portrait of your grandfather is considerably idealized, and that, notwithstanding all the respect which you owe to his memory, you have convincing proof in his manuscript annotations to Latin authors that his scholarship cannot have been quite so thorough as I represented it. You convey, moreover, though with perfect modesty in form, the idea that

you believe your own Latin superior to your grandfather's, notwithstanding the far greater variety of your studies. Let me confess that I *did* somewhat idealize that description of your grandfather's intellectual life. I described rather a life which might have been than a life which actually was. And even this "might have been" is problematical. It may be doubted whether any modern has ever really mastered Latin. The most that can be said is that a man situated like your grandfather, without a profession, without our present temptation to scatter effort in many pursuits, and who made Latin scholarship his unique intellectual purpose, would probably go nearer to a satisfactory degree of attainment than we whose time and strength have been divided into so many fragments. But the picture of a perfect modern Latinist is purely ideal, and the prevalent notion of high attainment in a dead language is not fixed enough to be a standard, whilst if it were fixed it would certainly be a very low standard. The scholars of this century do not write Latin except as a mere exercise; they do not write books in Latin, and they never speak it at all. They do not use the language actively; they only read it, which is not really using it, but only seeing how other men have used it. There is the same difference between reading a language and writing or speaking it that there is between looking at pictures intelligently and painting them. The scholars of the sixteenth century spoke Latin habitually, and wrote it with ease and fluency. "Nicholas Grouchy," says Montaigne, "who wrote a book *de Comitibus Romanorum*; William Guereute, who has written a commentary upon Aristotle; George Buchanan, that great Scotch poet; and Marc Anthony Muret, whom both France and Italy have acknowledged for the best orator of his time, my domestic tutors (at college), have all of them often told me that I had in my infancy that language so very fluent and ready that they were afraid to enter into discourse with me." This passage is interesting for two reasons; it shows that the scholars of that age spoke Latin; but it proves at the same time that they cannot have been really masters of the language, since they were "afraid to enter into discourse" with a clever child. Fancy an Englishman who professed to be a French scholar and yet "was afraid to enter into discourse" with a French boy, for fear he should speak too quickly! The position of these scholars relatively to Latin was in fact too isolated for it to have been possible that they should reach the point of mastery. Suppose a society of Frenchmen, in some secluded

ed little French village where no Englishman ever penetrates, and that these Frenchmen learn English from dictionaries, and set themselves to speak English with each other, without anybody to teach them the colloquial language or its pronunciation, without ever once hearing the sound of it from English lips, what sort of English would they create amongst themselves? This is a question that I happen to be able to answer very accurately, because I have known two Frenchmen who studied English literature just as the Frenchmen of the sixteenth century studied the literature of ancient Rome. One of them, especially, had attained what would certainly in the case of a dead language be considered a very high degree of scholarship indeed. Most of our great authors were known to him, even down to the close critical comparison of different readings. Aided by the most powerful memory I ever knew, he had amassed such stores that the acquisitions, even of cultivated Englishmen, would in many cases have appeared inconsiderable beside them. But he could not write or speak English in a manner tolerable to an Englishman; and although he knew nearly all the words in the language, it was dictionary knowledge, and so different from an Englishman's apprehension of the same words that it was only a sort of pseudo-English that he knew, and not our living tongue. His appreciation of our authors, especially of our poets, differed so widely from English criticism and English feeling that it was evident he did not understand them as we understand them. Two things especially proved this: he frequently mistook declamatory versification of the most mediocre quality for poetry of an elevated order; whilst, on the other hand, his ear failed to perceive the music of the musical poets, as Byron and Tennyson. How *could* he hear their music, he to whom our English sounds were all unknown? Here, for example, is the way he read "Claribel":—

"At ev ze bittle bommess
 Asvart ze seeket ion
 At none ze veeld be omness
 Aboot ze most edston
 At meedneeg ze mon commess
 An lokes down alon
 Ere songg ze lintreet avoless
 Ze clirvoic-ed mavi dvoless
 Ze fiedgling aroet lispess
 Ze slombroos vav ootvoless
 Ze babbling ronnel creespeess
 Ze ollov grot reples-ess
 Vere Claribel lovlee-ess."

This, as nearly as I have been able to render it in English spelling, was the way in which a French gentleman of really high culture was accustomed to read English

poetry to himself. Is it surprising that he should have failed to appreciate the music of our musical verse? He did not, however, seem to be aware that there existed any obstacle to the accuracy of his decisions, but gave his opinion with a good deal of authority, which might have surprised me had I not so frequently heard Latin scholars do exactly the same thing. My French friend read "Claribel" in a ridiculous manner; but English scholars all read Latin poetry in a manner not less ridiculous. You laugh to hear "Claribel" read with a foreign pronunciation, and you see at once the absurdity of affecting to judge of it as poetry before the reader has learned to pronounce the sounds; but you do not laugh to hear Latin poetry read with a foreign pronunciation, and you do not perceive that we are all of us disqualified, by our profound ignorance of the pronunciation of the ancient Romans, for any competent criticism of their verse. In all poetry, in all oratory, in much of the best and most artistic prose-writing also, sound has a great influence upon sense: a great deal is conveyed by it, especially in the way of feeling. If we do not thoroughly know and practise the right pronunciation (and by the right pronunciation I mean that which the author himself *thought in* whilst he wrote), we miss those delicate tones and cadences which are in literature like the modulations of the voice in speech. Nor can we properly appreciate the artistic choice of beautiful names for persons and places unless we know the sounds of them quite accurately, and have already in our minds the associations belonging to the sounds. Names which are selected with the greatest care by our English poets, and which hold their place like jewels on the finely-wrought texture of the verse, lose all their value when they are read with a vicious foreign pronunciation. So it must be with Latin poetry when read by an Englishman, and it is probable that we are really quite insensible to the delicate art of verbal selection as it was practised by the most consummate masters of antiquity.

I know that scholars think that they hear the Roman music still; but this is one of the illusions of scholarship. In each country Latin scholars have adopted a conventional style of reading, and the sounds which are in conformity with that style seem to them to be musical, whilst other than the accepted sounds seem ridiculous, and grate harshly on the unaccustomed ear. The music which the Englishman hears, or imagines that he hears, in the language of ancient Rome, is certainly not the music which the Roman authors in-

tended to note in words. It is as if my Frenchman, having read "Claribel" in his own way, had affirmed that he heard the music of the verse. If he heard music at all, it was not Tennyson's.

Permit me to add a few observations about sense. My French friend certainly understood English in a very remarkable manner for a student who had never visited our country; he knew the dictionary meaning of every word he encountered, and yet there ever remained between him and our English tongue a barrier or wall of separation, hard to define, but easy to perceive. In the true deep sense he never understood the language. He studied it, laid regular siege to it, mastered it to all appearance, yet remained, to the end, outside of it. His observations, and especially his unfavorable criticisms, proved this quite conclusively. Expressions often appeared to him faulty, in which no English reader would see anything to remark upon; it may be added that (by way of compensation) he was unable to appreciate the oddity of those intentionally quaint turns of expression which are invented by the craft of humorists. It may even be doubted whether his English was of any ascertainable use to him. He might probably have come as near to an understanding of our authors by the help of translations, and he could not converse in English, for the spoken language was entirely unintelligible to him. An acquisition of this kind seems scarcely an adequate reward for the labor that it costs. Compared with living Englishmen my French friend was nowhere, but if English had been a dead language, he would have been looked up to as a very eminent scholar, and would have occupied a professor's chair in the university.

A little more life might be given to the study of Latin by making it a spoken language. Boys might be taught to speak Latin in their schooldays with the modern Roman pronunciation, which, though probably a deviation from the ancient, is certainly nearer to it than our own. If colloquial Latin were made a subject of special research, it is likely that a sufficiently rich phrase-book might be constructed from the plays. If this plan were pursued throughout Europe (always adopting the Roman pronunciation) all educated men would possess a common tongue which might be enriched to suit modern requirements without any serious departure from classical construction. The want of such a system as this was painfully felt at the council of the Vatican, where the assembled prelates discovered that their Latin was of no practical use, although the Roman Catholic clergy employ

Latin more habitually than any other body of men in the world. That a modern may be taught to think in Latin, is proved by the early education of Montaigne, and I may mention a much more recent instance. My brother-in-law told me that, in the spring of 1871, a friend of his had come to stay with him accompanied by his little son, a boy seven years old. This child spoke Latin with the utmost fluency, and he spoke nothing else. What I am going to suggest is a Utopian dream, but let us suppose that a hundred fathers could be found in Europe, all of this way of thinking, all resolved to submit to some inconvenience in order that their sons might speak Latin as a living language. A small island might be rented near the coast of Italy, and in that island Latin alone might be permitted. Just as the successive governments of France maintain the establishments of Sèvres and the Gobelins to keep the manufactures of porcelain and tapestry up to a recognized high standard of excellence, so this Latin island might be maintained to give more vivacity to scholarship. If there were but one little corner of ground on the wide earth where pure Latin was constantly spoken, our knowledge of the classic writers would become far more sympathetically intimate. After living in the Latin island we should think in Latin as we read, and read without translating.

But this is dreaming. It is too certain that on returning from the Latin island into the atmosphere of modern colleges an evil change would come over our young Latinists like that which came upon the young Montaigne when his father sent him to the college of Guienne, "at that time the best and most flourishing in France." Montaigne tells us that, notwithstanding all his father's precautions, the place "was a college still." "My Latin," he adds, "*immediately grew corrupt, and by discontinuance I have since lost all manner of use of it.*" If it were the custom to speak Latin, it would be the custom to speak it badly; and a master of the language would have to conform to the evil usages around him. Our present state of ignorance has the charm of being silent, except when old-fashioned gentlemen in the House of Commons quote poetry which they cannot pronounce to hearers who cannot understand it.

NOTE.—An English orator quoted from Cicero the sentence, "Non intelligunt homines quam magnum vectigal sit parvum." He made the second vowel in *vectigal* short, and the House laughed at him; he tried again and pronounced it with the long sound of the English *i*, on which the critical body he addressed was perfectly satisfied. But if a Roman had been present it is probable that, of the two, the short

English *i* would have astonished his ears the less, for our short *i* does bear some resemblance to the southern *i* whereas our long *i* resembles no single letter in any alphabet of the Latin family of languages. We are scrupulously careful to avoid what we call false quantities, we are quite utterly and ignorantly unscrupulous about false sounds. One of the best instances is the well-known "*veni, vidi, vici*," which we pronounce very much as if it had been written *vinai, voidai, va.oi*, in Italian letters.

LETTER IV.

TO A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

Studies, whatever they may be, always considered, by some, a waste of time—The classical languages—The higher mathematics—The accomplishments—Indirect uses of different studies—Influence of music—Studies indirectly useful to authors—What induced Mr. Roscoe to write the *lives* of Lorenzo de' Medici and Leo X.

WHATEVER you study, some one will consider that particular study a foolish waste of time.

If you were to abandon successively every subject of intellectual labor which had, in its turn, been condemned by some adviser as useless, the result would be simple intellectual nakedness. The classical languages, to begin with, have long been considered useless by the majority of practical people—and pray, what to shopkeepers, doctors, attorneys, artists, can be the use of the higher mathematics? And if these studies, which have been conventionally classed as serious studies, are considered unnecessary notwithstanding the tremendous authority of custom, how much the more are those studies exposed to a like contempt which belong to the category of accomplishments! What is the use of drawing, for it ends in a worthless sketch? Why should we study music when after wasting a thousand hours the amateur cannot satisfy the ear? *A quoi bon* modern languages when the accomplishment only enables us to call a waiter in French or German who is sure to answer us in English? And what, when it is not your trade, can be the good of dissecting animals or plants?

To all questionings of this kind there is but one reply. We work for culture. We work to enlarge the intelligence, and to make it a better and more effective instrument. This is our main purpose; but it may be added that even for our special labors it is always difficult to say beforehand exactly what will turn out in the end to be most useful. What, in appearance, can be more entirely outside the work of a landscape painter than the study of ancient history? and yet I can show you how an interest in ancient history might indirectly be of great service to a landscape painter. It

would make him profoundly feel the human associations of many localities which to an ignorant man would be devoid of interest or meaning; and this human interest in the scenes where great events have taken place, or which have been distinguished by the habitation of illustrious men in other ages, is in fact one of the great fundamental motives of landscape painting. It has been very much questioned, especially by foreign critics, whether the interest in botany which is taken by some of the more cultivated English landscape painters is not for them a false direction and wrong employment of the mind; but a landscape painter may feel his interest in vegetation infinitely increased by the accurate knowledge of its laws, and such an increase of interest would make him work more zealously, and with less danger of weariness and *ennui*, besides being a very useful help to the memory in retaining the authentic vegetable forms. It may seem more difficult to show the possible utility of a study apparently so entirely outside of other studies as music is; and yet music has an important influence on the whole of our emotional nature, and indirectly upon expression of all kinds. He who has once learned the self-control of the musician, the use of *piano* and *forte*, each in its right place, when to be lightly swift or majestically slow, and especially how to keep to the key once chosen till the right time has come for changing it; he who has once learned this knows the secret of the arts. No painter, writer, orator, who had the power and judgment of a thoroughly cultivated musician, could sin against the broad principles of taste.

More than all other men have authors reason to appreciate the indirect utilities of knowledge that is apparently irrelevant. Who can tell what knowledge will be of most use to *them*? Even the very greatest of authors are indebted to miscellaneous reading, often in several different languages, for the suggestion of their most original works, and for the light which has kindled many a shining thought of their own. And authors who seem to have less need than others of an outward help, poets whose compositions might appear to be chiefly inventive and emotional, novelists who are free from the restraints and the researches of the historian, work up what they know into what they write; so that if you could remove every line which is based on studies outside the strict limits of their art, you would blot out half their compositions. Take the antiquarian element out of Scott, and see how many of his works could never have been written. Remove from Goldsmith's brain the recollection of his wayward

studies and strange experiences, and you would remove the rich material of the "Traveller" and the Essays, and mutilate even the immortal "Vicar of Wakefield." Without a classical education and foreign travel, Byron would not have composed "Childe Harold;" without the most catholic interest in the literature of all the ages, and of many different peoples from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, our contemporary William Morris would never have conceived, and could not have executed, that strong work "The Earthly Paradise." It may not seem necessary to learn Italian, yet Mr. Roscoe's celebrity as an author was due in the first place to his private fondness for Italian literature. He did not learn Italian in order that he might write his biographies, but he wrote about Lorenzo and Leo because he had mastered Italian, and because the language led him to take an interest in the greatest house of Florence. The way in which authors are led by their favorite studies indirectly to the great performance of their lives has never been more clearly illustrated than in this instance.

When William Roscoe was a young man he had for his friend Francis Holden, nephew of Mr. Richard Holden, a schoolmaster in Liverpool. Francis Holden was a young man of uncommon culture, having at the same time really sound scholarship in several languages, and an ardent enthusiasm for literature. He urged Roscoe to study languages, and used especially, in their evening walks together, to repeat to him passages from the noblest poets of Italy. In this way Roscoe was led to attempt Italian, and, having once begun, went on till he had mastered it. "It was in the course of these studies," says his biographer, "that he first formed the idea of writing the *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*."

LETTER V.

TO A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN WHO REGRETTED
THAT HIS SON HAD THE TENDENCIES OF A DILETTANT.

Inaccuracy of the common distinction between amateur pursuits and more serious studies—All of us are amateurs in many things—Prince Albert—The Emperor Napoleon III.—Contrast between general and professional education—The price of high accomplishment.

I AGREE with you that amateurship, as generally practised, may be a waste of time, but the common distinction between amateur pursuits and serious studies is inconsistent. A painter whose art is imperfect and who does not work for money is called an ama-

teur; a scholar who writes imperfect Latin, not for money, escapes the imputation of amateurship, and is called a learned man. Surely we have been blinded by custom in these things. Ideas of frivolity are attached to imperfect acquirement in certain directions, and ideas of gravity to equally imperfect acquirement in others. To write bad Latin poetry is not thought to be frivolous, but it is considered frivolous to compose imperfectly and unprofessionally in other fine arts.

Yet are we not all of us amateurs in those pursuits which constituted our education—amateurs at the best, if we loved them, and even inferior to amateurs if we disliked them? We have not sounder knowledge or more perfect skill in the ancient languages than Prince Albert had in music. We know something of them, yet in comparison with perfect mastery such as that of a cultivated old Greek or Roman, our scholarship is at the best on a level with the musical scholarship of a cultivated amateur like the Prince Consort.

If the essence of dilettantism is to be contented with imperfect attainment, I fear that all educated people must be considered dilettants.

It is narrated of the Emperor Napoleon III. that in answer to some one who inquired of his Majesty whether the Prince Imperial was a musician, he replied that he discouraged dilettantism, and "did not wish his son to be a Coburg." But the Emperor himself was quite as much a dilettant as Prince Albert; though their dilettantism did not lie in the same directions. The Prince was an amateur musician and artist; the Emperor was an amateur historian, an amateur scholar, and antiquary. It may be added that Napoleon III. indulged in another and more dangerous kind of amateurship. He had a taste for amateur generalship, and the consequences of his indulgence of this taste are known to every one.

The variety of modern education encourages a scattered dilettantism. It is only in professional life that the energies of young men are powerfully concentrated. There is a steadying effect in thorough professional training which school education does not supply. Our boys receive praise and prizes for doing many things most imperfectly, and it is not their fault if they remain ignorant of what perfection really is, and of the immensity of the labor which it costs. I think that you would do well, perhaps, without discouraging your son too much by chillingly accurate estimates of the value of what he has done, to make him on all proper occasions feel and see

the difference between half-knowledge and thorough mastery. It would be a good thing for a youth to be made clearly aware how enormous a price of labor Nature has set upon high accomplishment in everything that is really worthy of his pursuit. It is this persuasion, which men usually arrive at only in their maturity, that operates as the most effectual tranquillizer of frivolous activities.

LETTER VI.

TO THE PRINCIPAL OF A FRENCH COLLEGE.

The Author's dread of protection in intellectual pursuits—Example from the Fine Arts—Prize poems—Governmental encouragement of learning—The bad effects of it—Pet pursuits—Objection to the interference of Ministers—A project for separate examinations.

WHAT I am going to say will seem very strange to you, and is not unlikely to arouse as much professional animosity as you are capable of feeling against an old friend. You who are a dignitary of the University, and have earned your various titles in a fair field, as a soldier wins his epaulettes before the enemy, are not the likeliest person to hear with patience the unauthorized theories of an innovator. Take them, then, as mere speculations, if you will—not altogether unworthy of consideration, for they are suggested by a sincere anxiety for the best interests of learning, and yet not very dangerous to vested interests of any kind, since they can have little influence on the practice or opinion of the world.

I feel a great dread of what may be called *protection* in intellectual pursuits. It seems to me that when the Government of a country applies an artificial stimulus to certain branches of study for their encouragement, by the offer of rewards in honor or in money beyond the rewards inherent in the studies themselves, or coming naturally from their usefulness to mankind, there is a great danger that men may give a disproportionate attention to those favored branches of study. Let me take an example from the practice of the Fine Arts. A Government, by medals and crosses, or by money, can easily create and foster a school of painting which is entirely out of relation to the century in which it exists, and quite incapable of working harmoniously with the contemporary national life. This has actually been done to a considerable extent in various countries, especially in France and in Bavaria. A sort of classicism which had scarcely any foundation in sincerity of feeling was kept up artificially by

a system of encouragement which offered inducements outside the genuine ambition of an artist. The true enthusiasm which is the life of art impels the artist to express his own feeling for the delight of others. The offer of a medal or a pension induces him to make the sort of picture which is likely to satisfy the authorities. He first ascertains what is according to the rule, and then follows it as nearly as he is able. He works in a temper of simple conformity, remote indeed from the passionate enthusiasm of creation. It is so with prize poems. We all know the sort of poetry which is composed in order to gain prizes. The anxiety of the versifier is to be safe: he tries to compose what will escape censure; he dreads the originality that may give offence. But all powerful pictures and poems have been wrought in the energy of individual feeling, not in conformity to a pattern.

Now, suppose that, instead of encouraging poetry or painting, a Government resolves to encourage learning. It will patronize certain pursuits to the neglect of others, or it will encourage certain pursuits more liberally than others. The subjects of such a Government will not follow learning exclusively for its delightfulness or its utility; another consideration will affect their choice. They will inquire which pursuits are rewarded by prizes in honor or money, and they will be strongly tempted to select them. Therefore, unless the Government has exercised extraordinary wisdom, men will learn what they do not really care for and may never practically want, merely in order to win some academical grade. So soon as this object has been attained, they will immediately abandon the studies by which they attained it.

Can it be said that in these cases the purposes of the Government were fulfilled? Clearly not, if it desired to form a permanent taste for learning. But it may have done worse than fail in this merely negative way; it may have diverted its youth from pursuits to which Nature called them, and in which they might have effectually aided the advancement and the prosperity of the State.

Let us suppose that a Government were to have a pet study, and offer great artificial inducements for success in it. Suppose that the pet study were entomology. All the most promising youth of the country would spend ten years in emulating Messrs. Kirby and Spence, and take their degrees as entomological bachelors. But might it not easily happen that to a majority of the young gentlemen this pursuit would have acted positively as a hindrance by keeping them from other pur-

suits more likely to help them in their professions? It would not only cost a great deal of valuable time, it would absorb a quantity of youthful energy which the country can ill afford to lose. The Government would probably affirm that entomology, if not always practically useful in itself, was an invaluable intellectual training; but what if this training used up the early vigor which might be needed for other pursuits, and of which every human being has only a limited supply? We should be told, no doubt, that this powerful encouragement was necessary to the advancement of science, and it is true that under such a system the rudiments of entomology would be more generally known. But the vulgarization of rudiments is not the advancement of knowledge. Entomology has gone quite as far in discovery, though pursued simply for its own sake, as it would have gone if it had been made necessary to a bachelor's degree.

You will ask whether I would go so far as to abolish degrees of all kinds. Certainly not; that is not my project. But I believe that no Government is competent to make a selection amongst intellectual pursuits and say, "This or that pursuit shall be encouraged by university degrees, whilst other pursuits of intellectual men shall have no encouragement whatever." I may mention by name your present autocrat of Public Instruction, Jules Simon. He is a literary man of some eminence; he has written several interesting books, and on the whole he is probably more competent to deal with these questions than many of his predecessors. But however capable a man may be, he is sure to be biassed by the feeling common to all intellectual men which attributes a peculiar importance to their own pursuits. I do not like to see any Minister, or any Cabinet of Ministers, settling what all the young men of a country are to learn under penalty of exclusion from all the liberal professions.

What I should think more reasonable would be some such arrangement as the following. There might be a board of thoroughly competent examiners for each branch of study separately, authorized to confer certificates of competence. When a man believed himself to have mastered a branch of study, he would go and try to get a certificate for that. The various studies would then be followed according to the public sense of their importance, and would fall quite naturally into the rank which they ought to occupy at any given period of the national history. These separate examinations should be severe enough to ensure a serviceable degree of proficiency. Nobody should

be allowed to teach anything who had not got a certificate for the particular thing he intended to profess. In the confusion of your present system, not only do you fail to insure the thoroughness of pupils, but the teachers themselves are too frequently incompetent in some speciality which accidentally falls to their share. I think that a Greek master ought to be a complete Hellenist, but surely it is not necessary that he should be half a mathematician.

To sum up. It seems to me that a Government has no business to favor some intellectual pursuits more than others, but that it ought to recognize competent attainment in every one of them by a sort of diploma or certificate, leaving the relative rank of different pursuits to be settled by public opinion. And as to the educators themselves, I think that when a man has proved his competence in one thing, he ought to be allowed to teach that one thing in the University without being required to pass an examination in any other thing.

LETTER VII.

TO THE PRINCIPAL OF A FRENCH COLLEGE.

Loss of time to acquire an ancient language too imperfectly for it to be useful—Dr. Arnold—Mature life leaves little time for culture—Modern indifference to ancient thinking—Larger experience of the moderns—The moderns older than the ancients—The Author's regret that Latin has ceased to be a living language—The shortest way to learn to read a language—The recent interest in modern languages—A French student of Hebrew.

I WAS happy to learn your opinion of the reform so recently introduced by the Minister of Public Instruction, and the more so that I was glad to find the views of so inexperienced a person as myself confirmed by your wider knowledge. You went even farther than M. Jules Simon, for you openly expressed a desire for the complete withdrawal of Greek from the ordinary school curriculum. Not that you undervalue Greek,—no one of your scholarship would be likely to undervalue a great literature,—but you thought it a loss of time to acquire a language so imperfectly that the literature still remained practically closed whilst thousands of valuable hours had been wasted on the details of grammar. The truth is, that although the principle of beginning many things in school education with the idea that the pupil will in maturer life pursue them to fuller accomplishment may in some instances be justified by the prolonged studies of men who have a natural taste for erudition, it is idle to shut one's eyes to the fact that most men have no inclination for school-work

after they have left school, and if they had the inclination they have not the time. Our own Dr. Arnold, the model English schoolmaster, said, "It is so hard to begin anything in after-life, and so comparatively easy to continue what has been begun, that I think we are bound to break ground, as it were, into several of the mines of knowledge with our pupils; that the first difficulties may be overcome by them whilst there is yet a power from without to aid their own faltering resolution, and that so they may be enabled, if they will, to go on with the study hereafter." The principle here expressed is no doubt one of the important principles of all early education, and yet I think that it cannot be safely followed without taking account of human nature, such as it is. Everything hangs on that little parenthesis "if they will." And if they will *not*, how then? The time spent in breaking the ground has been wasted, except so far as the exercise of breaking the ground may have been useful in mental gymnastics.

Mature life brings so many professional or social duties that it leaves scant time for culture; and those who care for culture most earnestly and sincerely, are the very persons who will economize time to the utmost. Now, to read a language that has been very imperfectly mastered is felt to be a bad economy of time. Suppose the case of a man occupied in business who has studied Greek rather assiduously in youth and yet not enough to read it with facility. Suppose that this man wants to get at the mind of Plato. He can read the original, but he reads it so slowly that it would cost him more hours than he can spare, and this is why he has recourse to a translation. In this case there is no indifference to Greek culture; on the contrary, the reader desires to assimilate what he can of it, but the very earnestness of his wish to have free access to ancient thought makes him prefer it in modern language.

This is the most favorable instance that can be imagined, except, of course, those exceedingly rare cases where a man has leisure enough, and enthusiasm enough, to become a Hellenist. The great majority of our contemporaries do not care for ancient thought at all, it is so remote from them, it belongs to conditions of civilization so different from their own, it is encumbered with so many lengthy discussions of questions which have been settled by the subsequent experience of the world, that the modern mind prefers to occupy itself with its own anxieties and its own speculations. It is a great error to suppose that indifference to ancient thinking is peculiar to the spirit of Philistinism; for the

most cultivated contemporary intellects seek light from each other rather than from the ancients. One of the most distinguished of modern thinkers, a scholar of the rarest classical attainments, said to me in reference to some scheme of mine for renewing my classical studies, that they would be of no more use to me than numismatics. It is this feeling, the feeling that Greek speculation is of less consequence to the modern world than German and French speculation, which causes so many of us, rightly or wrongly, to regard it as a palæontological curiosity, interesting for those who are curious as to the past of the human mind, but not likely to be influential upon its future.

This estimate of ancient thinking is not often expressed quite so openly as I have just expressed it, and yet it is very generally prevalent even amongst the most thoughtful people, especially if modern science has had any conspicuous influence in the formation of their minds. The truth is, as Sydney Smith observed many years ago, that there is a confusion of language in the use of the word "ancient." We say "the ancients," as if they were older and more experienced men than we are, whereas the age and experience are entirely on our side. They were the clever children, "and we only are the white-bearded, silver-headed ancients, who have treasured up, and are prepared to profit by, all the experience which human life can supply." The sense of our larger experience, as it grows in us and becomes more distinctly conscious, produces a corresponding decline in our feelings of reverence for classic times. The past has bequeathed to us its results, and we have incorporated them into our own edifice, but we have used them rather as materials than as models.

In your practical desire to retain in education only what is likely to be used, you are willing to preserve Latin. M. Jules Simon says that Latin ought to be studied only to be read. On this point permit me to offer an observation. The one thing I regret about Latin is that we have ceased to speak it. The natural method, and by far the most rapid and sure method of learning a language, is to begin by acquiring words in order to use them to ask for what we want; after that we acquire other words for narration and the expression of our sentiments. By far the shortest way to learn to read a language is to begin by speaking it. The colloquial tongue is the basis of the literary tongue. This is so true that with all the pains and trouble you give to the Latin education of your pupils, you cannot teach them as much Latin, for reading only, in the course of ten years, as a

living foreigner will give them of his own language in ten months. I seriously believe that if your object is to make boys read Latin easily, you begin at the wrong end. It is deplorable that the learned should ever have allowed Latin to become a dead language, since in permitting this they have enormously increased the difficulty of acquiring it, even for the purposes of scholarship.

No foreigner who knows the French people will disapprove of the novel desire to know the modern languages, which has been one of the most unexpected consequences of the war. Their extreme ignorance of the literature of other nations has been the cause of enormous evils. Notwithstanding her central position, France has been a very isolated country intellectually, much more isolated than England, more isolated even than Transylvania, where foreign literatures are familiar to the cultivated classes. This isolation has produced very lamentable effects, not only on the national culture but most especially on the national character. No modern nation, however important, can safely remain in ignorance of its contemporaries. The Frenchman was like a gentleman shut up within his own park-wall, having no intercourse with his neighbors, and reading nothing but the history of his own ancestors—for the Romans were your ancestors, intellectually. It is only by the study of living languages, and their continual use, that we can learn our true place in the world. A Frenchman was studying Hebrew; I ventured to suggest that German might possibly be more useful. To this he answered, *that there was no literature in German.* "*Vous avez Goethe, vous avez Schiller, et vous avez Lessing, mais en dehors de ces trois noms il n'y a rien.*" This meant simply that my student of Hebrew measured German literature by his own knowledge of it. Three names had reached him, only names, and only three of them. As to the men who were unknown to him he had decided that they did not exist. Certainly if there are many Frenchmen in this condition, it is time that they learned a little German.

LETTER VIII.

TO A STUDENT OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

Standard of attainment in living languages higher than in ancient ones—Difficulty of maintaining high pretensions—Prevalent illusion about the facility of modern languages—Easy to speak them badly—Some propositions based upon experience—Expectations and disappointments.

HAD your main purpose in the education of yourself (I do not say self-education, for

you wisely accept all help from others) been the attainment of classical scholarship, I might have observed that as the received standard in that kind of learning is not a very elevated one, you might reasonably hope to reach it with a certain calculable quantity of effort. The classical student has only to contend against other students who are and have been situated very much as he is situated himself. They have learned Latin and Greek from grammars and dictionaries as he is learning them, and the only natural advantages which any of his predecessors may have possessed are superiorities of memory which may be compensated by his greater perseverance, or superiorities of sympathy to which he may "level up" by that acquired and artificial interest which comes from protracted application. But the student of modern languages has to contend against advantages of situation, as the gardeners of an inhospitable climate contend against the natural sunshine of the south. How easy it is to have a fruitful date-tree in Arabia, how difficult in England! How easy for the Florentine to speak Italian, how difficult for us! The modern linguist can never fence himself behind that stately unquestionableness which shields the classical scholar. His knowledge may at any time be put to the severest of all tests, to a test incomparably more severe than the strictest university examination. The first *native* that he meets is his examiner, the first foreign city is his Oxford. And this is probably one reason why accomplishment in modern languages has been rather a matter of utility than of dignity, for it is difficult to keep up great pretensions in the face of a multitude of critics. What would the most learned-looking gown avail, if a malicious foreigner were laughing at us?

But there is a deep satisfaction in the severity of the test. An honest and courageous student likes to be clearly aware of the exact value of his acquisitions. He takes his French to Paris and has it tested there as we take our plate to the silversmith, and after that he knows, or may know, quite accurately what it is worth. He has not the dignity of scholarship, he is not held to be a learned man, but he has acquired something which may be of daily use to him in society, or in commerce, or in literature; and there are thousands of educated natives who can accurately estimate his attainment and help him to a higher perfection. All this is deeply satisfying to a lover of intellectual realities. The modern linguist is always on firm ground, and in broad daylight. He may impede his own progress by the illusions of solitary self-con-

ceit, but the atmosphere outside is not favorable to such illusions. It is well for him that the temptations to charlatanism are so few, that the risks of exposure are so frequent.

Still there are illusions, and the commonest of them is that a modern language may be very easily mastered. There is a popular idea that French is easy, that Italian is easy, that German is more difficult, yet by no means insuperably difficult. It is believed that when an Englishman has spent all the best years of his youth in attempting to learn Latin and Greek, he may acquire one or two modern languages with little effort during a brief residence on the Continent. It is certainly true that we may learn any number of foreign languages so as to speak them badly, but it surely cannot be easy to speak them well. It may be inferred that this is not easy because the accomplishment is so rare. The inducements are common, the accomplishment is rare. Thousands of English people have very strong reasons for learning French, thousands of French people could improve their position by learning English; but rare indeed are the men and women who know both languages thoroughly.

The following propositions, based on much observation of a kind wholly unprejudiced, and tested by a not inconsiderable experience, will be found, I believe, unassailable.

1. *Whenever a foreign language is perfectly acquired there are peculiar family conditions. The person has either married a person of the other nation, or is of mixed blood.*

2. *When a foreign language has been acquired (there are instances of this) in quite absolute perfection, there is almost always some loss in the native tongue. Either the native tongue is not spoken correctly, or it is not spoken with perfect ease.*

3. *A man sometimes speaks two languages correctly, his father's and his mother's, or his own and his wife's, but never three.*

4. *Children can speak several languages exactly like natives, but in succession, never simultaneously. They forget the first in acquiring the second, and so on.*

5. *A language cannot be learned by an adult without five years' residence in the country where it is spoken, and without habits of close observation a residence of twenty years is insufficient.*

This is not encouraging, but it is the truth. Happily, a knowledge which falls far short of mastery may be of much practical use in the common affairs of life, and may even afford some initiation into foreign literatures. I do not argue that because perfection is denied of

us by the circumstances of our lives or the necessities of our organization we are therefore to abandon the study to every language but the mother tongue. It may be of use to us to know several languages imperfectly, if only we confess the hopelessness of absolute attainment. That which is truly, and deeply, and seriously an injury to our intellectual life, is the foolishness of the two common vanity which first deludes itself with childish expectations, and then tortures itself with late regret for failure which might have been easily foreseen.

LETTER IX.

TO A STUDENT OF MODERN LANGUAGES

Cases known to the Author—Opinion of an English linguist—Family conditions—An Englishman who lived forty years in France—Influence of children—An Italian in France—Displacement of one language by another—English lady married to a Frenchman—An Italian in Garibaldi's army—Corruption of languages by the uneducated when they learn more than one—Neapolitan servant of an English gentleman—A Scotch servant-woman—The author's eldest boy—Substitution of one language for another—In mature life we lose facility—The resisting power of adults—Seen in international marriages—Case of a retired English officer—Two Germans in France—Germans in London—The innocence of the ear—Imperfect attainment of little intellectual use—Too many languages attempted in education—Polyglot waiters—Indirect benefits.

My five propositions about learning modern languages appear from your answer to have rather surprised you, and you ask for some instances in illustration. I am aware that my last letter was dogmatic, so let me begin by begging your pardon for its dogmatism. The present communication may steer clear of that rock of offence, for it shall confine itself to an account of cases that I have known.

One of the most accomplished of English linguists remarked to me that after much observation of the labors of others, and a fair estimate of his own, he had come to the rather discouraging conclusion that it was not possible to learn a foreign language. He did not take account of the one exceptional class of cases where the family conditions make the use of two languages habitual. The most favorable family conditions are not in themselves sufficient to ensure the acquisition of a language, but wherever an instance of perfect acquisition is to be found, these family conditions are always found along with it. My friend W., an English artist living in Paris, speaks French with quite absolute accuracy as to grammar and choice of expression, and with accuracy of pronunciation so nearly absolute that the best French

ears can detect nothing wrong but the pronunciation of the letter "r." He has lived in France for the space of forty years, but it may be doubted whether in forty years he could have mastered the language as he has done if he had not married a native. French has been his home language for 30 years and more, and the perfect ease and naturalness of his diction are due to the powerful home influences, especially to the influence of children. A child is born that speaks the foreign tongue from the first inarticulate beginnings. It makes its own child language, and the father as he hears it is born over again in the foreign land by tender paternal sympathy. Gradually the sweet child-talk gives place to the perfect tongue and the father follows it by insensible gradations, himself the most docile of pupils, led onward rather than instructed by the winning and playful little master, incomparably the best of masters. The process here is nature's own inimitable process. Every new child that is born to a man so situated carries him through a repetition of that marvellous course of teaching. The language *grows* in his brain from the first rudiments—the real natural rudiments, not the hard rudiments of the grammarian—just as plants grow naturally from their seeds. It has not been built by human processes of piecing together, but has developed itself like a living creature. This way of learning a language possesses over the dictionary process exactly the kind of superiority which a living man, developed naturally from the fetus, possesses over the clastic anatomical man-model of the ingenious doctor Auzoux. The doctor's models are remarkably perfect in construction, they have all the organs, but they have not life.

When, however, this natural process of growth is allowed to go forward without watchful care, it is likely to displace the mother tongue. It is sometimes affirmed that the impressions of childhood are never effaced, that the mother tongue is *never* forgotten. It may be that it is never wholly forgotten, except in the case of young children, but it may become so imperfect as to be practically of little use. I knew an Italian who came to France as a young man and learned his profession there. He was afterwards naturalized, married a French lady, had several children, pursued a very successful career in Paris, and became ultimately French Ambassador at the court of Victor Emmanuel. His French was so perfect that it was quite impossible for any one to detect the usual Italian accents. I used to count him as a remarkable and almost solitary in-

stance of a man speaking two languages in their perfection, but I learned since then that his French had displaced his Italian, and so completely that he was quite unable to speak Italian correctly, and made use of French invariably when in Italy. The risk of this displacement is always greatest in cases where the native tongue is not kept up by means of literature. Byron and Shelley, or our contemporary Charles Lever, would run little risk of losing English by continental residence, but people not accustomed to reading and writing often forget the mother tongue in a few years, even when the foreign one which has displaced it is still in a state of imperfection. Madame L. is an English lady who married a Frenchman; neither her husband nor her children speak English, and as her relatives live in one of our most distant colonies, she has been separated from them for many years. Isolated thus from English society, living in a part of France rarely visited by her countrymen, never reading English, and writing it little and at long intervals, she speaks it now with much difficulty and diffidence. Her French is not grammatical, though she has lived for many years with people who speak grammatically; but then her French is fluent and alive, truly her own living language now, whilst English is, if not wholly forgotten, dead almost as our Latin is dead. She and I always speak French together when we meet, because it is easier for her than English, and a more natural expression. I have known some other cases of displacement of the native tongue, and have lately had the opportunity of watching a case of such displacement during its progress. A sergeant in the Italian army deserted to join Garibaldi in the campaign of 1870. On the conclusion of peace it was impossible for him to return to Italy, so he settled in France and married there. I found some work for him, and for some months saw him frequently. Up to the date of his marriage he spoke no language but Italian, which he could read and write correctly, but after his marriage the process of displacement of the native tongue began immediately by the corruption of it. He did not keep his Italian safely by itself, putting the French in a place of its own as he gradually acquired it, but he mixed the two inextricably together. Imagine the case of a man who, having a bottle half full of wine, gets some beer given him and pours it immediately into the wine-bottle. The beer will never be pure beer, but it will effectually spoil the wine. This process is not so much one of displacement as of corruption. it takes place readily in uncultivated minds,

with feeble separating powers. Another example of this was a Neapolitan servant of an English gentleman, who mixed his Italian twice, first with French and afterwards with English, producing a compound intelligible to nobody but himself, if indeed he himself understood it. At the time I knew him, the man had no means of communication with his species. When his master told him to do anything, he made a guess at what was likely to be for the moment his master's most probable want, and sometimes hit the mark, but more generally missed it. The man's name was Alberino, and I remember on one occasion profiting by a mistaken guess of his. After a visit to Alberino's master, my servant brought forth a magnificent basket of trout, which surprised me, as nothing had been said about them. However, we ate them, and only discovered afterwards that the present was due to an illusion of Alberino's. His master had never told him to give me the trout, but he had interpreted some other order in that sense. When you asked him for mustard, he would first touch the salt, and then the pepper, etc., looking at you inquiringly till you nodded assent. Any attempt at conversation with Alberino was sure to lead to a perfect comedy of misunderstandings. He never had the remotest idea of what his interlocutor was talking about; but he pretended to catch your meaning, and answered at haphazard. He had a habit of talking aloud to himself, "but in a tongue no man could understand."

It is a law that cultivated people can keep languages apart, and in their purity, better than persons who have not habits of intellectual analysis. When I lived in Scotland three languages were spoken in my house all day long, and a housemaid came to us from the Lowlands who spoke nothing but Lowland Scotch. She used to ask what was the French for this thing or that, and then what was the Gaelic for it. Having been answered, she invariably asked the further question which of the three words, French, Gaelic, or English, *was the right word*. She remained, to the last, entirely incapable of conceiving how all the three could be right. Had she learned another language, it must have been by substitution for her own. This is exactly the natural process which takes place in the brains of children who are transferred from one country to another. My eldest boy spoke English in childhood as well as any other English child of his age. He was taken to the south of France, and in three months he replaced his English with Provençal, which he learned from the servants about him. There were

two ladies in the house who spoke English well, and did all in their power, in compliance with my urgent entreaties, to preserve the boy's native language; but the substitution took place too rapidly, and was beyond control. He began by an unwillingness to use English words whenever he could use Provençal instead, and in a remarkably short time this unwillingness was succeeded by inability. The native language was as completely taken out of his brain as a violin is taken out of its case: nothing remained, *nothing*, not one word, not any echo of an accent. And as a violinist may put a new instrument into the case from which he has removed the old one, so the new language occupied the whole space which had been occupied by English. When I saw the child again, there was no means of communication between us.

After that, he was removed to the north of France, and the same process began again. As Provençal had pushed out English, so French began to push out Provençal. The process was wonderfully rapid. The child heard people speak French, and he began to speak French like them without any formal teaching. He spoke the language as he breathed the air. In a few weeks he did not retain the least remnant of his Provençal; it was gone after his English into the limbo of the utterly forgotten.

Novelists have occasionally made use of cases similar to this, but they speak of the forgotten language as being forgotten in the manner that Scott forgot the manuscript of "Waverley," which he found afterwards in the drawers of an old writing-desk when he was seeking for fishing-tackle. They assume (conveniently for the purposes of their art) that the first language we learn is never really lost, but may be as it were under certain circumstances *mis-laid*, to be found again at some future period. Now, although something of this kind may be possible when the first language has been spoken in rather advanced boyhood, I am convinced that in childhood a considerable number of languages might succeed each other without leaving any trace whatever. I might have remarked that in addition to English, Provençal, and French, my boy had understood Gaelic in his infancy, at least to some extent, though he did not speak it. The languages in his case succeeded each other without any cost of effort, and without any appreciable effect on health. The pronunciation of each language was quite faultless so far as foreign accent went; the child had the defects of children, but of children born in the different countries where he live.

As we grow older this facility of acquisition gradually leaves us. M. Philarète Charles says that it is quite impossible for any adult to learn German: an adult may learn German as Dr. Arnold did for purposes of erudition, for which it is enough to know a language as we know Latin, but this is not mastery. You have met with many foreign residents in England, who after staying in the country for many years can barely make themselves intelligible, and must certainly be incapable of appreciating those beauties of our literature which are dependent upon arrangements of sound. The resisting power of the adult brain is quite as remarkable as the assimilating power of the immature brain. A child hears a sound, and repeats it with perfect accuracy; a man hears a sound, and by way of imitation utters something altogether different, being nevertheless persuaded that it is at least a close and satisfactory approximation. Children imitate well, but adults badly, and the acquisition of languages depends mainly on imitation. The resisting power of adults is often seen very remarkably in international marriages. In those classes of society where there is not much culture, or leisure or disposition for culture, the one will not learn the other's language from opportunity or from affection, but only under absolute necessity. It seems as if two people living always together would gain each other's languages as a matter of course, but the fact is that they do not. French people who marry foreigners do not usually acquire the foreign language if the pair remain in France; English people under similar conditions make the attempt more frequently, but they rest contented with imperfect attainment.

If the power of resistance is so great in people who being wedded together for life have peculiarly strong inducements for learning each other's languages, it need surprise us little to find a like power of resistance in cases where motives of affection are altogether absent. Englishmen who go to France as adults, and settle there, frequently remain for many years in a state of half-knowledge which, though it may carry them through the little difficulties of life at railway stations and restaurants, is for any intellectual purpose of no conceivable utility. I knew a retired English officer, a bachelor, who for many years had lived in Paris without any intention of returning to England. His French just barely carried him through the small transactions of his daily life, but was so limited and so incorrect that he could not maintain a conversation. His vocabulary was very meagre; his genders were all wrong,

and he did not know one single verb, literally not one. His pronunciation was so foreign as to be very nearly unintelligible, and he hesitated so much that it was painful to have to listen to him. I could mention a celebrated German, who has lived in or near Paris for the last twenty years, and who can neither speak nor write the language with any approach to accuracy. Another German, who settled in France as a master of languages, wrote French tolerably, but spoke it intolerably. There are Germans in London, who have lived there long enough to have families and make fortunes, yet who continue to repeat the ordinary German faults of pronunciation, the same faults which they committed years ago, when first they landed on our shores.

The child hears and repeats the true sound, the adult misleads himself by the spelling. Seldom indeed can the adult recover the innocence of the ear. It is like the innocence of the eye, which has to be recovered before we can paint from nature, and which belongs only to infancy and to art.

Let me observe, in conclusion, that although to know a foreign language perfectly is a most valuable aid to the intellectual life, I have never known an instance of very imperfect attainment which seemed to enrich the student intellectually. Until you can really feel the refinements of a language, your mental culture can get little help or furtherance from it of any kind, nothing but an interminable series of misunderstandings. I think that in the education of our boys too many languages are attempted, and that their minds would profit more by the perfect acquisition of a single language in addition to the native tongue. This, of course, is looking at the matter simply from the intellectual point of view. There may be practical reasons for knowing several languages imperfectly. It may be of use to many men in commercial situations to know a little of several languages, even a few words and phrases are valuable to a traveller, but all intellectual labor of the higher kind requires much more than that. It is of use to society that there should be polyglot waiters who can tell us when the train starts in four or five languages; but the polyglot waiters themselves are not intellectually advanced by their accomplishment; for, after all, the facts of the railway time-table are always the same small facts, in however many languages they may be announced. True culture ought to strengthen the faculty of thinking, and to provide the material upon which that noble faculty may operate. An accomplishment

which does neither of these two things for us is useless for our culture, though it may be of considerable practical convenience in the affairs of ordinary life. It is right to add, however, that there is sometimes an *indirect* intellectual benefit from such accomplishments. To be able to order dinner in Spanish is not in itself an intellectual advantage; but if the dinner, when you have eaten it, enables you to visit a cathedral whose architecture you are qualified to appreciate, there is a clear intellectual gain, though an indirect one.

LETTER X.

TO A STUDENT WHO LAMENTED HIS DEFECTIVE MEMORY.

The author rather inclined to congratulation than to condolence—Value of a selecting memory—Studies of the young Goethe—His great faculty of assimilation—A good literary memory like a well-edited periodical—The selecting memory in art—Treacherous memories—Cures suggested for them—The mnemotechnic art contrary to the true discipline of the mind—Two instances—The memory safely aided only by right association.

So far from writing, as you seem to expect me to do, a letter of condolence on the subject of what you are pleased to call your "miserable memory," I feel disposed rather to indite a letter of congratulation. It is possible that you may be blessed with a selecting memory, which is not only useful for what it retains but for what it rejects. In the immense mass of facts which come before you in literature and in life, it is well that you should suffer from as little bewilderment as possible. The nature of your memory saves you from this by unconsciously selecting what has interested you, and letting the rest go by. What interests you is what concerns you.

In saying this I speak simply from the intellectual point of view, and suppose you to be an intellectual man by the natural organization of your brain, to begin with. In saying that what interests you is what concerns you, I mean intellectually, not materially. It may concern you, in the pecuniary sense, to take an interest in the law; yet your mind, left to itself, would take little or no interest in law, but an absorbing interest in botany. The passionate studies of the young Goethe, in many different directions, always in obedience to the predominant interests of the moment, are the best example of the way in which a great intellect, with remarkable powers of acquisition and liberty to grow in free luxuriance, sends its roots into various soils and draws from them the constituents of its sap. As a student of law, as a university student even, he was not of the type which parents and professors consider satisfactory.

He neglected jurisprudence, he neglected even his college studies, but took an interest in so many other pursuits that his mind became rich indeed. Yet the wealth which his mind acquired seems to have been due to that liberty of ranging by which it was permitted to him to seek his own everywhere, according to the maxim of French law, *chacun prend son bien où il le trouve*. Had he been a poor student, bound down to the exclusively legal studies, which did not greatly interest him, it is likely that no one would ever have suspected his immense faculty of assimilation. In this way men who are set by others to load their memories with what is not their proper intellectual food, never get the credit of having any memory at all, and end by themselves believing that they have none. These bad memories are often the best, they are often the selecting memories. They seldom win distinction in examinations, but in literature and art. They are quite incomparably superior to the miscellaneous memories that receive only as boxes and drawers receive what is put into them. A good literary or artistic memory is not like a post-office that takes in everything, but like a very well-edited periodical which prints nothing that does not harmonize with its intellectual life. A well-known author gave me this piece of advice: "Take as many notes as you like, but when you write do not look at them—what you remember is what you must write, and you ought to give things exactly the degree of relative importance that they have in your memory. If you forget much, it is well, it will only save beforehand the labor of erasure." This advice would not be suitable to every author; an author who dealt much in minute facts ought to be allowed to refer to his memoranda; but from the artistic point of view in literature the advice was wise indeed. In painting, our preferences select whilst we are in the presence of nature, and our memory selects when we are away from nature. The most beautiful compositions are produced by the selecting office of the memory, which retains some features, and even greatly exaggerates them, whilst it diminishes others and often altogether omits them. An artist who blamed himself for these exaggerations and omissions would blame himself for being an artist.

Let me add a protest against the common methods of curing what are called treacherous memories. They are generally founded upon the association of ideas, which is so far rational, but then the sort of association which they have recourse to is unnatural, and produces precisely the sort of disorder which

would be produced in dress if a man were insane enough to tie, let us say, a frying-pan to one of his coat-tails and a child's kite to the other. The true discipline of the mind is to be effected only by associating those things together which have a real relation of some kind, and the profounder the relation, the more it is based upon the natural constitution of things, and the less it concerns trifling external details, the better will be the order of the intellect. The mnemotechnic art wholly disregards this, and is therefore unsuited for intellectual persons, though it may be of some practical use in ordinary life. A little book on memory, of which many editions have been sold, suggests to men who forget their umbrellas that they ought always to associate the image of an umbrella with that of an open door, so that they could never leave any house without thinking of one. But would it not be preferable to lose two or three guineas annually rather than see a spectral umbrella in every doorway? The same writer suggests an idea which appears even more objectionable. Because we are apt to lose time, we ought, he says, to imagine a skeleton clock-face on the visage of every man we talk with; that is to say, we ought systematically to set about producing in our brains an absurd association of ideas, which is quite closely allied to one of the most common forms of insanity. It is better to forget umbrellas and lose hours than fill our minds with associations of a kind which every disciplined intellect does all it can to get rid of. The rational art of memory is that used in natural science. We remember anatomy and botany because, although the facts they teach are infinitely numerous, they are arranged according to the constructive order of nature. Unless there were a clear relation between the anatomy of one animal and that of others, the memory would refuse to burden itself with the details of their structure. So in the study of languages we learn several languages by perceiving their true structural relations, and remembering these. Association of this kind, and the maintenance of order in the mind, are the only arts of memory compatible with the right government of the intellect. Incongruous, and even superficial associations ought to be systematically discouraged, and we ought to value the negative or rejecting power of the memory. The finest intellects are as remarkable for the ease with which they resist and throw off what does not concern them as for the permanence with which their own truths engrave themselves. They are like clear glass, which fluoric acid etches indelibly, but which comes out of vitriol intact.

LETTER XL

TO A MASTER OF ARTS WHO SAID THAT A CERTAIN DISTINGUISHED PAINTER WAS HALF-EDUCATED.

Conventional idea about the completeness of education—The estimate of a schoolmaster—No one can be fully educated—Even Leonardo da Vinci fell short of the complete expression of his faculties—The word "education" used in two different senses—The acquisition of knowledge—Who are the learned?—Quotation from Sydney Smith—What a "half-educated" painter had learned—What faculties he had developed.

AN intelligent lady was lamenting to me the other day that when she heard anything she did not quite agree with, it only set her thinking, and did not suggest any immediate reply. "Three hours afterwards," she added, "I arrive at the answer which ought to have been given, but then it is exactly three hours too late."

Being afflicted with precisely the same pitiable infirmity, I said nothing in reply to a statement you made yesterday evening at dinner, but it occupied me in the hansom as it rolled between the monotonous lines of houses, and followed me even into my bedroom. I should like to answer it this morning, as one answers a letter.

You said that our friend the painter was "half-educated." This made me try to understand what it is to be three-quarters educated, and seven-eighths educated, and finally what must be that quite perfect state of the man who is whole-educated.

I fear that you must have adopted some conventional idea about completeness of education, since you believe that there is any such thing as completeness, and that education can be measured by fractions, like the divisions of a two-foot rule.

Is not such an idea just a little arbitrary? It seems to be the idea of a schoolmaster, with his little list of subjects and his professional habit of estimating the progress of his boys by the good marks they are likely to obtain from their examiners. The half-educated schoolboy would be a schoolboy half-way towards his bachelor's degree—is that it?

In the estimates of school and college this may be so, and it may be well to keep up the illusion, during boyhood, that there is such a thing attainable as the complete education that you assume. But the wider experience of manhood tends rather to convince us that no one can be fully educated, and that the more rich and various the natural talents, the greater will be the difficulty of educating the whole of them. Indeed it does not appear that in a state of society so advanced in the different specialities as ours is, men were ever intended to do more than develop by ed-

education a few of their natural gifts. The only man who came near to a complete education was Leonardo da Vinci, but such a personage would be impossible to-day. No contemporary Leonardo could be at the same time a leader in fine art, a great military and civil engineer, and a discoverer in theoretical science; the specialists have gone too far for him. Born in our day, Leonardo would have been either a specialist or an amateur. Situated even as he was, in a time and country so remarkably favorable to the general development of a variously gifted man, he still fell short of the complete expansion of all his extraordinary faculties. He was a great artist, and yet his artistic power was never developed beyond the point of elaborately careful labor; he never attained the assured manipulation of Titian and Paul Veronese, not to mention the free facility of Velasquez, or the splendid audacity of Rubens. His natural gifts were grand enough to have taken him to a pitch of mastery that he never reached, but his mechanical and scientific tendencies would have their development also, and withdrew so much time from art that every renewal of his artistic labor was accompanied by long and anxious reflection.

The word "education" is used in senses so different that confusion is not always avoided. Some people mean by it the acquisition of knowledge, others the development of faculty. If you mean the first, then the half-educated man would be a man who knew half what he ought to know, or who only half knew the different sciences, which the wholly educated know thoroughly. Who is to fix the subjects? Is it the opinion of the learned?—if so, who are the learned? "A learned man!—a scholar!—a man of erudition! Upon whom are these epithets of approbation bestowed? Are they given to men acquainted with the science of government? thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe? to men who know the properties of bodies, and their action upon each other? No: this is not learning; it is chemistry, or political economy, not learning. The distinguishing abstract term, the epithet of Scholar, is reserved for him who writes on the *Æolic* reduplication, and is familiar with the *Sylburgian* method of arranging defectives in ω and μ . The picture which a young Englishman, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, draws—his *beau idéal* of human nature—his top and consummation of man's powers—is a knowledge of the Greek language. His object is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent; but to conjugate, decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he

draws for himself, are the detection of an anapæst in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over, and the never-dying Ernesti failed to observe."

By the help of the above passage from an article written sixty-three years ago by Sydney Smith, and by the help of another passage in the same paper where he tells us that the English clergy bring up the first young men of the country as if they were all to keep grammar schools in little country towns, I begin to understand what you mean by a half-educated person. You mean a person who is only half qualified for keeping a grammar school. In this sense it is very possible that our friend the painter possesses nothing beyond a miserable fraction of education. And yet he has picked up a good deal of valuable knowledge outside the technical acquirement of a most difficult profession. He studied two years in Paris, and four years in Florence and Rome. He speaks French and Italian quite fluently, and with a fair degree of correctness. His knowledge of those two languages is incomparably more complete, in the sense of practical possession, than our fossilized knowledge of Latin, and he reads them almost as we read English, currently, and without translating. He has the heartiest enjoyment of good literature; there is evidence in his pictures of a most intelligent sympathy with the greatest inventive writers. Without having a scientific nature, he knows a good deal about anatomy. He has not read Greek poetry, but he has studied the old Greek mind in its architecture and sculpture. Nature has also endowed him with a just appreciation of music, and he knows the immortal masterpieces of the most illustrious composers. All these things would not qualify him to teach a grammar school, and yet what Greek of the age of Pericles ever knew half so much?

This for the acquisition of knowledge; now for the development of faculty. In this respect he excels us as performing athletes excel the people in the streets. Consider the marvellous accuracy of his eye, the precision of his hand, the closeness of his observation, the vigor of his memory and invention! How clumsy and rude is the most learned pedant in comparison with the refinement of this delicate organization! Try to imagine what a disciplined creature he has become, how obedient are all his faculties to the commands of the central will! The brain conceives some image of beauty or wit, and immediately that clear conception is telegraphed to the well-trained fingers. Surely, if the re-

sults of education may be estimated from the evidences of skill, here are some of the most wonderful of such results.

PART IV.

THE POWER OF TIME.

LETTER I.

TO A MAN OF LEISURE WHO COMPLAINED OF WANT OF TIME.

Necessity for time-thrift in all cases—Serious men not much in danger from mere frivolity—Greater danger of losing time in our serious pursuits themselves—Time thrown away when we do not attain proficiency—Soundness of former scholarship a good example—Browning's Grammarian—Knowledge an organic whole—Soundness the possession of essential parts—Necessity of fixed limits in our projects of study—Limitation of purpose in the fine arts—In languages—Instance of M. Louis Enault—In music—Time saved by following kindred pursuits—Order and proportion the true secrets of time-thrift—A waste of time to leave fortresses untaken in our rear.

You complain of want of time—you, with your boundless leisure!

It is true that the most absolute master of his own hours still needs thrift if he would turn them to account, and that too many never learn this thrift, whilst others learn it late. Will you permit me to offer briefly a few observations on time-thrift which have been suggested to me by my own experience and by the experience of intellectual friends?

It may be accepted for certain, to begin with, that men who like yourself seriously care for culture, and make it, next to moral duty, the principal object of their lives, are but little exposed to waste time in downright frivolity of any kind. You may be perfectly idle at your own times, and perfectly frivolous even, whenever you have a mind to be frivolous, but then you will be clearly aware how the time is passing, and you will throw it away knowingly, as the most careful of money-economists will throw away a few sovereigns in a confessedly foolish amusement, merely for the relief of a break in the habit of his life. To a man of your tastes and temper there is no danger of wasting too much time so long as the waste is intentional; but you are exposed to time-losses of a much more insidious character.

It is in our pursuits themselves that we throw away our most valuable time. Few intellectual men have the art of economizing the hours of study. The very necessity, which every one acknowledges, of giving vast portions of life to attain proficiency in any-

thing makes us prodigal where we ought to be parsimonious, and careless where we have need of unceasing vigilance. The best time-savers are the love of soundness in all we learn or do, and a cheerful acceptance of inevitable limitations. There is a certain point of proficiency at which an acquisition begins to be of use, and unless we have the time and resolution necessary to reach that point, our labor is as completely thrown away as that of a mechanic who began to make an engine but never finished it. Each of us has acquisitions which remain permanently unavailable from their unsoundness, a language or two that we can neither speak nor write, a science of which the elements have not been mastered, an art which we cannot practice with satisfaction either to others or to ourselves. Now the time spent on these unsound accomplishments has been in great measure wasted, not quite absolutely wasted, since the mere labor of trying to learn has been a discipline for the mind, but wasted so far as the accomplishments themselves are concerned. And even this mental discipline, on which so much stress is laid by those whose interest it is to encourage unsound accomplishment, might be obtained more perfectly if the subjects of study were less numerous and more thoroughly understood. Let us not therefore in the studies of our maturity repeat the error of our youth. Let us determine to have soundness, that is, accurately organized knowledge in the studies we continue to pursue, and let us resign ourselves to the necessity for abandoning those pursuits in which soundness is not to be hoped for.

The old-fashioned idea about scholarship in Latin and Greek, that it ought to be based upon thorough grammatical knowledge, is a good example, so far as it goes, of what soundness really is. That ideal of scholarship failed only because it fell short of soundness in other directions and was not conscious of its failure. But there existed, in the minds of the old scholars, a fine resolution to be accurate, and a determination to give however much labor might be necessary for the attainment of accuracy, in which there was much grandeur. Like Mr. Browning's Grammarian, they said—

"Let me know all! Prate not of most or least
Painful or easy:"

and so at least they came to know the ancient tongues grammatically, which few of us do in these days.

I should define each kind of knowledge as an organic whole and soundness as the complete possession of all the essential parts. For example, soundness in violin-playing con-

sists in being able to play the notes in all the positions, in tune, and with a pure intonation, whatever may be the degree of rapidity indicated by the musical composer. Soundness in painting consists in being able to lay a patch of color having exactly the right shape and tint. Soundness in the use of language consists in being able to put the right word in the right place. In each of the sciences, there are certain elementary notions without which sound knowledge is not possible, but these elementary notions are more easily and rapidly acquired than the elaborate knowledge or confirmed skill necessary to the artist or the linguist. A man may be a sound botanist without knowing a very great number of plants, and the elements of sound botanical knowledge may be printed in a portable volume. And so it is with all the physical sciences; the elementary notions which are necessary to soundness of knowledge may be acquired rapidly and at any age. Hence it follows that all whose leisure for culture is limited, and who value soundness of knowledge, do wisely to pursue some branch of natural history rather than languages or the fine arts.

It is well for every one who desires to attain a perfect economy of time, to make a list of the different pursuits to which he has devoted himself, and to put a note opposite to each of them indicating the degree of its unsoundness with as little self-delusion as may be. After having done this, he may easily ascertain in how many of these pursuits a sufficient degree of soundness is attainable for him, and when this has been decided he may at once effect a great saving by the total renunciation of the rest. With regard to those which remain, and which are to be carried farther, the next thing to be settled is the exact limit of their cultivation. Nothing is so favorable to sound culture as the definite fixing of limits. Suppose, for example, that the student said to himself "I desire to know the flora of the valley I live in," and then set to work systematically to make a herbarium illustrating that flora, it is probable that his labor would be more thorough, his temper more watchful and hopeful, than if he set himself to the boundless task of the illimitable flora of the world. Or in the pursuit of fine art, an amateur discouraged by the glaring unsoundness of the kind of art taught by ordinary drawing-masters, would find the basis of a more substantial superstructure on a narrower but firmer ground. Suppose that instead of the usual messes of bad color and bad form, the student produced work having some definite and not unattainable purpose, would there not be, here also, an assured econ-

omy of time? Accurate drawing is the basis of soundness in the fine arts, and an amateur, by perseverance, may reach accuracy in drawing; this, at least, has been proved by some examples—not by many, certainly, but by some. In languages we may have a limited purpose also. That charming and most intelligent traveller, Louis Énault, tells us that he regularly gave a week to the study of each new language that he needed, and found that week sufficient. The assertion is not so presumptuous as it appears. For the practical necessities of travelling M. Énault found that he required about four hundred words, and that, having a good memory, he was able to learn about seventy words a day. The secret of his success was the invaluable art of selection, and the strict limitation of effort in accordance with a preconceived design. A traveller not so well skilled in selection might have learned a thousand words with less advantage to his travels, and a traveller less decided in purpose might have wasted several months on the frontier of every new country in hopeless efforts to master the intricacies of grammatical form. It is evident that in the strictest sense M. Énault's knowledge of Norwegian cannot have been sound, since he did not master the grammar, but it was sound in its own strictly limited way, since he got possession of the four hundred words which were to serve him as current coin. On the same principle it is a good plan for students of Latin and Greek who have not time to reach true scholarship (half a lifetime is necessary for that), to propose to themselves simply the reading of the original authors with the help of a literal translation. In this way they may attain a closer acquaintance with ancient literature than would be possible by translation alone, whilst on the other hand their reading will be much more extensive on account of its greater rapidity. It is, for most of us, a waste of time to read Latin or Greek without a translation, on account of the comparative slowness of the process; it is always an advantage to know what is really said in the original, and to test the accuracy of the translator by continual reference to the *ipsissima verba* of the author. When the knowledge of the ancient languages is not sufficient even for this, it may still be of use for occasional comparison, even though the passage has to be fought through a *code de dictionnaire*. What most of us need for reference to the ancient languages is a firm resignation to a restriction of some kind. It is simply impossible for men occupied as most of us are in other pursuits to reach perfect scholarship in those languages, and if

reached it we should not have time to maintain it.

In modern languages it is not so easy to fix limits satisfactorily. You may resolve to read French or German without either writing or speaking them, and that would be an effectual limit, certainly. But in practice it is found difficult to keep within that boundary if ever you travel or have intercourse with foreigners. And when once you begin to speak, it is so humiliating to speak badly, that a lover of soundness in accomplishment will never rest perfectly satisfied until he speaks like a cultivated native, which nobody ever did except under peculiar family conditions.

In music the limits are found more easily. The amateur musician is frequently not inferior in feeling and taste to the more accomplished professional, and by selecting those compositions which require much feeling and taste for their interpretation, but not so much manual skill, he may reach a sufficient success. The art is to choose the very simplest music (provided of course that it is beautiful, which it frequently is), and to avoid all technical difficulties which are not really necessary to the expression of feeling. The amateur ought also to select the easiest instrument, an instrument in which the notes are made for him already, rather than one which compels him to fix the notes as he is playing. The violin tempts amateurs who have a deep feeling for music because it renders feeling as no other instrument can render it, but the difficulty of just intonation is almost insuperable unless the whole time is given to that one instrument. It is a fatal error to perform on several different instruments, and an amateur who has done so may find a desirable limitation in restricting himself to one.

Much time is saved by following pursuits which help each other. It is a great help to a landscape painter to know the botany of the country he works in, for botany gives the greatest possible distinctness to his memory of all kinds of vegetation. Therefore, if a landscape painter takes to the study of science at all, he would do well to study botany, which would be of use in his painting, rather than chemistry or mathematics, which would be entirely disconnected from it. The memory easily retains the studies which are auxiliary to the chief pursuit. Entomologists remember plants well, the reason being that they find insects in them, just as Leslie the painter had an excellent memory for houses where there were any good pictures to be found.

The secret of order and proportion in our

studies is the true secret of economy in time. To have one main pursuit and several auxiliaries, but none that are not auxiliary, is the true principle of arrangement. Many hard workers have followed pursuits as widely disconnected as possible, but this was for the refreshment of absolute change, not for the economy of time.

Lastly, it is a deplorable waste of time to leave fortresses untaken in our rear. Whatever has to be mastered ought to be mastered so thoroughly that we shall not have to come back to it when we ought to be carrying the war far into the enemy's country. But to study on this sound principle, we require not to be hurried. And this is why, to a sincere student, all external pressure, whether of examiners, or poverty, or business engagements, which causes him to leave work behind him which was not done as it ought to have been done, is so grievously, so intolerably vexatious.

LETTER II.

TO A YOUNG MAN OF GREAT TALENT AND ENERGY WHO HAD MAGNIFICENT PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

Mistaken estimates about time and occasion—The Unknown Element—Procrastination often time's best preserver—Napoleon's advice to do nothing at all—Use of deliberation and of intervals of leisure—Artistic advantages of calculating time—Prevalent childishness about time—Illusions about reading—Bad economy of reading in languages we have not mastered—That we ought to be thrifty of time, but not avaricious—Time necessary in production—Men who work best under the sense of pressure—Rusini—That these cases prove nothing against time-thrift—The waste of time from miscalculation—People calculate accurately for short spaces, but do not calculate so well for long ones—Reason for this—Stupidity of the Philistines about wasted time—Töpffer and Claude Tillier—Retrospective miscalculations, and the regrets that result from them.

HAVE you ever observed that we pay much more attention to a wise passage when it is quoted, than when we read it in the original author? On the same principle, people will give a higher price to a picture-dealer than they would have given to the painter himself. The picture that has been once bought has a recommendation, and the quoted passage is both recommended and isolated from the context.

Trusting to this well-known principle, although I am aware that you have read everything that Sir Arthur Helps has published, I proceed to make the following quotation from one of his wisest books.

"Time and occasion are the two important circumstances in human life, as regards which

the most mistaken estimates are made. And the error is universal. It besets even the most studious and philosophic men. This may notably be seen in the present day, when many most distinguished men have laid down projects for literature and philosophy, to be accomplished by them in their own lifetime, which would require several men and many lifetimes to complete; and, generally speaking, if any person, who has passed the meridian of life, looks back upon his career, he will probably own that his greatest errors have arisen from his not having made sufficient allowance for the length of time which his various schemes required for their fulfilment."

There are many traditional maxims about time which insist upon its brevity, upon the necessity of using it whilst it is there, upon the impossibility of recovering what is lost; but the practical effect of these maxims upon conduct can scarcely be said to answer to their undeniable importance. The truth is, that although they tell us to economize our time, they cannot, in the nature of things, instruct us as to the methods by which it is to be economized. Human life is so extremely various and complicated, whilst it tends every day to still greater variety and complication, that all maxims of a general nature require a far higher degree of intelligence in their application to individual cases than it ever cost originally to invent them. Any person gifted with ordinary common sense can perceive that life is short, that time flies, that we ought to make good use of the present; but it needs the union of much experience, with the most consummate wisdom, to know exactly what ought to be done and what ought to be left undone—the latter being frequently by far the more important of the two.

Amongst the favorable influences of my early life was the kindness of a venerable country gentleman, who had seen a great deal of the world and passed many years, before he inherited his estates, in the practice of a laborious profession. I remember a theory of his, that experience was much less valuable than is generally supposed, because, except in matters of simple routine, the problems that present themselves to us for solution are nearly always dangerous from the presence of some unknown element. The unknown element he regarded as a hidden pitfall, and he warned me that in my progress through life I might always expect to tumble into it. This saying of his has been so often confirmed since then, that I now count upon the pitfall quite as a matter of certainty.

Very frequently I have escaped it, but more by good luck than good management. Sometimes I have tumbled into it, and when this misfortune occurred it has not unfrequently been in consequence of having acted upon the advice of some very knowing and experienced person indeed. We have all read, when we were boys, Captain Marryat's "Midshipman Easy." There is a passage in that story which may serve as an illustration of what is constantly happening in actual life. The boats of the *Harpy* were ordered to board one of the enemy's vessels; young Easy was in command of one of these boats, and as they had to wait he began to fish. After they had received the order to advance, he delayed a little to catch his fish, and this delay not only saved him from being sunk by the enemy's broadside, but enabled him to board the Frenchman. Here the pitfall was avoided by idling away a minute of time on an occasion when minutes were like hours; yet it was mere luck, not wisdom, which led to the good result. There was a sad railway accident on one of the continental lines last autumn; a notable personage would have been in the train if he had arrived in time for it, but his miscalculation saved him. In matters where there is no risk of the loss of life, but only of the waste of a portion of it in unprofitable employment, it frequently happens that procrastination, which is reputed to be the thief of time, becomes its best preserver. Suppose that you undertake an enterprise, but defer the execution of it from day to day: it is quite possible that in the interval some fact may accidentally come to your knowledge which would cause a great modification of your plan, or even its complete abandonment. Every thinking person is well aware that the enormous loss of time caused by the friction of our legislative machinery has preserved the country from a great deal of crude and ill-digested legislation. Even Napoleon the Great who had a rapidity of conception and of action so far surpassing that of other kings and commanders that it seems to us almost supernatural, said that when you did not quite know what ought to be done it was best to do nothing at all. One of the most distinguished of living painters said exactly the same thing with reference to the practice of his art, and added that very little time would be needed for the actual execution of a picture if only the artist knew beforehand how and where to lay the color. It so often happens that mere activity is a waste of time, that people who have a morbid habit of being busy are often terrible time-wasters, whilst, on the contrary, those who are judiciously de-

liberate, and allow themselves intervals of leisure, see the way before them in those intervals, and save time by the accuracy of their calculations.

A largely intelligent thrift of time is necessary to all great works—and many works are very great indeed relatively to the energies of a single individual, which pass unperceived in the tumult of the world. The advantages of calculating time are artistic as well as economical. I think that, in this respect, magnificent as are the cathedrals which the Gothic builders have left us, they committed an artistic error in the very immensity of their plans. They do not appear to have reflected that from the continual changes of fashion in architecture, incongruous work would be sure to intrude itself before their gigantic projects could be realized by the generations that were to succeed them. For a work of that kind to possess artistic unity, it ought to be completely realized within the space of forty years. How great is the charm of those perfect edifices which, like the Sainte Chapelle, are the realization of one sublime idea? And those changes in national thought which have made the old cathedrals a jumble of incongruous styles, have their parallel in the life of every individual workman. We change from year to year, and any work which occupies us for very long will be wanting in unity of manner.

Men are apt enough of themselves to fall into the most astonishing delusions about the opportunities which time affords, but they are even more deluded by the talk of the people about them. When children hear that a new carriage has been ordered of the builder, they expect to see it driven up to the door in a fortnight, with the paint quite dry on the panels. All people are children in this respect, except the workman, who knows the endless details of production; and the workman himself, notwithstanding the lessons of experience, makes light of the future task. What gigantic plans we scheme, and how little we advance in the labor of a day! Three pages of the book (to be half erased to-morrow), a bit of drapery in the picture that will probably have to be done over again, the imperceptible removal of an ounce of marble-dust from the statue that seems as if it never would be finished; so much from dawn to twilight has been the accomplishment of the golden hours. If there is one lesson which experience teaches, surely it is this, to make plans that are strictly limited, and to arrange our work in a practicable way within the limits that we must accept. Others expect so much from us that it seems as if we had

accomplished nothing. "What! have you done only that?" they say, or we know by their looks that they are thinking it.

The most illusory of all the work that we propose to ourselves is reading. It seems so easy to read, that we intend, in the indefinite future, to master the vastest literatures. We cannot bring ourselves to admit that the library we have collected is in great part closed to us simply by want of time. A dear friend of mine, who was a solicitor with a large practice, indulged in wonderful illusions about reading, and collected several thousand volumes, all fine editions, but he died without having cut their leaves. I like the university habit of making reading a business, and estimating the mastery of a few authors as a just title to consideration for scholarship. I should like very well to be shut up in a garden for a whole summer with no literature but the "Faëry Queene," and one year I very nearly realized that project, but publishers and the postman interfered with it. After all, this business of reading ought to be less illusory than most others, for printers divide books into pages, which they number, so that, with a moderate skill in arithmetic, one ought to be able to foresee the limits of his possibilities. There is another observation which may be suggested, and that is to take note of the time required for reading different languages. We read very slowly when the language is imperfectly mastered, and we need the dictionary, whereas in the native tongue we see the whole page almost at a glance, as if it were a picture. People whose time for reading is limited ought not to waste it in grammars and dictionaries, but to confine themselves resolutely to a couple of languages, or three at the very utmost, notwithstanding the contempt of polyglots, who estimate your learning by the variety of your tongues. It is a fearful throwing away of time, from the literary point of view, to begin more languages than you can master or retain, and to be always puzzling yourself about irregular verbs.

All plans for sparing time in intellectual matters ought, however, to proceed upon the principle of thrift, and not upon the principle of avarice. The object of the thrifty man in money matters is so to lay out his money as to get the best possible result from his expenditure; the object of the avaricious man is to spend no more money than he can help. An artist who taught me painting often repeated a piece of advice which is valuable in other things than art, and which I try to remember whenever patience fails. He used to say to me, "*Give it time.*" The mere length of time that we bestow upon our work is in

itself a most important element of success, and if I object to the use of languages that we only half know, it is not because it takes us a long time to get through a chapter, but because we are compelled to think about syntax and conjugations which did not in the least occupy the mind of the author, when we ought rather to be thinking about those things which *did* occupy his mind, about the events which he narrated, or the characters that he imagined or described. There are, in truth, only two ways of impressing anything on the memory, either intensity or duration. If you saw a man struck down by an assassin, you would remember the occurrence all your life; but to remember with equal vividness a picture of the assassination, you would probably be obliged to spend a month or two in copying it. The subjects of our studies rarely produce an intensity of emotion sufficient to ensure perfect recollection without the expenditure of time. And when your object is not to learn, but to produce, it is well to bear in mind that everything requires a certain definite time-outlay, which *cannot* be reduced without an inevitable injury to quality. A most experienced artist, a man of the very rarest executive ability, wrote to me the other day about a set of designs I had suggested. "If I could but get the TIME,"—the large capitals are his own,—“for, somehow or other, let a design be never so studiously simple in the masses, it *will* fill itself as it goes on, like the weasel in the fable who got into the meal-tub; and when the pleasure begins in attempting tone and mystery and intricacy, *away go the hours at a gallop.*” A well-known and very successful English dramatist wrote to me: “When I am hurried, and have undertaken more work than I can execute in the time at my disposal, I am always perfectly paralyzed.”

There is another side to this subject which deserves attention. Some men work best under the sense of pressure. Simple compression evolves heat from iron, so that there is a flash of fire when a ball hits the side of an ironclad. The same law seems to hold good in the intellectual life of man, whenever he needs the stimulus of extraordinary excitement. Rossini positively advised a young composer never to write his overture until the evening before the first performance. “Nothing,” he said, “excites inspiration like necessity; the presence of a copyist waiting for your work, and the view of a manager in despair tearing out his hair by handfuls. In Italy in my time all the managers were bald at thirty. I composed the overture to ‘Othello’ in a small room in the Barbaja Palace, where the baldest and most ferocious of man-

agers had shut me up by force with nothing but a dish of macaroni, and the threat that I should not leave the place alive until I had written the last note. I wrote the overture to the ‘Gazza Ladra’ on the day of the first performance, in the upper loft of the La Scala, where I had been confined by the manager, under the guard of four scene-shifters who had orders to throw my text out of the window bit by bit to copyists, who were waiting below to transcribe it. In default of music I was to be thrown out myself.”

I have quoted the best instance known to me of this voluntary seeking after pressure, but striking as it is, even this instance does not weaken what I said before. For observe, that although Rossini deferred the composition of his overture till the evening before the first performance, he knew very well that he could do it thoroughly in the time. He was like a clever schoolboy who knows that he can learn his lesson in the quarter of an hour before the class begins; or he was like an orator who knows that he can deliver a passage and compose at the same time the one which is to follow, so that he prefers to arrange his speech in the presence of his audience. Since Rossini always allowed himself all the time that was necessary for what he had to do, it is clear that he did not sin against the great time-necessity. The express which can travel from London to Edinburgh in a night may leave the English metropolis on Saturday evening although it is due in Scotland on Sunday, and still act with the strictest consideration about time. The blameable error lies in miscalculation, and not in rapidity of performance.

Nothing *wastes* time like miscalculation. It negatives all results. It is the parent of incompleteness, the great author of the Unfinished and the Unserviceable. Almost every intellectual man has laid out great masses of time on five or six different branches of knowledge which are not of the least use to him, simply because he has not carried them far enough, and could not carry them far enough in the time he had to give. Yet this might have been ascertained at the beginning by the simplest arithmetical calculation. The experience of students in all departments of knowledge has quite definitely ascertained the amount of time that is necessary for success in them, and the successful student can at once inform the aspirant how far he is likely to travel along the road. What is the use, to anybody, of having just enough skill to feel vexed with himself that he has no more, and yet angry at other people for not admiring the little that he possesses?

I wish to direct your attention to a cause which more than any other produces disappointment in ordinary intellectual pursuits. It is this. People can often calculate with the utmost accuracy what they can accomplish in ten minutes or even in ten hours, and yet the very same persons will make the most absurd miscalculations about what they can accomplish in ten years. There is of course a reason for this: if there were not, so many sensible people would not suffer from the delusion. The reason is, that owing to the habits of human life there is a certain elasticity in large spaces of time that include nights, and meal-times, and holidays. We fancy that we shall be able, by working harder than we have been accustomed to work, and by stealing hours from all the different kinds of rest and amusement, to accomplish far more in the ten years that are to come than we have ever actually accomplished in the same space. And to a certain extent this may be very true. No doubt a man whose mind has become seriously aware of the vast importance of economizing his time will economize it better than he did in the days before the new conviction came to him. No doubt, after skill in our work has been confirmed, we shall perform it with increased speed. But the elasticity of time is rather that of leather than that of india-rubber. There is certainly a degree of elasticity, but the degree is strictly limited. The true master of time-thrift would be no more liable to illusion about years than about hours, and would act as prudently when working for remote results as for near ones.

Not that we ought to work as if we were always under severe pressure. Little books are occasionally published in which we are told that it is a sin to lose a minute. From the intellectual point of view this doctrine is simply stupid. What the Philistines call wasted time is often rich in the most varied experience to the intelligent. If all that we have learned in idle moments could be suddenly expelled from our minds by some chemical process, it is probable that they would be worth very little afterwards. What, after such a process, would have remained to Shakespeare, Scott, Cervantes, Thackeray, Dickens, Hogarth, Goldsmith, Molière? When these great students of human nature were learning most, the sort of people who write the foolish little books just alluded to would have wanted to send them home to the dictionary or the desk. Töpffer and Claude Tillier, both men of delicate and observant genius, attached the greatest importance to hours of idleness. Töpffer said that a year of downright loitering was a desirable element in a liberal education;

whilst Claude Tillier went even farther, and boldly affirmed that "*le temps le mieux employé est celui que l'on perd.*"

Let us not think too contemptuously of the miscalculators of time, since not one of us is exempt from their folly. We have all made miscalculations, or more frequently have simply omitted calculation altogether, preferring childish illusion to a manly examination of realities; and afterwards as life advances another illusion steals over us not less vain than the early one, but bitter as that was sweet. We now begin to reproach ourselves with all the opportunities that have been neglected, and now our folly is to imagine that we might have done impossible wonders if we had only exercised a little resolution. We might have been thorough classical scholars, and spoken all the great modern languages, and written immortal books, and made a colossal fortune. Miscalculations again, and these the most imbecile of all; for the youth who forgets to reason in the glow of happiness and hope, is wiser than the man who overestimates what was once possible that he may embitter the days which remain to him.

LETTER III.

TO A MAN OF BUSINESS WHO DESIRED TO MAKE HIMSELF BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH LITERATURE, BUT WHOSE TIME FOR READING WAS LIMITED.

Victor Jacquemont on the intellectual labors of the Germans
—Business may be set off as the equivalent to one of their pursuits—Necessity for regularity in the economy of time
—What may be done in two hours a day—Evils of interruption—Florence Nightingale—Real nature of interruption—Instance from the Apology of Socrates.

In the charming and precious letters of Victor Jacquemont, a man whose life was dedicated to culture, and who not only lived for it, but died for it, there is a passage about the intellectual labors of Germans, which takes due account of the expenditure of time. "*Comme j'étais étonné,*" he says, "*de la prodigieuse variété et de l'étendue de connaissances des Allemands, je demandai un jour à l'un de mes amis, Saxon de naissance et l'un des premiers géologues de l'Europe, comment ses compatriotes s'y prenaient pour savoir tant de choses. Voici sa réponse, à peu près: 'Un Allemand (moi excepté qui suis le plus paresseux des hommes) se lève de bonne heure, été et hiver, à cinq heures environ. Il travaille quatre heures avant le déjeuner, fumant quelquefois pendant tout ce temps, sans que cela nuise à son application. Son déjeuner dure une demi-heure, et il reste, après, une*

autre demi-heure à causer avec sa femme et à faire jouer ses enfants. Il retourne au travail pour six heures; dîne sans se presser; fume une heure après le dîner, jouant encore avec ses enfants; et avant de se coucher il travaille encore quatre heures. Il recommence tous les jours, ne sortant jamais.—Voilà,' me dit mon ami, 'comment Oersted, le plus grand physicien de l'Allemagne, en est aussi le plus grand médecin; voilà comment Kant le métaphysicien était un des plus savants astronomes de l'Europe, et comment Goethe, qui en est actuellement le premier littérateur, dans presque tous les genres, et le plus fécond, est excellent botaniste, minéralogiste, physicien.' *"

Here is something to encourage, and something to discourage you at the same time. The number of hours which these men have given in order to become what they were, is so great as to be past all possibility of imitation by a man occupied in business. It is clear that, with your counting-house to occupy you during the best hours of every day, you can never labor for your intellectual culture with that unremitting application which these men have given for theirs. But, on the other hand, you will perceive that these extraordinary workers have hardly ever been wholly dedicated to one pursuit, and the reason for this in most cases is clear. Men who go through a prodigious amount of work feel the necessity for varying it. The greatest intellectual workers I have known personally have varied their studies as Kant and Goethe did, often taking up subjects of the most opposite kinds, as for instance imaginative literature and the higher mathematics, the critical and practical study of fine art and the natural sciences, music, and political economy. The class of intellects which arrogate to themselves the epithet "practical," but which we call *Philistine*,

always oppose this love of variety, and have an unaffected contempt for it, but these are matters beyond their power of judgment. They cannot know the needs of the intellectual life, because they have never lived it. The practice of all the greatest intellects has been to cultivate themselves variously, and if they have always done so, it must be because they have felt the need of it.

The encouraging inference which you may draw from this in reference to your own case is that, since all intellectual men have had more than one pursuit, you may set off your business against the most absorbing of their pursuits, and for the rest be still almost as rich in time as they have been. You may study literature as some painters have studied it, or science as some literary men have studied it.

The first step is to establish a regulated economy of your time, so that, without interfering with a due attention to business and to health, you may get two clear hours every day for reading of the best kind. It is not much, some men would tell you that it is not enough, but I purposely fix the expenditure of time at a low figure because I want it to be always practicable consistently with all the duties and necessary pleasures of your life. If I told you to read four hours every day, I know beforehand what would be the consequence. You would keep the rule for three days, by an effort, then some engagement would occur to break it, and you would have no rule at all. And please observe that the two hours are to be given quite regularly, because, when the time given is not much, regularity is quite essential. Two hours a day, regularly, make more than seven hundred hours in a year, and in seven hundred hours, wisely and uninterruptedly occupied, much may be done in anything.

Permit me to insist upon that word *uninterruptedly*. Few people realize the full evil of an interruption, few people know all that is implied by it. After warning nurses against the evils of interruption, Florence Nightingale says:—

"These things are not fancy. If we consider that, with sick as with well, every thought decomposes some nervous matter—that decomposition as well as re-composition of nervous matter is always going on, and more quickly with the sick than with the well,—that to obtrude another thought upon the brain whilst it is in the act of destroying nervous matter by thinking, is calling upon it to make a new exertion—if we consider these things, which are facts, not fancies, we shall remember that we are doing positive injury

*"Being astonished at the prodigious variety and at the extent of knowledge possessed by the Germans, I begged one of my friends, Saxon by birth, and one of the foremost geologists in Europe, to tell me how his countrymen managed to know so many things. Here is his answer, nearly in his own words:—'A German (except myself, who am the idlest of men) gets up early, summer and winter, at about five o'clock. He works four hours before breakfast, sometimes smoking all the time, which does not interfere with his application. His breakfast lasts half an hour, and he remains, afterwards, another half-hour talking with his wife and playing with his children. He returns to his work for six hours, dines without hurrying himself, smokes an hour after dinner, playing again with his children, and before he goes to bed he works four hours more. He begins again every day, and never goes out. This is how it comes to pass that Oersted, the greatest natural philosopher in Germany, is at the same time the greatest physician; this is how Kant the metaphysician was one of the most learned astronomers in Europe, and how Goethe, who is at present the first and most fertile author in Germany in almost all kinds of literature, is an excellent botanist, mineralogist, and natural philosopher.'"

by interrupting, by startling a 'fanciful' person, as it is called. Alas, it is no fancy.

"If the invalid is forced by his avocations to continue occupations requiring much thinking, the injury is doubly great. In feeding a patient suffering under delirium or stupor you may suffocate him by giving him his food suddenly, but if you rub his lips gently with a spoon and thus attract his attention, he will swallow the food unconsciously, but with perfect safety. Thus it is with the brain. If you offer it a thought, especially one requiring a decision, abruptly, you do it a real, not fanciful, injury. Never speak to a sick person suddenly; but, at the same time, do not keep his expectation on the tiptoe."

To this you will already have answered, mentally, that you are not a patient suffering under either delirium or stupor, and that nobody needs to rub your lips gently with a spoon. But Miss Nightingale does not consider interruption baneful to sick persons only.

"This rule indeed," she continues, "applies to the well quite as much as to the sick. *I have never known persons who exposed themselves for years to constant interruption who did not muddle away their intellects by it at last.* The process, with them, may be accomplished without pain. With the sick, pain gives warning of the injury."

Interruption is an evil to the reader which must be estimated very differently from ordinary business interruptions. The great question about interruption is not whether it compels you to divert your attention to other facts, but whether it compels you to tune your whole mind to another diapason. Shopkeepers are incessantly compelled to change the subject; a stationer is asked for note-paper one minute, for sealing-wax the next, and immediately afterwards for a particular sort of steel pen. The subjects of his thoughts are changed very rapidly, but the general state of his mind is not changed; he is always strictly in his shop, as much mentally as physically. When an attorney is interrupted in the study of a case by the arrival of a client who asks him questions about another case, the change is more difficult to bear; yet even here the general state of mind, the legal state of mind, is not interfered with. But now suppose a reader perfectly absorbed in his author, an author belonging very likely to another age and another civilization entirely different from ours. Suppose that you are reading the Defence of Socrates in Plato, and have the whole scene before you as in a picture: the tribunal of the Five Hundred, the pure Greek architecture, the interested

Athenian public, the odious Melitus, the envious enemies, the beloved and grieving friends whose names are dear to us, and immortal; and in the centre you see one figure draped like a poor man, in cheap and common cloth, that he wears winter and summer, with a face plain to downright ugliness, but an air of such genuine courage and self-possession that no acting could imitate it; and you hear the firm voice saying—

Τιμῶται δ' οὖν μοι ἄνθρωποι θανάτου.
Elev.*

You are just beginning the splendid paragraph where Socrates condemns himself to maintenance in the Prytaneum, and if you can only be safe from interruption till it is finished, you will have one of those minutes of noble pleasure which are the rewards of intellectual toil. But if you are reading in the daytime in a house where there are women and children, or where people can fasten upon you for pottering details of business, you may be sure that you will *not* be able to get to the end of the passage without in some way or other being rudely awakened from your dream, and suddenly brought back into the common world. The loss intellectually is greater than any one who had not suffered from it could imagine. People think that an interruption is merely the unhooking of an electric chain, and that the current will flow, when the chain is hooked on again, just as it did before. To the intellectual and imaginative student an interruption is not that; it is the destruction of a picture.

LETTER IV.

TO A STUDENT WHO FELT HURRIED AND DRIVEN.

People who like to be hurried—Sluggish temperaments gain vivacity under pressure—Routine work may be done at increased speed—The higher intellectual work cannot be done hurriedly—The art of avoiding hurry consists in Selection—How it was practised by a good landscape painter—Selection in reading and writing—Some studies allow the play of selection more than others do—Languages permit it less than natural sciences—Difficulty of using selection in the fulfilment of literary engagements.

So you have got yourself into that pleasant condition which is about as agreeable, and as favorable to fruitful study and observation, as the condition of an over-driven cab-horse!

Very indolent men, who will not work at all unless under the pressure of immediate urgency, sometimes tell us that they actually like to be hurried; but although certain kinds of practical work which have become perfectly easy from habit may be got through at

* The man, then, judges me worthy of death. Be it so.

a great pace when the workman feels that there is an immediate necessity for effort, it is certainly not true that hurry is favorable to sound study of any kind. Work which merely runs in a fixed groove may be urged on occasionally at express speed without any perceptible injury to the quality of it. A clever violinist can play a passage *prestissimo* as correctly as if he played it *adagio*; a banker's clerk can count money very rapidly with positively less risk of error than if he counted it as you and I do. A person of sluggish temperament really gains in vivacity when he is pressed for time, and becomes during those moments of excited energy a clearer-headed and more able person than he is under ordinary circumstances. It is therefore not surprising that he should find himself able to accomplish more under the great stimulus of an immediate necessity than he is able to do in the dulness of his every-day existence. Great prodigies of labor have been performed in this way to avert impending calamity, especially by military officers in critical times like those of the Sepoy rebellion; and in the obscurer lives of tradesmen, immense exertions are often made to avert the danger of bankruptcy, when without the excitement of a serious anxiety of that kind the tradesman would not feel capable of more than a moderate and reasonable degree of attention to his affairs. But notwithstanding the many instances of this kind which might be cited, and the many more which might easily be collected, the truth remains that the highest kinds of intellectual labor can hardly ever be properly performed when the degree of pressure is in the least excessive. You may, for example, if you have the kind of ability which makes a good journalist, write an effective leader with your watch lying on the table, and finish it exactly when the time is up; but if you had the kind of ability which makes a good poet, you could not write anything like highly-finished poetry against time. It is equally clear that scientific discovery, which, though it may flash suddenly upon the mind of the discoverer, is always the result of long brooding over the most patient observations, must come at its own moments, and cannot be commanded. The activity of poets and discoverers would be paralyzed by exigencies which stimulate the activity of soldiers and men of business. The truth is, that intelligence and energy are beneficially stimulated by pressure from without, whereas the working of the higher intellect is impeded by it, and that to such a degree that in times of the greatest pressure the high intellectual life is altogether suspended, to leave

free play to the lower but more immediately serviceable intelligence.

This being so, it becomes a necessary part of the art of intellectual living so to order our work as to shield ourselves if possible, at least during a certain portion of our time, from the evil consequences of hurry. The whole secret lies in a single word—Selection.

An excellent landscape painter told me that whatever he had to do, he always took the greatest pains to arrange his work so as never to have his tranquillity disturbed by haste. His system, which is quite applicable to many other things than landscape painting, was based on the principle of selection. He always took care to determine beforehand how much time he could devote to each sketch or study, and then, from the mass of natural facts before him, selected the most valuable facts which could be recorded in the time at his disposal. But however short that time might be, he was always perfectly cool and deliberate in the employment of it. Indeed this coolness and his skill in selection helped each other mutually, for he chose wisely because he was cool, and he had time to be cool by reason of the wisdom of his selection. In his little memoranda, done in five minutes, the lines were laid just as deliberately as the tints on an elaborate picture; the difference being in choice only, not in speed.

Now if we apply this art of selection to all our labors it will give us much of that landscape painter's enviable coolness, and enable us to work more satisfactorily. Suppose that instead of painting and sketching we have to do a great deal of reading and writing: the art is to select the reading which will be most useful to our purpose, and, in writing, to select the words which will express our meaning with the greatest clearness in a little space. The art of reading is to skip judiciously. Whole libraries may be skipped in these days, when we have the results of them in our modern culture without going over the ground again. And even of the books we decide to read, there are almost always large portions which do not concern us, and which we are sure to forget the day after we have read them. The art is to skip all that does not concern us, whilst missing nothing that we really need. No external guidance can teach us this; for nobody but ourselves can guess what the needs of our intellect may be. But let us select with decisive firmness, independently of other people's advice, independently of the authority of custom. In every newspaper that comes to hand there is a little bit that we ought to read; the art is to find

that little bit, and waste no time over the rest.

Some studies permit the exercise of selection better than others do. A language, once undertaken, permits very little selection indeed, since you must know the whole vocabulary, or nearly so, to be able to read and speak. On the other hand, the natural sciences permit the most prudent exercise of selection. For example, in botany you may study as few plants as you choose.

In writing, the art of selection consists in giving the utmost effect to expression in the fewest words; but of this art I say little, for who can contend against an inevitable trade-necessity? Almost every author of ordinary skill could, when pressed for time, find a briefer expression for his thoughts, but the real difficulty in fulfilling literary engagements does not lie in the expression of the thought, it lies in the sufficiently rapid production of a certain quantity of copy. For this purpose I fear that selection would be of very little use—of no more use, in fact, than in any other branch of manufacture where (if a certain standard is kept up to) quantity in sale is more important than quality of material.

LETTER V.

TO A FRIEND WHO, THOUGH HE HAD NO PROFESSION, COULD NOT FIND TIME FOR HIS VARIOUS INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS.

Compensations resulting from the necessity for time—Opportunity only exists for us so far as we have time to make use of it—This or that, not this and that—Danger of apparently unlimited opportunities—The intellectual training of our ancestors—Montaigne the Essayist—Reliance upon the compensations.

It has always seemed to me that the great and beautiful principle of compensation is more clearly seen in the distribution and effects of time than in anything else within the scope of our experience. The good use of one opportunity very frequently compensates us for the absence of another, and it does so because opportunity is itself so dependent upon time that, although the best opportunities may apparently be presented to us, we can make no use of them unless we are able to give them the time that they require. You, who have the best possible opportunities for culture, find a certain sadness and disappointment because you cannot avail yourself of all of them; but the truth is, that opportunity only exists for us just so far as we are able to make use of it, and our power to do so is

often nothing but a question of time. If our days are well employed we are sure to have done some good thing which we should have been compelled to neglect if we had been occupied about anything else. Hence every genuine worker has rich compensations which ought to console him amply for his shortcomings, and to enable him to meet comparisons without fear.

Those who aspire to the intellectual life, but have no experience of its difficulties, very frequently envy men so favorably situated as you are. It seems to them that all the world's knowledge is accessible to you, and that you have simply to cull its fruits as we gather grapes in a vineyard. They forget the power of Time, and the restrictions which Time imposes. "This or that, not this and that," is the rule to which all of us have to submit, and it strangely equalizes the destinies of men. The time given to the study of one thing is withdrawn from the study of another, and the hours of the day are limited alike for all of us. How difficult it is to reconcile the interests of our different pursuits! Indeed it seems like a sort of polygamy to have different pursuits. It is natural to think of them as jealous wives tormenting some Mormon prophet.

There is great danger in apparently unlimited opportunities, and a splendid compensation for those who are confined by circumstances to a narrow but fruitful field. The Englishman gets more civilization out of a farm and a garden than the Red Indian out of the space encircled by his horizon. Our culture gains in thoroughness what it loses in extent.

This consideration goes far to explain the fact that although our ancestors were so much less favorably situated than we are, they often got as good an intellectual training from the literature that was accessible to them, as we from our vaster stores. We live in an age of essayists, and yet what modern essayist writes better than old Montaigne? All that a thoughtful and witty writer needs for the sharpening of his intellect, Montaigne found in the ancient literature that was accessible to him, and in the life of the age he lived in. Born in our own century, he would have learned many other things, no doubt, and read many other books, but these would have absorbed the hours that he employed not less fruitfully with the authors that he loved in the little library up in the third story of his tower, as he tells us, where he could see all his books at once, set upon five rows of shelves round about him. In earlier life he bought "this sort of furniture" for "ornament and outward show,"

but afterwards quite abandoned that, and procured such volumes only "as supplied his own need."

To supply our own need, within the narrow limits of the few and transient hours that we can call our own, is enough for the wise everywhere, as it was for Montaigne in his tower. Let us resolve to do as much as that, not more, and then rely upon the golden compensations.

NOTE.—"Supposing that the executive and critical powers always exist in some correspondent degree in the same person, still they cannot be cultivated to the same extent. The attention required for the development of a theory is necessarily withdrawn from the design of a drawing, and the time devoted to the realization of a form is lost to the solution of a problem."—MR. RUSKIN, in the preface to the third volume of *"Modern Painters."*

In the case of Mr. Ruskin, in that of Mr. Dante Rossetti, and in all cases where the literary and artistic gifts are naturally pretty evenly balanced, the preponderance of an hour a day given to one or the other class of studies may have settled the question whether the student was to be chiefly artist or chiefly author. The enormous importance of the distribution of time is never more clearly manifested than in cases of this kind. Mr. Ruskin might certainly have attained rank as a painter, Rossetti might have been as prolific in poetry as he is excellent. What these gifted men are now is not so much a question of talent as of time. In like manner the question whether Ingres was to be known as a painter or as a violinist was settled by the employment of hours rather than by any preponderance of faculty.

PART V.

THE INFLUENCES OF MONEY.

LETTER I.

TO A VERY RICH STUDENT.

The author of "Vathek"—The double temptation of wealth—Rich men tempted to follow occupations in which their wealth is useful—Pressure of social duties on the rich—The Duchess of Orleans—The rich man's time not his own—The rich may help the general intellectual advancement by the exercise of patronage—Dr. Carpenter—Frans Weepke.

It has always seemed to me a very remarkable and noteworthy circumstance that although Mr. Beckford, the author of "Vathek," produced in his youth a story which bears all the signs of true inventive genius, he never produced anything in after-life which posterity cares to preserve. I read "Vathek" again quite recently, to see how far my early enthusiasm for it might have been due to that passion for orientalism which reigned amongst us many years ago, but this fresh perusal left an impression which only genius leaves. Beckford really had invention, and

an extraordinary narrative power. That such faculties, after having once revealed themselves, should contentedly have remained dormant ever afterwards, is one of the most curious facts in the history of the human mind, and it is the more curious that Beckford lived to a very advanced age.

Beckford's case appears to have been one of those in which great wealth diminishes or wholly paralyzes the highest energy of the intellect, leaving the lower energies free to exert less noble kinds of activity. A refined self-indulgence became the habit of his life, and he developed simply into a dilettant. Even his love for the fine arts did not rise above the indulgence of an elegant and cultivated taste. Although he lived at the very time most favorable to the appearance of a great critic in architecture and painting, the time of a great architectural revival and of the growth of a vigorous and independent school of contemporary art, he exercised no influence beyond that of a wealthy virtuoso. His love of the beautiful began and ended in simple personal gratification; it led to no noble labor, to no elevating severity of discipline. Englishman though he was, he filled his Oriental tower with masterpieces from Italy and Holland, only to add form and color to the luxuries of his reverie, behind his gilded lattices.

And when he raised that other tower at Fonthill, and the slaves of the lamp toiled at it by torchlight to gratify his Oriental impatience, he exercised no influence upon the confusion of his epoch more durable than that hundred yards of masonry which sank into a shapeless heap whilst as yet Azrael spared its author. He to whom Nature and Fortune had been so prodigal of their gifts, he whom Reynolds painted and Mozart instructed, who knew the poets of seven literatures, culling their jewels like flowers in seven enchanted gardens—he to whom the palaces of knowledge all opened their golden gates even in his earliest youth, to whom were also given riches and length of days, for whom a thousand craftsmen toiled in Europe and a thousand slaves beyond the sea,*—what has this gifted mortal left as the testimony of his power, as the trace of his fourscore years upon the earth? Only the reminiscence of a vague splendor, like the fast-fading recollection of a cloud that burned at sunset, and one small gem

* This sounds like a poetical exaggeration, but it is less than the bare truth. There were fifteen hundred slaves on two West Indian estates that Beckford lost in a lawsuit. It is quite certain, considering his lavish expenditure, that fully a thousand men must have worked for the maintenance of his luxury in Europe. So much for his command of labor.

of intellectual creation that lives like a tiny star.

If wealth had only pleasure to offer as a temptation from intellectual labor, its influence would be easier to resist. Men of the English race are often grandly strong in resistance to every form of voluptuousness; the race is fond of comfort and convenience, but it does not sacrifice its energy to enervating self-indulgence. There is, however, another order of temptations in great wealth, to which Englishmen not only yield, but yield with a satisfied conscience, even with a sense of obedience to duty. Wealth carries pleasure in her left hand, but in her right she bears honor and power. The rich man feels that he can do so much by the mere exercise of his command over the labor of others, and so little by any unaided labor of his own, that he is always strongly tempted to become, not only physically but intellectually, a director of work rather than a workman. Even his modesty, when he is modest, tends to foster his reliance on others rather than himself. All that he tries to do is done so much better by those who make it their profession, that he is always tempted to fall back upon his paying power as his most satisfactory and effective force.

There are cases in which this temptation is gloriously overcome, where men of great wealth compel every one to acknowledge that their money is nothing more than a help to their higher life, like the charger that bore Wellington at Waterloo, serving him indeed usefully, but not detracting from the honor which is his due. But in these cases the life is usually active or administrative rather than intellectual. The rich man does not generally feel tempted to enter upon careers in which his command over labor is not an evident advantage, and this because men naturally seek those fields in which *all* their superiorities tell. Even the well known instance of Lord Rosse can scarcely be considered an exception to this rule, for although he was eminent in a science which has been followed by poor men with great distinction, his wealth was of use in the construction of his colossal telescope, which gave him a clear advantage over merely professional contemporaries.

Besides this natural desire to pursue careers in which their money may lessen the number of competitors, the rich are often diverted from purely intellectual pursuits by the social duties of their station, duties which it is impossible to avoid and difficult to keep within limits. The Duchess of Orleans (mother of the present Count of Paris) arranged her time with the greatest care so as to reserve a little of

it for her own culture in uninterrupted solitude. By an exact system, and the exercise of the rarest firmness, she contrived to steal half an hour here and an hour there—enough, no doubt, when employed as she employed them, to maintain her character as a very distinguished lady, yet still far from sufficient for the satisfactory pursuit of any great art or science. If it be difficult for the rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, it is also difficult for him to secure that freedom from interruption which is necessary to fit him for his entrance into the Intellectual Kingdom. He can scarcely allow himself to be absorbed in any great study, when he reflects on all the powerful means of social influence which he is suffering to lie idle. He is sure to possess by inheritance, or to have acquired in obedience to custom, a complicated and expensive machinery for the pleasures and purposes of society. There is game to be shot; there are hunters to be exercised; great houses to be filled with guests. So much is expected of the rich man, both in business and in pleasure, that his time is not his own, and he could not quit his station if he would. And yet the Intellectual Life, in its fruitful perfection, requires, I do not say the complete abandonment of the world, but it assuredly requires free and frequent spaces of labor in tranquil solitude, "retreats" like those commanded by the Church of Rome, but with more of study and less of contemplation.

It would be useless to ask you to abdicate your power, and retreat into some hermitage with a library and a laboratory, without a thought of returning to your pleasant hall in Yorkshire and your house in Mayfair. You will not sell all and follow the Light, but there is a life which you may powerfully encourage, yet only partially share. Notwithstanding the increased facilities for earning a living which this age offers to the intellectual, the time that they are often compelled to give to the satisfaction of common material necessities is so much time withdrawn from the work which they alone can do. It is a lamentable waste of the highest and rarest kind of energy to compel minds that are capable of original investigation, of discovery, to occupy themselves in that mere vulgarization of knowledge, in popular lecturing and literature, which could be done just as efficiently by minds of a common order. It is an error of the present age to believe that the time for what is called patronage is altogether passed away.

Let me mention two instances to the contrary: one in which kindly help would have saved fifteen years of a noble life; another

in which that kindly help did actually permit a man of exceptional endowment and equally exceptional industry to pursue investigations for which no other human being was so well qualified, and which were entirely incompatible with the earning of the daily bread. Dr. Carpenter has lately told us that, finding it impossible to unite the work of a general practitioner with the scientific researches upon which his heart was set, he gave up nine-tenths of his time for twenty years to popular lecturing and writing, in order that he might exist and devote the other tenth to science. "Just as he was breaking down from the excessive strain upon mind and body which this life involved, an appointment was offered to Dr. Carpenter which gave him competence and sufficient leisure for the investigations which he has conducted to such important issues." Suppose that during those twenty years of struggle he *had* broken down like many another only a little less robust—what then? A mind lost to his country and the world. And would it not have been happier for him and for us if some of those men (of whom there are more in England than in any other land), who are so wealthy that their gold is positively a burden and an encumbrance, like too many coats in summer, had helped Dr. Carpenter at least a few years earlier, in some form that a man of high feeling might honorably accept? The other example that I shall mention is that of Franz Wœpke, the mathematician and orientalist. A modest pension, supplied by an Italian prince who was interested in the history of mathematics, gave Wœpke that peace which is incompatible with poverty, and enabled him to live grandly in his narrow lodging the noble intellectual life. Was not this rightly and well done, and probably a much more effectual employment of the power of gold than if that Italian prince had added some rare manuscripts to his own library without having time or knowledge to decipher them? I cannot but think that the rich may serve the cause of culture best by a judicious exercise of patronage—unless, indeed, they have within themselves the sense of that irresistible vocation which made Humboldt use his fortune as the servant of his high ambition. The Humboldts never are too rich; they possess their gold and are not possessed by it, and they are exempt from the duty of aiding others because they themselves have a use for all their powers.

LETTER II.

TO A GENIUS CARELESS IN MONEY MATTERS.

Danger of carelessness—Inconveniences of poverty unfavorable to the Intellectual Life—Necessity advances men in industrial occupations, but disturbs and interrupts the higher intellectual life—Instances in science, literature, and art—Careers aided by wealth—Mr. Ruskin—De Sapsure—Work spoiled by poverty in the doing—The central passion of men of ability is to do their work well—The want of money the most common hindrance to excellence of work—De Sénancour—Bossuet—Sainte-Beuve—Shelley—Wordsworth—Scott—Kepler—Tycho Brahe—Schiller—Goethe—Case of an eminent English philosopher, and of a French writer of school-primers—Loss of time in making experiments on public taste—*Surtout ne pas trop écrire*—Auguste Comte—The reaction of the intellectual against money-making—Money the protector of the intellectual life.

I HAVE been anxious for you lately, and venture to write to you about the reasons for this anxiety.

You are neither extravagant nor self-indulgent, yet it seems to me that your entire absorption in the higher intellectual pursuits has produced in you, as it frequently does, a carelessness about material interests of all kinds which is by far the most dangerous of all tempers to the pecuniary well-being of a man. Sydney Smith declared that no fortune could stand that temper long, and that we are on the high road to ruin the moment we think ourselves rich enough to be careless.

Let me observe, to begin with, that although the pursuit of wealth is not favorable to the intellectual life, the inconveniences of poverty are even less favorable to it. We are sometimes lectured on the great benefits of necessity as a stimulant to exertion, and it is implied that comfortable people would go much farther on the road to distinction if they were made uncomfortable by having to think perpetually about money. Those who say this confound together the industry of the industrial and professional classes, and the labors of the more purely intellectual. It is clear that when the labor a man does is of such a nature that he will be paid for it in strict proportion to the time and effort he bestows, the need of money will be a direct stimulus to the best exertion he may be capable of. In all simple industrial occupations the need of money *does* drive a man forwards, and is often, when he feels it in early life, the very origin and foundation of his fortune. There exists, in such occupations, a perfect harmony between the present necessity and the ultimate purpose of the life. Wealth is the object of industry, and the first steps towards the possession of it are steps on the chosen path. The future captain of industry, who will employ thousands of workpeople and accumulate millions of money, is going straight

to his splendid future when he gets up at five in the morning to work in another person's factory.

To learn to be a builder of steam-vessels, it is necessary, even when you begin with capital, to pass through the manual trades, and you will only learn them the better if the wages are necessary to your existence. Poverty in these cases only makes an intelligent man ground himself all the better in that stern practical training which is the basis of his future career. Well, therefore, may those who have reached distinguished success in fields of practical activity extol the teachings of adversity. If it is a necessary part of your education that you should hammer rivets inside a steam-boiler, it is as well that your early habits should not be over-dainty. So it is observed that horny hands, in the colonies, get gold into them sooner than white ones.

Even in the liberal professions young men get on all the better for not being too comfortably off. If you have a comfortable private income to begin with, the meagre early rewards of professional life will seem too paltry to be worth hard striving, and so you will very likely miss the more ample rewards of maturity, since the common road to success is nothing but a gradual increase. And you miss education at the same time, for practice is the best of professional educators, and many successful lawyers and artists have had scarcely any other training. The daily habit of affairs trains men for the active business of the world, and if the purpose of their lives is merely to do what they are doing or to command others to do the same things, the more closely circumstances tie them down to their work, the better.

But in the higher intellectual pursuits the necessity for immediate earning has an entirely different result. It comes, not as an educator, but as an interruption or suspension of education. All intellectual lives, however much they may differ in the variety of their purposes, have at least this purpose in common, that they are mainly devoted to self-education of one kind or another. An intellectual man who is forty years old is as much at school as an Etonian of fourteen, and if you set him to earn more money than that which comes to him without especial care about it, you interrupt his schooling, exactly as selfish parents used to do when they sent their young children to the factory and prevented them from learning to read. The idea of the intellectual life is an existence passed almost entirely in study, yet preserving the results of its investigations. A day's writing

will usually suffice to record the outcome of a month's research.

Necessity, instead of advancing your studies, stops them. Whenever her harsh voice speaks it becomes your duty to shut your books, put aside your instruments, and do something that will fetch a price in the market. The man of science has to abandon the pursuit of a discovery to go and deliver a popular lecture a hundred miles off, for which he gets five pounds and his railway fare. The student of ancient literature has to read some feeble novel, and give three days of a valuable life to write an anonymous review which will bring him two pounds ten. The artist has to leave his serious picture to manufacture "pot-boilers," which will teach him nothing, but only spoil his hands and vitiate the public taste. The poet suspends his poem (which is promised to a publisher for Christmas, and will be spoiled in consequence by hurry at the last) in order to write newspaper articles on subjects of which he has little knowledge and in which he takes no interest. And yet these are instances of those comparatively happy and fortunate needy who are only compelled to suspend their intellectual life, and who can cheer themselves in their enforced labor with the hope of shortly renewing it. What of those others who are pushed out of their path forever by the buffets of unkindly fortune? Many a fine intellect has been driven into the deep quagmire, and has struggled in it vainly till death came, which but for that grim necessity might have scaled the immortal mountains.

This metaphor of the mountains has led me, by a natural association of ideas, to think of a writer who has added to our enjoyment of their beauty, and I think of him the more readily that his career will serve as an illustration—far better than any imaginary career—of the very subject which just now occupies my mind. Mr. Ruskin is not only one of the best instances, but he is positively the very best instance except the two Humboldts, of an intellectual career which has been greatly aided by material prosperity, and which would not have been possible without it. This does not in the least detract from the merit of the author of "Modern Painters," for it needed a rare force of resolution, or a powerful instinct of genius, to lead the life of a severe student under every temptation to indolence. Still it is true that Mr. Ruskin's career would have been impossible for a poor man, however gifted. A poor man would not have had access to Mr. Ruskin's materials, and one of his chief superiorities has always been an abundant wealth of

material. And if we go so far as to suppose that the poor man might have found other materials perhaps equivalent to these, we know that he could not have turned them to that noble use. The poor critic would be immediately absorbed in the ocean of anonymous periodical literature; he could not find time for the incubation of great works. "Modern Painters," the result of seventeen years of study, is not simply a work of genius but of genius seconded by wealth. Close to it on my shelves stand four volumes which are the monument of another intellectual life devoted to the investigation of nature. De Saussure, whom Mr. Ruskin reverences as one of his ablest teachers, and whom all sincere students of nature regard as a model observer, pursued for many laborious years a kind of life which was not, and could not be, self-supporting in the pecuniary sense. Many other patient laborers, who have not the celebrity of these, work steadily in the same way, and are enabled to do so by the possession of independent fortune. I know one such who gives a whole summer to the examination of three or four acres of mountain-ground, the tangible result being comprised in a few memoranda, which, considered as literary material, might (in the hands of a skilled professional writer) just possibly be worth five pounds.

Not only do narrow pecuniary means often render high intellectual enterprises absolutely impossible, but they do what is frequently even more trying to the health and character, they permit you to undertake work that would be worthy of you if you might only have time and materials for the execution of it, and then spoil it in the doing. An intellectual laborer will bear anything except that. You may take away the very table he is writing upon, if you let him have a deal board for his books and papers; you may take away all his fine editions, if you leave him common copies that are legible; you may remove his very candlestick, if you leave him a bottle-neck to stick his candle in, and he will go on working cheerfully still. But the moment you do anything to spoil the quality of the work itself, you make him irritable and miserable. "You think," says Sir Arthur Helps, "to gain a good man to manage your affairs because he happens to have a small share in your undertaking. It is a great error. You want him to do something well which you are going to tell him to do. If he has been wisely chosen, and is an able man, his pecuniary interest in the matter will be mere dust in the balance, when compared with the desire which belongs to all such men

to do their work well." Yes, this is the central passion of all men of true ability, *to do their work well*; their happiness lies in that, and not in the amount of their profits, or even in their reputation. But then, on the other hand, they suffer indescribable mental misery when circumstances compel them to do their work less well than they know that, under more favorable circumstances, they would be capable of doing it. The want of money is, in the higher intellectual pursuits, the most common hindrance to thoroughness and excellence of work. De Sénancour, who, in consequence of a strange concatenation of misfortunes, was all his life struggling in shallows, suffered not from the privations themselves, but from the vague feeling that they stunted his intellectual growth; and any experienced student of human nature must be aware that De Sénancour was right. With larger means he would have seen more of the world, and known it better, and written of it with riper wisdom. He said that the man "who only saw in poverty the direct effect of the money-privation, and only compared, for instance, an eight-penny dinner to one that cost ten shillings, would have no conception of the true nature of misfortune, for not to spend money is the least of the evils of poverty." Bossuet said that he "had no attachment to riches, and still if he had only what is barely necessary, if he felt himself narrowed, he would lose more than half his talents." Sainte-Beuve said, "Only think a little what a difference there is in the starting point and in the employment of the faculties between a Duc de Luynes and a Sénancour." How many of the most distinguished authors have been dependent upon private means, not simply for physical sustenance, but for the opportunities which they afforded of gaining that experience of life which was absolutely essential to the full growth of their mental faculties. Shelley's writings brought him no profit whatever, and without a private income he could not have produced them, for he had not a hundred buyers. Yet his *whole time* was employed, in study or in travel, which for him was study of another kind, or else in the actual labor of composition. Wordsworth tried to become a London journalist and failed. A young man called Raisley Calvert died and left him 900*l.*; this saved the poet in Wordsworth, as it kept him till the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads," and afterwards other pieces of good luck happened to him, so that he could think and compose at leisure. Scott would not venture to devote himself to literature until he had first secured a comfortable income outside of it.

Poor Kepler struggled with constant anxieties, and told fortunes by astrology for a livelihood, saying that astrology as the daughter of astronomy ought to keep her mother; but fancy a man of science wasting precious time over horoscopes! "I supplicate you," he writes to Mœstlin, "if there is a situation vacant at Tübingen, do what you can to obtain it for me, and let me know the prices of bread and wine and other necessities of life, for my wife is not accustomed to live on beans." He had to accept all sorts of jobs; he made almanacs, and served any one who would pay him. His only tranquil time for study was when he lived in Styria, on his wife's income, a tranquillity that did not last for long, and never returned. How different is this from the princely ease of Tycho Brahe, who labored for science alone, with all the help that the ingenuity of his age could furnish! There is the same contrast, in a later generation, between Schiller and Goethe. Poor Schiller "wasting so much of his precious life in literary hack-work, translating French books for a miserable pittance;" Goethe, fortunate in his pecuniary independence as in all the other great circumstances of his life, and this at a time when the pay of authors was so miserable that they could hardly exist by the pen. Schiller got a shilling a page for his translations. Merck the publisher offered three pounds sterling for a drama of Goethe. "If Europe praised me," Goethe said, "what has Europe done for me? Nothing. *Even my works have been an expense to me.*"

The pecuniary rewards which men receive for their labor are so absurdly (yet inevitably) disproportionate to the intellectual power that is needed for the task, and also to the toil involved, that no one can safely rely upon the higher intellectual pursuits as a protection from money-anxieties. I will give you two instances of this disproportion, real instances, of men who are known to me personally. One of them is an eminent Englishman of most remarkable intellectual force, who for many years past has occupied his leisure in the composition of works that are valued by the thinking public to a degree which it would be difficult to exaggerate. But this thinking public is not numerous, and so in the year 1866 this eminent philosopher, "unable to continue losing money in endeavoring to enlighten his contemporaries, was compelled to announce the termination of his series." On the other hand, a Frenchman, also known to me personally, one day conceived the fortunate idea that a new primer might possibly be a saleable commodity. So he composed a

little primer, beginning with the alphabet, advancing to a, b, *ab*; b, a, *ba*; and even going so far in history as to affirm that Adam was the first man and Abraham the father of the faithful. He had the wisdom to keep the copyright of this little publication, which employed (in the easiest of all imaginable literary labor) the evenings of a single week. It has brought him in, ever since, a regular income of 120*l.* a year, which, so far from showing any signs of diminution, is positively improving. This success encouraged the same intelligent gentleman to compose more literature of the same order, and he is now the enviable owner of several other such copyrights, all of them very valuable; in fact as good properties as house-leases in London. Here is an author who, from the pecuniary point of view, was incomparably more successful than Milton, or Shelley, or Goethe. If every intellectual man could shield his higher life by writing primers for children which should be as good as house-leases, if the proverb *Qui peut le plus peut le moins* were a true proverb, which it is not, then of course all men of culture would be perfectly safe, since they all certainly know the contents of a primer. But you may be able to write the most learned philosophical treatise and still not be able to earn your daily bread.

Consider, too, the lamentable loss of time which people of high culture incur in making experiments on public taste, when money becomes one of their main objects. Whilst they are writing stories for children, or elementary educational books which people of far inferior attainment could probably do much better, their own self-improvement comes to a standstill. If it could only be ascertained without delay what sort of work would bring in the money they require, then there would be some chance of apportioning time so as to make reserves for self-improvement; but when they have to write a score of volumes merely to ascertain the humor of the public, there is little chance of leisure. The life of the professional author who has no reputation is much less favorable to high culture than the life of a tradesman in moderately easy circumstances who can reserve an hour or two every day for some beloved intellectual pursuit.

Sainte-Beuve tells us that during certain years of his life he had endeavored, and had been able, so to arrange his existence that it should have both sweetness and dignity, writing from time to time what was agreeable, reading what was both agreeable and serious, cultivating friendships, throwing much of his mind into the intimate relations of every day, giving more to his friends than to the public,

reserving what was most tender and delicate for the inner life, enjoying with moderation; such for him was the dream of an intellectual existence in which things truly precious were valued according to their worth. And "*above all*," he said, above all his desire was not to write too much, "*surtout ne pas trop écrire*." And then comes the regret for this wise, well-ordered life enjoyed by him only for a time. "*La nécessité depuis m'a saisi et m'a contraint de renoncer à ce que je considérais comme le seul bonheur ou la consolation exquise du mélancolique et du sage.*"

Auguste Comte lamented in like manner the evil intellectual consequences of anxieties about material needs. "There is nothing," he said, "more mortal to my mind than the necessity, pushed to a certain degree, to have to think each day about a provision for the next. Happily I think little and rarely about all that; but whenever this happens to me I pass through moments of discouragement and positive despair, which if the influence of them became habitual *would make me renounce all my labors, all my philosophical projects, to end my days like an ass.*"

There are a hundred rules for getting rich, but the instinct of accumulation is worth all such rules put together. This instinct is rarely found in combination with high intellectual gifts, and the reason is evident. To advance from a hundred pounds to a thousand is not an intellectual advance, and there is no intellectual interest in the addition of a cipher at the bankers'. Simply to accumulate money that you are never to use is, from the intellectual point of view, as stupid an operation as can be imagined. We observe, too, that the great accumulators, the men who are gifted by nature with the true instinct, are not usually such persons as we feel any ambition to become. Their faculties are concentrated on one point, and that point, as it seems to us, of infinitely little importance. We cannot see that it signifies much to the intellectual well-being of humanity that John Smith should be worth his million when he dies, since we know quite well that John Smith's mind will be just as ill-furnished then as it is now. In places where much money is made we easily acquire a positive disgust for it, and the curate seems the most distinguished gentleman in the community, with his old black coat and his seventy pounds a year. We come to hate money-matters when we find that they exclude all thoughtful and disinterested conversation, and we fly to the society of people with fixed incomes, not large enough for much saving, to escape the perpetual talk about investments. Our happiest hours have been

spent with poor scholars, and artists, and men of science, whose words remain in the memory and make us rich indeed. Then we dislike money because it rules and restrains us, and because it is unintelligent and seems hostile, so far as that which is unintelligent can be hostile. And yet the real truth is that money is the strong protector of the intellectual life. The student sits and studies, too often despising the power that shelters him from the wintry night, that gives him roof and walls, and lamp, and books, and fire. For money is simply the accumulated labor of the past, guarding our peace as fleets and armies guard the industry of England, or like some mighty fortress-wall within which men follow the most peaceful avocations. The art is to use money so that it shall be the protector and not the scatterer of our time, the body-guard of the sovereign Intellect and Will.

LETTER III.

TO A STUDENT IN GREAT POVERTY.

Poverty really a great obstacle—Difference between a thousand rich men and a thousand poor men taken from persons of average natural gifts—The Houses of Parliament—The English recognize the natural connection between wealth and culture—Connection between ignorance and parsimony in expenditure—What may be honestly said for the encouragement of a very poor student.

As it seems to me that to make light of the difficulties which lie in the path of another is not to show true sympathy for him, even though it is done sometimes out of a sort of awkward kindness and for his encouragement, I will not begin by pretending that poverty is not a great obstacle to the perfection of the intellectual life. It is a great obstacle; it is one of the very greatest of all obstacles. Only observe how riches and poverty operate upon mankind in the mass. Here and there no doubt a very poor man attains intellectual distinction when he has exceptional strength of will, and health enough to bear a great strain of extra labor that he imposes upon himself, and natural gifts as brilliant that he can learn in an hour what common men learn in a day. But consider mankind in the mass. Look, for instance, at our two Houses of Parliament. They are composed of men taken from the average run of Englishmen with very little reference to ability, but almost all of them are rich men, not one of them is poor, as you are poor, not one of them has to contend against the stern realities of poverty. Then consider the very high general level of intellectual attain-

ment which distinguishes those two assemblies, and ask yourself candidly whether a thousand men taken from the beggars in the streets, or even from the far superior class of our manufacturing operatives, would be likely to understand, as the two Houses of Parliament understand, the many complicated questions of legislation and of policy which are continually brought before them. We all know that the poor are too limited in knowledge and experience, from the want of the necessary opportunities, and too little accustomed to exercise their minds in the tranquil investigations of great questions, to be competent for the work of Parliament. It is scarcely necessary to insist upon this fact to an Englishman, because the English have always recognized the natural connection between wealth and culture, and have preferred to be governed by the rich from the belief that they are likely to be better informed, and better situated for intellectual activity of a disinterested kind, than those members of the community whose time and thoughts are almost entirely occupied in winning their daily bread by the incessant labor of their hands. And if you go out into the world, if you mix with men of very different classes, you will find that in a broad average way (I am not speaking just now of the exceptions) the richer classes are much more capable of entering into the sort of thinking which may be called intellectual than those whose money is less plentiful, and whose opportunities have therefore been less abundant. Indeed it may be asserted, roughly and generally, that the narrowness of men's ideas is in direct proportion to their parsimony in expenditure. I do not mean to affirm that all who spend largely attain large intellectual results, for of course we know that a man may spend vast sums on pursuits which do not educate him in anything worth knowing, but the advantage is that with habits of free expenditure the germs of thought are well tilled and watered, whereas parsimony denies them every external help. The most spending class in Europe is the English gentry, it is also the class most strikingly characterized by a high general average of information;* the most parsimonious class in Europe is the French peasantry; it is also the class most strikingly characterized by ignorance and intellectual apathy. The English gentleman has cultivated himself by various reading and extensive travel, but the French peasant will not go anywhere except

to the market-town, and could not pardon the extravagance of buying a book, or a candle to read it by in the evening. Between these extremes we have various grades of the middle classes in which culture usually increases very much in proportion to the expenditure. The rule is not without its exceptions; there are rich vulgar people who spend a great deal without improving themselves at all—who only, by unlimited self-indulgence, succeed in making themselves so uncomfortably sensitive to every bodily inconvenience that they have no leisure, even in the midst of an unoccupied life, to think of anything but their own bellies and their own skins—people whose power of attention is so feeble that the smallest external incident distracts it, and who remember nothing of their travels but a catalogue of trivial annoyances. But people of this kind do not generally belong to families on whom wealth has had time to produce its best effects. What I mean is, that a family which has been for generations in the habit of spending four thousand a year will usually be found to have a more cultivated tone than one that has only spent four hundred.

I have come to the recognition of this truth very reluctantly indeed, not because I dislike rich people, but merely because they are necessarily a very small minority, and I should like every human being to have the best benefits of culture if it were only possible. The plain living and high thinking that Wordsworth so much valued is a cheering ideal, for most men have to live plainly, and if they could only think with a certain elevation we might hope to solve the great problem of human life, the reconciliation of poverty and the soul. There certainly is a slow movement in that direction, and the shortening of the hours of labor may afford some margin of leisure; but we who work for culture every day and all day long, and still feel that we know very little, and have hardly skill enough to make any effective use of the little that we know, can scarcely indulge in very enthusiastic anticipations of the future culture of the poor.

Still, there are some things that may be rationally and truly said to a poor man who desires culture, and which are not without a sort of Spartan encouragement. You are restricted by your poverty, but it is not always a bad thing to be restricted, even from the intellectual point of view. The intellectual powers of well-to-do people are very commonly made ineffective by the enormous multiplicity of objects that are presented to their attention, and which claim from them a sort

*The reader will please to bear in mind that I am speaking of broad effects on great numbers. I do not think that democracy, in its spirit, is quite favorable to the exceptionally highest intellectual life.

of polite notice like the greeting of a great lady to each of her thousand guests. It requires the very rarest strength of mind, in a rich man, to concentrate his attention on anything—there are so many things that he is expected to make a pretence of knowing; but nobody expects *you* to know anything, and this is an incalculable advantage. I think that all poor men who have risen to subsequent distinction have been greatly indebted to this independence of public opinion as to what they ought to know. In trying to satisfy that public opinion by getting up a pretence of various sorts of knowledge, which is only a sham, we sacrifice not only much precious time, but we blunt our natural interest in things. That interest you preserve in all its virgin force, and this force carries a man far. Then, again, although the opportunities of rich people are very superior to yours, they are not altogether so superior as they seem. There exists a great equalizing power, the limitation of human energy. A rich man may sit down to an enormous banquet, but he can only make a good use of the little that he is able to digest. So it is with the splendid intellectual banquet that is spread before the rich man's eyes. He can only possess what he has energy to master, and too frequently the manifest impossibility of mastering everything produces a feeling of discouragement that ends in his mastering nothing. A poor student, especially if he lives in an out-of-the-way place where there are no big libraries to bewilder him, may apply his energy with effect in the study of a few authors.

I used to believe a great deal more in opportunities and less in application than I do now. Time and health are needed, but with these there are always opportunities. Rich people have a fancy for spending money very uselessly on their culture because it seems to them more valuable when it has been costly; but the truth is, that by the blessing of good and cheap literature, intellectual light has become almost as accessible as daylight. I have a rich friend who travels more, and buys more costly things, than I do, but he does not really learn more or advance farther in the twelvemonth. If my days are fully occupied, what has he to set against them? only other well-occupied days, no more. If he is getting benefit at St. Petersburg he is missing the benefit I am getting round my house, and in it. The sum of the year's benefit seems to be surprisingly alike in both cases. So if you are reading a piece of thoroughly good literature, Baron Rothschild may possibly be as well occupied as you—he is

certainly not better occupied. When I open a noble volume I say to myself, "Now the only Croesus that I envy is he who is reading a better book than this."

PART VI.

CUSTOM AND TRADITION.

LETTER I.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO HAD FIRMLY
RESOLVED NEVER TO WEAR ANYTHING BUT
A GRAY COAT.*

Secret enjoyment of rebellion against custom, and of the disabilities resulting from it—Penalties imposed by Society and by Nature out of proportion to the offence—Instances—What we consider penalties not really penalties, but only consequences—Society likes harmony, and is offended by dissonance—Utility of rebels against custom—That they ought to reserve their power of rebellion for great occasions—Uses of custom—Duty of the intellectual class—Best way to procure the abolition of a custom we disapprove—Bad customs—Eccentricity sometimes a duty.

WHEN I had the pleasure of staying at your father's house, you told me, rather to my surprise, that it was impossible for you to go to balls and dinner-parties because you did not possess such a thing as a dress-coat. The reason struck me as being scarcely a valid one, considering the rather high scale of expenditure adopted in the paternal mansion. It seemed clear that the eldest son of a family which lived after the liberal fashion of Yorkshire country gentlemen could afford himself a dress-coat if he liked. Then I wondered whether you disliked dress-coats from a belief that they were unbecoming to your person; but a very little observation of your character convinced me that, whatever might be your weaknesses (for everybody has some weaknesses), anxiety about personal appearance was not one of them.

The truth is, that you secretly enjoy this little piece of disobedience to custom, and all the disabilities which result from it. This little rebellion is connected with a larger rebellion, and it is agreeable to you to demonstrate the unreasonableness of society by incurring a very severe penalty for a very trifling offence. You are always dressed decently, you offend against no moral rule, you have cultivated your mind by study and reflection, an

* The title of this letter seems so odd, that it may be necessary to inform the reader that it was addressed to a real person.

it rather pleases you to think that a young gentleman so well qualified for society in everything of real importance should be excluded from it because he has not purchased a permission from his tailor.

The penalties imposed by society for the infraction of very trifling details of custom are often, as it seems, out of all proportion to the offence; but so are the penalties of nature. Only three days before the date of this letter, an intimate friend of mine was coming home from a day's shooting. His nephew, a fine young man in the full enjoyment of existence, was walking ten paces in advance. A covey of partridges suddenly crosses the road: my friend in shouldering his gun touches the trigger just a second too soon, and kills his nephew. Now, think of the long years of mental misery that will be the punishment of that very trifling piece of carelessness! My poor friend has passed, in the space of a single instant, from a joyous life to a life that is permanently and irremediably saddened. It is as if he had left the summer sunshine to enter a gloomy dungeon and begin a perpetual imprisonment. And for what? For having touched a trigger, without evil intention, a little too precipitately. It seems harder still for the victim, who is sent out of the world in the bloom of perfect manhood because his uncle was not quite so cool as he ought to have been. Again, not far from where I live, thirty-five men were killed last week in a coal-pit from an explosion of fire-damp. One of their number had struck a lucifer to light his pipe: for doing this in a place where he ought not to have done it, the man suffers the penalty of death, and thirty-four others with him. The fact is simply that Nature *will* be obeyed, and makes no attempt to proportion punishments to offences: indeed, what in our human way we call punishments are not punishments, but simple consequences. So it is with the great social penalties. Society *will be obeyed*: if you refuse obedience, you must take the consequences. Society has only one law, and that is custom. Even religion itself is socially powerful only just so far as it has custom on its side.

Nature does not desire that thirty-five men should be destroyed because one could not resist the temptation of a pipe; but fire-damp is highly inflammable, and the explosion is a simple consequence. Society does not desire to exclude you because you will not wear evening dress; but the dress is customary, and your exclusion is merely a consequence of your nonconformity. The view of society goes no further in this than the artistic conception (not very delicately artistic, perhaps) that it is

prettier to see men in black coats regularly placed between ladies round a dinner-table than men in gray coats or brown coats. The uniformity of costume appears to represent uniformity of sentiment and to ensure a sort of harmony amongst the *convives*. What society really cares for is harmony; what it dislikes is dissent and nonconformity. It wants peace in the dining-room, peace in the drawing-room, peace everywhere in its realm of tranquil pleasure. You come in your shooting-coat, which was in tune upon the moors, but is a dissonance amongst ladies in full dress. Do you not perceive that fustian and velveteen, which were natural amongst game-keepers, are not so natural on gilded chairs covered with silk, with lace and diamonds at a distance of three feet? You don't perceive it? Very well: society does not argue the point with you, but only excludes you.

It has been said that in the life of every intellectual man there comes a time when he questions custom at all points. This seems to be a provision of nature for the reform and progress of custom itself, which without such questioning would remain absolutely stationary and irresistibly despotic. You rebels against the established custom have your place in the great work of progressive civilization. Without you, Western Europe would have been a second China. It is to the continual rebellion of such persons as yourself that we owe whatever progress has been accomplished since the times of our remotest forefathers. There have been rebels always, and the rebels have not been, generally speaking, the most stupid part of the nation.

But what is the use of wasting this beneficial power of rebellion on matters too trivial to be worth attention? Does it hurt your conscience to appear in a dress-coat? Certainly not, and you would be as good-looking in it as you are in your velveteen shooting-jacket with the pointers on the bronze buttons. Let us conform in these trivial matters, which nobody except a tailor ought to consider worth a moment's attention, in order to reserve our strength for the protection of intellectual liberty. Let society arrange your dress for you (it will save you infinite trouble), but never permit it to stifle the expression of your thought. You find it convenient, because you are timid, to exclude yourself from the world by refusing to wear its costume; but a bolder man would let the tailor do his worst, and then go into the world and courageously defend there the persons and causes that are misunderstood and slanderously misrepresented. The fables of Spenser are fables only in form, and a noble knight may at any time

go forth, armed in the panoply of a tail-coat, a dress waistcoat, and a manly moral courage, to do battle across the dinner-table and in the drawing-room for those who have none to defend them.

It is unphilosophical to set ourselves obstinately against custom in the mass, for it multiplies the power of men by settling useless discussion and clearing the ground for our best and most prolific activity. The business of the world could not be carried forward one day without a most complex code of customs; and law itself is little more than custom slightly improved upon by men reflecting together at their leisure, and reduced to codes and systems. We ought to think of custom as a most precious legacy of the past, saving us infinite perplexity, yet not as an infallible rule. The most intelligent community would be conservative in its habits, yet not obstinately conservative, but willing to hear and adopt the suggestions of advancing reason. The great duty of the intellectual class, and its especial function, is to confirm what is reasonable in the customs that have been handed down to us, and so maintain their authority, yet at the same time to show that custom is not final, but merely a form suited to the world's convenience. And whenever you are convinced that a custom is no longer serviceable, the way to procure the abolition of it is to lead men very gradually away from it, by offering a substitute at first very slightly different from what they have been long used to. If the English had been in the habit of tattooing, the best way to procure its abolition would have been to admit that it was quite necessary to cover the face with elaborate patterns, yet gently to suggest that these patterns would be still more elegant if delicately painted in water-colors. Then you might have gone on arguing—still admitting, of course, the absolute necessity for ornament of some kind—that good taste demanded only a moderate amount of it; and so you would have brought people gradually to a little flourish on the nose or forehead, when the most advanced reformers might have set the example of dispensing with ornament altogether. Many of our contemporaries have abandoned shaving in this gradual way, allowing the whiskers to encroach imperceptibly, till at last the razor lay in the dressing-case unused. The abominable black cylinders that covered our heads a few years ago were vainly resisted by radicals in custom, but the moderate reformers gradually reduced their elevation, and now they are things of the past.

Though I think we ought to submit to custom in matters of indifference, and to reform it

gradually, whilst affecting submission; matters altogether indifferent, still there are other matters on which the only attitude worthy of a man is the most bold and open resistance to its dictates. Custom may have a right to authority over your wardrobe, but it cannot have any right to ruin your self-respect. Not only the virtues most advantageous to well-being, but also the most contemptible and degrading vices, have at various periods of the world's history been sustained by the full authority of custom. There are places where forty years ago drunkenness was conformity to custom, and sobriety an eccentricity. There are societies, even at the present day, where licentiousness is the rule of custom, and chastity the sign of weakness or want of spirit. There are communities (it cannot be necessary to name them) in which successful fraud, especially on a large scale, is respected as the proof of smartness, whilst a man who remains poor because he is honest is despised for slowness and incapacity. There are whole nations in which religious hypocrisy is strongly approved by custom, and honesty severely condemned. The Wahabee Arabs may be mentioned as an instance of this, but the Wahabee Arabs are not the only people, nor is Nejed the only place, where it is held to be more virtuous to lie on the side of custom than to be an honorable man in independence of it. In all communities where vice and hypocrisy are sustained by the authority of custom, eccentricity is a moral duty. In all communities where a low standard of thinking is received as infallible common sense, eccentricity becomes an intellectual duty. There are hundreds of places in the provinces where it is impossible for any man to lead the intellectual life without being condemned as an eccentric. It is the duty of intellectual men who are thus isolated to set the example of that which their neighbors call eccentricity, but which may be more accurately described as superiority.

LETTER II.

TO A CONSERVATIVE WHO HAD ACCUSED THE AUTHOR OF A WANT OF RESPECT FOR TRADITION.

Transition from the ages of tradition to that of experiment—Attraction of the future—Joubert—Saint-Marc Girardin—Solved and unsolved problems—The introduction of a new element—Inapplicability of past experience—An argument against Republics—The lessons of history—Mistaken predictions that have been based on them—Morality and ecclesiastical authority—Compatibility of hopes for the future with gratitude to the past—That we are more respectful to the past than previous ages have been—Our feelings towards tradition—An incident at Warsaw—The reconstruction of the navy.

THE astonishing revolution in thought and practice which is taking place amongst the intelligent Japanese, the throwing away of a traditional system of living in order to establish in its stead a system which, for an Asiatic people, is nothing more than a vast experiment, has its counterpart in many an individual life in Europe. We are like travellers crossing an isthmus between two seas, who have left one ship behind them, who have not yet seen the vessel that waits on the distant shore, and who experience to the full all the discomforts and inconveniences of the passage from one sea to the other. There is a break between the existence of our forefathers and that of our posterity, and it is we who have the misfortune to be situated exactly where the break occurs. We are leaving behind us the security, I do not say the safety, but the feeling of tranquillity which belonged to the ages of tradition; we are entering upon ages whose spirit we foresee but dimly, whose institutions are the subject of guesses and conjectures. And yet this future, of which we know so little, attracts us more by the very vastness of its enigma than the rich history of the past, so full of various incident, of powerful personages, of grandeur, and suffering, and sorrow. Joubert already noticed this forward-looking of the modern mind. "The ancients," he observed, "said, 'Our ancestors;' we say, 'Posterity.' We do not love as they did *la patrie*, the country and laws of our forefathers; we love rather the laws and the country of our children. It is the magic of the future, and not that of the past, which seduces us." Commenting on this thought of Joubert's, Saint-Marc Girardin said that we loved the future because we loved ourselves, and fashioned the future in our own image; and he added, with partial but not complete injustice, that our ignorance of the past was a cause of this tendency in our minds, since it is shorter to despise the past than to study it. These critics and accusers of the modern spirit are not, however, altogether fair to it. If the modern spirit looks so much to the future, it is because the problems of the past are solved problems, whilst those of the future have the interest of a game that is only just begun. We know what became of feudalism, we know the work that it accomplished and the services that it rendered, but we do not yet know what will be the effects of modern democracy and of the scientific and industrial spirit. It is the novelty of this element, the scientific spirit and the industrial development which is a part (but only a part) of its results, that makes the past so much less reliable as a

guide than it would have been if no new element had intervened, and therefore so much less interesting for us. As an example of the inapplicability of past experience, I may mention an argument against Republics which has been much used of late by the partisans of monarchy in France. They have frequently told us that Republics had only succeeded in very small States, and this is true of ancient democracies; but it is not less true that railways, and telegraphs, and the newspaper press have made great countries like France and the United States just as capable of feeling and acting simultaneously as the smallest Republics of antiquity. The parties which rely on what are called the lessons of history are continually exposed to great deceptions. In France, what may be called the historical party would not believe in the possibility of a united Germany, because fifty years ago, with the imperfect means of communication which then existed, Germany was not and could not be united. The same historical party refused to believe that the Italian kingdom could ever hold together. In England, the historical party predicted the dismemberment of the United States, and in some other countries it has been a favorite article of faith that England could not keep her possessions. But theories of this kind are always of very doubtful applicability to the present, and their applicability to the future is even more doubtful still. Steam and electricity have made great modern States practically like so many great cities, so that Manchester is like a suburb of London, and Havre the Piræus of Paris, whilst the most trifling occasions bring the Sovereign of Italy to any of the Italian capitals.

In the intellectual sphere the experience of the past is at least equally unreliable. If the power of the Catholic Church had been suddenly removed from the Europe of the fourteenth century, the consequence would have been a moral anarchy difficult to conceive; but in our own day the real regulator of morality is not the Church, but public opinion, in the formation of which the Church has a share, but only a share. It would therefore be unsafe to conclude that the weakening of ecclesiastical authority must of necessity, in the future, be followed by moral anarchy, since it is possible, and even probable, that the other great influences upon public opinion may gain strength as this declines. And in point of fact we have already lived long enough to witness a remarkable decline of ecclesiastical authority, which is proved by the avowed independence of scientific writers and thinkers, and by the open opposition of al-

most all the European Governments. The secular power resists the ecclesiastical in Germany and Spain. In France it establishes a form of government which the Church detests. In Ireland it disestablishes and disendows a hierarchy. In Switzerland it resists the whole power of the Papacy. In Italy it seizes the sacred territory and plants itself within the very walls of Rome. And yet the time which has witnessed this unprecedented self-assertion of the laity has witnessed a positive increase in the morality of public sentiment, especially in the love of justice and the willingness to hear truth, even when truth is not altogether agreeable to the listener, and in the respect paid by opponents to able and sincere men, merely for their ability and sincerity. This love of justice, this patient and tolerant hearing of new truth, in which our age immeasurably exceeds all the ages that have preceded it, are the direct results of the scientific spirit, and are not only in themselves eminently moral, but conducive to moral health generally. And this advancement may be observed in countries which were least supposed to be capable of it. Even the French, of whose immorality we have heard so much, have a public opinion which is gradually gaining a salutary strength, an increasing dislike for barbarity and injustice, and a more earnest desire that no citizen, except by his own fault, should be excluded from the benefits of civilization. The throne which has lately fallen was undermined by the currents of this public opinion before it sank in military disaster. "Aussi me contenterai-je," says Littré, "d'appeler l'attention sur la guerre, dont l'opinion publique ne tolère plus les antiques barbaries; sur la magistrature, qui répudie avec horreur les tortures et la question; sur la tolérance, qui a banni les persécutions religieuses; sur l'équité, qui soumet tout le monde aux charges communes; sur le sentiment de solidarité qui du sort des classes pauvres fait le plus pressant et le plus noble problème du temps présent. Pour moi, je ne sais caractériser ce spectacle si hautement moral qu'en disant que l'humanité, améliorée, accepte de plus en plus le devoir et la tâche d'étendre le domaine de la justice et de la bonté."

Yet this partial and comparative satisfaction that we find in the present, and our larger hopes for the future, are quite compatible with gratitude to all who in the past have rendered such improvement possible for us, and the higher improvement that we hope for possible to those who will come after us. I cannot think that the present age may be accused with justice of exceptional ignorance

or scorn of its predecessors. We have been told that we scorn our forefathers because old buildings are removed to suit modern conveniences, because the walls of old York have been pierced for the railway, and a tower of Conway Castle has been undermined that the Holyhead mail may pass. But the truth is, that whilst we care a little for our predecessors, they cared still less for theirs. The mediæval builders not only used as quarries any Roman remains that happened to come in their way, but they spoiled the work of their own fathers and grandfathers by intruding their new fashions on buildings originally designed in a different style of art. When an architect in the present day has to restore some venerable church, he endeavors to do so in harmony with the design of the first builder; but such humility as this was utterly foreign to the mediæval mind, which often destroyed the most lovely and necessary details to replace them with erections in the fashion of the day, but artistically unsuitable.

The same disdain for the labors of other ages has prevailed until within the memory of living men, and our age is really the first that has made any attempt to conform itself, in these things, to the intentions of the dead. I may also observe, that although history is less relied upon as a guide to the future than it was formerly, it is more carefully and thoroughly investigated from an intellectual interest in itself.

To conclude. It seems to me that tradition has much less influence of an authoritative kind than it had formerly, and that the authority which it still possesses is everywhere steadily declining; that as a guide to the future of the world it is more likely to mislead than to enlighten us, and still that all intellectual and educated people must always take a great interest in tradition, and have a certain sentiment of respect for it. Consider what our feelings are towards the Church of Rome, the living embodiment of tradition. No well-informed person can forget the immense services that in former ages she has rendered to European civilization, and yet at the same time such a person would scarcely wish to place modern thought under her direction, nor would he consult the Pope about the tendencies of the modern world. When in 1829 the city of Warsaw erected a monument to Copernicus, a scientific society there waited in the Church of the Holy Cross for a service that was to have added solemnity to their commemoration. They waited vainly. Not a single priest appeared. The clergy did not feel authorized to countenance a scientific dis-

covery which, in a former age, had been condemned by the authority of the Church. This incident is delicately and accurately typical of the relation between the modern and the traditional spirit. The modern spirit is not hostile to tradition, and would not object to receive any consecration which tradition might be able to confer, but there are difficulties in bringing the two elements together.

We need not, however, go so far as Warsaw, or back to the year 1829, for examples of an unwillingness on the part of the modern mind to break entirely with the traditional spirit. Our own country is remarkable both for the steadiness of its advance towards a future widely different from the past, and for an affectionate respect for the ideas and institutions that it gradually abandons, as it is forced out of them by new conditions of existence, I may mention, as one example out of very many, our feeling about the reconstruction of the navy. Here is a matter in which science has compelled us to break with tradition absolutely and irrevocably; we have done so, but we have done so with the greatest regret.

The ships of the line that our hearts and imaginations love are the ships of Nelson and Collingwood and Cochrane. We think of the British fleets that bore down upon the enemy with the breeze in their white sails; we think of the fine qualities of seamanship that were fostered in our *Agamemmons*, and *Victories*, and *Téméraires*. Will the navies of the future ever so clothe their dreadful powers with beauty, as did the ordered columns of Nelson, when they came with a fair wind and all sails set, at eleven o'clock in the morning into Trafalgar Bay? We see the smoke of their broadsides rising up to their sails like mists to the snowy Alps, and high above, against heaven's blue, the unconquered flag of England! Nor do we perceive now for the first time that there was poetry in those fleets of old; our forefathers felt it then, and expressed it in a thousand songs.*

*I had desired to say something about the uses of tradition in the industrial arts and in the fine arts, but the subject is a very large one, and I have not time or space to treat it properly here. I may observe, however, briefly, that the genuine spirit of tradition has almost entirely disappeared from English industry and art, where it has been replaced by a spirit of scientific investigation and experiment. The true traditional spirit was still in full vigor in Japan a few years ago, and it kept the industry and art of that country up to a remarkably high standard. The traditional spirit is most favorable to professional skill, because, under its influence, the apprentice learns thoroughly, whereas under other influences he often learns very imperfectly. The inferiority of English painting to French (considered technically) has been due to the prevalence of a traditional spirit in the French school which was almost entirely absent from our own.

LETTER III.

TO A LADY WHO LAMENTED THAT HER SON HAD INTELLECTUAL DOUBTS CONCERNING THE DOGMAS OF THE CHURCH.

The situation of mother and son a very common one—Painful only when the parties are in earnest—The knowledge of the difference evidence of a deeper unity—Value of honesty—Evil of a splendid official religion not believed by men of culture—Diversity of belief an evidence of religious vitality—Criticism not to be ignored—Desire for the highest attainable truth—Letter from Lady Westmorland about her son, Julian Fane.

THE difference which you describe as having arisen between your son and you on the most grave and important subject which can occupy the thoughts of men, gives the outline of a situation painful to both the parties concerned, and which lays on each of them new and delicate obligations. You do not know how common this situation is, and how sadly it interferes with the happiness of the very best and most pure-minded souls alive. For such a situation produces pain only where both parties are earnest and sincere; and the more earnest both are, the more painful does the situation become. If you and your son thought of religion merely from the conventional point of view, as the world does only too easily, you would meet on a common ground, and might pass through life without ever becoming aware of any gulf of separation, even though the hollowness of your several professions were of widely different kinds. But as it happens, unfortunately for your peace (yet would you have it otherwise?), that you are both in earnest, both anxious to believe what is true and do what you believe to be right, you are likely to cause each other much suffering of a kind altogether unknown to less honorable and devoted natures. There are certain forms of suffering which affect only the tenderest and truest hearts; they have so many privileges, that this pain has been imposed upon them as the shadow of their sunshine.

Let me suggest, as some ground of consolation and of hope, that your very knowledge of the difference which pains you is in itself the evidence of a deeper unity. If your son has told you the full truth about the changes in his belief, it is probably because you yourself have educated him in the habit of truthfulness, which is as much a law of religion as it is of honor. Do you wish this part of his education to be enfeebled or obliterated? Could the Church herself reasonably or consistently blame him for practising the one virtue which, in a peaceful and luxurious society, demands a certain exercise of courage? Our beliefs are independent of our will, but

our honesty is not; and he who keeps his honesty keeps one of the most precious possessions of all true Christians and gentlemen.

What state of society can be more repugnant to high religious feeling than a state of smooth external unanimity combined with the indifference of the heart, a state in which some splendid official religion performs its daily ceremonies as the costliest functionary of the Government, whilst the men of culture take a share in them out of conformity to the customs of society, without either the assent of the intellect or the emotion of the soul? All periods of great religious vitality have been marked by great and open diversity of belief; and to this day those countries where religion is most alive are the farthest removed from unanimity in the details of religious doctrine. If your son thinks these things of such importance to his conscience that he feels compelled to inflict upon you the slightest pain on their account, you may rest assured that his religious fibre is still full of vitality. If it were deadened, he would argue very much as follows. He would say: "These old doctrines or the Church are not of sufficient consequence for me to disturb my mother about them. What is the use of alluding to them ever?" And then you would have no anxiety; and he himself would have the feeling of settled peace which comes over a battle-field when the dead are buried out of sight.

It is the peculiarity—some would say the evil, but I cannot think it an evil—of an age of great intellectual activity to produce an amount of critical inquiry into religious doctrine which is entirely unknown to times of simple tradition. And in these days the critical tendency has received a novel stimulus from the successive suggestions of scientific discovery. No one who, like your son, fully shares in the intellectual life of the times in which he lives, can live as if this criticism did not exist. If he affected to ignore it, as an objection already answered, there would be disingenuousness in the affectation. Fifty years ago, even twenty or thirty years ago, a highly intellectual young man might have hardened into the fixed convictions of middle age without any external disturbance, except such as might have been easily avoided. The criticism existed then, in certain circles; but it was not in the air, as it is now. The life of mankind resembles that of a brook which has its times of tranquillity, but farther on its times of trouble and unrest. Our immediate forefathers had the peaceful time for their

lot; those who went before them had passed over very rough ground at the Reformation. For us, in our turn, comes the recurrent restlessness, though not in the same place. What we are going to, who can tell? What we suffer just now, you and many others know too accurately. There are gulfs of separation in homes of the most perfect love. Our only hope of preserving what is best in that purest of earthly felicities lies in the practice of an immense charity, a wide tolerance, a sincere respect for opinions that are not ours, and a deep trust that the loyal pursuit of truth cannot but be in perfect accordance with the intentions of the Creator, who endowed the noblest races of mankind with the indefatigable curiosity of science. Not to inquire was possible for our fore-fathers, but it is not possible for us. With our intellectual growth has come an irrepressible anxiety to possess the highest truth attainable by us. This desire is not sinful, not presumptuous, but really one of the best and purest of our instincts, being nothing else than the sterling honesty of the intellect, seeking the harmony of concordant truth, and utterly disinterested.

I may quote, as an illustration of the tendencies prevalent amongst the noblest and most cultivated young men, a letter from Lady Westmorland to Mr. Robert Lytton about her accomplished son, the now celebrated Julian Fane. "We had," she said, "several conversations, during his last illness, upon religious subjects, about which he had his own peculiar views. The disputes and animosities between High and Low Church, and all the feuds of religious sectarianism, caused him the deepest disgust. I think, indeed, that he carried this feeling too far. He had a horror of *cant*, which I also think was exaggerated; for it gave him a repulsion for all outward show of religious observances. He often told me that he never missed the practice of prayer, at morning and evening, and at other times. But his prayers were his own: his own thoughts in his own words. He said that he could not pray in the set words of another; nor unless he was *alone*. As to joining in family prayers, or praying at church, he found it impossible. He constantly read the New Testament. He deprecated the indiscriminate reading of the Bible. He firmly believed in the efficacy of sincere prayer; and was always pleased when I told him I had prayed for him."

To this it may be added, that many recent conversions to the Church of Rome, though apparently of an exactly opposite character, have in reality also been brought about by

the scientific inquiries of the age. The religious sentiment, alarmed at the prospect of a possible taking away of that which it feeds upon, has sought in many instances to preserve it permanently under the guardianship of the strongest ecclesiastical authority. In an age of less intellectual disturbance this anxiety would scarcely have been felt; and the degree of authority claimed by one of the reformed Churches would have been accepted as sufficient. Here again the agitations of the modern intellect have caused division in families; and as you are lamenting the heterodoxy of your son, so other parents regret the Roman orthodoxy of theirs.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SON OF THE LADY TO WHOM THE PRECEDING LETTER WAS ADDRESSED.

Difficulty of detaching intellectual from religious questions—The sacerdotal system—Necessary to ascertain what religion is—Intellectual religion really nothing but philosophy—The popular instinct—The test of belief—Public worship—The intellect moral, but not religious—Intellectual activity sometimes in contradiction to dogma—Differences between the intellectual and religious lives.

YOUR request is not so simple as it appears. You ask me for a frank opinion as to the course your mind is taking in reference to very important subjects; but you desire only intellectual, and not religious guidance. The difficulty is to effect any clear demarcation between the two. Certainly I should never take upon myself to offer religious advice to any one; it is difficult for those who have not qualified themselves for the priestly office to do that with force and effect. The manner in which a priest leads and manages a mind that has from the first been moulded in the beliefs and observances of his Church, cannot be imitated by a layman. A priest starts always from authority; his method, which has been in use from the earliest ages, consists first in claiming your unquestioning assent to certain doctrines, from which he immediately proceeds to deduce the inferences that may affect your conduct or regulate your thoughts. It is a method perfectly adapted to its own ends. It can deal with all humanity, and produce the most immediate practical results. So long as the assent to the doctrines is sincere, the sacerdotal system may contend successfully against some of the strongest forms of evil; but when the assent to the doctrines has ceased to be complete, when some of them are half-believed and others not believed at all, the system loses much of its primitive efficiency. It seems likely that your difficulty, the diffi-

culty of so many intellectual men in these days, is to know where the intellectual questions end and the purely religious ones can be considered to begin. If you could once ascertain that, in a manner definitely satisfactory, you would take your religious questions to a clergyman and your intellectual ones to a man of science, and so get each solved independently.

Without presuming to offer a solution of so complex a difficulty as this, I may suggest to you that it is of some importance to your intellectual life to ascertain what religion is. A book was published many years ago by a very learned author, in which he endeavored to show that what is vulgarly called scepticism may be intellectual religion. Now, although nothing can be more distasteful to persons of culture than the bigotry which refuses the name of religion to other people's opinions, merely because they are other people's opinions, I suspect that the popular instinct is right in denying the name of religion to the inferences of the intellect. The description which the author just alluded to gave of what he called intellectual religion was in fact simply a description of philosophy, and of that discipline which the best philosophy imposes upon the heart and the passions. On the other hand, Dr. Arnold, when he says that by religion he always understands Christianity, narrows the word as much as he would have narrowed the word "patriotism" had he defined it to mean a devotion to the interests of England. I think the popular instinct, though of course quite unable to construct a definition of religion, is in its vague way very well aware of the peculiar nature of religious thought and feeling. The popular instinct would certainly never confound religion with philosophy on the one hand, nor, on the other, unless excited to opposition, would it be likely to refuse the name of religion to another worship, such as Mahometanism, for instance.

According to the popular instinct, then, which on a subject of this kind appears the safest of all guides, a religion involves first a belief and next a public practice. The nature of the belief is in these days wholly peculiar to religion; in other times it was not so, because then people believed other things much in the same way. But in these days the test of religious belief is that it should make men accept as certain truth what they would disbelieve on any other authority. For example, a true Roman Catholic believes that the consecrated host is the body of Christ, and so long as he lives in the purely religious spirit he continues to believe this; but so soon as

the power of his religious sentiment declines he ceases to believe it, and the wafer appears to him a wafer, and no more. And so amongst Protestants the truly religious believe many things which no person not being under the authority of religion could by any effort bring himself to believe. It is easy, for example, to believe that Joshua arrested the sun's apparent motion, so long as the religious authority of the Bible remains perfectly intact; but no sooner does the reader become critical than the miracle is disbelieved. In all ages, and in all countries, religions have narrated marvellous things, and the people have always affirmed that not to believe these narratives constituted the absence of religion, or what they called atheism. They have equally, in all ages and countries, held the public act of participation in religious worship to be an essential part of what they called religion. They do not admit the sufficiency of secret prayer.

Can these popular instincts help us to a definition? They may help us at least to mark the dividing line between religion and morality, between religion and philosophy. No one has ever desired, more earnestly and eagerly than I, to discover the foundations of the intellectual religion; no one has ever felt more chilling disappointment in the perception of the plain bare fact that the intellect gives morality, philosophy, precious things indeed, but not religion. It is like seeking art by science. Thousands of artists, whole schools from generation to generation, have sought fine art through anatomy and perspective; and although these sciences did not hinder the born artists from coming to art at last; they did not ensure their safe arrival in the art-paradise; in many instances they even led men away from art. So it is with the great modern search for the intellectual religion; the idea of it is scientific in its source, and the result of it, the last definite attainment, is simply intellectual morality, not religion in the sense which all humanity has attached to religion during all the ages that have preceded ours.

We may say that philosophy is the religion of the intellectual; and if we go scrupulously to Latin derivations, it is so. But taking frankly the received meaning of the word as it is used by mankind everywhere, we must admit that, although high intellect would lead us inevitably to high and pure morality, and to most scrupulously beautiful conduct in everything, towards men, towards women, towards even the lower and lowest animals, still it does not lead us to that belief in the otherwise unbelievable, or to that de-

tailed *cultus* which is meant by religion in the universally accepted sense. It is disingenuous to take a word popularly respected and attribute to it another sense. Such a course is not strictly honest, and therefore not purely intellectual; for the foundation of the intellectual life is honesty.

The difficulty of the intellectual life is, that whilst it can never assume a position of hostility to religion, which it must always recognize as the greatest natural force for the amelioration of mankind, it is nevertheless compelled to enunciate truths which may happen to be in contradiction with dogmas received at this or that particular time. That you may not suspect me of a disposition to dwell continually on safe generalities and to avoid details out of timidity, let me mention two cases on which the intellectual and scientific find themselves at variance with the clergy. The clergy tell us that mankind descend from a single pair, and that in the earlier ages the human race attained a longevity counted not by decades but by centuries. Alexander Humboldt disbelieves the first of these propositions, Professor Owen disbelieves the second. Men of science generally are of the same opinion. Few men of science accept Adam and Eve, few accept Methuselah. Professor Owen argues that, since the oldest skeletons known have the same system of teething that we have, man can never have lived long enough to require nine sets of teeth. In regard to these, and a hundred other points on which science advances new views, the question which concerns us is how we are to maintain the integrity of the intellectual life. The danger is the loss of inward ingenuousness, the attempt to persuade ourselves that we believe opposite statements. If once we admit disingenuousness into the mind, the intellectual life is no longer serene and pure. The plain course for the preservation of our honesty, which is the basis of truly intellectual thinking, is to receive the truth, whether agreeable or the contrary, with all its train of consequences, however repulsive or discouraging. In attempting to reconcile scientific truth with the oldest traditions of humanity, there is but one serious danger, the loss of intellectual integrity. Of that possession modern society has little left to lose.

But let us understand that the intellectual life and the religious life are as distinct as the scientific and the artistic lives. They may be led by the same person, but by the same person in different moods. They coincide on some points, accidentally. Certainly, the basis of high thinking is perfect honesty, and

honesty is a recognized religious virtue. Where the two minds differ is on the importance of authority. The religious life is based upon authority, the intellectual life is based upon personal investigation. From the intellectual point of view I cannot advise you to restrain the spirit of investigation, which is the scientific spirit. It may lead you very far, yet always to truth, ultimately, —you, or those after you, whose path you may be destined to prepare. Science requires a certain inward heat and heroism in her votaries, notwithstanding the apparent coldness of her statements. Especially does she require that intellectual fearlessness which accepts a proved fact without reference to its personal or its social consequences.

LETTER V.

TO A FRIEND WHO SEEMED TO TAKE CREDIT TO HIMSELF, INTELLECTUALLY, FROM THE NATURE OF HIS RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

Anecdote of a Swiss gentleman—Religious belief protects traditions, but does not weaken the critical faculty itself—Illustration from the art of etching—Sydney Smith—Dr. Arnold—Earnest religious belief of Ampère—Comte and Sainte-Beuve—Faraday—Belief or unbelief proves nothing for or against intellectual capacity.

I HAPPENED once to be travelling in Switzerland with an eminent citizen of that country, and I remember how in speaking of some place we passed through he associated together the ideas of Protestantism and intellectual superiority in some such phrase as this: "The people here are very superior; they are Protestants." There seemed to exist, in my companion's mind, an assumption that Protestants would be superior people intellectually, or that superior people would be Protestants; and this set me thinking whether, in the course of such experience as had fallen in my way, I had found that religious creed had made much difference in the matter of intellectual acumen or culture.

The exact truth appears to be this. A religious belief protects this or that subject against intellectual action, but it does not affect the energy of the intellectual action upon subjects which are not so protected. Let me illustrate this by a reference to one of the fine arts, the art of etching. The etcher protects a copper-plate by means of a waxy covering called etching-ground, and wherever this ground is removed the acid bites the copper. The waxy ground does not in the least affect the strength of the acid, it only intervenes between it and the metal plate. So it is in the

mind of man with regard to his intellectual acumen and his religious creed. The creed may protect a tradition from the operation of the critical faculty, but it does not weaken the critical faculty itself. In the English Church, for example, the Bible is protected against criticism; but this does not weaken the critical faculty of English clergymen with reference to other literature, and many of them give evidence of a strong critical faculty in all matters not protected by their creed. Think of the vigorous common sense of Sydney Smith, exposing so many abuses at a time when it needed not only much courage but great originality to expose them! Remember the intellectual force of Arnold, a great natural force if ever there was one—so direct in action, so independent of contemporary opinion! Intellectual forces of this kind act freely not only in the Church of England, but in other Churches, even in the Church of Rome. Who amongst the scientific men of this century has been more profoundly scientific, more capable of original scientific discovery than Ampère? Yet Ampère was a Roman Catholic, and not a Roman Catholic in the conventional sense merely, like the majority of educated Frenchmen, but a hearty and enthusiastic believer in the doctrines of the Church of Rome. The belief in transubstantiation did not prevent Ampère from becoming one of the best chemists of his time, just as the belief in the plenary inspiration of the New Testament does not prevent a good Protestant from becoming an acute critic of Greek literature generally. A man may have the finest scientific faculty, the most advanced scientific culture, and still believe the consecrated wafer to be the body of Jesus Christ. For since he still believes it to be the body of Christ under the apparent form of a wafer, it is evident that the wafer under chemical analysis would resolve itself into the same elements as before consecration; therefore why consult chemistry?

What has chemistry to say to a mystery of this kind, the essence of which is the *complete* disguise of a human body under a form in *all* respects answering the material semblance of a wafer? Ampère must have foreseen the certain results of analysis as clearly as the best chemist educated in the principles of Protestantism, but this did not prevent him from adoring the consecrated host in all the sincerity of his heart.

I say that it does not follow, because M. or N. happens to be a Protestant, that he is intellectually superior to Ampère, or because M. or N. happens to be a Unitarian, or a Deist,

or a Positivist, that he is intellectually superior to Dr. Arnold or Sydney Smith. And on the other side of this question it is equally unfair to conclude that because a man does not share whatever may be our theological beliefs on the positive side, he must be less capable intellectually than we are. Two of the finest and most disciplined modern intellects, Comte and Sainte-Beuve, were neither Catholics, nor Protestants, nor Deists, but convinced atheists; yet Comte until the period of his decline, and Sainte-Beuve up to the very hour of his death, were quite in the highest rank of modern scientific and literary intellect.

The inference from these facts which concerns every one of us is, that we are not to build up any edifice of intellectual self-satisfaction on the ground that in theological matters we believe or disbelieve this thing or that. If Ampère believed the doctrines of the Church of Rome, which to us seem so incredible, if Faraday remained throughout his brilliant intellectual career (certainly one of the most brilliant ever lived through by a human being) a sincere member of the obscure sect of the Sandemanians, we are not warranted in the conclusion that we are intellectually their betters because our theology is more novel, or more fashionable, or more in harmony with reason. Nor, on the other hand, does our orthodoxy prove anything in favor of our mental force and culture. Who, amongst the most orthodox writers, has a more forcible and cultivated intellect than Sainte-Beuve?—who can better give us the tone of perfect culture, with its love of justice, its thoroughness in preparation, its superiority to all crudeness and violence? Anglican or Romanist, dissenter or heretic, may be our master in the intellectual sphere, from which no sincere and capable laborer is excluded, either by his belief or by his unbelief.

LETTER VI.

TO A ROMAN CATHOLIC FRIEND WHO ACCUSED
THE INTELLECTUAL CLASS OF A WANT OF
REVERENCE FOR AUTHORITY.

Necessity for treating affirmations as if they were doubtful—The Papal Infallibility—The Infallibility of the Sacred Scriptures—Opposition of method between Intellect and Faith—The perfection of the Intellectual life requires intellectual methods—Inevitable action of the intellectual forces.

It is very much the custom, in modern writing about liberty of thought, to pass

lightly over the central difficulty, which sooner or later will have to be considered. The difficulty is this, that the freedom of the intellectual life can never be secured except by treating as if they were doubtful several affirmations which large masses of mankind hold to be certainties as indisputable as the facts of science. One of the most recently conspicuous of these affirmations is the infallibility of the Pope of Rome. Nothing can be more certain in the opinion of immense numbers of Roman Catholics than the infallible authority of the Supreme Pontiff on all matters affecting doctrine. But then the matters affecting doctrine include many subjects which come within the circle of the sciences. History is one of those subjects which modern intellectual criticism takes leave to study after its own methods, and yet certain prevalent views of history are offensive to the Pope and explicitly condemned by him. The consequence is, that in order to study history with mental liberty, we have to act practically as if there existed a doubt of the Papal infallibility. The same difficulty occurs with reference to the great Protestant doctrine which attributes a similar infallibility to the various authors who composed what are now known to us as the Holy Scriptures.

Our men of science act, and the laws of scientific investigation compel them to act, as if it were not quite certain that the views of scientific subjects held by those early writers were so final as to render modern investigation superfluous. It is useless to disguise the fact that there is a real opposition of method between intellect and faith, and that the independence of the intellectual life can never be fully secured unless all affirmations based upon authority are treated as if they were doubtful. This implies no change of manner in the intellectual classes towards those classes whose mental habits are founded upon obedience. I mean that the man of science does not treat the affirmations of any priesthood with less respect than the affirmations of his own scientific brethren; he applies with perfect impartiality the same criticism to all affirmations, from whatever source they emanate. The intellect does not recognize authority in any one, and intellectual men do not treat the Pope, or the author of Genesis, with less consideration than those famous persons who in their day have been the brightest luminaries of science. The difficulty, however, remains, that whilst the intellectual class has no wish to offend either those who believe in the infallibility of the Pope, or those who believe in the infallibility

of the author of Genesis, it is compelled to conduct its own investigations as if those infallibilities were matters of doubt and not of certainty.

Why this is so, may be shown by a reference to the operation of Nature in other ways. The rewards of physical strength and health are not given to the most moral, to the most humane, to the most gentle, but to those who have acted, and whose forefathers have acted, in the most perfect accord with the laws of their physical constitution. So the perfection of the intellectual life is not given to the most humble, the most believing, the most obedient, but to those who use their minds according to the most purely intellectual methods. One of the most important truths that human beings can know is the perfectly independent working of the natural laws: one of the best practical conclusions to be drawn from the observation of Nature is that in the conduct of our own understandings we should use a like independence.

It would be wrong, in writing to you on subjects so important as these, to shrink from handling the real difficulties. Every one now is aware that science must and will pursue her own methods and work according to her own laws, without concerning herself with the most authoritative affirmations from without. But if science said one thing and authoritative tradition said another, no perfectly ingenuous person could rest contented until he had either reconciled the two or decidedly rejected one of them. It is impossible for a mind which is honest towards itself to admit that a proposition is true and false at the same time, true in science and false in theology. Therefore, although the intellectual methods are entirely independent of tradition, it may easily happen that the indirect results of our following those methods may be the overthrow of some dogma which has for many generations been considered indispensable to man's spiritual welfare. With regard to this contingency it need only be observed that the intellectual forces of humanity must act, like floods and winds, according to their own laws; and that if they cast down any edifice too weak to resist them, it must be because the original constructors had not built it substantially, or because those placed in charge of it had neglected to keep it in repair. This is their business, not ours. Our work is simply to ascertain truth by our own independent methods, alike without hostility to any persons claiming authority, and without deference to them.

PART VII

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

LETTER I.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF INTELLECTUAL TASTES, WHO, WITHOUT HAVING AS YET ANY PARTICULAR LADY IN VIEW, HAD EXPRESSED, IN A GENERAL WAY, HIS DETERMINATION TO GET MARRIED.

How ignorant we all are about marriage—People wrong in their estimates of the marriages of others—Effects of marriage on the intellectual life—Two courses open—A wife who would not interfere with elevated pursuits—A wife capable of understanding them—Madame Ingres—Difference in the education of the sexes—Difficulty of educating a wife.

THE subject of marriage is one concerning which neither I nor anybody else can have more than an infinitesimally small atom of knowledge. Each of us knows how his or her own marriage has turned out; but that, in comparison with a knowledge of marriage generally, is like a single plant in comparison with the flora of the globe. The utmost experience on this subject to be found in this country extends to about three trials or experiments. A man may become twice a widower, and then marry a third time, but it may be easily shown that the variety of his experience is more than counterbalanced by its incompleteness in each instance. For the experiment to be conclusive even as to the wisdom of one decision, it must extend over half a lifetime. A true marriage is not a mere temporary arrangement, and although a young couple are said to be married as soon as the lady has changed her name, the truth is that the real marriage is a long slow intergrowth, like that of two trees planted quite close together in the forest.

The subject of marriage generally is one of which men know less than they know of any other subject of universal interest. People are almost always wrong in their estimates of the marriages of others, and the best proof how little we know the real tastes and needs of those with whom we have been most intimate, is our unfailing surprise at the marriages they make. Very old and experienced people fancy they know a great deal about younger couples, but their guesses, there is good reason to believe, never *exactly* hit the mark.

Ever since this idea, that marriage is a subject we are all very ignorant about, had taken root in my own mind, many little incidents

were perpetually occurring to confirm it; they proved to me, on the one hand, how often I had been mistaken about other people, and, on the other hand, how mistaken other people were concerning the only marriage I profess to know anything about, namely, my own.

Our ignorance is all the darker that few men tell us the little that they know, that little being too closely bound up with that innermost privacy of life which every man of right feeling respects in his own case, as in the case of another. The only instances which are laid bare to the public view are the unhappy marriages, which are really not marriages at all. An unhappy alliance bears exactly the same relation to a true marriage that disease does to health, and the quarrels and misery of it are the crises by which Nature tries to bring about either the recovery of happiness, or the endurable peace of a settled separation.

All that we really know about marriage is that it is based upon the most powerful of all our instincts, and that it shows its own justification in its fruits, especially in the prolonged and watchful care of children. But marriage is very complex in its effects, and there is one set of effects, resulting from it, to which remarkably little attention has been paid hitherto,—I mean its effects upon the intellectual life. Surely they deserve consideration by all who value culture.

I believe that for an intellectual man, only two courses are open; either he ought to marry some simple dutiful woman who will bear him children, and see to the household matters, and love him in a trustful spirit without jealousy of his occupations; or else, on the other hand, he ought to marry some highly intelligent lady, able to carry her education far beyond school experiences, and willing to become his companion in the arduous paths of intellectual labor. The danger in the first of the two cases is that pointed out by Wordsworth in some verses addressed to lake-tourists who might feel inclined to buy a peasant's cottage in Westmoreland. The tourist would spoil the little romantic spot if he bought it; the charm of it is subtly dependent upon the poetry of a simple life, and would be brushed away by the influence of the things that are necessary to people in the middle class. I remember dining in a country inn with an English officer whose ideas were singularly unconventional. We were waited upon by our host's daughter, a beautiful girl, whose manners were remarkable for their natural elegance and distinction. It seemed to us both that no lady of rank could be more dis-

tinguished than she was; and my companion said that he thought a gentleman might do worse than ask that girl to marry him, and settle down quietly in that quiet mountain village, far from the cares and vanities of the world. That is a sort of dream which has occurred no doubt to many an honorable man. Some men have gone so far as to try to make the dream a reality, and have married the beautiful peasant. But the difficulty is that she does not remain what she was; she becomes a sort of make-belief lady, and then her ignorance, which in her natural condition was a charming *naïveté*, becomes an irritating defect. If, however, it were possible for an intellectual man to marry some simple-hearted peasant girl, and keep her carefully in her original condition, I seriously believe that the venture would be less perilous to his culture than an alliance with some woman of our Philistine classes, equally incapable of comprehending his pursuits, but much more likely to interfere with them. I once had a conversation on this subject with a distinguished artist, who is now a widower, and who is certainly not likely to be prejudiced against marriage by his own experience, which had been an unusually happy one. His view was that a man devoted to art might marry either a plain-minded woman, who would occupy herself exclusively with household matters and shield his peace by taking these cares upon herself, or else a woman quite capable of entering into his artistic life; but he was convinced that a marriage which exposed him to unintelligent criticism and interference would be dangerous in the highest degree. And of the two kinds of marriage which he considered possible he preferred the former, that with the entirely ignorant and simple person from whom no interference was to be apprehended. He considered the first Madame Ingres the true model of an artist's wife, because she did all in her power to guard her husband's peace against the daily cares of life and never herself disturbed it, acting the part of a breakwater which protects a space of calm, and never destroys the peace that it has made. This may be true for artists whose occupation is rather æsthetic than intellectual, and does not get much help or benefit from talk; but the ideal marriage for a man of great literary culture would be one permitting some equality of companionship, or, if not equality, at least interest. That this ideal is not a mere dream, but may consolidate into a happy reality several examples prove; yet these examples are not so numerous as to relieve me from anxiety about your chances of finding such companionship. The different

education of the two sexes separates them widely at the beginning, and to meet on any common ground of culture a second education has to be gone through. It rarely happens that there is resolution enough for this.

The want of thoroughness and reality in the education of both sexes, but especially in that of women, may be attributed to a sort of policy which is not very favorable to companionship in married life. It appears to be thought wise to teach boys things which women do not learn, in order to give women a degree of respect for men's attainments, which they would not be so likely to feel if they were prepared to estimate them critically; whilst girls are taught arts and languages which until recently were all but excluded from our public schools, and won no rank at our universities. Men and women had consequently scarcely any common ground to meet upon, and the absence of serious mental discipline in the training of women made them indisposed to submit to the irksomeness of that earnest intellectual labor which might have remedied the deficiency. The total lack of accuracy in their mental habits was then, and is still for the immense majority of women, the least easily surmountable impediment to culture. The history of many marriages which have failed to realize intellectual companionship is comprised in a sentence which was actually uttered by one of the most accomplished of my friends: "She knew nothing when I married her. I tried to teach her something; it made her angry, and I gave it up."

LETTER II.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO CONTEMPLATED MARRIAGE.

The foundations of the intellectual marriage—Marriage not a snare or pitfall for the intellectual—Men of culture, who marry badly, often have themselves to blame—For every grade of the masculine intellect there exists a corresponding grade of the feminine intellect—Difficulty of finding the true mate—French University Professors—An extreme case of intellectual separation—Regrets of a widow—Women help us less by adding to our knowledge than by understanding us.

In several letters which have preceded this I have indicated some of the differences between the female sex and ours, and it is time to examine the true foundations of the intellectual marriage. Let me affirm, to begin with, my profound faith in the natural arrangement. There is in nature so much evident care for the development of the intellectual life, so much protection of it in the social order, there are such admirable contri-

vances for continuing it from century to century, that we may fairly count upon some provision for its necessities in marriage. Intellectual men are not less alive to the charms of women than other men are; indeed the greatest of them have always delighted in the society of women. If marriage were really dangerous to the intellectual life, it would be a moral snare or pitfall, from which the best and noblest would be least likely to escape. It is hard to believe that the strong passions which so often accompany high intellectual gifts were intended either to drive their possessors into immorality or else to the misery of ill-assorted unions.

No, there is such a thing as the intellectual marriage, in which the intellect itself is married. If such marriages are not frequent, it is that they are not often made the deliberate purpose of a wise alliance. Men choose their wives because they are pretty, or because they are rich, or because they are well-connected, but rarely for the permanent interest of their society. Yet who that had ever been condemned to the dreadful embarrassments of a *tête-à-tête* with an uncompanionable person, could reflect without apprehension on a lifetime of such *tête-à-têtes*?

When intellectual men suffer from this misery they have themselves to blame. What is the use of having any mental superiority, if, in a matter so enormously important as the choice of a companion for life, it fails to give us a warning when the choice is absurdly unsuitable? When men complain, as they do not unfrequently, that their wives have no ideas, the question inevitably suggests itself, why the superiority of the masculine intellect did not, in these cases, permit it to discover the defect in time? If we are so clever as to be bored by ordinary women, why cannot our cleverness find out the feminine cleverness which would respond to it?

What I am going to say now is in its very nature incapable of proof, and yet the longer I live the more the truth of it is "borne in upon me." I feel convinced that for every grade of the masculine intellect there exists a corresponding grade of the feminine intellect, so that a precisely suitable intellectual marriage is always possible for every one. But since the higher intellects are rare, and rare in proportion to their elevation, it follows that the difficulty of finding the true mate increases with the mental strength and culture of the man. If the "mental princes," as Blake called himself, are to marry the mental princesses, they will not always discover them quite so easily as kings' sons find kings' daughters.

This difficulty of finding the true mate is the real reason why so many clever men marry silly or stupid women. The women about them seem to be all very much alike, mentally; it seems hopeless to expect any real companionship, and the clever men are decided by the color of a girl's eyes, or a thousand pounds more in her dowry, or her relationship to a peer of the realm.

It was remarked to me by a French university professor, that although men in his position had on the whole much more culture than the middle class, they had an extraordinary talent for winning the most vulgar and ignorant wives. The explanation is, that their marriages are not intellectual marriages at all. The class of French professors is not advantageously situated; it has not great facilities for choice. Their incomes are so small that, unless helped by private means, the first thing they can prudently look to in a wife is her utility as a domestic servant, which, in fact, it is her destiny to become. The intellectual disparity is from the beginning likely to be very great, because the professor is confined to the country-town where his *Lycée* happens to be situated, and in that town he does not always see the most cultivated society. He may be an intellectual prince, but where is he to find his princess? The marriage begins without the idea of intellectual companionship, and it continues as it began. The girl was uneducated: it seems hopeless to try to educate the woman; and then there is the supreme difficulty, only to be overcome by two wills at once most resolute and most persistent, namely, how to find the time. Years pass; the husband is occupied all day; the wife needs to cheer herself with a little society, and goes to sit with neighbors who are not likely to add anything valuable to her knowledge or to give any elevation to her thoughts. Then comes the final fixing and crystallization of her intellect, after which, however much pains and labor might be taken by the pair, she is past the possibility of change.

These women are often so good and devoted that their husbands enjoy great happiness; but it is a kind of happiness curiously independent of the lady's presence. The professor may love his wife, and fully appreciate her qualities as a housekeeper, but he passes a more interesting evening with some male friend whose reading is equal to his own. Sometimes the lady perceives this, and it is an element of sadness in her life.

"I never see my husband," she tells you, not in anger. "His work occupies him all day, and in the evening he sees his friends."

The pair walk out together twice a week. I sometimes wonder what they say to each other during those conjugal promenades. They talk about their children, probably, and the little recurring difficulties about money. He cannot talk about his studies, or the intellectual speculations which his studies continually suggest.

The most extreme cases of intellectual separation between husband and wife that ever came under my observation was, however, not that of a French professor, but a highly-cultivated Scotch lawyer. He was one of the most intellectual men I ever knew—a little cynical, but full of original power, and uncommonly well-informed. His theory was, that women ought not to be admitted into the region of masculine thought—that it was not good for them; and he acted so consistently up to this theory, that although he would open his mind with the utmost frankness to a male acquaintance over the evening whisky-toddy, there was not whisky enough in all Scotland to make him frank in the presence of his wife. She really knew nothing whatever about his intellectual existence; and yet there was nothing in his ways of thinking which an honorable man need conceal from an intelligent woman. His theory worked well enough in practice, and his reserve was so perfect that it may be doubted whether even feminine subtlety ever suspected it. The explanation of his system may perhaps have been this. He was an exceedingly busy man; he felt that he had not time to teach his wife to know him as he was, and so preferred to leave her with her own conception of him, rather than disturb that conception when he believed it impossible to replace it by a completely true one. We all act in that way with those whom we consider *quite* excluded from our private range of thought.

All this may be very prudent and wise: there may be degrees of conjugal felicity, satisfactory in their way, without intellectual intercourse, and yet I cannot think that any man of high culture could regard his marriage as altogether a successful one so long as his wife remained shut out from his mental life. Nor is the exclusion always quite agreeable to the lady herself. A widow said to me that her husband had never thought it necessary to try to raise her to his own level, yet she believed that with his kindly help she might have attained it.

You with your masculine habits, may observe, as to this, that if the lady had seriously cared to attain a higher level she might have achieved it by her own private independent effort. But this is exactly what the feminine

nature never does. A clever woman is the best of pupils, when she loves her teacher, but the worst of solitary learners.

It is not by adding to our knowledge, but by understanding us, that women are our helpers. They understand us far better than men do, when once they have the degree of preliminary information which enables them to enter into our pursuits. Men are occupied with their personal works and thoughts, and have wonderfully little sympathy left to enable them to comprehend us; but a woman, by her divine sympathy—divine indeed, since it was given by God for this—can enter into our inmost thought, and make allowances for all our difficulties. Talk about your work and its anxieties to a club of masculine friends, they will give very little heed to you; they are all thinking about themselves, and they will dislike your egotism because they have so much egotism of their own, which yours invades and inconveniences. But talk in the same way to any woman who has education enough to enable her to follow you, and she will listen so kindly, and so very intelligently, that you will be betrayed into interminable confidences.

Now, although an intellectual man may not care to make himself understood by all the people in the street, it is not a good thing for him to feel that he is understood by nobody. The intellectual life is sometimes a fearfully solitary one. Unless he lives in a great capital the man devoted to that life is more than all other men liable to suffer from isolation, to feel utterly alone beneath the deafness of space and the silence of the stars. Give him one friend who can understand him, who will not leave him, who will always be accessible by day and night—one friend, one kindly listener, just one, and the whole universe is changed. It is deaf and indifferent no longer, and whilst she listens, it seems as if all men and angels listened also, so perfectly his thought is mirrored in the light of her answering eyes.

LETTER III.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO CONTEMPLATED MARRIAGE.

The intellectual ideal of marriage—The danger of dulness—To be counteracted only by the renewal of both minds—Example of Lady Baker—Separation of the sexes by an old prejudice about education—This prejudice on the decline—Influence of the late Prince Consort.

How far may you hope to realize the intellectual ideal of marriage? Have I ever observed in actual life any approximate realization of that ideal?

These are the two questions which conclude and epitomize the last of your recent letters. Let me endeavor to answer them as satisfactorily as the obscurity of the subject will permit.

The intellectual ideal seems to be that of a conversation on all the subjects you most care about, which should never lose its interest. Is it possible that two people should live together and talk to each other every day for twenty years without knowing each other's views too well for them to seem worth expressing or worth listening to? There are friends whom we know too well, so that our talk with them has less of refreshment and entertainment than a conversation with the first intelligent stranger on the quarter-deck of the steamboat. It is evident that from the intellectual point of view this is the great danger of marriage. It may become dull, not because the mental force of either of the parties has declined, but because each has come to know so accurately beforehand what the other will say on any given topic, that inquiry is felt to be useless. This too perfect intimacy, which has ended many a friendship outside of marriage, may also terminate the intellectual life in matrimony itself.

Let us not pass too lightly over this danger, for it is not to be denied. Unless carefully provided against, it will gradually extinguish the light that plays between the wedded intelligences as the electric light burns between two carbon points.

I venture to suggest, however, that this evil may be counteracted by persons of some energy and originality. This is one of those very numerous cases in which an evil is sure to arrive if nothing is done to prevent it, yet in which the evil need not arrive when those whom it menaces are forewarned. To take an illustration intelligible in these days of steam-engines. We know that if the water is allowed to get very low in the boiler a destructive explosion will be the consequence; yet, since every stoker is aware of this, such explosions are not of frequent occurrence. That evil is continually approaching and yet continually averted by the exercise of human foresight.

Let us suppose that a married couple are clearly aware that in the course of years their society is sure to become mutually uninteresting unless something is done to preserve the earlier zest of it. What is that something?

That which an author does for the unknown multitude of his readers.

Every author who succeeds takes the trouble to renew his mind either by fresh

knowledge or new thoughts. Is it not at least equally worth while to do as much to preserve the interest of marriage? Without undervaluing the friendly adhesion of many readers, without affecting any contempt for fame, which is dearer to the human heart than wealth itself whenever it appears to be not wholly unattainable, may not I safely affirm that the interest of married life, from its very nearness, has a still stronger influence upon the mind of any thinking person, of either sex, than the approbation of unnumbered readers in distinct countries or continents? You never see the effect of your thinking on your readers; they live and die far away from you, a few write letters of praise or criticism, the thousands give no sign. But the wife is with you always, she is almost as near to you as your own body; the world, to you, is a figure-picture in which there is one figure, the rest is merely background. And if an author takes pains to renew his mind for the people in the background, is it not at least equally worth your while to bring fresh thought for the renewal of your life with her?

This, then, is my theory of the intellectual marriage, that the two wedded intellects ought to renew themselves continually for each other. And I argue that if this were done in earnest, the otherwise inevitable dullness would be perpetually kept at bay.

To the other question, whether in actual life I have ever seen this realized, I answer yes, in several instances.

Not in very many instances, yet in more than one. Women, when they have conceived the idea that this renewal is necessary, have resolution enough for the realization of it. There is hardly any task too hard for them, if they believe it essential to the conjugal life. I could give you the name and address of one who mastered Greek in order not to be excluded from her husband's favorite pursuit; others have mastered other languages for the same object, and even some branch of science for which the feminine mind has less natural affinity than it has for imaginative literature. Their remarkable incapacity for independent mental labor is accompanied by an equally remarkable capacity for labor under an accepted masculine guidance. In this connection I may without impropriety mention one Englishwoman, for she is already celebrated, the wife of Sir Samuel Baker, the discoverer of the Albert Nyanza. She stood with him on the shore of that unknown sea, when first it was beheld by English eyes; she had passed with him through all the hard preliminary toils and trials. She had learned Arabic with him in a year of necessary but

wearisome delay; her mind had travelled with his mind as her feet had followed his footsteps. Scarcely less beautiful, if less heroic, is the picture of the geologist's wife, Mrs. Buckland, who taught herself to reconstruct broken fossils, and did it with a surprising delicacy, and patience, and skill, full of science, yet more than science, the perfection of feminine art.

The privacy of married life often prevents us from knowing the extent to which intelligent women have renewed their minds by fresh and varied culture for the purpose of retaining their ascendancy over their husbands, or to keep up the interest of their lives. It is done much more frequently by women than by men. They have so much less egotism, so much more adaptability, that they fit themselves to us oftener than we adapt ourselves to them. But in a quiet perfect marriage these efforts would be mutual. The husband would endeavor to make life interesting to his companion by taking a share in some pursuit which was really her own. It is easier for us than it was for our ancestors to do this—at least for our immediate ancestors. There existed, fifty years ago, a most irrational prejudice, very strongly rooted in the social conventions of the time, about masculine and feminine accomplishments. The educations of the two sexes were so trenchantly separated that neither had access to the knowledge of the other. The men had learned Latin and Greek, of which the women were ignorant; the women had learned French or Italian, which the men could neither read nor speak. The ladies studied fine art, not seriously, but it occupied a good deal of their time and thoughts; the gentlemen had a manly contempt for it, which kept them, as contempt always does, in a state of absolute ignorance. The intellectual separation of the sexes was made as complete as possible by the conventionally received idea that a man could not learn what girls learned without effeminacy, and that if women aspired to men's knowledge they would forfeit the delicacy of their sex. This illogical prejudice was based on a bad syllogism of this kind:—Girls speak French, and learn music and drawing.

Benjamin speaks French, and learns music and drawing.

Benjamin is a girl.

And the prejudice, powerful as it was, had not even the claim of any considerable antiquity. Think how strange and unreasonable it would have seemed to Lady Jane Grey and Sir Philip Sidney! In their time, ladies and gentlemen studied the same things, the world of culture was the same for both, and they could meet in it as in a garden.

Happily we are coming back to the old rational notion of culture as independent of the question of sex. Latin and Greek are not unfeminine; they were spoken by women in Athens and Rome; the modern languages are fit for a man to learn, since men use them continually on the battle-fields and in the parliaments and exchanges of the world. Art is a manly business, if ever any human occupation could be called manly, for the utmost efforts of the strongest men are needed for success in it.

The increasing interest in the fine arts, the more important position given to modern languages in the universities, the irresistible attractions and growing authority of science, all tend to bring men and women together on subjects understood by both, and therefore operate directly in favor of intellectual interests in marriage. You will not suspect me of a snobbish desire to pay compliments to royalty if I trace some of these changes in public opinion to the example and influence of the Prince Consort, operating with some effect during his life, yet with far greater force since he was taken away from us. The truth is, that the most modern English ideal of gentlemanly culture is that which Prince Albert, to a great extent, realized in his own person. Perhaps his various accomplishments may be a little embellished or exaggerated in the popular belief, but it is unquestionable that his notion of culture was very large and liberal, and quite beyond the narrow pedantry of the preceding age. There was nothing in it to exclude a woman, and we know that she who loved him entered largely into the works and recreations of his life.

LETTER IV.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO CONTEMPLATED MARRIAGE.

Women do not or themselves undertake intellectual labor—Their resignation to ignorance—Absence of scientific curiosity in women—They do not accumulate accurate knowledge—Archimedes in his bath—Rarity of inventions due to women—Exceptions.

BEFORE saying much about the influence of marriage on the intellectual life, it is necessary to make some inquiry into the intellectual nature of women.

The first thing to be noted is that, with exceptions so rare as to be practically of no importance to an argument, women do not of themselves undertake intellectual labor. Even in the situations most favorable for labor of that kind, women do not undertake it un-

less they are urged to it, and directed in it, by some powerful masculine influence. In the absence of that influence, although their minds are active, that activity neither tends to discipline nor to the accumulation of knowledge. Women who are not impelled by some masculine influence are not superior, either in knowledge or discipline of the mind, at the age of fifty to what they were at the age of twenty-five. In other words, they have not in themselves the motive powers which can cause an intellectual advance.

The best illustration of this is a sisterhood of three or four rich old maids, with all the advantages of leisure. You will observe that they invariably remain, as to their education, where they were left by their teachers many years before. They will often lament, perhaps, that in their day education was very inferior to what it is now; but it never occurs to them that the large leisure of subsequent years might, had it been well employed, have supplied those deficiencies of which they are sensible. Nothing is more curiously remote from masculine habits than the resignation to particular degrees of ignorance, as to the inevitable, which a woman will express in a manner which says: "You know I am so; you know that I cannot make myself better informed." They are like perfect billiard-balls on a perfect table, which stop when no longer impelled, wherever they may happen to be.

It is this absence of intellectual initiative which causes the great ignorance of women. What they have been well taught, that they know, but they do not increase their stores of knowledge. Even in what most interests them, theology, they repeat, but do not extend, their information. All the effort of their minds appears (so far as an outside observer may presume to judge) to act like water on a picture, which brings out the colors that already exist upon the canvas but does not add anything to the design. There is a great and perpetual freshness and vividness in their conceptions, which is often lacking in our own. Our conceptions fade, and are replaced; theirs are not replaced, but refreshed.

What many women do for their theological conceptions or opinions, others do with reference to the innumerable series of questions of all kinds which present themselves in the course of life. They attempt to solve them by the help of knowledge acquired in girlhood; and if that cannot be done, they either give them up as beyond the domain of women, or else trust to hearsay for a solution. What they will not do is to hunt the matter out unaided, and get an accurate answer by dint of independent investigation.

There is another characteristic of women not peculiar to them, for many men have it in an astonishing degree, and yet more general in the female sex than in the male: I allude to the absence of scientific curiosity. Ladies see things of the greatest wonder and interest working in their presence and for their service without feeling impelled to make any inquiries into the manner of their working. I could mention many very curious instances of this, but I select one which seems typical. Many years ago I happened to be in a room filled with English ladies, most of whom were highly intelligent, and the conversation happened to turn upon a sailing-boat which belonged to me. One of the ladies observed that sails were not of much use, since they could only be available to push the boat in the direction of the wind; a statement which all the other ladies received with approbation. Now, all these ladies had seen ships working under canvas against head-winds, and they might have reflected that without that portion of the art of seamanship every vessel unprovided with steam would assuredly drift upon a lee-shore; but it was not in the feminine nature to make a scientific observation of that kind. You will answer, perhaps, that I could scarcely expect ladies to investigate men's business, and that seamanship is essentially the business of our own sex. But the truth is, that all English people, no matter of what sex, have so direct an interest in the maritime activity of England, that they might reasonably be expected to know the one primary conquest on which for many centuries that activity has depended, the conquest of the opposing wind, the sublimest of the early victories of science. And this absence of curiosity in women extends to things they use every day. They never seem to want to know the insides of things as we do. All ladies know that steam makes a locomotive go; but they rest satisfied with that, and do not inquire further *how* the steam sets the wheels in motion. They know that it is necessary to wind up their watches, but they do not care to inquire into the real effects of that little exercise of force.

Now this absence of the investigating spirit has very wide and important consequences. The first consequence of it is that women do not naturally accumulate accurate knowledge. Left to themselves, they accept various kinds of teaching, but they do not by any analysis of their own either put that teaching to any serious intellectual test, or qualify themselves for any extension of it by independent and original discovery. We of the male sex are seldom clearly aware how much

of our practical force, of the force which discovers and originates, is due to our common habit of analytical observation; yet it is scarcely too much to say that most of our inventions have been suggested by actually or intellectually pulling something else in pieces. And such of our discoveries as cannot be traced directly to analysis are almost always due to habits of general observation which lead us to take note of some fact apparently quite remote from what it helps us to arrive at. One of the best instances of this indirect utility of habitual observation, as it is one of the earliest, is what occurred to Archimedes in his bath. When the water displaced by his body overflowed, he noticed the fact of displacement, and at once perceived its applicability to the cubic measurement of complicated bodies. It is possible that if his mind had not been exercised at the time about the adulteration of the royal crown, it would not have been led to anything by the overflowing of his bath; but the capacity to receive a suggestion of that kind is, I believe, a capacity exclusively masculine. A woman would have noticed the overflowing, but she would have noticed it only as a cause of disorder or inconvenience.

This absence of the investigating and discovering tendencies in women is confirmed by the extreme rarity of inventions due to women, even in the things which most interest and concern them. The stocking-loom and the sewing-machine are the two inventions which would most naturally have been hit upon by women, for people are naturally inventive about things which relieve *themselves* of labor, or which increase their own possibilities of production; and yet the stocking-loom and the sewing-machine are both of them masculine ideas, carried out to practical efficiency by masculine energy and perseverance. So I believe that all the improvements in pianos are due to men, though women have used pianos much more than men have used them.

This, then, is in my view the most important negative characteristic of women, that they do not push forwards intellectually by their own force. There have been a few instances in which they have written with power and originality, have become learned, and greatly superior, no doubt, to the majority of men. There are three or four women in England, and as many on the Continent, who have lived intellectually in harness for many years, and who unaffectedly delight in strenuous intellectual labor, giving evidence both of fine natural powers and the most persevering culture; but these women have usu-

ally been encouraged in their work by some near masculine influence. And even if it were possible, which it is not, to point to some female Archimedes or Leonardo da Vinci, it is not the rare exceptions which concern us, but the prevalent rule of Nature. Without desiring to compare our most learned ladies with anything so disagreeable to the eye as a bearded woman, I may observe that Nature generally has a few exceptions to all her rules, and that as women having beards are a physical exception, so women who naturally study and investigate are intellectual exceptions. Once more let me repudiate any malicious intention in establishing so unfortunate and *maladroite* an association of ideas, for nothing is less agreeable than a woman with a beard, whilst, on the contrary, the most intellectual of women may at the same time be the most permanently charming.

LETTER V.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO CONTEMPLATED MARRIAGE.

The danger of deviation—Danger from increased expenditure—Nowhere so great as in England—Complete absorption in business—Case of a tradesman—Case of a solicitor—The pursuit of comfort dangerous to the Intellectual Life—The meanness of its results—Fireside purposes—Danger of deviation in rich marriages—George Sand's study of this in her story of "Valvèdre."

AMONGST the dangers of marriage, one of those most to be dreaded by a man given to intellectual pursuits is the deviation which, in one way or other, marriage inevitably produces. It acts like the pointsman on a railway, who, by pulling a lever, sends the train in another direction. The married man never goes, or hardly ever goes, exactly on the same intellectual lines which he would have followed if he had remained a bachelor. This deviation may or may not be a gain; it is always a most serious danger.

Sometimes the deviation is produced by the necessity for a stricter attention to money, causing a more unremitting application to work that pays well, and a proportionate neglect of that which can only give extension to our knowledge and clearness to our views.

In no country is this danger so great as it is in England, where the generally expensive manner of living, and the prevalent desire to keep families in an ideally perfect state of physical comfort, produce an absorption in business which in all but the rarest instances leaves no margin for intellectual labor. There are, no doubt, some remarkable ex-

amples of men earning a large income by a laborious profession, who have gained reputation in one of the sciences or in some branch of literature, but these are very exceptional cases. A man who works at his profession as most Englishmen with large families have to work, can seldom enjoy that surplus of nervous energy which would be necessary to carry him far in literature or science. I remember meeting an English tradesman in the railway between Paris and the coast, who told me that he was obliged to visit France very frequently, yet could not speak French, which was a great deficiency and inconvenience to him. "Why not learn?" I then asked, and received the following answer:

"I have to work at my business all day long, and often far into the night. When the day's work is over I generally feel very tired, and want rest; but if I don't happen to feel quite so tired, then it is not work that I need, but recreation, of which I get very little. I never feel the courage to set to work at the French grammar, though it would be both pleasant and useful to me to know French; indeed, I constantly feel the want of it. It might, perhaps, be possible to learn from a phrase-book in the railway train, but to save time I always travel at night. Being a married man, I have to give my whole attention to my business."

A solicitor with a large practice in London held nearly the same language. He worked at his office all day, and often brought home the most difficult work for the quiet of his own private study after the household had gone to bed. The little reading that he could indulge in was light reading. In reality the profession intruded even on his few hours of leisure, for he read many of the columns in the *Times* which relate to law or legislation, and these make at the end of a few years an amount of reading sufficient for the mastery of a foreign literature. This gentleman answered very accurately to M. Taine's description of the typical Englishman, absorbed in business and the *Times*.

In these cases it is likely that the effect of marriage was not inwardly felt as a deviation; but when culture has been fairly begun, and marriage hinders the pursuit of it, or makes it deviate from the chosen path, then there is often an inward consciousness of the fact, not without its bitterness.

A remarkable article on "Luxury," in the second volume of the *Cornhill Magazine*, deals with this subject in a manner evidently suggested by serious reflection and experience. The writer considers the effects of the

pursuit of comfort (never carried so far as it is now) on the higher moral and intellectual life. The comforts of a bachelor were not what the writer meant; these are easily procured, and seldom require the devotion of all the energies. The "comfort" which is really dangerous to intellectual growth is that of a family establishment, because it so easily becomes the one absorbing object of existence. Men who began life with the feeling that they would willingly devote their powers to great purposes, like the noble examples of past times who labored and suffered for the intellectual advancement of their race, and had starvation for their reward, or in some cases even the prison and the stake—men who in their youth felt themselves to be heirs of a nobility of spirit like that of Bruno, of Swammerdam, of Spinoza, have too often found themselves in the noon of life concentrating all the energies of body and soul on the acquisition of ugly millinery and uglier upholstery, and on spreading extravagant tables to feed uncultivated guests.

"It is impossible," says the writer of the article just alluded to, "it is impossible to say why men were made, but assuming that they were made for some purpose, of which the faculties which they possess afford evidence, it follows that they were intended to do many other things besides providing for their families and enjoying their society. They were meant to know, to act, and to feel—to know everything which the mind is able to contemplate, to name, and to classify; to do everything which the will, prompted by the passions and guided by the conscience, can undertake; and, subject to the same guidance, to feel in its utmost vigor every emotion which the contemplation of the various persons and objects which surround us can excite. This view of the objects of life affords an almost infinite scope for human activity in different directions; but it also shows that it is in the highest degree dangerous to its beauty and its worth to allow any one side of life to become the object of idolatry; and there are many reasons for thinking that domestic happiness is rapidly assuming that position in the minds of the more comfortable classes of Englishmen. . . . It is a singular and affecting thing, to see how every manifestation of human energy bears witness to the shrewdness of the current maxim that a large income is a necessary of life. Whatever is done for money is done admirably well. Give a man a specific thing to make or to write, and pay him well for it, and you may with a little trouble secure an excellent article; but the ability which does these things

so well, might have been and ought to have been trained to far higher things, which for the most part are left undone, because the clever workman thinks himself bound to earn what will keep himself, his wife, and his six or seven children, up to the established standard of comfort. What was at first a necessity, perhaps an unwelcome one, becomes by degrees a habit and a pleasure, and men who might have done memorable and noble things, if they had learnt in time to consider the doing of such things an object worth living for, lose the power and the wish to live for other than fireside purposes."

But this kind of intellectual deviation, you may answer, is not strictly the consequence of marriage, *quod* marriage; it is one of the consequences of a degree of relative poverty, produced by the larger expenditure of married life, but which might be just as easily produced by a certain degree of money-pressure in the condition of a bachelor. Let me therefore point out a kind of deviation which may be as frequently observed in rich marriages as in poor ones. Suppose the case of a bachelor with a small but perfectly independent income amounting to some hundreds a year, who is devoted to intellectual pursuits, and spends his time in study or with cultivated friends of his own, choosing friends whose society is an encouragement and a help. Suppose that this man makes an exceedingly prudent marriage, with a rich woman, you may safely predict, in this instance, intellectual deviations of a kind perilous to the highest culture. He will have new calls upon his time, his society will no longer be entirely of his own choosing, he will no longer be able to devote himself with absolute singleness of purpose to studies from which his wife must necessarily be excluded. If he were to continue faithful to his old habits, and shut himself up every day in his library or laboratory, or set out on frequent scientific expeditions, his wife would either be a lady of quite extraordinary perfection of temper, or else entirely indifferent in her feelings towards him, if she did not regard his pursuits with quickly-increasing jealousy. She would think, and justifiably think, that he ought to give more of his time to the enjoyment of her society, that he ought to be more by her side in the carriage and in the drawing-room, and if he loved her he would yield to these kindly and reasonable wishes. He would spend many hours of every day in a manner not profitable to his great pursuits, and many weeks of every year in visits to her friends. His position would be even less favorable to study in some respects than that

of a professional man. It would be difficult for him, if an amateur artist, to give that unremitting attention to painting which the professional painter gives. He could not say, "I do this for you and for our children;" he could only say, "I do it for my own pleasure," which is not so graceful an excuse. As a bachelor, he might work as professional people work, but his marriage would strongly accentuate the amateur character of his position. It is possible that if his labors had won great fame the lady might bear the separation more easily, for ladies always take a noble pride in the celebrity of their husbands; but the best and worthiest intellectual labor often brings no fame whatever, and notoriety is a mere accident of some departments of the intellectual life, and not its ultimate object.

George Sand, in her admirable novel "*Valvèdre*," has depicted a situation of this kind with the most careful delicacy of touch. Valvèdre was a man of science, who attempted to continue the labors of his intellectual life after marriage had united him to a lady incapable of sharing them. The reader pities both, and sympathizes with both. It is hard, on the one hand, that a man endowed by nature with great talents for scientific work should not go on with a career already gloriously begun; and yet, on the other hand, a woman who is so frequently abandoned for science may blamelessly feel some jealousy of science.

Valvèdre, in narrating the story of his unhappy wedded life, said that Alida wished to have at her orders a perfect gentleman to accompany her, but that he felt in himself a more serious ambition. He had not aimed at fame, but he had thought it possible to become a useful servant, bringing his share of patient and courageous seekings to the edifice of the sciences. He had hoped that Alida would understand this. "'There is time enough for everything,' she said, still retaining him in the useless wandering life that she had chosen. 'Perhaps,' he answered, 'but on condition that I lose no more of it; and it is not in this wandering life, cut to pieces by a thousand unforeseen interruptions, that I can make the hours yield their profit.'

"'Ah! now we come to the point!' exclaimed Alida impetuously. 'You wish to leave me, and to travel alone in impossible regions.'

"'No, I will work near you and abandon certain observations which it would be necessary to make at too great a distance, but you also will sacrifice something: we will not see so many idle people, we will settle somewhere

for a fixed time. It shall be where you will, and if the place does not suit you, we will try another; but from time to time you will permit me a phase of sedentary work.'

"'Yes, yes, you want to live for yourself alone; you have lived enough for me. I understand; your love is satiated and at an end.'

"'Nothing could conquer her conviction that study was her rival, and that love was only possible in idleness.

"'To love is everything,' she said; 'and he who loves has not time to concern himself with anything else. Whilst the husband is intoxicating himself with the marvels of science, the wife languishes and dies. It is the destiny which awaits me; and since I am a burden to you, I should do better to die at once.'

"A little later Valvèdre ventured to hint something about work, hoping to conquer his wife's *ennui*, on which she proclaimed the hatred of work as a sacred right of her nature and position.

"'Nobody ever taught me to work,' she said, 'and I did not marry under a promise to begin again at the *a, b, c* of things. Whatever I know I have learned by intuition, by reading without aim or method. I am a woman; my destiny is to love my husband and bring up children. It is very strange that my husband should be the person who counsels me to think of something better.'

I am far from suggesting that Madame Valvèdre is an exact representative of her sex, but the sentiments which in her are exaggerated, and expressed with passionate plainness, are in much milder form very prevalent sentiments indeed; and Valvèdre's great difficulty, how to get leave to prosecute his studies with the degree of devotion necessary to make them fruitful, is not at all an uncommon difficulty with intellectual men after marriage. The character of Madame Valvèdre, being passionate and excessive, led her to an open expression of her feelings; but feelings of a like kind, though milder in degree, exist frequently below the surface, and may be detected by any vigilant observer of human nature. That such feelings are very natural it is impossible even for a *savant* to deny; but whilst admitting the clear right of a woman to be preferred by a man to science when once he has married her, let me observe that the man might perhaps do wisely, before the knot is tied, to ascertain whether her intellectual dowry is rich enough to compensate him for the sacrifices she is likely to exact,

LETTER VI.

TO A SOLITARY STUDENT.

Need of a near intellectual friendship in solitude—Persons who live independently of custom run a peculiar risk in marriage—Women by nature more subservient to custom than men are—Difficulty of conciliating solitude and marriage—De Sénancour—The marriages of eccentrics—Their wives either protect them or attempt to reform them.

ISOLATED as you are, by the very superiority of your culture, from the ignorant provincial world around you, I cannot but believe that marriage is essential to your intellectual health and welfare. If you married some cultivated woman, bred in the cultivated society of a great capital, that companionship would give you an independence of surrounding influences which nothing else can give. You fancy that by shutting yourself up in a country house you are uninfluenced by the world around you. It is a great error. You know that you are isolated, that you are looked upon and probably ridiculed as an eccentric, and this knowledge, which it is impossible to banish from your mind, deprives your thinking of elasticity and grace. You urgently need the support of an intellectual friendship quite near to you, under your own roof. Bachelors in great cities feel this necessity less.

Still remember, that whoever has arranged his life independently of custom runs a peculiar risk in marriage. Women are by nature far more subservient to custom than we are, more than we can easily conceive. The danger of marriage, for a person of your tastes, is that a woman entering your house might enter it as the representative of that minutely-interfering authority which you continually ignore. And let us never forget that a perfect obedience to custom requires great sacrifices of time and money that you might not be disposed to make, and which certainly would interfere with study. You value and enjoy your solitude, well knowing how great a thing it is to be master of all your hours. It is difficult to conciliate solitude, or even a wise and suitable selection of acquaintances, with the semi-publicity of marriage. Heads of families receive many persons in their houses whom they would never have invited, and from whose society they derive little pleasure and no profit. De Sénancour had plans of studious retirement, and hoped that the "*douce intimité*" of marriage might be compatible with these cherished projects. But marriage, he found, drew him into the circle of ordinary provincial life, and he always suffered from its influences.

You are necessarily an eccentric. In the

neighborhood where you live it is an eccentricity to study, for nobody but you studies anything. A man so situated is fortunate when this feeling of eccentricity is alleviated, and unfortunate when it is increased. A wife would certainly do one or the other. Married to a very superior woman, able to understand the devotion to intellectual aims, you would be much relieved of the painful consciousness of eccentricity; but a woman of less capacity would intensify it.

So far as we can observe the married life of others, it seems to me that I have met with instances of men, constituted and occupied very much as you are, who have found in marriage a strong protection against the ignorant judgments of their neighbors, and an assurance of intellectual peace; whilst in other cases it has appeared rather as if their solitude were made more a cause of conscious suffering, as if the walls of their cabinets were pulled down for the boobies outside to stare at them and laugh at them. A woman will either take your side against the customs of the little world around, or she will take the side of custom against you. If she loves you deeply, and if there is some visible result of your labors in fame and money, she may possibly do the first, and then she will protect your tranquillity better than a force of policemen, and give you a delightful sense of reconciliation with all humanity; but many of her most powerful instincts tend the other way. She has a natural sympathy with all the observances of custom, and you neglect them; she is fitted for social life, which you are not. Unless you win her wholly to your side, she may undertake the enterprise of curing your eccentricities and adapting you to the ideal of her caste. This may be highly satisfactory to the operator, but it is full of inconveniences to the patient.

LETTER VII.

TO A LADY OF HIGH CULTURE WHO FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO ASSOCIATE WITH PERSONS OF HER OWN SEX.

Men are not very good judges of feminine conversation—The interest of it would be increased if women could be more freely initiated into great subjects—Small subjects interesting when seen in relation to central ideas—That ladies of superior faculty ought rather to elevate female society than withdraw from it—Women when displaced do not appear happy.

WHAT you confided to me in our last interesting conversation has given me material for reflection, and afforded a glimpse of a state of things which I have sometimes sus-

pected without having data for any positive conclusion. The society of women is usually sought by men during hours of mental relaxation, and we naturally find such a charm in their mere presence, especially when they are graceful or beautiful, that we are not very severe or even accurate judges of the abstract intellectual quality of their talk. But a woman cannot feel the indescribable charm which wins us so easily, and I have sometimes thought that a superior person of your sex might be aware of certain deficiencies in her sisters which men very readily overlook. You tell me that you feel embarrassed in the society of ladies, because they know so little about the subjects which interest you, and are astonished when you speak about anything really worth attention. On the other hand, you feel perfectly at ease with men of ability and culture, and most at your ease with men of the best ability and the most eminent attainments. What you complain of chiefly in women seems to be their impatience of varieties of thought which are unfamiliar to them, and their constant preference for small topics.

It has long been felt by men that if women could be more freely initiated into great subjects the interest of general conversation would be much increased. The difficulty appears to lie in their instinctive habit of making all questions personal questions. The etiquette of society makes it quite impossible for men to speak to ladies in the manner which would be intellectually most profitable to them. We may not teach because it is pedantic, and we may not contradict, because it is rude. Most of the great subjects are conventionally held to be closed, so that it is a sin against good taste to discuss them. In every house the ladies have a set of fixed convictions of some kind, which it is not polite in any man to appear to doubt. The consequence of these conventional rules is that women live in an atmosphere of acquiescence which makes them intolerant of anything like bold and original thinking on important subjects. But as the mind always requires free play of some kind, when all the great subjects are forbidden it will use its activity in playing about little ones.

For my part I hardly think it desirable for any of us to be incessantly coping with great subjects, and the ladies are right in taking a lively interest in the small events around them. But even the small events would have a deeper interest if they were seen in their true relations to the great currents of European thought and action. It is probably the ignorance of these relations which, more than

the smallness of the topics themselves, makes feminine talk fatiguing to you. Very small things indeed have an interest when exhibited in relation to larger, as men of science are continually demonstrating. I have been taking note lately of the talk that goes on around me, and I find that when it is shallow and wearisome it is always because the facts mentioned bear no reference to any central or governing idea, and do not illustrate anything. Conversation is interesting in proportion to the originality of the central ideas which serve as pivots, and the fitness of the little facts and observations which are contributed by the talkers. For instance, if people happened to be talking about rats, and some one informed you that he had seen a rat last week, that would be quite uninteresting: but you would listen with greater attention if he said; "The other night, as I was going up stairs very late, I followed a very fine rat who was going up stairs too, and he was not in the least hurried, but stopped after every two or three steps to have a look at me and my candle. He was very prettily marked about the face and tail, so I concluded that he was not a common rat, but probably a lemming. Two nights afterwards I met him again, and this time he seemed almost to know me, for he quietly made room for me as I passed. Very likely he might be easily tamed." This is interesting, because, though the fact narrated is still trifling, it illustrates animal character.

If you will kindly pardon an "improvement" of this subject, as a preacher would call it, I might add that an intellectual lady like yourself might, perhaps, do better to raise the tone of the feminine talk around her than to withdraw from it in weariness. There are always, in every circle, a few superior persons who, either from natural diffidence, or because they are not very rich, or because they are too young, suffer themselves to be entirely overwhelmed by the established mediocrity around them. What they need is a leader, a deliverer. Is it not in your power to render services of this kind? Could you not select from the younger ladies whom you habitually meet, a few who, like yourself, feel bored by the dulness or triviality of what you describe as the current feminine conversation? There is often a painful shyness which prevents people of real ability from using it for the advantage of others, and this shyness is nowhere so common as in England, especially provincial England. It feels the want of a hardy example. A lady who talked really well would no doubt run some risk of being rather unpleasantly isolated at first, but surely, if she tried, she might ulti-

mately find accomplices. You could do much, to begin with, by recommending high-toned literature, and gradually awakening an interest in what is truly worth attention. It seems lamentable that every cultivated woman should be forced out of the society of her own sex, and made to depend upon ours for conversation of that kind which is an absolute necessity to the intellectual. The truth is, that women so displaced never appear altogether happy. And culture costs so much downright hard work, that it ought not to be paid for by any suffering beyond those toils which are its fair and natural price.

LETTER VIII.

TO A LADY OF HIGH CULTURE.

Greatest misfortune in the intellectual life of women—They do not hear truth—Men disguise their thoughts for women—Cream and curaçoa—Probable permanence of the desire to please women—Most truth in cultivated society—Hopes from the increase of culture.

I THINK that the greatest misfortune in the intellectual life of women is that they do not hear the truth from men.

All men in cultivated society say to women as much as possible that which they may be supposed to wish to hear, and women are so much accustomed to this that they can scarcely hear without resentment an expression of opinion which takes no account of their personal and private feeling. The consideration for the feelings of women gives an agreeable tone to society, but it is fatal to the severity of truth. Observe a man of the world whose opinions are well known to you,—notice the little pause before he speaks to a lady. During that little pause he is turning over what he has to say, so as to present it in the manner that will please her best; and you may be sure that the integrity of truth will suffer in the process. If we compare what we know of the man with that which the lady hears from him, we perceive the immense disadvantages of her position. He ascertains what will please her, and that is what he administers. He professes to take a deep interest in things which he does not care for in the least, and he passes lightly over subjects and events which he knows to be of the most momentous importance to the world. The lady spends an hour more agreeably than if she heard opinions which would irritate, and prognostics which would alarm her, but she has missed an opportunity for culture, she has been confirmed in feminine illusions. If this happened only from time to time, the effect would not tell so much on the mental consti-

tution; but it is incessant, it is continual. Men disguise their thoughts for women as if to venture into the feminine world were as dangerous as travelling in Arabia, or as if the thoughts themselves were criminal.

There appeared two or three years ago in *Punch* a clever drawing which might have served as an illustration to this subject. A fashionable doctor was visiting a lady in Belgravia who complained that she suffered from debility. Cod-liver oil being repugnant to her taste, the agreeable doctor, wise in his generation, blandly suggested as an effective substitute a mixture of cream and curaçoa. What that intelligent man did for his patient's physical constitution, all men of politeness do for the intellectual constitution of ladies. Instead of administering the truth which would strengthen, though unpalatable, they administer intellectual cream and curaçoa.

The primary cause of this tendency to say what is most pleasing to women is likely to be as permanent as the distinction of sex itself. It springs directly from sexual feelings, it is hereditary and instinctive. Men will never talk to women with that rough frankness which they use between themselves. Conversation between the sexes will always be partially insincere. Still I think that the more women are respected, the more men will desire to be approved by them for what they are in reality, and the less they will care for approval which is obtained by dissimulation. It may be observed already that, in the most intellectual society of great capitals, men are considerably more outspoken before women than they are in the provincial middle-classes. Where women have most culture, men are most open and sincere. Indeed, the highest culture has a direct tendency to command sincerity in others, both because it is tolerant of variety in opinion, and because it is so penetrating that dissimulation is felt to be of no use. By the side of an uncultivated woman, a man feels that if he says anything different from what she has been accustomed to she will take offence, whilst if he says anything beyond the narrow range of her information he will make her cold and uncomfortable. The most honest of men, in such a position, finds it necessary to be very cautious, and can scarcely avoid a little insincerity. But with a woman of culture equal to his own, these causes for apprehension have no existence, and he can safely be more himself.

These considerations lead me to hope that as culture becomes more general women will hear truth more frequently. Whenever this comes to pass, it will be, to them, an immense intellectual gain.

LETTER IX.

TO A YOUNG MAN OF THE MIDDLE CLASS, WELL EDUCATED, WHO COMPLAINED THAT IT WAS DIFFICULT FOR HIM TO LIVE AGREEABLY WITH HIS MOTHER, A PERSON OF SOMEWHAT AUTHORITATIVE DISPOSITION, BUT UNEDUCATED.

A sort of misunderstanding common in modern households—Intolerance of inaccuracy—A false position—A lady not easily intimidated—Difficulty of arguing when you have to teach—Instance about the American War—The best course in discussion with ladies—Women spoiled by non-contradiction—They make all questions personal—The strength of their feelings—Their indifference to matters of fact.

I HAVE been thinking a good deal, and seriously, since we last met, about the subject of our conversation, which though a painful one is not to be timidly avoided. The degree of unhappiness in your little household, which ought to be one of the pleasantest of households, yet which, as you confided to me, is overshadowed by a continual misunderstanding, is, I fear, very common indeed at the present day. It is only by great forbearance, and great skill, that any household in which persons of very different degrees of culture have to live together on terms of equality, can be maintained in perfect peace; and neither the art nor the forbearance is naturally an attribute of youth. A man whose scholarly attainments were equal to your own, and whose experience of men and women was wider, could no doubt offer you counsel both wise and practical, yet I can hardly say that I should like you better if you followed it. I cannot blame you for having the natural characteristics of your years, an honest love of the best truth that you have attained to, an intolerance of inaccuracy on all subjects, a simple faith in the possibility of teaching others, even elderly ladies, when they happen to know less than yourself. All these characteristics are in themselves blameless; and yet in your case, and in thousands of other similar cases, they often bring clouds of storm and trial upon houses which, in a less rapidly progressive century than our own, might have been blessed with uninterrupted peace. The truth is, that you are in a false position relatively to your mother, and your mother is in a false position relatively to you. She expects deference, and deference is scarcely compatible with contradiction; certainly, if there be contradiction at all, it must be very rare, very careful, and very delicate. You, on the other hand, although no doubt full of respect and affection for your mother in your heart, cannot hear her authoritatively enunciating anything that you know to be erroneous, without feeling irresistibly urged to set her right. She is rather a talkative

lady; she does not like to hear a conversation going forward without taking a part in it, and rather an important part, so that whatever subject is talked about in her presence, that subject she will talk about also. Even before specialists your mother has an independence of opinion, and a degree of faith in her own conclusions, which would be admirable if they were founded upon right reason and a careful study of the subject. Medical men, and even lawyers, do not intimidate her; she is convinced that she knows more about disease than the physician, and more about legal business than an old attorney. In theology no parson can approach her; but here a woman may consider herself on her own ground, as theology is the speciality of women.

All this puts you out of patience, and it is intelligible that, for a young gentleman of intellectual habits and somewhat ardent temperament like yourself, it must be at times rather trying to have an **AUTHORITY** at hand ever ready to settle all questions in a decisive manner. To you I have no counsel to offer but that of unconditional submission. You have the weakness to enter into arguments when to sustain them you must assume the part of a teacher. In arguing with a person already well-informed upon the subject in dispute, you may politely refer to knowledge which he already possesses, but when he does not possess the knowledge you cannot argue with him; you must first teach him, you must become didactic, and therefore odious. I remember a great scene which took place between you and your mother concerning the American War. It was brought on by a too precise answer of yours relatively to your friend B., who had emigrated to America. Your mother asked to what part of America B. had emigrated, and you answered, "The Argentine Republic." A shade of displeasure clouded your mother's countenance, because she did not know where the Argentine Republic might be, and betrayed it by her manner. You imprudently added that it was in South America. "Yes, yes, I know very well," she answered; "there was a great battle there during the American War. It is well your friend was not there under Jefferson Davis." Now, permit me to observe, my estimable young friend, that this was what the French call a fine opportunity for holding your tongue, but you missed it. Fired with an enthusiasm for truth (always dangerous to the peace of families), you began to explain to the good lady that the Argentine Republic, though in South America, was not one of the Southern States of the Union. This led to a scene of which I was the embarrassed

and unwilling witness. Your mother vehemently affirmed that all the Southern States had been under Jefferson Davis, that she knew the fact perfectly, that it had always been known to every one during the war, and that, consequently, as the Argentine Republic was in South America, the Argentine Republic had been under Jefferson Davis. Rapidly warming with this discussion, your mother "supposed that you would deny next that there had ever been such a thing as a war between the North and the South." Then you, in your turn, lost temper, and you fetched an atlas for the purpose of explaining that the southern division of the continent of America was not the southern half of the United States. You were landed, as people always are landed when they prosecute an argument with the ignorant, in the thankless office of the schoolmaster. You were actually trying to give your mother a lesson in geography! She was not grateful to you for your didactic attentions. She glanced at the book as people glance at an offered dish which they dislike. She does not understand maps; the representation of places in geographical topography has never been quite clear to her. Your little geographical lecture irritated, but did not inform; it clouded the countenance, but did not illuminate the understanding. The distinction between South America and the Southern States is not easy to the non-analytic mind under any circumstances, but when *amour propre* is involved it becomes impossible.

I believe that the best course in discussions of this kind with ladies is simply to say once what is true, for the acquittal of your own conscience, but after that to remain silent on that topic, leaving the last word to the lady, who will probably simply re-affirm what she has already said. For example, in the discussion about the Argentine Republic, your proper course would have been to say first, firmly, that the territory in question was not a part of the seceded States and had never been in the Union, with a brief and decided geographical explanation. Your mother would not have been convinced by this, and would probably have had the last word, but the matter would have ended there. Another friend of mine, who is in a position very like your own, goes a step farther, and is determined to agree with his mother-in-law in everything. He always assents to her propositions. She is a Frenchwoman, and has been accustomed to use *Algérie* and *Afrique* as convertible terms. Somebody spoke of the

Cape of Good Hope as being in Africa. "Then it belongs to France, as Africa belongs to France." "Oui, chère mère," he answered, in his usual formula; "vous avez raison."

He alluded to this afterwards when we were alone together. "I was foolish enough some years since," he said, "to argue with my *belle mère* and try to teach her little things from time to time, but it kept her in a state of chronic ill-humor and led to no good; it spoiled her temper, and it did not improve her mind. But since I have adopted the plan of perpetual assent we get on charmingly. Whatever she affirms I assent to at once, and all is well. My friends are in the secret, and so no contradictory truth disturbs our amiable tranquillity."

A system of this kind spoils women completely, and makes the least contradiction intolerable to them. It is better that they should at least have the opportunity of hearing truth, though no attempt need be made to force it upon them. The position of ladies of the generation which preceded ours is in many respects a very trying one, and we do not always adequately realize it. A lady like your mother, who never really went through any intellectual discipline, who has no notion of intellectual accuracy in anything, is compelled by the irresistible feminine instinct to engage her strongest feelings in every discussion that arises. A woman can rarely detach her mind from questions of persons to apply it to questions of fact. She does not think simply, "Is that true of such a thing?" but she thinks, "Does he love me or respect me?" The facts about the Argentine Republic and the American War were probably quite indifferent to your mother; but your opposition to what she had asserted seemed to her a failure in affection, and your attempt to teach her a failure in respect. This feeling in women is far from being wholly egoistic. They refer everything to persons, but not necessarily to their own persons. Whatever you affirm as a fact, they find means of interpreting as loyalty or disloyalty to some person whom they either venerate or love, to the head of religion, or of the State, or of the family. Hence it is always dangerous to enter upon intellectual discussion of any kind with women, for you are almost certain to offend them by setting aside the sentiments of veneration, affection, love, which they have in great strength, in order to reach accuracy in matters of fact, which they neither have nor care for.

PART VIII.

ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY.

LETTER I.

TO A YOUNG ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

A contrast—A poor student—His sad fate—Class-sentiment—Tycho Brahe—Robert Burns—Shelley's opinion of Byron—Charles Dickens—Shopkeepers in English literature—Pride of aristocratic ignorance—Pursuits tabooed by the spirit of caste—Affected preferences in intellectual pursuits—Studies that add to gentility—Sincerity of interest needed for genuine culture—The exclusiveness of scholarly caste—Its bad influence on outsiders—Feeling of Burns toward scholars—Sureness of class-instinct—Unforeseen effect of railways—Return to nomadic life and the chase—Advantages and possibilities to life in the higher classes.

It is one of the privileges of authorship to have correspondents in the most widely different positions, and by means of their frank and friendly letters (usually much more frank than any oral communication) to gain a singularly accurate insight into the working of circumstances on the human intellect and character. The same post that brought me your last letter brought news about another of my friends whose lot has been a striking contrast to your own.*

Let me dwell upon this contrast for a few minutes. All the sunshine appears to have been on your side, and all the shadow on his. Born of highly cultivated parents, in the highest rank in England under royalty, you have lived from the beginning amongst the most efficient aids to culture, and Nature has so endowed you that, instead of becoming indifferent to these things from familiarity, you have learned to value them more and more in every successive year. The plainest statement of your advantages would sound like an extract from one of Disraeli's novels. Your father's principal castle is situated amongst the finest scenery in Britain, and his palace in London is filled with masterpieces of art. Wherever you have lived you have been surrounded by good literature and cultivated friends. Your health is steadily robust, you can travel wherever you choose, and all the benefits of all the capitals of Europe belong to you as much as to their own citizens. In all these gifts and opportunities there is but one evil—the bewilderment of their multiplicity.

My other correspondent has been less fortunately situated. "I began school," he says, "when six years old, was taken from it at eleven and sent to the mines to earn a little towards my own support. I continued there

till fourteen, when through an unlucky incident I was made a hopeless cripple. At that day I was earning the noble sum of eightpence per day, quite as much as any boy of that age got in the lead mines. I suffered much for two years; after that, became much easier, but my legs were quite useless, and have continued so up to the present time. The right thigh-bone is decayed, has not got worse these nine years; therefore I conclude that I may live—say another thirty years. I should like, at all events, for life is sweet even at this cost; not but what I could die quietly enough, I dare say. I have not been idle these years. . . ."

(Here permit me to introduce a parenthesis. He certainly had *not* been idle. He had educated himself up to such a point that he could really appreciate both literature and art, and had attained some genuine skill in both. His letters to me were the letters of a cultivated gentleman, and he used invariably to insert little pen-sketches, which were done with a light and refined hand.)

"I can do anything almost in bed—except getting up. I am now twenty-two years old. My father was a miner, but is now unable to work. I have only one brother working, and we are about a dozen of us; consequently we are not in the most flourishing circumstances, but a friend has put it in my power to learn to etch. I have got the tools and your handbook on the subject."

These extracts are from his first letter. Afterwards he wrote me others which made me feel awed and humbled by the manly cheerfulness with which he bore a lot so dreary, and by the firmness of resolution he showed in his pursuits. He could not quit his bed, but that was not the worst; he could not even sit up in bed, and yet he contrived, I know not how, both to write and draw and etch on copper, managing the plaguy chemicals, and even printing his own proofs. His bed was on wheels, on a sort of light iron carriage, and he saw nature out-of-doors. All the gladness of physical activity was completely blotted out of his existence, and in that respect his prospects were without hope. And still he said that "life was sweet." O marvel of all marvels, how *could* that life be sweet!

Aided by a beautiful patience and resignation the lamp of the mind burned with a steady brightness, fed by his daily studies. In the winters, however, the diseased limb gave him prolonged agony, and in the autumn of 1872, to avoid the months of torture that lay before him, he had himself put in the railway and sent off, in his bed, to Edinburgh, sleeping in a waiting-room on the

* I think it right to inform the reader that there is no fiction in this letter.

way. There was no one to attend him, but he trusted, not vainly, to the humanity of strangers. Just about the same time your lordship went northwards also, with many friends, to enjoy the noble scenery, and the excitement of noble sport. My poor cripple got to Edinburgh, got a glimpse of Scott's monument and the Athenian pillars, and submitted himself to the surgeons. They rendered him the best of services, for they ended his pains forever.

So I am to get no more of those wonderfully brave and cheerful letters that were written from the little bed on wheels. I miss them for the lessons they quite unconsciously conveyed. He fancied that he was the learner, poor lad! and I the teacher, whereas it was altogether the other way. He made me feel what a blessing it is, even from the purely intellectual point of view, to be able to get out of bed after the night's rest, and go from one room to another. He made me understand the value of every liberty and every power whilst at the same time he taught me to bear more patiently every limit, and inconvenience, and restriction.

In comparing his letters with yours I have been struck by one reflection predominantly, which is, the entire absence of class-sentiment in both of you. Nobody, not in the secret, could guess that one set of letters came from a palace and the other set from a poor miner's cottage; and even to me, who do not see the habitations except by an effort of the memory or imagination, there is nothing to recall the immensity of the social distance that separated my two friendly and welcome correspondents. It is clear, of course, that one of them had enjoyed greater advantages than the other, but neither wrote from the point of view which marks his caste or class. It was my habit to write to you, and to him, exactly in the same tone, yet this was not felt to be unsuitable by either.

Is it not that the love and pursuit of culture lead each of us out of his class, and that class-views of any kind, whether of the aristocracy, or of the middle class, or of the people, inevitably narrow the mind and hinder it from receiving pure truth? Have you ever known any person who lived habitually in the notions of a caste, high or low, without incapacitating himself in a greater or less degree for breadth and delicacy of perception? It seems to me that the largest and best minds, although they have been born and nurtured in this caste or that, and may continue to conform externally to its customs, always emancipate themselves from it intellectually, and arrive at a sort of neutral re-

gion, where the light is colorless, and clear, and equal, like plain daylight out of doors. So soon as we attain the forgetfulness of self, and become absorbed in our pursuits for their own sakes, the feeling of caste drops off from us. It was not a mark of culture in Tycho Brahe, but rather of the imperfections of his culture, that he felt so strongly the difficulty of conciliating scientific pursuits with the obligations of noble birth, and began his public discourses on astronomy by telling his audience that the work was ill-suited to his social position—hesitating, too, even about authorship from a dread of social degradation. And to take an instance from the opposite extreme of human society, Robert Burns betrayed the same imperfection of culture in his dedication to the members of the Caledonian Hunt, when he spoke of his "honest rusticity," and told the gentlefolks that he was "bred to the plough, and independent." Both of these men had been unfavorably situated for the highest culture, the one by the ignorance of his epoch the other by the ignorance of his class; hence this uneasiness about themselves and their social position. Shelley said of Byron, "The canker of aristocracy wants to be cut out;" and he did not say this from the point of view of a democrat, for Shelley was not precisely a democrat, but from the broadly human point of view, on which the finest intellects like to take their stand. Shelley perceived that Byron's aristocracy narrowed him, and made his sympathies less catholic than they might have been, nor can there be any doubt of the accuracy of this estimate of Shelley's; if a doubt existed it would be removed by Byron's alternative for a poet, "solitude, or high life." Another man of genius, whose loss we have recently deplored, was narrowed by his antipathy to the aristocratic spirit, though it is necessary to add, in justice, that it did not prevent him from valuing the friendship of noblemen whom he esteemed. The works of Charles Dickens would have been more accurate as pictures of English life, certainly more comprehensively accurate, if he could have felt for the aristocracy that hearty and loving sympathy which he felt for the middle classes and the people. But the narrowness of Dickens is more excusable than that of Byron, because a kindly heart more easily enters into the feelings of those whom it can often pity than of those who appear to be lifted above pity (though this is nothing but an appearance) and also because it is the habit of aristocracies to repel such sympathy by their manners, which the poor do not.

I have often thought that a sign of aristocratic narrowness in many English authors, including some of the most popular authors of the day, is the way they speak of shopkeepers. This may be due to simple ignorance; but if so, it is ignorance that might be easily avoided. Happily for our convenience there are a great many shopkeepers in England, so that there is no lack of the materials for study; but our novelists appear to consider this important class of Englishmen as unworthy of any patient and serious portraiture. You may remember Mr. Anthony Trollope's "Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson," which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, under Thackeray's editorship. That was an extreme instance of the way the class is treated in our literature: and then in poetry we have some disdainful verses of Mr. Tennyson's. It may be presumed that there is material for grave and respectful treatment of this extensive class, but our poets and novelists do not seem to have discovered, or sought to discover, the secret of that treatment. The intensity of the prejudices of caste prevents them from seeing any possibility of true gentlemanhood in a draper or a grocer, and blinds them to the æsthetic beauty or grandeur which may be as perfectly compatible with what is disdainfully called "counter-jumping" as it is admitted to be with the jumping of five-barred gates.

The same caste prejudices have often kept the mass of the upper classes in ignorance of most valuable and important branches of knowledge. The poor have been ignorant, yet never proud of their ignorance; the ignorance that men are proud of belongs to caste always, not always to what we should call an aristocratic caste, but to the caste-feeling in one class or another. The pride of the feudal baron in being totally illiterate amounted to self-exclusion from all intellectual culture, and we may still find living instances of partial self-exclusion from culture, of which pride is the only motive. There are people who pass their time in what are considered amusements (that do not amuse), because it seems to them a more gentlemanly sort of life than the devotion to some great and worthy pursuit which would have given the keenest zest and relish to their whole existence (besides making them useful members of society, which they are not), but which happens to be tabooed for them by the prejudices of their caste. There are many studies, in themselves noble and useful, that a man of good family cannot follow with the earnestness and the sacrifice of time necessary to

success in them, without incurring the disapprobation of his friends. If this disapprobation were visited on the breaker of caste-regulations because he neglected some other culture, there would still be something reasonable in it; but this is not the case. The caste-regulation forbids the most honorable and instructive labor when it does not forbid the most unprofitable idleness, the most utter throwing away of valuable time and faculty. Tycho Brahe feared to lose caste in becoming the most illustrious astronomer of his time; but he would have had no such apprehension, nor any ground for such apprehension, if instead of being impelled to noble work by a high intellectual instinct, he had been impelled by meaner passions to unlimited self-indulgence. Even, in our own day these prejudices are still strong enough, or have been until very lately, to keep our upper classes in great darkness about natural knowledge of all kinds, and about its application to the arts of life. How few gentlemen have been taught to draw accurately, and how few are accurately acquainted with the great practical inventions of the age! The caste-sentiment does not, in these days, keep them ignorant of literature, but it keeps them ignorant of *things*. A friend who had a strong constructive and experimental turn, told me that, as a rule, he found gentlemen less capable of entering into his ideas than common joiners and blacksmiths, because these humble workmen, from their habit of dealing with matter, had acquired some experience of its nature. For my own part, I have often been amazed by the difficulty of making something clear to a classically educated gentleman which any intelligent mechanic would have seen to the bottom, and all round, after five or six minutes of explanation. There is a certain French nobleman whose ignorance I have frequent opportunities of fathoming, always with fresh astonishment at the depths of it, and I declare that he knows no more about the properties of stone, and timber, and metal, than if he were a cherub in the clouds of heaven!

But there is something in caste-sentiment even more prejudicial to culture than ignorance itself, and that is the affectation of strong preferences for certain branches of knowledge in which people are not seriously interested. There is nothing which people will not pretend to like, if a liking for it is supposed to be one of the marks and indications of gentility. There has been an immense amount of this kind of affectation in regard to classical scholarship, and we know for a certainty that it is affectation whenever

people are loud in their praise of classical authors whom they never take the trouble to read. It may have happened to you, as it has happened to me from time to time, to hear men affirm the absolute necessity of classical reading to distinction of thought and manner, and yet to be aware at the same time, from close observation of their habits, that those very men entirely neglected the sources of that culture in which they professed such earnest faith. The explanation is, that as classical accomplishments are considered to be one of the evidences of gentility, whoever speaks loudly in their favor affirms that he has the tastes and preferences of a gentleman. It is like professing the fashionable religion, or belonging to an aristocratic shade of opinion in politics. I have not a doubt that all affectations of this kind are injurious to genuine culture, for genuine culture requires sincerity of interest before everything, and the fashionable affectations, so far from attracting sincere men to the departments of learning which happen to be *à la mode*, positively drive them away, just as many have become Nonconformists because the established religion was considered necessary to gentility, who might have remained contented with its ordinances as a simple discipline for their souls.

I dislike the interference of genteel notions in our studies for another reason. They deprive such culture as we may get from them, of one of the most precious results of culture, the enlargement of our sympathy for others. If we encourage ourselves in the pride of scholarly caste, so far as to imagine that we who have made Latin verses are above comparison with all who have never exercised their ingenuity in that particular way, we are not likely to give due and serious attention to the ideas of people whom we are pleased to consider uneducated; and yet it may happen that these people are sometimes our intellectual superiors, and that their ideas concern us very closely. But this is only half the evil. The consciousness of our contempt embitters the feelings of men in other castes, and prevents them from accepting our guidance when it might be of the greatest practical utility to them. I may mention Robert Burns as an instance of a man of genius who would have been happier and more fortunate if he had felt no barrier of separation between himself and the culture of his time. His poetry is as good rustic poetry as the best that has come down to us from antiquity, and instead of feeling towards the poets of times past the kind of soreness which a parvenu feels towards families of ancient descent, he

ought rather to have rejoiced in the consciousness that he was their true and legitimate successor, as the clergy of an authentic Church feel themselves to be successors and representatives of saints and apostles who are gathered to their everlasting rest. But poor Burns knew that in an age when what is called scholarship gave all who had acquired it a right to look down upon poets who had only genius as the illegitimate offspring of nature, his position had not that solidity which belonged to the scholarly caste, and the result was a perpetual uneasiness which broke out in frequent defiance.

"There'sither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors
A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages."

And again, in another poem—

"A set o' dull, conceited haashes
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!"

It was the influence of caste that made Burns write in this way, and how unjust it was every modern reader knows. The great majority of poets have been well-educated men, and instead of ganging into college like stirks and coming out like asses, they have, as a rule, improved their poetic faculty by an acquaintance with the masterpieces of their art. Yet Burns is not to be blamed for this injustice; he sneered at Greek because Greek was the mark of a disdainful and exclusive caste, but he never sneered at French or Italian. He had no soreness against culture for its own sake; it was the pride of caste that galled him.

How surely the wonderful class-instinct guided the aristocracy to the kind of learning likely to be the most effectual barrier against fellowship with the mercantile classes and the people! The uselessness of Greek in industry and commerce was a guarantee that those who had to earn their bread would never find time to master it, and even the strange difficult look of the alphabet (though in reality the alphabet was a gate of gossamer), ensured a degree of awful veneration for those initiated into its mysteries. Then the habit our forefathers had of quoting Latin and Greek to keep the ignorant in their places, was a strong defensive weapon of their caste, and they used it without scruple. Every year removes this passion for exclusiveness farther and farther into the past; every year makes

learning of every kind less available as the armor of a class, and less to be relied upon as a means of social advancement and consideration. Indeed, we have already reached a condition which is drawing back many members of the aristocracy to a state of feeling about intellectual culture resembling that of their forefathers in the middle ages. The old barbarian feeling has revived of late, a feeling which (if it were self-conscious enough) might find expression in some such words as these:

"It is not by learning and genius that we can hold the highest place, but by the dazzling exhibition of external splendor in those costly pleasures which are the plainest evidence of our power. Let us have beautiful equipages on the land, beautiful yachts upon the sea; let our recreations be public and expensive, that the people may not easily lose sight of us, and may know that there is a gulf of difference between our life and theirs. Why should we toil at books that the poorest students read, we who have lordly pastimes for every month in the year? To be able to revel immensely in pleasures which those below us taste rarely or not at all, this is the best evidence of our superiority. So let us take them magnificently, like English princes and lords."

Even the invention of railways has produced the unforeseen result of a return in the direction of barbarism. If there is one thing which distinguishes civilization it is fixity of residence; and it is essential to the tranquil following of serious intellectual purposes that the student should remain for many months of the year in his own library or laboratory, surrounded by all his implements of culture. But there are people of the highest rank in the England of to-day whose existence is as much nomadic as that of Red Indians in the reserved territories of North America. You cannot ascertain their whereabouts without consulting the most recent newspaper. Their life may be quite accurately described as a return, on a scale of unprecedented splendor and comfort, to the life of tribes in that stage of human development which is known as the period of the chase. They migrate from one hunting-ground to another as the diminution of the game impels them. Their residences, vast and substantial as they are, serve only as tents and wigwags. The existence of a monk in the cloister, of a prisoner in a fortress, is more favorable to the intellect than theirs.

And yet notwithstanding these reappearances of the savage nature at the very summit of modern civilization, the life of a great English nobleman of to-day commands so

much of what the intellectual know to be truly desirable, that it seems as if only a little firmness of resolution were needed to make all advantages his own. Surrounded by every aid, and having all gates open, he sees the paths of knowledge converging towards him like railways to some rich central city. He has but to choose his route, and travel along it with the least possible hindrance from every kind of friction, in the society of the best companions, and served by the most perfectly trained attendants. Might not our lords be like those brilliant peers who shone like intellectual stars around the throne of Elizabeth, and our ladies like that great lady of whom said a learned Italian, "*che non vi aveva altra dama al mondo che la pareggiasse nella cognizione delle arti e nella notizia delle scienze e delle lingue*," wherefore he called her boldly, in the enthusiasm of his admiration, "*grande anfitrite, Diana nume della terra!*"

LETTER II.

TO AN ENGLISH DEMOCRAT.

The liberal and illiberal spirit of aristocracy—The desire to draw a line—Substitution of external limitations for realities—The high life of nature—Value of gentlemen in a State—Odiousness of the narrow class-spirit—Julian Fane—Perfect knighthood—Democracies intolerant of dignity—Tendency of democracies to fix one uniform type of manners—That type not a high one—A descriptive anecdote—Knowledge and taste reveal themselves in manners—Dr. Arnold on the absence of gentlemen in France and Italy—Absence of a class with traditional good manners—Language defiled by the vulgarity of popular taste—Influence of aristocratic opinion limited, that of democratic opinion universal—Want of elevation in the French *bourgeoisie*—Spirit of the provincial democracy—Spirit of the Parisian democracy—Sentiments and acts of the Communards—Romantic feeling towards the past—Elopes for liberal culture in the democratic idea—Aristocracies think too much of persons and positions—That we ought to forget persons and apply our minds to things, and phenomena, and ideas.

ALL you say against the narrowness of the aristocratic spirit is true and to the point; but I think that you and your party are apt to confound together two states of feeling which are essentially distinct from each other. There is an illiberal spirit of aristocracy, and there is also a liberal one. The illiberal spirit does not desire to improve itself, having a full and firm belief in its own absolute perfection; its sole anxiety is to exclude others, to draw a circular line, the smaller the better, provided always that it gets inside and can keep the millions out. We see this spirit, not only in reference to birth, but in even fuller activity with regard to education and employment—in the preference for certain schools and colleges, for class reasons, without regard to

the quality of the teaching—in the contempt for all professions but two or three, without regard to the inherent baseness or nobility of the work that has to be done in them: so that the question asked by persons of this temper is not whether a man has been well trained in his youth, but if he has been to Eton and Oxford; not whether he is honorably laborious in his manhood, but whether he belongs to the Bar, or the Army, or the Church. This spirit is evil in its influence, because it substitutes external limitations for the realities of the intellect and the soul, and makes those realities themselves of no account wherever its traditions prevail. This spirit cares nothing for culture, nothing for excellence, nothing for the superiorities that make men truly great; all it cares for is to have reserved seats in the great assemblage of the world. Whatever you do, in fairness and honesty, against this evil and inhuman spirit of aristocracy, the best minds of this age approve; but there is another spirit of aristocracy which does not always receive the fairest treatment at your hands, and which ought to be resolutely defended against you.

There is really, in nature, such a thing as high life. There is really, in nature, a difference between the life of a gentleman who has culture, and fine bodily health, and independence, and the life of a Sheffield dry-grinder who cannot have any one of these three things. It is a good and not a bad sign of the state of popular intelligence when the people does not wilfully shut its eyes to the differences of condition amongst men, and when those who have the opportunity of leading what is truly the high life accept its discipline joyfully and have a just pride in keeping themselves up to their ideal. A life of health, of sound morality, of disinterested intellectual activity, of freedom from petty cares, is higher than a life of disease, and vice, and stupidity, and sordid anxiety. I maintain that it is right and wise in a nation to set before itself the highest attainable ideal of human life as the existence of the complete gentleman, and that an envious democracy, instead of rendering a service to itself, does exactly the contrary when it cannot endure and will not tolerate the presence of high-spirited gentlemen in the State. There are things in this world that it is right to hate, that we are the better for hating with all our hearts; and one of the things that I hate most, and with most reason, is the narrow class-spirit when it sets itself against the great interests of mankind. It is odious in the narrow-minded, pompous, selfish, pitiless aristocrat who thinks that the sons of the people

were made by Almighty God to be his lackeys and their daughters to be his mistresses; it is odious also, to the full as odious, in the narrow-minded, envious democrat who cannot bear to see any elegance of living, or grace of manner, or culture of mind above the range of his own capacity or his own purse.

Let me recommend to your consideration the following words, written by one young nobleman about another young nobleman, and reminding us, as we much need to be reminded, that life may be not only honest and vigorous, but also noble and beautiful. Robert Lytton says of Julian Fane—

"He was, I think, the most graceful and accomplished gentleman of the generation he adorned, and by this generation, at least, appropriate place should be reserved for the memory of a man in whose character the most universal sympathy with all the intellectual culture of his age was united to a refinement of social form, and a perfection of personal grace, which, in spite of all its intellectual culture, the age is sadly in want of. There is an artistry of life as well as of literature, and the perfect knighthood of Sidney is no less precious to the world than the genius of Spenser."

It is just this "perfect knighthood" that an envious democracy sneers at and puts down. I do not say that all democracies are necessarily envious, but they often are so, especially when they first assert themselves, and whilst in that temper they are very willing to ostracize gentlemen, or compel them to adopt bad manners. I have some hopes that the democracies of the future may be taught by authors and artists to appreciate natural gentlemanhood; but so far as we know them hitherto they seem intolerant of dignity, and disposed to attribute it (very unjustly) to individual self-conceit. The personages most popular in democratic countries are often remarkably deficient in dignity, and liked the better for the want of it, whilst if on the positive side they can display occasional coarseness they become more popular still. Then I should say, that although democratic feeling raises the lower classes and increases their self-respect, which is indeed one of the greatest imaginable benefits to a nation, it has a tendency to fix one uniform type of behavior and of thought as the sole type in conformity with what is accepted for "common sense," and that type can scarcely, in the nature of things, be a very elevated one. I have been much struck, in France, by the prevalence of what may be not inaccurately defined as the commercial traveller type, even in classes where you would scarcely expect to meet with it. One little descriptive anecdote will illustrate

what I mean. Having been invited to a stag-hunt in the Côte d'Or, I sat down to *déjeuner* with the sportsmen in a good country-house or château (it was an old place with four towers), and in the midst of the meal in came a man smoking a cigar. After a bow to the ladies he declined to eat anything, and took a chair a little apart, but just opposite me. He resumed his hat and went on smoking with a *sans-gêne* that rather surprised me under the circumstances. He put one arm on the side-board: the hand hung down, and I perceived that it was dirty (so was the shirt), and that the nails had edges of ebony. On his chin there was a black stubble of two days' growth. He talked very loudly, and his dress and manners were exactly those of a bagman just arrived at his inn. Who and what could the man be? I learned afterwards that he had begun life as a distinguished pupil of the *École Polytechnique*, that since then he had distinguished himself as an officer of artillery and had won the Legion of Honor on the field of battle, that he belonged to one of the principal families in the neighborhood, and had nearly 2000*l.* a year from landed property.

Now, it may be a good thing for the roughs at the bottom of the social scale to level up to the bagman-ideal, but it does seem rather a pity (does it not?) that a born gentleman of more than common bravery and ability should level down to it. And it is here that lies the principle objection to democracy from the point of view of culture, that its notion of life and manners is a uniform notion, not admitting much variety of classes, and not allowing the high development of graceful and accomplished humanity in any class which an aristocracy does at least encourage in one class, though it may be numerically a small class. I have not forgotten what Saint-Simon and La Bruyère have testified about the ignorance of the old noblesse. Saint-Simon said that they were fit for nothing but fighting, and only qualified for promotion even in the army by seniority; that the rest of their time was passed in "the most deadly uselessness, the consequence of their indolence and distaste for all instruction." I am sure that my modern artillery captain, notwithstanding his bad manners, *knew* more than any of his forefathers; but where was his "perfect knighthood?" And we easily forget "how much talent runs into manners," as Emerson says. From the artistic and poetical point of view, behavior is an expression of knowledge and taste and feeling in combination, as clear and legible as literature or painting, so that when the behavior is coarse and unbecoming we know that the perceptions cannot be deli-

cate, whatever may have been learned at school. When Dr. Arnold travelled on the Continent, nothing struck him more than the absence of gentlemen. "We see no gentlemen anywhere," he writes from Italy. From France he writes: "Again I have been struck with the total absence of all gentlemen, and of all persons of the education and feelings of gentlemen." Now, although Dr. Arnold spoke merely from the experience of a tourist, and was perhaps not quite competent to judge of Frenchmen and Italians otherwise than from externals, still there was much truth in his observation. It was not quite absolutely true. I have known two or three Italian officers, and one Savoyard nobleman, and a Frenchman here and there, who were as perfect gentlemen as any to be found in England, but they were isolated like poets, and were in fact poets in behavior and self-discipline. The plain truth is, that there is no distinct class in France maintaining good manners as a tradition common to all its members; and this seems to be the inevitable defect of a democracy. It may be observed, further, that language itself is defiled by the vulgarity of the popular taste; that expressions are used continually, even by the upper middle class, which it is impossible to print, and which are too grossly indecent to find a place even in the dictionaries; that respectable men, having become insensible to the meaning of these expressions from hearing them used without intention, employ them constantly from habit, as they decorate their speech with oaths, whilst only purists refrain from them altogether.

An aristocracy may be very narrow and intolerant, but it can only exclude from its own pale, whereas when a democracy is intolerant it excludes from all human intercourse. Our own aristocracy, as a class, rejects Dissenters, and artists, and men of science, but they flourish quite happily outside of it. Now try to picture to yourself a great democracy having the same prejudices, who could get out of the democracy? All aristocracies are intolerant with reference, I will not say to religion, but, more accurately, with reference to the outward forms of religion, and yet this aristocratic intolerance has not prevented the development of religious liberty, because the lower classes were not strictly bound by the customs of the nobility and gentry. The unwritten law appears to be that members of an aristocracy shall conform either to what is actually the State Church or to what has been the State Church at some former period of the national history. Although England is a Protestant country,

an English gentleman does not lose caste when he joins the Roman Catholic communion; but he loses caste when he becomes a Dissenter. The influence of this caste-law in keeping the upper classes within the Churches of England and of Rome has no doubt been very considerable, but its influence on the nation generally has been incomparably less considerable than that of some equally decided social rule in the entire mind of a democracy. Had this rule of conformity to the religion of the State been that of the English democracy, religious liberty would have been extinguished throughout the length and breadth of England. I say that the customs and convictions of a democracy are more dangerous to intellectual liberty than those of an aristocracy, because, in matters of custom, the gentry rule only within their own park-palings, whereas the people, when power resides with them, rule wherever the breezes blow. A democracy that dislikes refinement and good manners can drive men of culture into solitude, and make morbid hermits of the very persons who ought to be the lights and leaders of humanity. It can cut short the traditions of good-breeding, the traditions of polite learning, the traditions of thoughtful leisure, and reduce the various national types of character to one type, that of the *commis-voyageur*. All men of refined sentiment in modern France lament the want of elevation in the *bourgeoisie*. They read nothing, they learn nothing, they think of nothing but money and the satisfaction of their appetites. There are exceptions, of course, but the tone of the class is mean and low, and devoid of natural dignity or noble aspiration. Their ignorance passes belief, and is accompanied by an absolute self-satisfaction. "La fin de la bourgeoisie," says an eminent French author, "commence parcequ'elle a les sentiments de la populace. Je ne vois pas qu'elle lise d'autres journaux, qu'elle se régale d'une musique différente, qu'elle ait des plaisirs plus élevés. Chez l'une comme chez l'autre, c'est le même amour de l'argent, le même respect du fait accompli, le même besoin d'idoles pour les détruire, la même haine de toute supériorité, le même esprit de dénigrement, la même crasse ignorance!" M. Renan also complains that during the Second Empire the country sank deeper and deeper into vulgarity, forgetting its past history and its noble enthusiasms. "Talk to the peasant, to the socialist of the International, of France, of her past history, of her genius, he will not understand you. Military honor seems madness to him; the taste for great things, the glory of the mind, are vain dreams; money

spent for art and science is money thrown away foolishly. Such is the provincial spirit." And if this is the provincial spirit, what is the spirit of the metropolitan democracy? Is it not clearly known to us by its acts? It had the opportunity, under the Commune, of showing the world how tenderly it cared for the monuments of national history, how anxious it was for the preservation of noble architecture, of great libraries, of pictures that can never be replaced. Whatever may have been our illusions about the character of the Parisian democracy, we know it very accurately now. To say that it is brutal would be an inadequate use of language, for the brutes are only indifferent to history and civilization, not hostile to them. So far as it is possible for us to understand the temper of that democracy, it appears to cherish an active and intense hatred for every conceivable kind of superiority, and an instinctive eagerness to abolish the past; or, as that is not possible, since the past will always *have been* in spite of it, then at least to efface all visible memorials and destroy the bequests of all preceding generations. If any one had affirmed, before the fall of Louis Napoleon, that the democratic spirit was capable of setting fire to the Louvre and the national archives and libraries, of deliberately planning the destruction of all those magnificent edifices, ecclesiastical and civil, which were the glory of France and the delight of Europe, we should have attributed such an assertion to the exaggerations of reactionary fears. But since the year 1870 we do not speculate about the democratic temper in its intensest expression; we have seen it at work, and we know it. We know that every beautiful building, every precious manuscript and picture, has to be protected against the noxious swarm of Communards as a sea-jetty against the Pholias and the Teredo.

Compare this temper with that of a Marquis of Hertford, a Duke of Devonshire, a Duc de Luynes! True guardians of the means of culture, these men have given splendid hospitality to the great authors and artists of past times, by keeping their works for the future with tender and reverent care. Nor has this function of high stewardship ever been more nobly exercised than it is to-day by that true knight and gentleman, Sir Richard Wallace. Think of the difference between this great-hearted guardian of priceless treasures, keeping them for the people, for civilization, and a base-spirited Communard setting fire to the library of the Louvre.

The ultra-democratic spirit is hostile to culture, from its hatred of all delicate and ro-

mantic sentiment, from its scorn of the tenderer and finer feelings of our nature, and especially from its brutish incapacity to comprehend the needs of the higher life. If it had its way we should be compelled by public opinion to cast all the records of our ancestors, and the shields they wore in battle, into the foul waters of an eternal Lethe. The intolerance of the sentiment of birth, that noble sentiment which has animated so many hearts with heroism, and urged them to deeds of honor, associated as it is with a cynical disbelief in the existence of female virtue,* is one of the commonest signs of this evil spirit of detraction. It is closely connected with an ungrateful indifference towards all that our forefathers have done to make civilization possible for us. Now, although the intellectual spirit studies the past critically, and does not accept history as a legend is accepted by the credulous, still the intellectual spirit has a deep respect for all that is noble in the past, and would preserve the record of it forever. Can you not imagine, have you not actually seen, the heir of some ancient house who shares to the full the culture and aspirations of the age in which we live, and who nevertheless preserves, with pious reverence, the towers his forefathers built on the ancestral earth, and the oaks they planted, and the shields that were carved on the tombs where the knights and their ladies rest? Be sure that a right understanding of the present is compatible with a right and reverent understanding of the past, and that, although we may closely question history and tradition, no longer with childlike faith, still the spirit of true culture would never efface their vestiges. It was not Michelet, not Renan, not Hugo, who set fire to the Palace of Justice and imperilled the Sainte-Chapelle.

And yet, notwithstanding all these vices and excesses of the democratic spirit, notwithstanding the meanness of the middle classes and the violence of the mob, there is one all-powerful reason why our best hopes for the liberal culture of the intellect are centred in the democratic idea. The reason is, that aristocracies think too much of persons and positions to weigh facts and opinions justly. In an aristocratic society it is thought unbecoming to state your views in their full force in the presence of any social superior. If you state them at all you must soften them to suit the occasion, or you will be a sinner against good-breeding. Observe how timid and acquiescent the ordinary Englishman be-

comes in the presence of a lord. No right-minded person likes to be thought impudent, and where the tone of society refers everything to position, you are considered impudent when you forget your station. But what has my station to do with the truths the intellect perceives, that lie entirely outside of me? From the intellectual point of view, it is a necessary virtue to forget your station, to forget yourself entirely, and to think of the subject only, in a manner perfectly disinterested. Anonymous journalism was a device to escape from that continual reference to the rank and fortune of the speaker which is an inveterate habit in all aristocratic communities. A young man without title or estate knows that he would not be listened to in the presence of his social superiors, so he holds his tongue in society and relieves himself by an article in the *Times*. The anonymous newspapers and reviews are a necessity in an aristocratic community, for they are the only means of attracting attention to facts and opinions without attracting it to yourself, the only way of escaping the personal question, "Who and what are you, that you venture to speak so plainly, and where is your stake in the country?"

The democratic idea, by its theoretic equality amongst men, affords an almost complete relief from this impediment to intellectual conversation. The theory of equality is good, because it negatives the interference of rank and wealth in matters that appertain to the intellect or to the moral sense. It may even go one step farther with advantage, and ignore intellectual authority also. The perfection of the intellectual spirit is the entire forgetfulness of persons, in the application of the whole power of the mind to things, and phenomena, and ideas. Not to mind whether the speaker is of noble or humble birth, rich or poor; this indeed is much, but we ought to attain a like indifference to the authority of the most splendid reputation. "Every great advance in natural knowledge," says Professor Huxley, "has involved the absolute rejection of authority, the cherishing of the keenest scepticism, the annihilation of the spirit of blind faith; and the most ardent votary of science holds his firmest convictions, not because the men he most venerates hold them, not because their verity is testified by portents and wonders, but because his experience teaches him that whenever he chooses to bring these convictions into contact with their primary source, Nature—whenever he thinks fit to test them by appealing to experiment and to observation—Nature will confirm them."

*The association between the two is this. If you believe that you are descended from a distinguished ancestor, you are simple enough to believe in his wife's fidelity.

PART IX.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

LETTER I.

TO A LADY WHO DOUBTED THE REALITY OF INTELLECTUAL FRIENDSHIPS.

That intellectual friendships are in their nature temporary, when there is no basis of feeling to support them—Their freshness soon disappears—Danger of satiety—Temporary acquaintances—Succession in friendships—Free communication of intellectual results—Friendships between ripe and immature men—Rembrandt and Hoogstraten—Tradition transmitted through these friendships.

I HEARTILY agree with you so far as this, that intellectual relations will not sustain friendship for very long, unless there is also some basis of feeling to sustain it. And still there is a certain reality in the friendships of the intellect whilst they last, and they are remembered gratefully for their profit when in the course of nature they have ceased. We may wisely contract them, and blamelessly dissolve them when the occasion that created them has gone by. They are like business partnerships, contracted from motives of interest, and requiring integrity above all things, with mutual respect and consideration, yet not necessarily either affection or the semblance of it. Since the motive of the intellectual existence is the desire to ascertain and communicate truth, a sort of positive and negative electricity immediately establishes itself between those who want to know and those who desire to communicate their knowledge; and the connection is mutually agreeable until these two desires are satisfied. When this happens, the connection naturally ceases; but the memory of it usually leaves a permanent feeling of good-will, and a permanent disposition to render services of the same order. This, in brief, is the whole philosophy of the subject; but it may be observed farther, that the purely intellectual intercourse which often goes by the name of friendship affords excellent opportunities for the formation of real friendship, since it cannot be long continued without revealing much of the whole nature of the associates.

We do not easily exhaust the mind of another, but we easily exhaust what is accessible to us in his mind; and when we have done this, the first benefit of intercourse is at an end. Then comes a feeling of dulness and disappointment, which is full of the bitterest discouragement to the inexperienced. In maturer life we are so well prepared for this that it discourages us no longer. We know before-

hand that the freshness of the mind that was new to us will rapidly wear away, that we shall soon assimilate the fragment of it which is all that ever can be made our own, so we enjoy the freshness whilst it lasts, and are even careful of it as a fruiterer is of the bloom upon his grapes and plums. It may seem a hard and worldly thing to say, but it appears to me that a wise man might limit his intercourse with others before there was any danger of satiety, as it is wisdom in eating to rise from table with an appetite. Certainly, if the friends of our intellect live near enough for us to anticipate no permanent separation by mere distance, if we may expect to meet them frequently, to have many opportunities for a more thorough and searching exploration of their minds, it is a wise policy not to exhaust them all at once. With the chance acquaintances we make in travelling, the case is altogether different; and this is, no doubt, the reason why men are so astonishingly communicative when they never expect to see each other any more. You feel an intense curiosity about some temporary companion; you make many guesses about him; and to induce him to tell you as much as possible in the short time you are likely to be together, you win his confidence by a frankness that would perhaps considerably surprise your nearest neighbors and relations. This is due to the shortness of the opportunity; but with people who live in the same place, you will proceed much more deliberately.

Whoever would remain regularly provided with intellectual friends, ought to arrange a succession of friendships, as gardeners do with peas and strawberries, so that, whilst some are fully ripe, others should be ripening to replace them. This doctrine sounds like blasphemy against friendship; but it is not intended to apply to the sacred friendship of the heart, which ought to be permanent like marriage, only to the friendship of the head, which is of the utmost utility to culture, yet in its nature temporary. I know a distinguished Englishman who is quite remarkable for the talent with which he arranges his intellectual friendships, so as never to be dependent on any one, but always sure of the intercourse he needs, both now and in the future. He will never be isolated, never without some fresh and living interest in humanity. It may seem to you that there is a lamentable want of faith in this; and I grant at once that a system of this kind does presuppose the extinction of the boyish belief in the permanence of human relations; still, it indicates a large-minded confidence in the value of human intercourse, an enjoyment of

the present, a hope for the future, and a right appreciation of the past.

Nothing is more beautiful in the intellectual life than the willingness of all cultivated people—unless they happen to be accidentally soured by circumstances that have made them wretched—to communicate to others the results of all their toil. It is true that they apparently lose nothing by the process, and that a rich man who gives some portion of his material wealth exercises a greater self-denial; still, when you consider that men of culture, in teaching others, abandon something of their relative superiority, and often voluntarily incur the sacrifice of what is most precious to them, namely, their time, I think you will admit that their readiness in this kind of generosity is one of the finest characteristics of highly-developed humanity. Of all intellectual friendships, none are so beautiful as those which subsist between old and ripe men and their younger brethren in science, or literature, or art. It is by these private friendships, even more than by public performance, that the tradition of sound thinking and great doing is perpetuated from age to age. Hoogstraten, who was a pupil of Rembrandt, asked him many questions, which the great master answered thus:—"Try to put well in practice what you already know; in so doing you will, in good time, discover the hidden things which you now inquire about." That answer of Rembrandt's is typical of the maturest teaching. How truly friendly it is; how full of encouragement; how kind in its admission that the younger artist *did* already know something worth putting into practice; and yet, at the same time, how judicious in its reserve! Few of us have been so exceptionally unfortunate as not to find, in our own age, some experienced friend who has helped us by precious counsel, never to be forgotten. We cannot render it in kind; but perhaps in the fulness of time it may become our noblest duty to aid another as we have ourselves been aided, and to transmit to him an invaluable treasure, the tradition of the intellectual life.

LETTER II.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO LIVED MUCH IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

Certain dangers to the intellectual life—Difficult to resist the influences of society—Gilding—Fashionable education—Affectations of knowledge—Not easy to ascertain what people really know—Value of real knowledge diminished—Some good effects of affectations—Their bad effect on workers—Skill in amusements.

THE kind of life which you have been leading for the last three or four years will always

be valuable to you as a past experience, but if the intellectual ambition you confess to me is quite serious, I would venture to suggest that there are certain dangers in the continuation of your present existence if altogether uninterrupted. Pray do not suspect me of any narrow prejudice against human intercourse, or of any wish to make a hermit of you before your time, but believe that the few observations I have to make are grounded simply on the desire that your career should be entirely satisfactory to your own maturer judgment, when you will look back upon it after many years.

An intellectual man may go into general society quite safely if only he can resist its influence upon his serious work; but such resistance is difficult in maturity and impossible in youth.

The sort of influence most to be dreaded is this. Society is, and must be, based upon appearances, and not upon the deepest realities. It requires some degree of reality to produce the appearance, but not a substantial reality. Gilding is the perfect type of what Society requires. A certain quantity of gold is necessary for the work of the gilder, but a very small quantity, and skill in applying the metal so as to cover a large surface, is of greater consequence than the weight of the metal itself. The mind of a fashionable person is a carefully gilded mind.

Consider fashionable education. Society imperatively requires an outside knowledge of many things; not permitting the frank confession of ignorance, whilst it is yet satisfied with a degree of knowledge differing only from avowed ignorance in permitting you to be less sincere. All young ladies, whether gifted by nature with any musical talent or not, are compelled to say that they have learned to play upon the piano; all young gentlemen are compelled to affect to know Latin. In the same way the public opinion of Society compels its members to pretend to know and appreciate the masterpieces of literature and art. There is, in truth, so much compulsion of this kind that it is not easy to ascertain what people do really know and care about until they admit you into their confidence.

The inevitable effect of these affectations is to diminish the value, in Society, of genuine knowledge and accomplishment of all kinds. I know a man who is a Latin scholar; he is one of the few moderns who have really learned Latin; but in fashionable society this brings him no distinction, because we are all supposed to know Latin, and the true scholar, when he appears, cannot be distinguished

from the multitude of fashionable pretenders. I know another man who can draw; there are not many men, even amongst artists, who can draw soundly; yet in fashionable society he does not get the serious sort of respect which he deserves, because fashionable people believe that drawing is an accomplishment generally attainable by young ladies and communicable by governesses. I have no wish to insinuate that Society is wrong, in requiring a certain pretence to education in various subjects, and a certain affectation of interest in masterpieces, for these pretences and affectations do serve to deliver it from the darkness of a quite absolute ignorance. A society of fashionable people who think it necessary to be able to talk superficially about the labors of men really belonging to the intellectual class, is always sure to be much better informed than a Society such as that of the French peasantry, for example, where nobody is expected to know anything. It is well for Society itself that it should profess a deep respect for classical learning, for the great modern poets and painters, for scientific discoverers, even though the majority of its members do not seriously care about them. The pretension itself requires a certain degree of knowledge, as gilding requires a certain quantity of gold.

The evil effects of these affectations may be summed up in a sentence. They diminish the apparent value of the realities which they imitate, and they tend to weaken our enthusiasm for those great realities, and our ardor in the pursuit of them. The impression which fashionable society produces upon a student who has strength enough to resist it, is a painful sense of isolation in his earnest work. If he goes back to the work with courage undiminished, he still clearly realizes—what it would be better for him not to realize quite so clearly—the uselessness of going beyond fashionable standards, if he aims at social success. And there is still another thing to be said which concerns you just now very particularly. Whoever leads the intellectual life in earnest is sure on some points to fail in strict obedience to the exigencies of fashionable life, so that, if fashionable successes are still dear to him, he will be constantly tempted to make some such reflections as the following:—"Here am I, giving years and years of labor to a pursuit which brings no external reward, when half as much work would keep me abreast of the society I live with, in everything it really cares about. I know quite well all that my learning is costing me. Other men outshine me easily in social pleasures and accomplishments. My skill at bill-

iards and on the moors is evidently declining, and I cannot ride or drive so well as fellows who do very little else. In fact I am becoming an old muff, and all I have to show on the other side is a degree of scholarship which only six men in Europe can appreciate, and a speciality in natural science in which my little discoveries are sure to be either anticipated or left behind."

The truth is, that to succeed well in fashionable society the higher intellectual attainments are not so useful as distinguished skill in those amusements which are the real business of the fashionable world. The three things which tell best in your favor amongst young gentlemen are to be an excellent shot, to ride well to hounds, and to play billiards with great skill. I wish to say nothing against any of these accomplishments, having an especially hearty admiration and respect for all good horsemen, and considering the game of billiards the most perfectly beautiful of games; still, the fact remains that to do these things as well as some young gentlemen do them, we must devote the time which they devote, and if we regularly give nine hours a day to graver occupations, pray, how and where are we to find it?

LETTER III.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO LIVED MUCH IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

Some exceptional men may live alternately in different worlds—Instances—Differences between the fashionable and the intellectual spirit—Men sometimes made unfashionable by special natural gifts—Sometimes by trifling external circumstances—Anecdote of Ampère—He did not shine in society—His wife's anxieties about his material wants—Apparent contrast between Ampère and Oliver Goldsmith.

You ask me why there should be any fundamental incompatibility between the fashionable and the intellectual lives. It seems to you that the two might possibly be reconciled, and you mention instances of men who attained intellectual distinction without deserting the fashionable world.

Yes, there have been a few examples of men endowed with that overflow of energy which permits the most opposite pursuits, and enables its possessors to live, apparently, in two worlds between which there is not any natural affinity. A famous French novelist once took the trouble to elaborate the portrait of a lady who passed one half of her time in virtue and churches, whilst she employed the other half in the wildest adventures. In real life I may allude to a distinguished English engraver, who spent a fortnight over his plate

and a fortnight in some fashionable watering-place, alternately, and who found this distribution of his time not unfavorable to the elasticity of his mind. Many hard-working Londoners, who fairly deserve to be considered intellectual men, pass their days in professional labor and their evenings in fashionable society. But in all instances of this kind the professional work is serious enough, and regular enough, to give a very substantial basis to the life, so that the times of recreation are kept daily subordinate by the very necessity of circumstances. If you had a profession, and were obliged to follow it in earnest six or eight hours a day, the more Society amused you, the better. The danger in your case is that your whole existence may take a fashionable tone.

The *esprit* or tone of fashion differs from the intellectual tone in ways which I will attempt to define. Fashion is nothing more than the temporary custom of rich and idle people who make it their principal business to study the external elegance of life. This custom incessantly changes. If your habits of mind and life change with it you are a fashionable person, but if your habits of mind and life either remain permanently fixed or follow some law of your own individual nature, then you are outside of fashion. The intellectual spirit is remarkable for its independence of custom, and therefore on many occasions it will clash with the fashionable spirit. It does so most frequently in the choice of pursuits, and in the proportionate importance which the individual student will (in his own case) assign to his pursuits. The regulations of fashionable life have fixed, at the least temporarily, the degree of time and attention which a fashionable person may devote to this thing or that. The intellectual spirit ignores these regulations, and devotes its possessor, or more accurately its possessor, to the intellectual speciality for which he has most aptitude, often leaving him ignorant of what fashion has decided to be essential. After living the intellectual life for several years he will know too much of one thing and too little of some other things to be in conformity with the fashionable ideal. For example, the fashionable ideal of a gentleman requires classical scholarship, but it is so difficult for artists and men of science to be classical scholars also that in this respect they are likely to fall short. I knew a man who became unfashionable because he had a genius for mechanics. He was always about steam-engines, and, though a gentleman by birth, associated from choice with men who understood the science that chiefly interested him, of which all fashionable people

were so profoundly ignorant that he habitually kept out of their way. He, on his part, neglected scholarship and literature and all that "artistry of life," as Mr. Robert Lytton calls it, in which fashionable society excels. Men are frequently driven into unfashionable existence by the very force and vigor of their own intellectual gifts, and sometimes by external circumstances, apparently most trifling, yet of infinite influence on human destiny. There is a good instance of this in a letter from Ampère to his young wife, that "Julie" who was lost to him so soon. "I went to dine yesterday at Madame Beauregard's with hands blackened by a harmless drug which stains the skin for three or four days. She declared that it looked like manure, and left the table, saying that she would dine when I was at a distance. I promised not to return there before my hands were white. Of course I shall never enter the house again."

Here we have an instance of a man of science who has temporarily disqualified himself for polite society by an experiment in the pursuit of knowledge. What do you think of the vulgarity of Madame Beauregard? To me it appears the perfect type of that pre-occupation about appearances which blinds the genteel vulgar to the true nobility of life. Were not Ampère's stained hands nobler than many white ones? It is not necessary for every intellectual worker to blacken his fingers with chemicals, but a kind of rust very frequently comes over him which ought to be as readily forgiven, yet rarely is forgiven. "In his relations with the world," writes the biographer of Ampère, "the authority of superiority disappeared. To this the course of years brought no alternative. Ampère became celebrated, laden with honorable distinctions, the great Ampère! outside the speculations of the intellect, was hesitating and timid again, disquieted and troubled, and more disposed to accord his confidence to others than to himself."

Intellectual pursuits did not qualify Ampère, they do not qualify any one, for success in fashionable society. To succeed in the world you ought to be of the world, so as to share the things which interest it without too wide a deviation from the prevalent current of your thoughts. Its passing interests, its temporary customs, its transient phases of sentiment and opinion, ought to be for the moment your own interests, your own feelings and opinions. A mind absorbed as Ampère's was in the contemplation and elucidation of the unchangeable laws of nature, is too much fixed upon the permanent to adapt itself naturally to these ever-varying estimates.

He did not easily speak the world's lighter language, he could not move with its mobility. Such men forget even what they eat and what they put on; Ampère's young wife was in constant anxiety, whilst the pair were separated by the severity of their fate, as to the sufficiency of his diet and the decency of his appearance. One day she writes to him to mind not to go out in his shabby old coat, and in the same letter she entreats him to purchase a bottle of wine, so that when he took no milk or broth he would find it, and when it was all drunk she tells him to buy another bottle. Afterwards she asks him whether he makes a good fire, and if he has any chairs in his room. In another letter she inquires if his bed is comfortable, and in another she tells him to mind about his acids, for he has burnt holes in his blue stockings. Again, she begs him to try to have a passably decent appearance, because that will give pleasure to his poor wife. He answers, to tranquillize her, that he does not burn his things now, and that he makes chemical experiments only in his old breeches with his gray coat and his waistcoat of greenish velvet. But one day he is forced to confess that she must send him new trousers if he is to appear before MM. Delambre and Villars. He "does not know what to do," his best breeches still smell of turpentine, and, having wished to put on trousers to go to the Society of Emulation, he saw the hole which Barrat fancied he had mended become bigger than ever, so that it showed the piece of different cloth which he had sown under it. He adds that his wife will be afraid that he will spoil his "*beau pantalon*," but he promises to send it back to her as clean as when he received it. How different is all this from that watchful care about externals which marks the man of fashion! Ampère was quite a young man then, still almost a bridegroom, yet he is already so absorbed in the intellectual life as to forget appearances utterly, except when Julie, with feminine watchfulness, writes to recall them to his mind. I am not defending or advocating this carelessness. It is better to be neat and tidy than to go in holes and patches; but I desire to insist upon the radical difference between the fashionable spirit and the intellectual spirit. And this difference, which shows itself in these external things, is not less evident in the clothing or preparation of the mind. Ampère's intellect, great and noble as it was, could scarcely be considered more suitable for *le grand monde* than the breeches that smelt of turpentine, or the trousers made ragged by aquafortis.

A splendid contrast, as to tailoring, was our own dear Oliver Goldsmith, who displayed himself in those wonderful velvet coats and satin small-clothes from Mr. Filby's, which are more famous than the finest garments ever worn by prince or peer. Who does not remember that bloom-colored coat which the ablest painters have studiously immortalized, made by John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane (best advertised of tailors!), and that charming blue velvet suit, which Mr. Filby was never paid for? Surely a poet so splendid was fit for the career of fashion! No, Oliver Goldsmith's velvet and lace were the expression of a deep and painful sense of personal unfitness. They were the fine frame which is intended to pass off an awkward and imperfect picture. There was a quieter dignity in Johnson's threadbare sleeves. Johnson, the most influential though not the most elegant intellect of his time, is grander in his neglect of fashion than Goldsmith in his ruinous subservience. And if it were permitted to me to speak of two or three great geniuses who adorn the age in which we ourselves are living, I might add that they seem to follow the example of the author of "*Rasselas*" rather than that of Mr. Filby's illustrious customer. They remind me of a good old squire who, from a fine sentiment of duty, permitted the village artist to do his worst upon him, and incurred thereby this withering observation from his metropolitan tailor: "You are *covered*, sir, but you are *not dressed*!"

LETTER IV.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO LIVED MUCH IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

Test of professions—Mobility of fashionable taste—Practical service of an external deference to culture—Incompatibility between fashionable and intellectual lives—What each has to offer.

YOUR polite, almost diplomatic answer to my letter about fashionable society may be not unfairly concentrated into some such paragraph as the following:—

"What grounds have I for concluding that the professed tastes and opinions of Society are in any degree insincere? May not society be quite sincere in the preferences which it professes, and are not the preferences themselves almost always creditable to the good taste and really advanced culture of the Society which I suspect of a certain degree of affectation?"

This is the sense of your letter, and in reply

to it I give you a simple but sure test. Is the professed opinion carried out in practice, when there are fair opportunities for practice?

Let us go so far as to examine a particular instance. Your friends profess to appreciate classical literature. Do they read it? Or, on the other hand, do they confine themselves to believing that it is a good thing for other people to read it?

When I was a schoolboy, people told me that the classical authors of antiquity were eminently useful, and indeed absolutely necessary to the culture of the human mind, but I perceived that they did not read them. So I have heard many people express great respect for art and science, only they did not go so far as to master any department of art or science.

If you will apply this test to the professions of what is especially called fashionable society it is probable that you will arrive at the conclusions of the minority, which I have endeavored to express. You will find that the fashionable world remains very contentedly outside the true working intellectual life, and does not really share either its labors or its aspirations.

Another kind of evidence, which tells in the same direction, is the mobility of fashionable taste. At one time some studies are fashionable, at another time these are neglected and others have taken their place. You will not find this fickleness in the true intellectual world, which steadily pursues all its various studies, and keeps them well abreast, century after century.

If I insist upon this distinction with reference to you, do not accuse me of hostility even to fashion itself. Fashion is one of the great Divine institutions of human society, and the best philosophy rebels against none of the authorities that be, but studies and endeavors to explain them. The external deference which Society yields to culture is practically of great service, although (I repeat the epithet) it is *external*. The sort of good effect is in the intellectual sphere what the good effect of a general religious profession is in the moral sphere. All fashionable society goes to church. Fashionable religion differs from the religion of Peter and Paul as fashionable science differs from that of Humboldt and Arago, yet, notwithstanding this difference, the profession of religion is useful to Society as some restraint, at least during one day out of seven, upon its inveterate tendency to live exclusively for its amusement. And if any soul happens to come into existence in the fashionable world which has the genuine religious nature, that nature has a chance of developing itself, and

of finding ready to hand certain customs which are favorable to its well-being. So it is, though in quite a different direction, with the esteem which Society professes for intellectual pursuits. It is an esteem in great part merely nominal, as fashionable Christianity is nominal, and still it helps and favors the early development of the genuine faculty where it exists. It is certainly a great help to us that fashionable society, which has such a tremendous, such an almost irresistible power for good or evil, does not openly discourage our pursuits, but on the contrary regards them with great external deference and respect. The recognition which Society has given to artists has been wanting in frankness and in promptitude, though even in this case much may be said to excuse a sort of hesitation rather than refusal which was attributable to the strangeness and novelty of the artistic caste in England; but Society has far more than a generation professed a respect for literature and erudition which has helped those two branches of culture more effectually than great subsidies of money. The exact truth seems to be that Society is sincere in approving our devotion to these pursuits, but is not yet sufficiently interested in them to appreciate them otherwise than from the outside, just as a father and mother applaud their boys for reading Thucydides, yet do not read him themselves, either in the original or in a translation.

All that I care to insist upon is that there is a degree of incompatibility between the fashionable and the intellectual lives which makes it necessary, at a certain time, to choose one or the other as our own. There is no hostility, there need not be any uncharitable feeling on one side or the other, but there must be a resolute choice between the two. If you decide for the intellectual life, you will incur a definite loss to set against your gain. Your existence may have calmer and profounder satisfactions, but it will be less amusing, and even in an appreciable degree less *human*; less in harmony, I mean, with the common instincts and feelings of humanity. For the fashionable world, although decorated by habits of expense, has enjoyment for its object, and arrives at enjoyment by those methods which the experience of generations has proved to be most efficacious. Variety of amusement, frequent change of scenery and society, healthy exercise, pleasant occupation of the mind without fatigue—these things do indeed make existence agreeable to human nature, and the science of living agreeably is better understood in the fashionable society of England than by laborious students

and savans. The life led by that society is the true heaven of the natural man, who likes to have frequent feasts and a hearty appetite, who enjoys the varying spectacle of wealth, and splendor, and pleasure, who loves to watch, from the Olympus of his personal ease, the curious results of labor in which he takes no part, the interesting ingenuity of the toiling world below. In exchange for these varied pleasures of the spectator the intellectual life can offer you but one satisfaction, for all its promises are reducible simply to this, that you shall come at last, after infinite labor, into contact with some great *reality*—that you shall know, and do, in such sort that you will feel yourself on firm ground and be recognized—probably not much applauded, but yet recognized—as a fellow-laborer by other knowers and doers. Before you come to this, most of your present accomplishments will be abandoned by yourself as unsatisfactory and insufficient, but one or two of them will be turned to better account, and will give you after many years a tranquil self-respect, and, what is still rarer and better, a very deep and earnest reverence for the greatness which is above you. Severed from the vanities of the Illusory, you will live with the realities of knowledge, as one who has quitted the painted scenery of the theatre to listen by the eternal ocean or gaze at the granite hills.

LETTER V.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO KEPT ENTIRELY OUT OF COMPANY.

That Society which is frivolous in the mass contains individuals who are not frivolous—A piece of the author's early experience—Those who keep out of Society miss opportunities—People talk about what they have in common—That we ought to be tolerant of dulness—The loss to Society if superior men all held aloof—Utility of the gifted in general society—They ought not to submit to expulsion.

I WILLINGLY concede all that you say against fashionable society as a whole. It is, as you say, frivolous, bent on amusement, incapable of attention sufficiently prolonged to grasp any serious subject, and liable both to confusion and inaccuracy in the ideas which it hastily forms or easily receives. You do right, assuredly, not to let it waste your most valuable hours, but I believe also that you do wrong in keeping out of it altogether.

The society which seems so frivolous in masses contains individual members who, if you knew them better, would be able and

willing to render you the most efficient intellectual help, and you miss this help by restricting yourself exclusively to books. Nothing can replace the conversation of living men and women; not even the richest literature can replace it.

Many years ago I was thrown by accident amongst a certain society of Englishmen who, when they were all together, never talked about anything worth talking about. Their general conversations were absolutely empty and null, and I concluded, as young men so easily conclude, that those twenty or thirty gentlemen had not half a dozen ideas amongst them. A little reflection might have reminded me that my own talk was no better than theirs, and consequently that there might be others in the company who also knew more and thought more than they expressed. I found out, by accident, after awhile, that some of these men had more than common culture in various directions; one or two had travelled far, and brought home the results of much observation; one or two had read largely, and with profit; more than one had studied a science; five or six had seen a great deal of the world. It was a youthful mistake to conclude that, because their general conversation was very dull, the men were dull individually. The general conversations of English society are dull; it is a national characteristic. But the men themselves are individually often very well informed, and quite capable of imparting their information to a single interested listener. The art is to be that listener. Englishmen have the greatest dread of producing themselves in the semi-publicity of a general conversation, because they fear that their special topics may not be cared for by some of the persons present; but if you can get one of them into a quiet corner by himself, and humor his shyness with sufficient delicacy and tact, he will disburden his mind at last, and experience a relief in so doing.

By keeping out of society altogether you miss these precious opportunities. The wise course is to mix as much with the world as may be possible without withdrawing too much time from your serious studies, but not to expect anything valuable from the general talk, which is nothing but a neutral medium in which intelligences float and move as yachts do in sea-water, and for which they ought not to be held individually responsible. The talk of Society answers its purpose if it simply permits many different people to come together without clashing, and the purpose of its conventions is the avoidance of collision. In England the small talk

is heavy, like water; in France it is light as air; in both countries it is a medium and no more.

Society talks, by preference, about amusements; it does so because when people meet for recreation they wish to relieve their minds from serious cares, and also for the practical reason that Society must talk about what its members have in common, and their amusements are more in common than their work. As M. Thiers recommended the republican form of government in France on the ground that it was the form which divided his countrymen least, so a polite and highly civilized society chooses for the subject of general conversation the topic which is least likely to separate the different people who are present. It almost always happens that the best topic having this recommendation is some species of amusement; since amusements are easily learnt outside the business of life, and we are all initiated into them in youth.

For these reasons I think that we ought to be extremely tolerant of the dulness or frivolity which may seem to prevail in any numerous company, and not to conclude too hastily that the members of it are in any degree more dull or frivolous than ourselves. It is unfortunate, certainly, that the art of general conversation is not so successfully cultivated as it might be, and there are reasons for believing that our posterity will surpass us in this respect, because as culture increases the spirit of toleration increases with it, so that the great questions of politics and religion, in which all are interested, may be discussed more safely than they could be at the present day, by persons of different ways of thinking. But even the sort of general conversation we have now, poor as it may seem, still sufficiently serves as a medium for human intercourse, and permits us to meet on a common ground where we may select at leisure the agreeable or instructive friends that our higher intellect needs, and without whom the intellectual life is one of the ghastliest of solitudes.

And now permit me to add a few observations on another aspect of this subject, which is not without its importance.

Let us suppose that every one of rather more than ordinary capacity and culture were to act as you yourself are acting, and withdraw entirely from general society. Let us leave out of consideration for the present the loss to their private culture which would be the consequence of missing every opportunity

for forming new intellectual friendships. Let us consider, this time, what would be the consequence to Society itself.

If all the cultivated men were withdrawn from it, the general tone of Society would inevitably descend much lower even than it is at present; it would sink so low that the whole national intellect would undergo a sure and inevitable deterioration. It is plainly the duty of men situated as you are, who have been endowed by nature with superior faculties, and who have enlarged them by the acquisition of knowledge, to preserve Society by their presence from an evil so surely prolific of bad consequences. If Society is less narrow, and selfish, and intolerant, and apathetic than it used to be, it is because they who are the salt of the earth have not disdained to mix with its grosser and earthier elements. All the improvement in public sentiment, and the advancement in general knowledge which have marked the course of recent generations, are to be attributed to the wholesome influence of men who could think and feel, and who steadily exercised, often quite obscurely, yet not the less usefully in their time and place, the subtle but powerful attraction of the greater mind over the less. Instead of complaining that people are ignorant and frivolous, we ought to go amongst them and lead them to the higher life. "I know not how it is," said one in a dull circle to a more gifted friend who entered it occasionally, "when we are left to ourselves we are all lamentably stupid, but whenever you are kind enough to come amongst us we all talk very much better, and of things that are well worth talking about." The gifted man is always welcome, if only he will stoop to conquer, and forget himself to give light and heat to others. The low Philistinism of many a provincial town is due mainly to the shy reserve of the one or two superior men who fancy that they cannot amalgamate with the common intellect of the place.

Not only would I advocate a little patient condescension, but even something of the sturdier temper which will not be driven out. Are the Philistines to have all the talk to themselves forever; are they to rehearse their stupid old platitudes without the least fear of contradiction? How long, O Lord! how long? Let us resolve that even in general society they shall not eternally have things their own way. Somebody ought to have the courage to enlighten them even at their own tables, and in the protecting presence of their admiring wives and daughters.

LETTER VI.

TO A FRIEND WHO KINDLY WARNED THE AUTHOR OF THE BAD EFFECTS OF SOLITUDE.

Væ solis—Society and solitude alike necessary—The use of each—In solitude we know ourselves—Montaigne as a book-buyer—Compensations of solitude—Description of one who loved and sought it—How men are driven into solitude—Cultivated people in the provinces—Use of solitude as a protection for rare and delicate natures—Shelley's dislike to general society—Wordsworth and Turner—Sir Isaac Newton's repugnance to society—Auguste Comte—His systematic isolation and unshakable firmness of purpose—Milton and Bunyan—The solitude which is really injurious—Painters and authors—An ideal division of life.

You cry to me *Væ solis*! and the cry seems not the less loud and stirring that it comes in the folds of a letter. Just at first it quite startled and alarmed me, and made me strangely dissatisfied with my life and work; but farther reflection has been gradually reconciling me ever since, and now I feel cheerful again, and in a humor to answer you.

Woe unto him that is alone! This has been often said, but the studious recluse may answer, *Woe unto him that is never alone and cannot bear to be alone!*

We need society, and we need solitude also, as we need summer and winter, day and night, exercise and rest. I thank heaven for a thousand pleasant and profitable conversations with acquaintances and friends; I thank heaven also, and not less gratefully, for thousands of sweet hours that have passed in solitary thought or labor, under the silent stars.

Society is necessary to give us our share and place in the collective life of humanity, but solitude is necessary to the maintenance of the individual life. Society is to the individual what travel and commerce are to a nation; whilst solitude represents the home life of the nation, during which it develops its especial originality and genius.

The life of the perfect hermit, and that of those persons who feel themselves nothing individually, and have no existence but what they receive from others, are alike imperfect lives. The perfect life is like that of a ship of war which has its own place in the fleet and can share in its strength and discipline, but can also go forth alone in the solitude of the infinite sea. We ought to belong to Society, to have our place in it, and yet to be capable of a complete individual existence outside of it.

Which of the two is the grander, the ship in the disciplined fleet, arranged in order of battle, or the ship alone in the tempest, a thousand miles from land? The truest grandeur of the ship is neither in one nor the other,

but in the capacity for both. What would that captain merit who either had not seamanship enough to work under the eye of the admiral, or else had not sufficient knowledge of navigation to be trusted out of the range of signals?

I value society for the abundance of ideas that it brings before us, like carriages in a frequented street; but I value solitude for sincerity and peace, and for the better understanding of the thoughts that are truly ours. Only in solitude do we learn our inmost nature and its needs. He who has lived for some great space of existence apart from the tumult of the world, has discovered the vanity of the things for which he has no natural aptitude or gift—their *relative* vanity, I mean, their uselessness to himself, personally; and at the same time he has learned what is truly precious and good for him. Surely this is knowledge of inestimable value to a man: surely it is a great thing for any one in the bewildering confusion of distracting toils and pleasures to have found out the labor that he is most fit for and the pleasures that satisfy him best. Society so encourages us in affectations that it scarcely leaves us a chance of knowing our own minds; but in solitude this knowledge comes of itself, and delivers us from innumerable vanities.

Montaigne tells us that at one time he bought books from ostentation, but that afterwards he bought only such books as he wanted for his private reading. In the first of these conditions of mind we may observe the influence of society; in the second the effect of solitude. The man of the world does not consult his own intellectual needs, but considers the eyes of his visitors; the solitary student takes his literature as a lonely traveller takes food when he is hungry, without reference to the ordered courses of public hospitality.

It is a traditional habit of mankind to see only the disadvantages of solitude, without considering its compensations; but there are great compensations, some of the greatest being negative. The lonely man is lord of his own hours and of his own purse; his days are long and unbroken, he escapes from every form of ostentation, and may live quite simply and sincerely in great calm breadths of leisure. I knew one who passed his summers in the heart of a vast forest, in a common thatched cottage with furniture of common deal, and for this retreat he quitted very gladly a rich fine house in the city. He wore nothing but old clothes, read only a few old books, without the least regard to the opinions of the learned, and did not take in a newspaper. On the wall of his habitation he inscribed with

a piece of charcoal a quotation from De Sénancour to this effect: "In the world a man lives in his own age; in solitude, in all the ages." I observed in him the effects of a lonely life, and he greatly aided my observations by frankly communicating his experiences. That solitude had become inexpressibly dear to him, but he admitted one evil consequence of it, which was an increasing unfitness for ordinary society, though he cherished a few tried friendships, and was grateful to those who loved him and could enter into his humor. He had acquired a horror of towns and crowds, not from nervousness, but because he felt imprisoned and impeded in his thinking, which needed the depths of the forest, the venerable trees, the communication with primeval nature, from which he drew a mysterious yet necessary nourishment for the peculiar activity of his mind. I found that his case answered very exactly to the sentence he quoted from De Sénancour; he lived less in his own age than others do, but he had a fine compensation in a strangely vivid understanding of other ages. Like De Sénancour, he had a strong sense of the transitoriness of what is transitory, and a passionate preference for all that the human mind conceives to be relatively or absolutely permanent. This trait was very observable in his talk about the peoples of antiquity, and in the delight he took in dwelling rather upon everything which they had in common with ourselves than on those differences which are more obvious to the modern spirit. His temper was grave and earnest, but unfailingly cheerful, and entirely free from any tendency to bitterness. The habits of his life would have been most unfavorable to the development of a man of business, of a statesman, of a leader in practical enterprise, but they were certainly not unfavorable to the growth of a tranquil and comprehensive intellect, capable of "just judgment and high-hearted patriotism." He had not the spirit of the newspapers, he did not live intensely in the present, but he had the spirit which has animated great poets, saints, and sages, and far-seeing teachers of humanity. Not in vain had he lived alone in Nature, not in vain had he watched in sun twilights and witnessed many a dawn. Here is, there is a strength that comes to us in solitude from that shadowy, awful Presence that frivolous crowds repel!

Solitude may be and is sometimes deliberately accepted or chosen, but far more frequently men are driven into it by Nature and Fate. They go into solitude to escape the sense of isolation which is always most intolerable when there are many voices round us

in loud dissonance with our sincerest thought. It is a great error to encourage in young people the love of noble culture in the hope that it may lead them more into what is called good society. High culture always isolates, always drives men out of their class and makes it more difficult for them to share naturally and easily the common class-life around them. They seek the few companions who can understand them, and when these are not to be had within any traversable distance, they sit and work alone. Very possibly too, in some instances, a superior culture may compel the possessor of it to hold opinions too far in advance of the opinions prevalent around him to be patiently listened to or tolerated, and then he must either disguise them, which is always highly distasteful to a man of honor, or else submit to be treated as an enemy to human welfare. Cultivated people who live in London (their true home) need never condemn themselves to solitude from this cause, but in the provinces there are many places where it is not easy for them to live sociably without a degree of reserve that is more wearisome than solitude itself. And however much pains you take to keep your culture well in the background, it always makes you rather an object of suspicion to people who have no culture. They perceive that you are reserved, they know that very much of what passes in your mind is a mystery to them, and this feeling makes them uneasy in your presence, even afraid of you, and not indisposed to find a compensation for this uncomfortable feeling in sarcasms behind your back. Unless you are gifted with a truly extraordinary power of conciliating goodwill, you are not likely to get on happily, for long together, with people who feel themselves your inferiors. The very utmost skill and caution will hardly avail to hide all your modes of thought. Something of your higher philosophy will escape in an unguarded moment, and give offence because it will seem foolish or incomprehensible to your audience. There is no safety for you but in a timely withdrawal, either to a society that is prepared to understand you, or else to a solitude where your intellectual superiorities will neither be a cause of irritation to others nor of vexation to yourself.

Like all our instincts, the instinct of solitude has its especial purpose, which appears to be the protection of rare and delicate natures from the commonplace world around them. Though recluses are considered by men of the world to be doomed to inevitable incompetence, the fact is that many of them have reached the highest distinction in intel-

lectual pursuits. If Shelley had not disliked general society as he did, the originality of his own living and thinking would have been less complete; the influences of mediocre people, who, of course, are always in the majority, would have silently but surely operated to the destruction of that unequalled and personal delicacy of imagination to which we owe what is inimitable in his poetry. In the last year of his life, he said to Trelawny of Mary, his second wife, "She can't bear solitude, nor I society—the quick coupled with the dead." Here is a piteous prayer of his to be delivered from a party that he dreaded: "Mary says she will have a party! There are English singers here, the Sinclairs, and she will ask them, and every one she or you know. Oh the horror! For pity go to Mary and intercede for me! I will submit to any other species of torture than that of being bored to death by idle ladies and gentlemen." Again, he writes to Mary: "My greatest delight would be utterly to desert all human society. I would retire with you and our child to a solitary island in the sea; would build a boat, and shut upon my retreat the flood-gates of the world. I would read no reviews and talk with no authors. If I dared trust my imagination it would tell me that there are one or two chosen companions beside yourself whom I should desire. But to this I would not listen; where two or three are gathered together, the devil is among them." At Marlow he knew little of his neighbors. "I am not wretch enough," he said, "to tolerate an acquaintance." Wordsworth and Turner, if less systematic in their isolation, were still solitary workers, and much of the peculiar force and originality of their performance is due to their independence of the people about them. Painters are especial sufferers from the visits of talkative people who know little or nothing of the art they talk about, and yet who have quite influence enough to disturb the painter's mind by proving to him that his noblest thoughts are surest to be misunderstood. Men of science, too, find solitude favorable to their peculiar work, because it permits the concentration of their powers during long periods of time. Newton had a great repugnance to society, and even to notoriety—a feeling which is different, and in men of genius more rare. No one can doubt, however, that Newton's great intellectual achievements were due in some measure to this peculiarity of his temper, which permitted him to ripen them in the sustained tranquillity necessary to difficult investigations. Auguste Comte isolated himself not only from preference but on system, and

whatever may have been the defects of his remarkable mind, and the weakness of its ultimate decay, it is certain that his amazing command over vast masses of heterogeneous material would have been incompatible with any participation in the passing interests of the world. Nothing in intellectual history has ever exceeded the unshakable firmness of purpose with which he dedicated his whole being to the elaboration of the Positive philosophy. He sacrificed everything to it—position, time, health, and all the amusements and opportunities of society. He found that commonplace acquaintances disturbed his work and interfered with his mastery of it, so he resolutely renounced them. Others have done great things in isolation that was not of their own choosing, yet not the less fruitful for them and for mankind. It was not when Milton saw most of the world, but in the forced retirement of a man who had lost health and eyesight, and whose party was hopelessly defeated, that he composed the "Paradise Lost." It was during tedious years of imprisonment that Bunyan wrote his immortal allegory. Many a genius has owed his best opportunities to poverty, because poverty had happily excluded him from society, and so preserved him from time-devouring exigencies and frivolities.

The solitude which is really injurious is severance from all who are capable of understanding us. Painters say that they cannot work effectively for very long together when separated from the society of artists, and that they must return to London, or Paris, or Rome, to avoid an oppressive feeling of discouragement which paralyzes their productive energy. Authors are more fortunate, because all cultivated people are sociable for them; yet even authors lose strength and agility of thought when too long deprived of a genial intellectual atmosphere. In the country you meet with cultivated individuals; but we need more than this, we need those general conversations in which every speaker is worth listening to. The most favorable to culture would have times of open and equal intercourse with the best minds, and also its periods of retirement. My ideal would be a house in London, not from one or two houses that are so full of light and warmth that it is a liberal education to have entered them, and a solitude on some island of the Hebrides, with no companions but the sea-gulls and the thundering surges of the Atlantic. On one island I know well, and it is before my mind's eye, clear as a picture, whilst I am writing. It stands in the very entrance of a fine

water loch, rising above two hundred feet out of the water and setting its granite front steep against the western ocean. When the evenings are clear you can see Staffa and Iona like blue clouds between you and the sunset; and on your left, close at hand, the granite hills of Mull, with Ulva to the right across the narrow strait. It was the dream of my youth to build a tower there, with three or four little rooms in it, and walls as strong as a lighthouse. There have been more foolish dreams, and there have been less competent teachers than the tempests that would have roused me and the calms that would have brought me peace. If any serious thought, if any noble inspiration might have been hoped for, surely it would have been there, where only the clouds and waves were transient, but the ocean before me, and the stars above, and the mountains on either hand, were emblems and evidences of eternity.

NOTE.—There is a passage in Scott's novel, "The Pirate," which illustrates what has been said in this letter about the necessity for concealing superior culture in the presence of less intellectual companions, and I quote it the more willingly that Scott was so remarkably free from any morbid aversion to society, and so capable of taking a sincere interest in every human being.

Cleveland is speaking to Minna:—

"I thought over my former story, and saw that seeming more brave, skilful, and enterprising than others had gained me command and respect, and that seeming more gently nurtured and more civilized than they had made them envy and hate me as a being of another species. *I bargained with myself then, that since I could not lay aside my superiority of intellect and education, I would do my best to disguise, and to sink, in the rude seaman, all appearance of better feeling and better accomplishments.*"

A similar policy is often quite as necessary in the society of ladies.

PART X.

INTELLECTUAL HYGIENICS.

LETTER I.

TO A YOUNG AUTHOR WHILST HE WAS WRITING HIS FIRST BOOK.

Mr. Galton's advice to young travellers—That we ought to interest ourselves in the progress of a journey—The same rule applicable in intellectual things—Women in the cabin of a canal boat—Working hastily for temporary purposes—Fevered eagerness to get work done—Beginners have rarely acquired firm intellectual habits—Knowing the range of our own powers—The coolness of accomplished artists—Advice given by Ingres—Balsac's method of work—Scott, Horace Vernet, John Phillip—Decided workers are deliberate workers.

I READ the other day, in Galton's "Art of Travel," a little bit which concerns you and all of us, but I made the extract in my com-

monplace-book for your benefit rather than my own, because the truth it contains has been "borne in upon me" by my own experience, so that what Mr. Galton says did not give me a new conviction, but only confirmed me in an old one. He is speaking to explorers who have not done so much in that way as he has himself, and though the subject of his advice is the conduct of an exploring party (in the wilds of Australia, for example) the advice itself is equally useful if taken metaphorically, and applied to the conduct of intellectual labors and explorations of all kinds.

"Interest yourself," says Mr. Galton, "chiefly in the progress of your journey, and do not look forward to its end with eagerness. It is better to think of a return to civilization, not as an end to hardship and a haven from ill, but as a thing to be regretted, and as a close to an adventurous and pleasant life. In this way, risking less, you will insensibly creep on, making connections, and learning the capabilities of the country as you advance, which will be found invaluable in the case of a hurried or a disastrous return. And thus, when some months have passed by, you will look back with surprise on the great distance travelled over; for if you average only three miles a day, at the end of the year you will have advanced 1000, which is a very considerable exploration. The fable of the hare and the tortoise seems expressly intended for travellers over wide and unknown tracts."

Yes, we ought to interest ourselves chiefly in the progress of our work, and not to look forward to its end with eagerness. That eagerness of which Mr. Galton speaks has spoiled many a piece of work besides a geographical exploration, and it not only spoils work, but it does worse, it spoils life also. How am I to enjoy this year as I ought, if I am continually wishing it were over? A truly intellectual philosophy must begin by recognizing the fact that the intellectual paths are infinitely long, that there will always be new horizons behind the horizon that is before us, and that we must accept a gradual advance as the law of our intellectual life. It is our business to move forwards, but we ought to do so without any greater feeling of hurry than that which affects the most stationary of minds. Not a bad example for us is a bargeman's wife in a canal-boat. She moves; movement is the law of her life; yet she is as tranquil in her little cabin as any goodwife on shore, brewing her tea and preparing her buttered toast without ever thinking about getting to the end of her journey. For if that voyage were ended, another would always succeed to

it, and another! In striking contrast to the unhurried bargeman's wife in her cabin is an irritable Frenchman in the corner of a diligence, looking at his watch every half-hour, and wishing that the dust and rattle were over, and he were in his own easy-chair at home. Those who really lead the intellectual life, and have embraced it for better and for worse, are like the bargeman's wife; but those who live the life from time to time only, for some special purpose, wishing to be rid of it as soon as that purpose is accomplished, are like the sufferer in the purgatory of the diligence. Is there indeed really any true intellectual life at all when every hour of labor is spoiled by a feverish eagerness to be at the end of the projected task? You cannot take a bit out of another man's life and live it, without having lived the previous years that led up to it, without having also the assured hopes for the years that lie beyond. The attempt is constantly made by amateurs of all kinds, and by men of temporary purposes, and it always fails. The amateur says when he awakes on some fine summer morning, and draws up his blind, and looks out on the dewy fields: "Ah, the world of nature is beautiful to-day: what if I were to lead the life of an artist?" And after breakfast he seeks up his old box of watercolor and his blockbook, and stool, and white umbrella, and what not, and sallies forth, and fixes himself on the edge of the forest or the banks of the amber stream. The day that he passes there looks like an artist's day, yet it is not. It has not been preceded by the three or four thousand days which ought to have led up to it; it is not strong in the assured sense of present skill, in the calm knowledge that the hours will bear good fruit. So the chances are that there will be some hurry, and fretfulness, and impatience, under the shadow of that white parasol, and also that when the day is over there will be a disappointment. You cannot put an artist's day into the life of any one but an artist.

Our impatiences come mainly, I think, from an amateurish doubt about our own capacity, which is accompanied by a fevered eagerness to see the work done, because we are tormented both by hopes and fears so long as it is in progress. We have fears that it may not turn out as it ought to do, and we have at the same time hopes for its success. Both these causes produce eagerness, and deprive us of the tranquillity which distinguishes the thorough workman, and which is necessary to thoroughness in the work itself. Now please observe that I am not advising you to set aside these hopes and fears by an

effort of the will; when you have them they are the inevitable result of your state of culture, and the will can no more get rid of them than it can get rid of an organic disease. When you have a limited amount of power and of culture, and are not quite clear in your own mind as to where the limits lie, it is natural on the one hand that you should fear the insufficiency of what you possess, and on the other that in more sanguine moments you should indulge in hopes which are only extravagant because your powers have not yet been accurately measured. You will alternate between fear and hope, according to the temporary predominance of saddening or cheerful ideas, but both these feelings will urge you to complete the work in hand, that you may see your own powers reflected in it, and measure them more exactly. This is the main cause of the eagerness of young authors, and the reason why they often launch work upon the sea of publicity which is sure to go immediately to the bottom, from the unworkmanlike haste with which it has been put together. But beyond this there is another cause, which is, that beginners in literature have rarely acquired firm intellectual habits, that they do not yet lead the tranquil intellectual life, so that such a piece of work as the composition of a book keeps them in an unwholesome state of excitement. When you feel this coming upon you, pray remember Mr. Galton's wise traveller in unknown tracts, or the bargeman's wife in the canal-boat.

Amongst the many advantages of experience, one of the most valuable is that we come to know the range of our own powers, and if we are wise we keep contentedly within them. This relieves us from the malady of eagerness; we know pretty accurately beforehand what our work will be when it is done, and therefore we are not in a hurry to see it accomplished. The coolness of old hands in all departments of labor is due in part to the cooling of the temperament by age, but it is due even more to the fulness of acquired experience, for we do not find middle-aged men so cool in situations where they feel themselves incompetent. The conduct of the most experienced painters in the management of their work is a good example of this masterly coolness, because we can see them painting in their studios whereas we cannot so easily see or so justly estimate the coolness of scientific or literary workmen. A painter of great experience will have, usually, several pictures at a time upon his easels, and pass an hour upon one, or an hour upon the other, simple as the state of the pigment

invites him without ever being tempted to risk anything by hurrying a process. The ugly preparatory daubing which irritates the impatience of the beginner does not disturb his equanimity; he has laid it with a view to the long-foreseen result, and it satisfies him temporarily as the right thing for the time being. If you know what is the right thing for the time being, and always do it, you are sure of the calm of the thorough workman. All his touches, except the very last touch on each work, are touches of preparation, leading gradually up to his result. Ingres used to counsel his pupils to sketch always, to sketch upon and within the first sketch till the picture came right in the end; and this was strictly Balzac's method in literature. The literary and artistic labors of these two men did not proceed so much upon the principle of travelling as upon that of cultivation. They took an idea in the rough, as a settler takes a tract from wild nature, and then they went over it repeatedly, each time pushing the cultivation of it a little farther. Scott, Horace Vernet, John Phillip, and many others, have worked rather on the principle of travelling, passing over the ground once, and leaving it, never coming back again to correct the mistakes of yesterday. Both methods of work require deliberation, but the latter needs it in the supreme degree. All very decided workers, men who did not correct, have been at the same time very deliberate workers—rapid, in the sense of accomplishing much in the course of the year, or the life, but cautious and slow and observant whilst they actually labored, thinking out very carefully every sentence before they wrote it, every touch of paint before they laid it.

LETTER II.

TO A STUDENT IN THE FIRST ARDOR OF INTELLECTUAL AMBITION.

The first freshness—Why should it not be preserved?—The dulness of the intellectual—Fictions and false promises—Eau-de-vie in work itself—Dürer's engraving of Melancholy—Scott about Dryden—Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth—Humboldt, Cuvier, Goethe—Tennyson's "Maud"—Preventives of ennui—Hard study for limited times—The ennui of faded faculties.

I HAVE been thinking about you frequently of late, and the burden or refrain of my thoughts has been "What a blessing he has in that first freshness, if only he could keep it!" But now I am beginning more hopefully to ask myself, "Why should he not keep it?"

It would be an experiment worth trying, so to order your intellectual life, that however stony and thorny your path might be; however difficult and arduous, it should at all events never be dull; or, to express what I mean more accurately, that you yourself should never feel the depressing influences of dulness during the years when they are most to be dreaded. I want you to live steadily and happily in your intellectual labors, even to the natural close of existence, and my best wish for you is that you may escape a long and miserable malady which brain-workers very commonly suffer from when the first dreams of youth have been disappointed—a malady in which the intellectual desires are feeble, the intellectual hopes are few; whose victim, if he has still resolution enough to learn anything, acquires without satisfaction; and, if he has courage to create, has neither pride nor pleasure in his creations.

If I were to sing the praises of knowledge as they have been so often sung by louder harps than mine, I might avoid so dreary a theme. It is easy to pretend to believe that the intellectual life is always sure to be interesting and delightful, but the truth is that, either from an unwise arrangement of their work, or from mental or physical causes which we will investigate to some extent before we have done with the subject, many men whose occupations are reputed to be amongst the most interesting have suffered terribly from *ennui*, and that not during a week or two at a time, but for consecutive years and years.

There is a class of books written with the praiseworthy intention of stimulating young men to intellectual labor, in which this danger of the intellectual life is systematically ignored. It is assumed in these books that the satisfactions of intellectual labor are certain; that although it may not always, or often, result in outward and material prosperity, its inward joys will never fail. Promises of this kind cannot safely be made to any one. The satisfactions of intellectual riches are not more sure than the satisfactions of material riches; the feeling of dull indifference which often so mysteriously clouds the life of the rich man in the midst of the most elaborate contrivances for his pleasure and amusement, has its exact counterpart in the lives of men who are rich in the best treasures of the mind; and who have infinite intellectual resources. However brilliant your ability, however brave and persistent your industry, however vast your knowledge, there is always this dreadful possibility of *ennui*. People tell you that work is a specific

against it, but many a man has worked steadily and earnestly, and suffered terribly from *ennui* all the time that he was working, although the labor was of his own choice, the labor that he loved best, and for which Nature evidently intended him. The poets, from Solomon downwards, have all of them, so far as I know, given utterance in one page or another of their writings to this feeling of dreary dissatisfaction, and Albert Dürer, in his "Melencolia," illustrated it. It is plain that the robust female figure which has exercised the ingenuity of so many commentators is not melancholy either from weakness of the body or vacancy of the mind. She is strong and she is learned; yet, though the plumes of her wings are mighty, she sits heavily and listlessly, brooding amidst the implements of suspended labor, on the shore of a waveless sea. The truth is that Dürer engraved the melancholy that he himself only too intimately knew. * This is not the dullness of the ignorant and incapable, whose minds are a blank because they have no ideas, whose hands are listless for want of an occupation; it is the sadness of the most learned, the most intelligent, the most industrious; the weary misery of those who are rich in the attainments of culture, who have the keys of the chambers of knowledge, and wings to bear them to the heaven of the ideal. If you counsel this "Melencolia" to work that she may be merry, she will answer that she knows the uses of labor and its vanity, and the precise amount of profit that a man hath of all his labor which he taketh under the sun. All things are full of labor, she will tell you; and in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

Can we escape this brooding melancholy of the great workers—has any truly intellectual person escaped it ever? The question can never be answered with perfect certainty, because we can never quite accurately know the whole truth about the life of another. I have known several men of action, almost entirely devoid of intellectual culture, who enjoyed an unbroken flow of animal energy, and were clearly free from the melancholy of Dürer; but I never intimately knew a really cultivated person who had not suffered from it more or less, and the greatest sufferers were the most conscientious thinkers and students. Amongst the illustrious dead, it may be very safely answered that any poet who has described it has written from his own experience—a transient experience it may be, yet his own. When Walter Scott, *à-propos* of Dryden, spoke of "the apparently causeless fluctuation of spirits incident

to one doomed to labor incessantly in the feverish exercise of the imagination," and of that "sinking of spirit which follows violent mental exertion," is it not evident that his kindly understanding of Dryden's case came from the sympathy of a fellow-laborer who knew by his own experience the gloomier and more depressing passages of the imaginative life? It would be prudent perhaps to omit the mention of Byron, because some may attribute his sadness to his immorality; and if I spoke of Shelley, they might answer that he was "sad because he was impious;" but the truth is, that quite independently of conduct, and even of belief, it was scarcely possible for natures so highly imaginative as these two, and so ethereally intellectual as one of the two, to escape those clouds of gloom which darken the intellectual life. Wordsworth was not immoral, Wordsworth was not unorthodox, yet he could be as sad in his own sober way as Byron in the bitterness of his desolation, or Shelley in his tenderest wailing. The three men who seem to have been the least subject to the sadness of intellectual workers were Alexander Humboldt, Cuvier, and Goethe. Alexander Humboldt, so far as is known to us, lived always in a clear and cheerful daylight; his appetite for learning was both strong and regular; he embraced the intellectual life in his earliest manhood, and lived in it with an unhesitating singleness of purpose, to the limits of extreme old age. Cuvier was to the last a model student, of a temper at once most unflinching and most kind, happy in all his studies, happier still in his unequalled facility of mental self-direction. Goethe, as all know, lived a life of unflagging interest in each of the three great branches of intellectual labor. During the whole of his long life he was interested in literature, in which he was a master; he was interested in science, in which he was a discoverer, and in art, of which he was an ardent though not practically successful student. His intellectual activity ceased only on rare occasions of painful illness or overwhelming affliction; he does not seem to have asked himself ever whether knowledge was worth its cost; he was always ready to pay the appointed price of toil. He had no infirmity of intellectual doubt; the powerful impulses from within assured him that knowledge was good for him, and he went to it urged by an unerring instinct, as a young salmon bred in the slime of a river seeks strength in the infinite sea. And yet, being a poet and a man of strong passions, Goethe did not altogether escape the green-sickness which afflicts the imaginative temperament,

or he could never have written "Werther;" but he cured himself very soon, and the author of "Werther" had no indulgence for Wertherism—indeed we are told that he grew ashamed of having written the book which inoculated the younger minds of Europe with that miserable disease. In our own time an illustrious poet has given in "Maud" a very perfect study of a young mind in a morbid condition, a mind having indeed the student-temper, but of a bad kind, that which comes not from the genuine love of study, but from sulky rage against the world.

"Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or man be the worse.

I will bury myself in my books, and the Devil may pipe to his own."

This kind of self-burial in one's library does not come from the love of literature. The recluse will not speak to his neighbor, yet needs human intercourse of some kind, and seeks it in reading, urged by an inward necessity. He feels no gratitude towards the winners of knowledge; his morbid ill-nature depreciates the intellectual laborers:—

"The man of science himself is fonder of glory and vain;
An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor."

What is the life such a spirit will choose for itself? Despising alike the ignorant and the learned, the acuteness of the cultivated and the simplicity of the poor, in what form of activity or inaction will he seek what all men need, the harmony of a life well tuned?

"Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways;
Where, if I cannot be gay, let a passionless peace be my lot."

There are many different morbid states of the mind, and this of the hero of "Maud" is only one of them, but it is the commonest amongst intellectual or semi-intellectual young men. See how he has a little fit of momentary enthusiasm (all he is capable of) about a shell that suddenly and accidentally attracts his attention. How true to the morbid nature is that incident! Unable to pursue any large and systematic observation, the diseased mind is attracted to things suddenly and accidentally, sees them out of all proportion, and then falls into the inevitable fit of scornful peevishness.

"What is it? A learned man
Could give it a clumsy name;
Let him name it who can."

The question which concerns the world is, how this condition of the mind may be avoided. The cure Mr. Tennyson suggested was war; but wars, though more frequent than is desirable, are not to be had always. And in your case, my friend, it is happily not a cure but a preventive that is needed.

Let me recommend certain precautions which taken together are likely to keep you safe. Care for the physical health in the first place, for if there is a morbid mind the bodily organs are not doing their work as they ought to do. Next, for the mind itself, I would heartily recommend hard study, really hard study, taken very regularly but in very moderate quantity. The effect of it on the mind is as bracing as that of cold water on the body, but as you ought not to remain too long in the cold bath, so it is dangerous to study *hard* more than a short time every day. Do some work that is very difficult (such as reading some language that you have to puzzle out à *coups de dictionnaire*) two hours a day regularly, to brace the fighting power of the intellect, but let the rest of the day's work be easier. Acquire especially, if you possibly can, the enviable faculty of getting entirely rid of your work in the intervals of it, and of taking a hearty interest in common things, in a garden, or stable, or dog-kennel, or farm. If the work pursues you—if what is called unconscious cerebration, which ought to go forward without your knowing it, becomes conscious cerebration, and bothers you, then you have been working beyond your cerebral strength, and you are not safe.

An organization which was intended by Nature for the intellectual life cannot be healthy and happy without a certain degree of intellectual activity. Natures like those of Humboldt and Goethe need immense labors for their own felicity, smaller powers need less extensive labor. To all of us who have intellectual needs there is a certain supply of work necessary to perfect health. If we do less, we are in danger of that *ennui* which comes from want of intellectual exercise; if we do more, we may suffer from that other *ennui* which is due to the weariness of the jaded faculties, and this is the more terrible of the two.

LETTER III.

TO AN INTELLECTUAL MAN WHO DESIRED AN OUTLET FOR HIS ENERGIES.

Dissatisfaction of the intellectual when they have not an extensive influence—A consideration suggested to the author by Mr. Matthew Arnold—Each individual mind a portion of the national mind, which must rise or decline with the minds of which it is composed—Influence of a townsman in his town—Household influence—Charities and condescendences of the highly cultivated—A suggestion of M. Taine—Conversation with inferiors—How to make it interesting—That we ought to be satisfied with humble results and small successes.

There is a very marked tendency amongst persons of culture to feel dissatisfied with

themselves and their success in life when they do not exercise some direct and visible influence over a considerable portion of the public. To put the case in a more concrete form, it may be affirmed that if an intellectual young man does not exercise influence by literature, or by oratory, or by one of the most elevated forms of art, he is apt to think that his culture and intelligence are lost upon the world, and either to blame himself for being what he considers a failure, or else (and this is more common) to find fault with the world in general for not giving him a proper chance of making his abilities tell. The facilities for obtaining culture are now so many and great, and within the reach of so many well-to-do people, that hundreds of persons become really very clever in various ways who would have remained utterly uncultivated had they lived in any previous century. A few of these distinguish themselves in literature and other pursuits which bring notoriety to the successful, but by far the greater number have to remain in positions of obscurity, often being clearly conscious that they have abilities and knowledge not much, if at all, inferior to the abilities and knowledge of some who have achieved distinction. The position of a clever man who remains obscure is, if he has ambition, rather trying to the moral fibre, but there are certain considerations which might help to give a direction to his energy and so procure him a sure relief, which reputation too frequently fails to provide.

The first consideration is one which was offered to me many years ago by Mr. Matthew Arnold, and which I can give, though from memory, very nearly in his own words. The multiplicity of things which make claim to the attention of the public is in these days such that it requires either uncommon strength of will or else the force of peculiar circumstances to make men follow any serious study to good result, and the great majority content themselves with the general enlightenment of the epoch, which they get from newspapers and reviews. Hence the efforts of the intellectual produce little effect, and it requires either extraordinary talent or extraordinary fanaticism to awaken the serious interest of any considerable number of readers. Yet, in spite of these discouragements, we ought to remember that our labors, if not applauded by others, may be of infinite value to ourselves, and also that beyond this gain to the individual, his culture is a gain to the nation, whether the nation formally recognizes it or not. For the intellectual life of a nation is the sum of the lives of all intellectual people belonging to it, and in this sense

your culture is a gain to England, whether England counts you amongst her eminent sons, or leaves you forever obscure. Is it not a noble spectacle, a spectacle well worthy of a highly civilized country, when a private citizen, with an admirable combination of patriotism and self-respect, says to himself as he labors, "I know that in a country so great as England, where there are so many able men, all that I do can count for very little in public estimation, yet I will endeavor to store my mind with knowledge and make my judgment sure, in order that the national mind of England, of which my mind is a minute fraction, may be enlightened by so much, be it never so little"? I think the same noble feeling might animate a citizen with reference to his native town; I think a good townsman might say to himself, "Our folks are not much given to the cultivation of their minds, and they need a few to set them an example. I will be one of those few. I will work and think, in order that our town may not get into a state of perfect intellectual stagnation." But if the nation or the city were too vast to call forth any noble feeling of this kind, surely the family is little enough and near enough. Might not a man say, "I will go through a good deal of intellectual drudgery in order that my wife and children may unconsciously get the benefit of it; I will learn facts for them that they may be accurate, and get ideas for them that they may share with me a more elevated mental state; I will do something towards raising the tone of the whole household"?

The practical difficulty in all projects of this kind is that the household does not care to be intellectually elevated, and opposes the resistance of gravitation. The household has its natural intellectual level, and finds it as inevitably as water that is free. Cultivated men are surrounded in their homes by a group of persons, wife, children, servants, who, in their intercourse with one another, create the household tone. What is a single individual with his books against these combined and active influences? Is he to go and preach the gospel of the intellect in the kitchen? Will he venture to present intellectual conclusions in the drawing-room? The kitchen has a tone of its own which all our efforts cannot elevate, and the drawing-room has its own atmosphere, an atmosphere unfavorable to severe and manly thinking. You cannot make cooks intellectual, and you must not be didactic with ladies. Intellectual men always feel this difficulty, and most commonly keep their intellect very much to themselves, when they are at home. If they have not an outlet else-

where, either in society or in literature, they grow morbid.

Yet, although it is useless to attempt to elevate any human being above his own intellectual level unless he gradually climbs himself as a man ascends a mountain, there are nevertheless certain charities or condescendences of the highly cultivated which may be good for the lower intelligences that surround them, as the streams from the Alpine snows are good for the irrigation of the valleys, though the meadows which they water must forever remain eight or ten thousand feet below them. And I believe that it would greatly add to the happiness of the intellectual portion of mankind if they could more systematically exercise these charities. It is quite clear that we can never effect by chance conversation that total change in the mental state which is gradually brought about by the slow processes of education; we cannot give to an intellect that has never been developed, and which has fixed itself in the undeveloped state, that power and activity which come only after years of labor; but we may be able on many occasions to offer the sort of help which a gentleman offers to an old woman when he invites her to get up into the rumble behind his carriage. I knew an intellectual lady who lived habitually in the country, and I may say without fanciful exaggeration that the farmers' wives round about her were considerably superior to what in all probability they would have been without the advantage of her kindly and instructive conversation. She possessed the happy art of conveying the sort of knowledge which could be readily received by her hearers, and in a manner which made it agreeable to them, so that they drew ideas from her quite naturally, and her mind irrigated their minds, which would have remained permanently barren without that help and refreshment. It would be foolish to exaggerate the benefits of such intellectual charity as this, but it is well, on the other hand, not to undervalue it. Such an influence can never convey much solid instruction, but it may convey some of its results. It may produce a more thoughtful and reasonable condition of mind, it may preserve the ignorant from some of those preposterous theories and beliefs which so easily gain currency amongst them. Indirectly, it may have rather an important political influence, by disposing people to vote for the better sort of candidate. And the influence of such intellectual charity on the material well-being of the humbler classes, on their health and wealth, may be quite as considerable as that of the other and more common

sort of charity which passes silver from hand to hand.

Shortly after the termination of the great Franco-German conflict, M. Taine suggested in the *Temps* that subscribers to the better sort of journals might do a good deal for the enlightenment of the humbler classes by merely lending their newspapers in their neighborhood. This was a good suggestion: the best newspapers are an important intellectual propaganda; they awaken an interest in the most various subjects, and supply not only information but a stimulus. The danger to persons of higher culture that the newspaper may absorb time which would else be devoted to more systematic study, does not exist in the classes for whose benefit M. Taine made his recommendation. The newspaper is their only secular reading, and without it they have no modern literature of any kind. In addition to the praiseworthy habit of lending good newspapers, an intellectual man who lives in the country might adopt the practice of conversing with his neighbors about everything in which they could be induced to take an interest, giving them some notion of what goes on in the classes which are intellectually active, some idea of such discoveries and projects as an untutored mind may partially understand. For example, there is the great tunnel under the Mont Cenis, and there is the projected tunnel beneath the Channel, and there is the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez. A peasant can comprehend the greatness of these remarkable conceptions when they are properly explained to him, and he will often feel a lively gratitude for information of that kind. We ought to remember what a slow and painful operation reading is to the uneducated. Merely to read the native tongue is to them a labor so irksome that they are apt to lose the sense of a paragraph in seeking for that of a sentence or an expression. As they would rather speak than have to write, so they prefer hearing to reading, and they get much more good from it, because they can ask a question when the matter has not been made clear to them.

One of the best ways of interesting and instructing your intellectual inferiors is to give them an account of your travels. All people like to hear a traveller tell his own tale, and whilst he is telling it he may slip in a good deal of information about many things, and much sound doctrine. Accounts of foreign countries, even when you have not seen them personally, nearly always awaken a lively interest, especially if you are able to give your hearers detailed descriptions of the life led by foreigners who occupy positions

corresponding to their own. Peasants can be made to take an interest in astronomy even, though you cannot tell them anything about the peasants in Jupiter and Mars, and there is always, at starting, the great difficulty of persuading them to trust science about the motion and rotundity of the earth.

A very direct form of intellectual charity is that of gratuitous teaching, both in classes and by public lectures, open to all comers. A great deal of light has in this way been spread abroad in cities, but in country villages there is little encouragement to enterprises of this kind, the intelligence of farm laborers being less awakened than that of the corresponding urban population. Let us remember, however, that one of the very highest and last achievements of the cultivated intellect is the art of conveying to the uncultivated, the untaught, the unprepared, the best and noblest knowledge which they are capable of assimilating. No one who, like the writer of these pages, has lived much in the country, and much amongst a densely ignorant peasantry, will be likely in any plans of enlightenment to err far on the side of enthusiastic hopefulness. The mind of a farm laborer, or that of a small farmer, is almost always sure to be a remarkably stiff soil, in which few intellectual conceptions can take root; yet these few may make the difference between an existence worthy of a man, and one that differs from the existence of a brute in little beyond the possession of articulate language. We to whom the rich inheritance of intellectual humanity is so familiar as to have lost much of its freshness, are liable to underrate the value of thoughts and discoveries which to us have for years seemed commonplace. It is with our intellectual as with our material wealth; we do not realize how precious some fragments of it might be to our poorer neighbors. The old clothes that we wear no longer may give comfort and confidence to a man in naked destitution; the truths which are so familiar to us that we never think about them, may raise the utterly ignorant to a sense of their human brotherhood.

Above all, in the exercise of our intellectual charities, let us accustom ourselves to feel satisfied with humble results and small successes; and here let me make a confession which may be of some possible use to others. When a young man, I taught a drawing-class gratuitously, beginning with thirty-six pupils, who dwindled gradually to eleven. Soon afterwards I gave up the work from dissatisfaction, on account of the meagre attendance. This was very wrong—the eleven were worth

the thirty-six; and so long as one of the eleven remained I ought to have contentedly taught him. The success of a teacher is not to be measured by the numbers whom he immediately influences. It is enough, it has been proved to be enough in more than one remarkable instance, that a single living soul should be in unison with the soul of a master, and receive his thought by sympathy. The one disciple teaches in his turn, and the idea is propagated.

LETTER IV.

TO THE FRIEND OF A MAN OF HIGH CULTURE WHO PRODUCED NOTHING.

Joubert—"Not yet time," or else "The time is past"—His weakness for production—Three classes of minds—A more perfect intellectual life attainable by the silent student than by authors—He may follow his own genius—Saving of time effected by abstinence from writing—The unproductive may be more influential than the prolific.

WHEN I met B. at your house last week, you whispered to me in the drawing-room that he was a man of the most remarkable attainments, who, to the great regret of all his friends, had never employed his abilities to any visible purpose. We had not time for a conversation on this subject, because B. himself immediately joined us. His talk reminded me very much of Joubert—not that I ever knew Joubert personally, though I have lived very near to Villeneuve-sur-Yonne, where Joubert lived; but he is one of those characters whom it is possible to know without having seen them in the flesh. His friends used to urge him to write something, and then he said, "*Pas encore.*" "Not yet; I need a long peace." Tranquillity came, and then he said that God had only given force to his mind for a limited time, and that the time was past. Therefore, as Sainte-Beuve observed, for Joubert there was no medium; either it was not yet time, or else the time was past.

Nothing is more common than for other people to say this of us. They often say "He is too young," as Napoleon said of Ingres, or else "He is too old," as Napoleon said of Greuze. It is more rare for a man himself to shrink from every enterprise, first under the persuasion that he is unprepared, and afterwards because the time is no longer opportune. Yet there does exist a certain very peculiar class of highly-gifted, diffident, delicate, unproductive minds, which impress those around them with an almost superstitious belief in their possibilities, yet never do anything to justify that belief.

But may it not be doubted whether these

minds have productive power of any kind? I believe that the full extent of Joubert's productive power is displayed in those sentences of his which have been preserved, and which reveal a genius of the rarest delicacy, but at the same time singularly incapable of sustained intellectual effort. He said that he could only compose slowly, and with an extreme fatigue. He believed, however, that the weakness lay in the instrument alone, in the composing faculties, and not in the faculties of thought, for he said that behind his weakness there was strength, as behind the strength of some others there was weakness.

In saying this, it is probable that Joubert did not overestimate himself. He had strength of a certain kind, or rather he had quality; he had distinction, which is a sort of strength in society and in literature. But he had no productive force, and I do not believe that his unproductiveness was a productiveness checked by a fastidious taste; I believe that it was real, that he was not organized for production.

Sainte-Beuve said that a modern philosopher was accustomed to distinguish three classes of minds—

1. Those who are at once powerful and delicate, who excel as they propose, execute what they conceive, and reach the great and true beautiful—a rare *élite* amongst mortals.

2. A class of minds especially characterized by their delicacy, who feel that their idea is superior to their execution, their intelligence greater than their talent, even when the talent is very real; they are easily dissatisfied with themselves, disdain easily won praises, and would rather judge, taste, and abstain from producing, than remain below their conception and themselves. Or if they write it is by fragments, for themselves only, at long intervals and at rare moments. Their fecundity is internal, and known to few.

3. Lastly, there is a third class of minds more powerful and less delicate or difficult to please, who go on producing and publishing themselves without being too much dissatisfied with their work.

The majority of our active painters and writers, who fill modern exhibitions, and produce the current literature of the day, belong to the last class, to which we are all greatly indebted for the daily bread of literature and art.

But Sainte-Beuve believed that Joubert belonged to the second class, and I suspect that both Sainte-Beuve and many others have credited that class with a potential productiveness beyond its real endowments. Minds of the Joubert class are admirable and valua-

ble in their way, but they are really, and not apparently, sterile.

And why would we have it otherwise? When we lament that a man of culture has "done nothing," as we say, we mean that he has not written books. Is it necessary, is it desirable, that every cultivated person should write books?

On the contrary, it seems that a more perfect intellectual life may be attained by the silent student than by authors. The writer for the public is often so far its slave that he is compelled by necessity or induced by the desire for success (since it is humiliating to write unsaleable books as well as unprofitable) to deviate from his true path, to leave the subjects that most interest him for other subjects which interest him less, and therefore to acquire knowledge rather as a matter of business than as a labor of love. But the student who never publishes, and does not intend to publish, may follow his own genius and take the knowledge which belongs to him by natural affinity. Add to this the immense saving of time effected by abstinence from writing. Whilst the writer is polishing his periods, and giving hours to the artistic exigencies of mere form, the reader is adding to his knowledge. Thackeray said that writers were not great readers, because they had not the time.

The most studious Frenchman I ever met with used to say that he so hated the pen as scarcely to resolve to write a letter. He reminded me of Joubert in this; he often said, "J'ai horreur de la plume." Since he had no profession his leisure was unlimited, and he employed it in educating himself without any other purpose than this, the highest purpose of all, to become a cultivated man. The very prevalent idea that lives of this kind are failures unless they leave some visible achievement as a testimony and justification of their labors, is based upon a narrow conception both of duty and of utility. Men of this unproductive class are sure to influence their immediate neighborhood by the example of their life. Isolated as they are too frequently in the provinces, in the midst of populations destitute of the higher culture, they often establish the notion of it notwithstanding the contemptuous estimates of the practical people around them. A single intellectual life, thus modestly lived through in the obscurity of a country-town, may leave a tradition and become an enduring influence. In this, as in all things, let us trust the arrangements of Nature. If men are at the same time constitutionally studious and constitutionally unproductive, it must be that production is not the only use of study. Jou-

bert was right in keeping silence when he felt no impulses to speak, right also in saying the little that he did say without a superfluous word. His mind is more fully known, and more influential, than many which are abundantly productive.

LETTER V.

TO A STUDENT WHO FELT HURRIED AND DRIVEN.

Some intellectual products possible only in excitement—Byron's authority on the subject—Can inventive minds work regularly?—Sir Walter Scott's opinion—Napoleon on the winning of victories—The prosaic business of men of genius—"Waiting for Inspiration"—Rembrandt's advice to a young painter—Culture necessary to inspiration itself—Byron, Keats, Morris—Men of genius may be regular as students.

In my last letter to you on quiet regularity of work, I did not give much consideration to another matter which, in certain kinds of work, has to be taken into account, for I preferred to make that the subject of a separate letter. There are certain intellectual products which are only possible in hours or minutes of great cerebral excitement. Byron said that when people were surprised to find poets very much like others in the ordinary intercourse of life, their surprise was due to ignorance of this. If people knew, Byron said, that poetical production came from an excitement which from its intensity could only be temporary, they would not expect poets to be very different from other people when not under the influence of this excitement. Now, we may take the word "poet," in this connection, in the very largest sense. All men who have the gift of invention are poets. The inventive ideas come to them at unforeseen moments, and have to be seized when they come, so that the true inventor works sometimes with vertiginous rapidity, and afterwards remains for days or weeks without exercising the inventive faculty at all. The question is, can you make an inventive mind work on the principle of measured and regular advance. Is such counsel as that in my former letter applicable to inventors?

Scott said, that although he had known many men of ordinary abilities who were capable of perfect regularity in their habits, he had never known a man of genius who was so. The popular impression concerning men of genius is very strong in the same sense, but it is well not to attach too much importance to popular impressions concerning men of genius, for the obvious reason that such men come very little under popular observation. When they work it is usually in the

most perfect solitude, and even people who live in the same house know very little, really, of their intellectual habits.

The truth seems to be, first, that the moments of high excitement, of noblest invention, are rare, and not to be commanded by the will; but, on the other hand, that in order to make the gift of invention produce its full effect in any department of human effort, vast labors of preparation are necessary, and these labors may be pursued as steadily as you like. Napoleon I. used to say that battles were won by the sudden flashing of an idea through the brain of the commander at a certain critical instant. The capacity for generating this sudden electric spark was military genius. The spark flashed independently of the will; the General could not win that vivid illumination by labor or by prayer; it came only in the brain of genius from the intense anxiety and excitement of the actual conflict. Napoleon seems always to have counted upon it, always to have believed that when the critical instant arrived the wild confusion of the battle-field would be illuminated for him by that burst of sudden flame. But if Napoleon had been ignorant of the prosaic business of his profession, to which he attended more closely than any other commander, what would these moments of supreme clearness have availed him, or would they ever have come to him at all? If they had come to him, they would have revealed only the extent of his own negligence. Instead of showing him *what to do*, they would have made painfully evident what *ought to have been done*. But it is more probable that these clear moments would never have occurred to a mind unprepared by study. Clear military inspirations never occur to shopkeepers and farmers, as bright ideas about checkmates occur only to persons who have studied chess. The prosaic business, then, of the man of genius is to accumulate that preparatory knowledge without which his genius can never be available, and he can do work of this kind as regularly as he likes.

The one fatal mistake which is committed habitually by people who have the scarcely desirable gift of half-genius is "waiting for inspiration." They pass week after week in a state of indolence, unprofitable alike to the mind and the purse, under pretext of waiting for intellectual flashes like those which came to Napoleon on his battle-fields. They ought to remember the advice given by one of the greatest artists of the seventeenth century to a young painter of his acquaintance. "Practise assiduously what you already know, and in course of time other things will become

clear to you." The inspirations come only to the disciplined; the indolent wait for them in vain.

If you have genius, therefore, or believe you have, it is admitted that you cannot be perpetually in a state of intense excitement. If you were in that state without ceasing, you would go mad. You cannot be expected to write poetry in the plodding ox-pace manner advocated for intellectual work generally in my last letter. As for that good old comparison between the hare and the tortoise, it may be answered for you, simply, that you are not a tortoise, and that what is a most wise procedure for tortoises may be impracticable for you. The actual composition of poetry, especially poetry of a fiery kind, like—

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,"

of Byron, is to be done not when the poet will, but when he can, or rather, when he must.

But if you are a wise genius you will feel how necessary is culture even for work of that kind. Byron would not have felt any enthusiasm for the isles of Greece if he had not known something of their history. The verses are an inspiration, but they could never have occurred to a quite uncultivated person, however bright his inspirations. Even more obviously was the genius of Keats dependent upon his culture. He did not read Greek, but from translations of Greek literature and from the direct study of Greek art he got the sort of material that he needed. And in our own day Morris has been evidently a very diligent student of many literatures. What I insist upon is, that we could not have had the real Keats, the real Morris, unless they had prepared themselves by culture. We see immediately that the work they have done is *their* work, specially, that they were specially adapted for it—inspired for it, if you will. But how evident it is that the inspiration could never have produced the work, or anything like it, without labor in the accumulation of material!

Now, although men of genius cannot be regularly progressive in actual production, cannot write so many verses a day, regularly, as you may spin yarn, they can be very regular as students, and some of the best of them have been quite remarkable for unflinching steadiness of application in that way. The great principle recommended by Mr. Galton, of not looking forward eagerly to the end of your journey, but interesting yourself chiefly in the progress of it, is as applicable to the studies of men of genius as to those of more ordinary persons.

LETTER VI.

TO AN ARDENT FRIEND WHO TOOK NO REST.

On some verses of Goethe—Man not constituted like a planet—Matthew Arnold's poem, "Self-dependence"—Poetry and prose—The wind more imitable than the stars—The stone in Glen Croe—Rest and be thankful.

"RAMBLING over the wild moors, with thoughts oftentimes as wild and dreary as those moors, the young Carlyle, who had been cheered through his struggling sadness, and strengthened for the part he was to play in life, by the beauty and the wisdom which Goethe had revealed to him, suddenly conceived the idea that it would be a pleasant and a fitting thing if some of the few admirers in England forwarded to Weimar a trifling token of their admiration. On reaching home Mr. Carlyle at once sketched the design of a seal to be engraved, the serpent of eternity encircling a star, with the words *ohne Hast, ohne Rast* (unhasting, unresting), in allusion to the well-known verses—

'Wie das Gestirn,
Ohne Hast
Aber ohne Rast
Drehe sich jeder
Um die eigne Last.'

(Like a star, unhasting, unresting, be each one fulfilling his God-given 'best.')

This is said so beautifully, and seems so wise, that it may easily settle down into the mind as a maxim and rule of life. 'Had we been told in plain prose to take no rest, without the beautiful simile of the star, and without the wise restriction about haste, our common sense would have rebelled at once; but as both beauty and wisdom exist together in the gem-like stanza, our judgment remains silent in charmed acquiescence.

Let us ask ourselves, however, about this stella example, whether man is naturally so constituted as to be able to imitate it. A planet moves without haste, because it is incapable of excitement; and without rest, because it is incapable of fatigue. A planet makes no effort, and encounters no friction or resistance of any kind. Man is so constituted as to feel frequently the stimulus of excitement, which immediately translates itself either into actual acceleration or into the desire for acceleration—a desire which cannot be restrained without an effort; and whatever man undertakes to do he encounters friction and resistance, which, for him, always sooner or later inevitably induce fatigue. Man is neither constituted like a star nor situated like a star,

* Lewes's "Life of Goethe," Book vii. chap. 8.

and therefore it is not possible for him to exist as stars exist.

You will object to this criticism that it handles a delicate little poem very roughly, and you may tell me that I am unfit to receive the wisdom of the poets, which is always uttered with a touch of Oriental exaggeration. Certainly Goethe could never mean that a man should kill himself by labors literally incessant. Goethe's own life is the best elucidation of his true meaning. The example of the star was held up to us to be followed only within the limits of our human nature, as a Christian points to the example of Christ. In the same spirit Matthew Arnold wrote his noble poem "Self-dependence," in which he tells us to live like the stars and the sea:—

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you."

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they."

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy."

The true intention of poetical teachings like these is in the influence they have over the feelings. If a star makes me steadier in my labor, less of a victim to vain agitation, in consequence of Goethe's verses; if the stars and the sea together renew more fully their mighty charm upon my heart because those stanzas of Arnold have fixed themselves in my memory, the poets have done their work. But the more positive *prosateur* has his work to do also, and you, as it seems to me, need this positive help of prose.

You are living a great deal too much like a star, and not enough like a human being. You do not hasten often, but you *never* rest, except when Nature mercifully prostrates you in irresistible sleep. Like the stars and the sea in Arnold's poem, you do not ask surrounding things to yield you love, amusement, sympathy. The stars and the sea can do without these refreshments of the brain and heart, but you cannot. Rest is necessary to recruit your intellectual forces; sympathy is necessary to prevent your whole nature from stiffening like a rotifer without moisture; love is necessary to make life beautiful for you, as the plumage of certain birds becomes splendid when they pair; and without amusement you will lose the gayety which

wise men try to keep as the best legacy of youth.

Let your rest be perfect in its season, like the rest of waters that are still. If you will have a model for your living, take neither the stars, for they fly without ceasing, nor the ocean that ebbs and flows, nor the river that cannot stay, but rather let your life be like that of the summer air, which has times of noble energy and times of perfect peace. It fills the sails of ships upon the sea, and the miller thanks it on the breezy uplands; it works generously for the health and wealth of all men, yet it claims its hours of rest. "I have pushed the fleet, I have turned the mill, I have refreshed the city, and now, though the captain may walk impatiently on the quarter-deck, and the miller swear, and the city stink, I will stir no more until it pleases me."

You have learned many things, my friend, but one thing you have *not* learned—the art of resting. That stone in Glen Croe ought to have impressed its lesson on the mind of many a traveller, long before Earl Russell gave it a newspaper celebrity. Have we not rested there together, you and I, a little in advance of the coach, which the weary horses were still slowly dragging up the tedious hill? And as we sat on the turf, and looked down the misty glen, did we not read the lesson there engraven? How good and *human* the idea was, the idea of setting up that graven stone in the wilderness; how full of sympathy is that inscription for all the weakness and weariness of humanity! Once, in the ardor of youth, there shone before me a golden star in heaven, and on the deep azure around it "*Ohne Hast, ohne Rast*," in letters of steady flame; but now I see more frequently a plain little stone set up in the earth, with the inscription, "Rest, and be thankful!"

Is not the stone just a little like a grave-stone, my friend? Perhaps it is. But if we take rest when we require it during life, we shall not need the grave's rest quite so soon.

LETTER VII.

TO AN ARDENT FRIEND WHO TOOK NO REST.

The regret for lost time often a needless one—Tillier's doctrine about *l'ânerie*—How much is gained in idle hours—Sainte-Beuve's conviction that whatever he did he studied the infinite book of the world and of life—Harness—Free play of the mind necessary—The freedom of a grain of desert-sand—The freedom of the wild bee.

If we asked any intellectual workman what he would do if his life were to be lived over again, I believe the answer, whatever

its form, would amount ultimately to this: "I would economize my time better." Very likely if the opportunity were granted him he would do nothing of the sort; very likely he would waste his time in ways more authorized by custom, yet waste it just as extravagantly as he had done after his own original fashion; but it always seems to us as if we could use the time better if we had it over again.

It seems to me in looking back over the last thirty years, that the only time really wasted has been that spent in laborious obedience to some external authority. It may be a dangerous doctrine which Claude Tillier expressed in an immortal sentence, but dangerous or not, it is full of intellectual truth: "*Le temps le mieux employé est celui que l'on perd.*"* If what we are accustomed to consider lost time could be removed, as to its effects at least, from the sum of our existence, it is certain that we should suffer from a great intellectual impoverishment. All the best knowledge of mankind, to begin with, is acquired in hours which hard-working people consider lost hours—in hours, that is, of pleasure and recreation. Deduct all that we have learnt about men in times of recreation, in clubs and smoking-rooms, on the hunting-field, on the cricket-ground, on the deck of the yacht, on the box of the drag or the dog-cart, would the residue be worth very much? would it not be a mere heap of dry bones without any warm flesh to cover them? Even the education of most of us, such as it is, has been in a great measure acquired out of school, as it were; I mean outside of the acknowledged duties of our more serious existence. Few Englishmen past forty have studied English literature either as a college exercise or a professional preparation; they have read it privately, as an amusement. Few Englishmen past forty have studied modern languages, or science, or the fine arts, from any obedience to duty, but merely from taste and inclination. And even if we studied these things formally, as young men often do at the present day, it is not from the formal study that we should get the *perfume* of the language or the art, but from idle hours in foreign lands and galleries. It is superfluous to recommend idleness to the unintellectual, but the intellectual too often undervalues it. The laborious intellect contracts a habit of strenuousness which is sometimes a hindrance to its best activity.

"I have arrived," said Sainte-Beuve, "perhaps by way of secretly excusing my own

idleness, perhaps by a deeper feeling of the principle that all comes to the same, at the conclusion that whatever I do or do not, working in the study at continuous labor, scattering myself in articles, spreading myself about in society, giving my time away to troublesome callers, to poor people, to *rendez-vous*, in the street, no matter to whom and to what, I cease not to do one and the same thing, to read one and the same book, the infinite book of the world and of life, that no one ever finishes, in which the wisest read farthest; I read it then at all the pages which present themselves, in broken fragments, backwards, what matters it? I never cease going on. The greater the medley, the more frequent the interruption, the more I get on with this book in which one is never beyond the middle; but the profit is to have had it open before one at all sorts of different pages."

A distinguished author wrote to another author less distinguished: "You have gone through a good deal of really vigorous study, but have not *been in harness* yet." By harness he meant discipline settled beforehand like military drill. Now, the advantages of drill are evident and very generally recognized, but the advantages of intellectual *flânerie* are not so generally recognized. For the work of the intellect to be clear and healthy, a great deal of free play of the mind is absolutely necessary. Harness is good for an hour or two at a time, but the finest intellects have never *lived* in harness. In reading any book that has much vitality you are sure to meet with many allusions and illustrations which the author hit upon, not when he was in harness, but out at grass. Harness trains us to the systematic performance of our work, and increases our practical strength by regulated exercise, but it does not supply everything that is necessary to the perfect development of the mind. The truth is, that we need both the discipline of harness and the abundant nourishment of the free pasture. Yet may not our freedom be the profitless, choiceless, freedom of a grain of desert-sand, carried hither and thither by the wind, gaining nothing and improving nothing, so that it does not signify where it was carried yesterday or where it may fall to-morrow, but rather the liberty of the wild bee, whose coming and going are ordered by no master, nor fixed by any premeditated regulation, yet which misses no opportunity of increase, and comes home laden in the twilight. Who knows where he has wandered; who can tell over what banks and streams the hum of his wings has sounded? Is anything in nature freer than he is; can

*The best employed time is that which one loses.

anything account better for a rational use of freedom? Would he do his work better if tiny harness were ingeniously contrived for him? Where then would be the golden honey, and where the waxen cells?

LETTER VIII.

TO A FRIEND (HIGHLY CULTIVATED) WHO CONGRATULATED HIMSELF ON HAVING ENTIRELY ABANDONED THE HABIT OF READING NEWSPAPERS.

advantages in economy of time—Much of what we read in newspapers is useless to our culture—The too great importance which they attach to novelty—Distortion by party spirit—An instance of false presentation—Gains to serenity by abstinence from newspapers—Newspapers keep up our daily interest in each other—The French peasantry—The newspaper-reading Americans—An instance of total abstinence from newspapers—Auguste Comte—A suggestion of Emerson's—The work of newspaper correspondents—War correspondents—Mr. Stanley—M. Erdan, of the *Tempe*.

YOUR abstinence from newspaper reading is not anew experiment in itself, though it is new in reference to your particular case, and I await its effects with interest. I shall be curious to observe the consequences, to an intellect constituted as yours is, of that total cutting off from the public interests of your own century which an abstinence from newspapers implies. It is clear that, whatever the loss may be, you have a definite gain to set against it. The time which you have hitherto given to newspapers, and which may be roughly estimated at about five hundred hours a year, is henceforth a valuable time-income to be applied to whatever purposes your best wisdom may select. When an intellectual person has contrived by the force of one simple resolution to effect so fine an economy as this, it is natural that he should congratulate himself. Your feelings must be like those of an able finance minister who has found means of closing a great leak in the treasury—if any economy possible in the finances of a State could ever relatively equal that splendid stroke of time-thrift which your force of will has enabled you to effect. In those five hundred hours, which are now your own, you may acquire a science or obtain a more perfect command over one of the languages which you have studied. Some department of your intellectual labors which has hitherto been unsatisfactory to you, because it was too imperfectly cultivated, may henceforth be as orderly and as fruitful as a well-kept garden. You may become thoroughly conversant with the works of more than one great author whom you have neglected,

not from lack of interest, but from want of time. You may open some old chamber of the memory that has been dark and disused for many a year; you may clear the cobwebs away, and let the fresh light in, and make it habitable once again.

Against these gains, of which some to a man of your industry are certain, and may be counted upon, what must be our estimate of the amount of sacrifice or loss? It is clear to both of us that much of what we read in the newspapers is useless to our culture. A large proportion of newspaper-writing is occupied with speculation on what is likely to happen in the course of a few months; therefore, by waiting until the time is past, we know the event without having wasted time in speculations which could not effect it. Another rather considerable fraction of newspaper matter consists of small events which have interest for the day, owing to their novelty, but which will not have the slightest permanent importance. The whole press of a newspaper-reading country, like England or America, may be actively engaged during the space of a week or a fortnight in discussing some incident which everybody will have forgotten in six months; and besides these sensational incidents, there are hundreds of less notorious ones, often fictitious, inserted simply for the temporary amusement of the reader. The greatest evil of newspapers, in their effect on the intellectual life, is the enormous importance which they are obliged to attach to mere novelty. From the intellectual point of view, it is of no consequence whether a thought occurred twenty-two centuries ago to Aristotle or yesterday evening to Mr. Charles Darwin, and it is one of the distinctive marks of the truly intellectual to be able to take a hearty interest in all truth, independently of the date of its discovery. The emphasis given by newspapers to novelty exhibits things in wrong relations, as the lantern shows you what is nearest at the cost of making the general landscape appear darker by the contrast. Besides this exhibition of things in wrong relations, there is a positive distortion arising from the unscrupulousness of party, a distortion which extends far beyond the limits of the empire.

An essay might be written on the distortion of English affairs in the French press, or of French affairs in the English press, by writers who are as strongly partisan in another country as in their own. "It is such a grand thing," wrote an English Paris correspondent in 1870, "for Adolphus Thiers, son of a poor laborer of Aix, and in early life a simple journalist, to be at the head of the

Government of France." This is a fair specimen of the kind of false presentation which is so common in party journalism. The newspaper from which I have quoted it was strongly opposed to Thiers, being in fact one of the principal organs of the English Bonapartists. It is not true that Thiers was the son of a poor laborer of Aix. His father was a workman of Marseilles, his mother belonging to a family in which neither wealth nor culture had been rare, and his mother's relatives had him educated at the Lycée. The art of the journalist in bringing together the two extremes of a career remarkable for its steady ascent had for its object to produce the idea of incongruity, of sudden and unsuitable elevation. Not only M. Thiers, however, but every human being starts from a very small beginning, since every man begins life as a baby. It is a great rise for one baby to the Presidency of the French Republic; it was also a great rise for other babies who have attained the premiership of England. The question is, not what Thiers may have been seventy years ago, but what he was immediately before his acceptance of the highest office of the State. He was the most trusted and the most experienced citizen, so that the last step in his career was as natural as the elevation of Reynolds to the presidency of the Academy.

It is difficult for any one who cares for justice to read party journals without frequent irritation, and it does not signify which side the newspaper takes. Men are so unfair in controversy that we best preserve the serenity of the intellect by studiously avoiding all literature that has a controversial tone. By your new rule of abstinence from newspapers you will no doubt gain almost as much in serenity as in time. To the ordinary newspaper reader there is little loss of serenity, because he reads only the newspaper that he agrees with, and however unfair it is, he is pleased by its unfairness. But the highest and best culture makes us disapprove of unfairness on our own side of the question also. We are pained by it; we feel humiliated by it; we lament its persistence and its perversity.

I have said nearly all that has to be said in favor of your rule of abstinence. I have granted that the newspapers cost us much time, which, if employed for great intellectual purposes, would carry us very far; that they give disproportionate views of things by the emphasis they give to novelty, and false views by the unfairness which belongs to party. I might have added that newspaper writers give such a preponderance to politics

—not political philosophy, but to the everyday work of politicians—that intellectual culture is thrown into the background, and the election of a single member of Parliament is made to seem of greater national importance than the birth of a powerful idea. And yet, notwithstanding all these considerations, which are serious indeed for the intellectual, I believe that your resolution is unwise, and that you will find it to be untenable. One momentous reason more than counterbalances all these considerations put together. Newspapers are to the whole civilized world what the daily house-talk is to the members of a household; they keep up our daily interest in each other, they save us from the evils of isolation. To live as a member of the great white race of men, the race that has filled Europe and America, and colonized or conquered whatever other territories it has been pleased to occupy, to share from day to day its cares, its thoughts, its aspirations, it is necessary that every man should read his daily newspaper. Why are the French peasants so bewildered and at sea, so out of place in the modern world? It is because they never read a newspaper. And why are the inhabitants of the United States, though scattered over a territory fourteen times the area of France, so much more capable of concerted political action, so much more *alive* and modern, so much more interested in new discoveries of all kinds and capable of selecting and utilizing the best of them? It is because the newspaper penetrates everywhere; and even the lonely dweller on the prairie or in the forest is not intellectually isolated from the great currents of public life which flow through the telegraph and the press.

The experiment of doing without newspapers has been tried by a whole class, the French peasantry, with the consequences that we know, and it has also from time to time been tried by single individuals belonging to more enlightened sections of society. Let us take one instance, and let us note what appear to have been the effects of this abstinence. Auguste Comte abstained from newspapers as a teetotaler abstains from spirituous liquors. Now, Auguste Comte possessed a gift of nature which, though common in minor degrees, is in the degree in which he possessed it rarer than enormous diamonds. That gift was the power of dealing with abstract intellectual conceptions, and living amidst them always, as the practical mind lives in and deals with material things. And it happened in Comte's case, as it usually does happen in cases of very peculiar endowment, that the gift was accompanied by the instincts neces-

sary to its perfect development and to its preservation. Comte instinctively avoided the conversation of ordinary people, because he felt it to be injurious to the perfect exercise of his faculty, and for the same reason he would not read newspapers. In imposing upon himself these privations he acted like a very eminent living etcher, who, having the gift of an extraordinary delicacy of hand, preserves it by abstinence from everything that may effect the steadiness of the nerves. There is a certain difference, however, between the two cases which I am anxious to accentuate. The etcher runs no risk of any kind by his rule of abstinence. He refrains from several common indulgences, but he denies himself nothing that is necessary to health. I may even go farther, and say that the rules which he observes for the sake of perfection in his art, might be observed with advantage by many who are not artists, for the sake of their own tranquillity, without the loss of anything but pleasure. The rules which Comte made for himself involved, on the other hand, a great peril. In detaching himself so completely from the interests and ways of thinking of ordinary men, he elaborated, indeed, the conceptions of the positive philosophy, but arrived afterwards at a peculiar kind of intellectual decadence from which it is possible—probable even—that the rough common sense of the newspapers might have preserved him. They would have saved him, I seriously believe, from that mysticism which led to the invention of a religion far surpassing in unreasonableness the least rational of the creeds of tradition. It is scarcely imaginable, except on the supposition of actual insanity, that any regular reader of the *Times*, the *Temps*, the *Daily News*, and the *Saturday Review*, should believe the human race to be capable of receiving as the religion of its maturity the Comtist Trinity and the Comtist Virgin Mother. A Trinity consisting of the Great Being (or humanity), the Great Fetish (or the earth), and the Great Midst (or space); a hope for the human race (how unphysiological!) that women might ultimately arrive at maternity independently of virile help,—these are conceptions so remote, not only from the habits of modern thought, but (what is more important) from its tendencies, that they could not occur to a mind in regular communication with its contemporaries.

"If you should transfer the amount of your reading day by day from the newspaper to

the standard authors?" To this suggestion of Emerson's it may be answered that the loss would be greater than the gain. The writers of Queen Anne's time could educate an Englishman of Queen Anne's time, but they can only partially educate an Englishman of Queen Victoria's time. The mind is like a merchant's ledger, it requires to be continually posted up to the latest date. Even the last telegram may have upset some venerable theory that has been received as infallible for ages.

In times when great historical events are passing before our eyes, the journalist is to future historians what the African traveller is to the map-makers. His work is neither complete nor orderly, but it is the fresh record of an eye-witness, and enables us to become ourselves spectators of the mighty drama of the world. Never was this service so well rendered as it is now, by correspondents who achieve heroic feats of bodily and mental prowess, exposing themselves to the greatest dangers, and writing much and well in circumstances the most unfavorable to literary composition. How vividly the English war correspondents brought before us the reality of the great conflict between Germany and France! What a romantic achievement, worthy to be sung in heroic verse, was the finding of Livingstone by Stanley! Not less interesting have been the admirable series of letters by M. Erdan in the *Temps*, in which, with the firmness of a master-hand, he has painted from the life, week after week, year after year, the decline and fall of the temporal power of the Papacy. I cannot think that any page of Roman history is better worth reading than his letters, more interesting, instructive, lively, or authentic. Yet with your contempt for newspapers you would lose all this profitable entertainment, and seek instead of it the accounts of former epochs not half so interesting as this fall of the temporal power, accounts written in most cases by men in libraries who had not seen the sovereigns they wrote about, nor talked with the people whose condition they attempted to describe. You have a respect for these accounts because they are printed in books, and bound in leather and entitled "history," whilst you despise the direct observation of a man like Erdan, because he is only a journalist, and his letters are published in a newspaper. Is there no some touch of prejudice in this, some mistake, some narrowness of intellectual aristocracy?

LETTER IX.

TO AN AUTHOR WHO APPRECIATED CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

Miss Mitford on the selfishness of authors—A suggestion of Emerson's—A laconic rule of his—Traces of jealousy—And of a more subtle feeling—A contradiction—Necessary to resist the invasion of the present—A certain equilibrium—The opposite of a pedant—The best classics not pedants, but artists.

READING the other day a letter by Miss Mitford, I was reminded of you as the eye is reminded of green when it sees scarlet. You, whose interest in literature has ever kept pace with the time, to whom no new thing is unwelcome if only it is good, are safe from her accusations; but how many authors have deserved them! Miss Mitford is speaking of a certain writer who is at the same time a clergyman, and whom it is not difficult to recognize.

"I never," she says, "saw him interested in the slightest degree by the work of any other author, except, indeed, one of his own followers or of his own clique, and then only as admiring or helping him. He has great kindness and great sympathy with working people, or with a dying friend, but I profess to you I am amazed at the utter selfishness of authors. I do not know one single poet who cares for any man's poetry but his own. In general they read no books except such as may be necessary to their own writings—that is to the work they happen to be about, and even then I suspect that they only read the bits that they may immediately want. You know the absolute ignorance in which Wordsworth lived of all modern works; and if, out of compliment to a visitor, he thought it needful to seem to read or listen to two or three stanzas, he gave unhesitating praise to the writer himself, but took especial care not to repeat the praise where it might have done him good—utterly fair and false."

There are touches of this spirit of indifference to contemporary literature in several writers and scholars whom we know. There are distinct traces of it even in published writings, though it is much more evident in private life and habit. Emerson seriously suggests that "the human mind would perhaps be a gainer if all the secondary writers were lost—say, in England, all but Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon, through the profounder study so drawn to those wonderful minds." In the same spirit we have Emerson's laconic rule, "Never read any but famed books," which suggests the remark that if men had obeyed this rule from the beginning, no book could ever have acquired reputation, and nobody would ever have read anything.

The idea of limiting English literature to a holy trinity of Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon, and voluntarily losing all other authors, seems to me the most intense expression of the spirit of aristocracy in reading. It is as if a man were to decide in his own mind that society would be the better if all persons except the three Emperors were excluded from it. There is a want of reliance upon one's own judgment, and an excess of faith in the estimates of others, when we resolve to read only those books which come to us in the splendor of a recognized intellectual royalty. We read either to gain information, to have good thinking suggested to us, or to have our imagination stimulated. In the way of knowledge the best authors are always the most recent, so that Bacon could not suffice. In the way of thinking, our methods have gained in precision since Milton's time, and we are helped by a larger experience than his. The one thing which Shakespeare and Milton can do for us quite perfectly still, is to fill our imagination richly, and give it a fine stimulus. But modern writers can render us the same service.

Is there not a little jealousy of contemporaries in the persistence with which some authors avoid them, and even engage others to avoid them? May not there be a shade of another feeling than jealousy, a feeling more subtle in operation, the undefined apprehension that we may find, even amongst our more obscure contemporaries, merit equal to our own? So long as we restrict our reading to old books of great fame we are safe from this apprehension, for if we find admirable qualities, we know beforehand that the world has handsomely acknowledged them, and we indulge in the hope that our own admirable qualities will be recognized by posterity with equal liberality. But it creates an unpleasant feeling of uneasiness to see quantities of obscure contemporary work, done in a plain way to earn a living by men of third or fourth-rate reputation, or of no reputation at all, which in many respects would fairly sustain a comparison with our own. It is clear that an author ought to be the last person to advise the public not to read contemporary literature, since he is himself a maker of contemporary literature; and there is a direct contradiction between the invitation to read his book, which he circulates by the act of publishing, and the advice which the book contains. Emerson is more safe from this obvious rejoinder when he suggests to us to transfer our reading day by day from the newspaper to the standard authors. But are these suggestions anything more than the

reaction of an intellectual man against the too prevalent customs of the world? The reading practised by most people, by all who do not set before themselves intellectual culture as one of the definite aims of life, is remarkable for the regularity with which it neglects all the great authors of the past. The books provided by the circulating library, the reviews and magazines, the daily newspapers, are read whilst they are novelties, but the standard authors are left on their shelves unopened. We require a firm resolution to resist this invasion of what is new, because it flows like an unceasing river, and unless we protect our time against it by some solid embankment of unshakable rule and resolution, every nook and cranny of it will be filled and flooded. An Englishman whose life was devoted to culture, but who lived in an out-of-the-way place on the Continent, told me that he considered it a decided advantage to his mind to live quite outside of the English library system, because if he wanted to read a new book he had to buy it and pay heavily for carriage besides, which made him very careful in his choice. For the same reason he rejoiced that the nearest English news-room was two hundred miles from his residence.

But, on the other hand, what would be the condition of a man's mind who never read anything but the classic authors? He would live in an intellectual monastery, and would not even understand the classic authors themselves, for we understand the past only by referring it to what we know in the present.

It is best to preserve our minds in a state of equilibrium, and not to allow our repugnance to what we see as an evil to drive us into an evil of an opposite kind. We are too often like those little toy-fish with a bit of steel in their mouths, which children attract with a magnet. If you present the positive pole of the magnet, the fish rushes at it at once, but if you offer the negative end it retreats continually. Everything relatively to our character has this positive or negative end, and we either rush to things or rush away from them. Some persons are actually driven away from the most entertaining writers because they happen to be what are called classics, because pedants boast of having read them. I know a man who is exactly the opposite of a pedant, who has a horror of the charlatanism which claims social and intellectual position as the reward for having laboriously waded through those authors who are conventionally termed "classical," and this opposition to pedantry has given him an aversion to the classics themselves, which he never opens.

The shallow pretence to admiration of famous writers which is current in the world is so distasteful to the love of honesty and reality which is the basis of his character, that by an unhappy association of ideas he has acquired a repugnance to the writers themselves. But such men as Horace, Terence, Shakespeare, Molière, though they have had the misfortune to be praised and commented upon by pedants, were in their lives the precise opposite of pedants; they were *artists* whose study was human nature, and who lived without pretension in the common world of men. The pedants have a habit of considering these genial old artists as in some mysterious way their own private property, for do not the pedants live by expounding them? And some of us are frightened away from the fairest realms of poetry by the fences of these grim guardians.

LETTER X.

TO AN AUTHOR WHO KEPT VERY IRREGULAR HOURS.

Julian Fane—His late hours—Regularity produced by habit—The time of the principal effort—That the chief work should be done in the best hours—Physicians prefer early to late work—The practice of Goethe and some modern authors—The morning worker ought to live in a tranquil neighborhood—Night-work—The medical objection to it—The student's objection to day-work—Time to be kept in masses by adults, but divided into small portions by children—Rapid turning of the mind—Cuvier eminent for this faculty—The Duke of Wellington—The faculty more available with some occupations than others—The slavery of a minute obedience to the clock—Broad rules the best—Books of agenda, good in business, but not in the higher intellectual pursuits.

WHAT you told me of your habits in the employment of your hours reminded me of Julian Fane. Mr. Lytton tells us that "after a long day of professional business, followed by a late evening of social amusement, he would return in the small hours of the night to his books, and sit, unwearied, till sunrise in the study of them. Nor did he then seem to suffer from this habit of late hours. His nightly vigils occasioned no appearance of fatigue the next day. . . . He rarely rose before noon, and generally rose much later."

But however irregular a man's distribution of his time may be in the sense of wanting the government of fixed rules, there always comes in time a certain regularity by the mere operation of habit. People who get up very late hardly ever do so in obedience to a rule; many get up early by rule, and many more are told that they ought to get up early, and believe it, and aspire to that virtue, but

fail to carry it into practice. The late-risers are rebels and sinners—in this respect—to a man, and so persistently have the wise, from Solomon downwards, harped upon the moral loveliness of early rising and the degradation which follows the opposite practice, that one can hardly get up after eight without either an uncomfortable sense of guilt or an extraordinary callousness. Yet the late-risers, though obeying no rule, for the abandoned sinner recognizes none, become regular in their late rising from the gradual fixing power of habit. Even Julian Fane, though he regretted his desultory ways, “and dwelt with great earnestness on the importance of regular habits of work,” was perhaps less irregular than he himself believed. We are sure to acquire habits; what is important is not so much that the habits should be regular, as that their regularity should be of the kind most favorable in the long run to the accomplishment of our designs, and this never comes by chance, it is the result of an effort of the will in obedience to governing wisdom.

The first question which every one who has the choice of his hours must settle for himself is at what time of day he will make his principal effort; for the day of every intellectual workman ought to be marked by a kind of artistic composition; there ought to be some one labor distinctly recognized as dominant, with others in subordination, and subordination of various degrees. Now for the hours at which the principal effort ought to be made, it is not possible to fix them by the clock so as to be suitable for everybody, but a broad rule may be arrived at which is applicable to all imaginable cases. The rule is this—to do the chief work in the best hours; to give it the pick of your day; and by the day I do not mean only the solar day, but the whole of the twenty-four hours. There is an important physiological reason for giving the best hours to the most important work. The better the condition of the brain and the body, and the more favorable the surrounding circumstances, the smaller will be the cost to the organization of the labor that has to be done. It is always the safest way to do the heaviest (or most important) work at the time and under the conditions which make it the least costly.

Physicians are unanimous in their preference of early to late work; and no doubt, if the question were not complicated by other considerations, we could not do better than to follow their advice in its simplicity. Goethe wrote in the morning, with his faculties refreshed by sleep and not yet excited by any

stimulant. I could mention several living authors of eminence who pursue the same plan, and find it favorable alike to health and to production. The rule which they follow is never to write after lunch, leaving the rest of their time free for study and society, both of which are absolutely necessary to authors. According to this system it is presumed that the hours between breakfast and lunch are the best hours. In many cases they are so. A person in fair health, after taking a light early breakfast without any heavier stimulant than tea or coffee, finds himself in a state of freshness highly favorable to sound and agreeable thinking. His brain will be in still finer order if the breakfast has been preceded by a cold bath, with friction and a little exercise. The feeling of freshness, cleanliness, and moderate exhilaration, will last for several hours, and during those hours the intellectual work will probably be both lively and reasonable. It is difficult for a man who feels cheerful and refreshed, and whose task seems easy and light, to write anything morbid or perverse.

But for the morning to be so good as I have just described it, the workman must be quite favorably situated. He ought to live in a very tranquil neighborhood, and to be as free as possible from anxiety as to what the postman may have in reserve for him. If his study-window looks out on a noisy street, and if the day is sure, as it wears on, to bring anxious business of its own, then the increasing noise and the apprehension (even though it be almost entirely unconscious) of impending business, will be quite sufficient to interfere with the work of any man who is the least in the world nervous, and almost all intellectual laborers are nervous, more or less. Men who have the inestimable advantage of absolute tranquillity, at all times, do well to work in the morning, but those who can only get tranquillity at times independent of their own choice have a strong reason for working at those times, whether they happen to be in the morning or not.

In an excellent article on “Work” (evidently written by an experienced intellectual workman), which appeared in one of the early numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and was remarkable alike for practical wisdom and the entire absence of traditional dogmatism, the writer speaks frankly in favor of night-work, “If you can work at all at night, one hour at that time is worth any two in the morning. The house is hushed, the brain is clear, the distracting influences of the day are at an end. You have not to disturb your-

self with thoughts of what you are about to do, or what you are about to suffer. You know that there is a gulf between you and the affairs of the outside world, almost like the chasm of death; and that you need not take thought of the morrow until the morrow has come. There are few really great thoughts, such as the world will not willingly let die, that have not been conceived under the quiet stars."

The medical objection to night-work in the case of literary men would probably be that the night is *too* favorable to literary production. The author of the Essay just quoted says that at night "you only drift into deeper silence and *quicker inspiration*. If the right mood is upon you, *you write on*; if not, your pillow awaits you." Exactly so; that is to say, the brain, owing to the complete external tranquillity, can so concentrate its efforts on the subject in hand as to work itself up into a luminous condition which is fed by the most rapid destruction of the nervous substance that ever takes place within the walls of a human skull. "If the right mood is upon you, *you write on*;" in other words, if you have once well lighted your spirit-lamp, it will go on burning so long as any spirit is left in it, for the air is so tranquil that nothing comes to blow it out. You drift into deeper silence and "*quicker inspiration*." It is just this quicker inspiration that the physician dreads.

Against this objection may be placed the equally serious objection to day-work, that every interruption, when you are particularly anxious not to be interrupted, causes a definite loss and injury to the nervous system. The choice must therefore be made between two dangers, and if they are equally balanced there can be no hesitation, because all the *literary* interests of an author are on the side of the most tranquil time. Literary work is always sure to be much better done when there is no fear of disturbance than under the apprehension of it; and precisely the same amount of cerebral effort will produce, when the work is uninterrupted, not only better writing, but a much greater quantity of writing. The knowledge that he is working well and productively is an element of health to every workman because it encourages cheerful habits of mind.

In the division of time it is an excellent rule for adults to keep it as much as possible in *large masses*, not giving a quarter of an hour to one occupation and a quarter to another, but giving three, four, or five hours to one thing at a time. In the case of children an opposite practice should be followed; they are

able to change their attention from one subject to another much more easily than we can, whilst at the same time they cannot fix their minds for very long without cerebral fatigue leading to temporary incapacity. The custom prevalent in schools, of making the boys learn several different things in the course of the day, is therefore founded upon the necessities of the boy-nature, though most grown men would find that changes so frequent would, for them, have all the inconveniences of interruption. To boys they come as relief, to men as interruption. The reason is that the physical condition of the brain is different in the two cases; but in our loose way of talking about these things we may say that the boy's ideas are superficial, like the plates and dishes on the surface of a dinner-table, which may be rapidly changed without inconvenience, whereas the man's ideas, having all struck root down to the very depths of his nature, are more like the plants in a garden, which cannot be removed without a temporary loss both of vigor and of beauty, and the loss cannot be instantaneously repaired. For a man to do his work thoroughly well, it is necessary that he should dwell in it long enough at a time to get all the powers of his mind fully under command with reference to the particular work in hand, and he cannot do this without tuning his whole mind to the given diapason, as a tuner tunes a piano. Some men can tune their minds more rapidly, as violins are tuned, and this faculty may to a certain extent be acquired by efforts of the will very frequently repeated. Cuvier had this faculty in the most eminent degree. One of his biographers says: "His extreme facility for study, and of directing all the powers of his mind to diverse occupations of study, from one quarter of an hour to another, was one of the most extraordinary qualities of his mind." The Duke of Wellington also cultivated the habit (inestimably valuable to a public man) of directing the whole of his attention to the subject under consideration, however frequently that subject might happen to be changed. But although men of exceptional power and very exceptional flexibility may do this with apparent impunity, that still depends very much on the nature of the occupation. There are some occupations which are not incompatible with a fragmentary division of time, because these occupations are themselves fragmentary. For example, you may study languages in phrase-books during very small spaces of time, because the complete phrase is in itself a very small thing, but you could not so easily break and resume the thread of an elaborate argument. I suspect that though Cuvier appeared

to his contemporaries a man remarkably able to leave off and resume his work at will, he must have taken care to do work that would bear interruption at those times when he knew himself to be most liable to it. And although, when a man's time is unavoidably broken up into fragments, no talent of a merely auxiliary kind can be more precious than that of turning each of those fragments to advantage, it is still true that he whose time is at his own disposal will do his work most calmly, most deliberately, and therefore on the whole most thoroughly and perfectly, when he keeps it in fine masses. The mere knowledge that you have three or four clear hours before you is in itself a great help to the spirit of thoroughness, both in study and in production. It is agreeable too, when the sitting has come to an end, to perceive that a definite advance is the result of it, and advance in anything is scarcely perceptible in less than three or four hours.

There are several pursuits which cannot be followed in fragments of time, on account of the necessary preparations. It is useless to begin oil-painting unless you have full time to set your palette properly, to get your canvas into a proper state for working upon, to pose the model as you wish, and settle down to work with everything as it ought to be. In landscape-painting from nature you require the time to go to the selected place, and after your arrival to arrange your materials and shelter yourself from the sun. In scientific pursuits the preparations are usually at least equally elaborate, and often much more so. To prepare for an experiment, or for a dissection, takes time which we feel to be disproportionate when it leaves too little for the scientific work itself. It is for this reason more frequently than for any other that amateurs who begin in enthusiasm, so commonly, after awhile, abandon the objects of their pursuit.

There is a kind of slavery to which no really intellectual man would ever voluntarily submit, a minute obedience to the clock. Very conscientious people often impose upon themselves this sort of slavery. A person who has hampered himself with rules of this kind will take up a certain book, for instance, when the clock strikes nine, and begin at yesterday's mark, perhaps in the middle of a paragraph. Then he will read with great steadiness till a quarter-past nine, and exactly on the instant when the minute-hand gets opposite the dot, he will shut his book, however much the passage may happen to interest him. It was in allusion to good people of this kind that Sir Walter Scott said he had never

known a man of genius who could be perfectly regular in his habits, whilst he had known many blockheads who could. It is easy to see that a minute obedience to the clock is unintellectual in its very nature, for the intellect is not a piece of mechanism as a clock is, and cannot easily be made to act like one. There may be perfect correspondence between the locomotives and the clocks on a railway, for if the clocks are pieces of mechanism the locomotives are so likewise, but the intellect always needs a certain looseness and latitude as to time. Very broad rules are the best, such as "Write in the morning, read in the afternoon, see friends in the evening," or else "Study one day and produce another, alternately," or even "Work one week and see the world another week, alternately."

There is a fretting habit, much recommended by men of business and of great use to them, of writing the evening before the duties of the day in a book of agenda. If this is done at all by intellectual men with reference to their pursuits, it ought to be done in a very broad, loose way, never minutely. An intellectual worker ought never to make it a matter of conscience (in intellectual labor) to do a predetermined quantity of little things. This sort of conscientiousness frets and worries, and is the enemy of all serenity of thought.

PART XI.

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

LETTER I.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF ABILITY AND CULTURE WHO HAD NOT DECIDED ABOUT HIS PROFESSION.

The Church—Fetters and advantages of the clerical profession—Its elevated ideal—That it is favorable to noble studies—French priests and English Clergymen—The professional point of view—Difficulty of disinterested thinking—Colored light—Want of strict accuracy—Quotation from a sermon—The drawback to the clerical life—Provisional nature of intellectual conclusions—The legal profession—That it affords gratification to the intellectual powers—Want of intellectual disinterestedness in lawyers—Their absorption in professional life—Anecdote of a London lawyer—Superiority of lawyers in their sense of affairs—Medicine—The study of it a fine preparation for the intellectual life—Social rise of medical men coincident with the mental progress of communities—Their probable future influence on education—The heroic side of their profession—The military and naval professions—Bad effect of the privation of solitude—Interruption—Anecdote of Cuvier—The fine arts—in what way they are favorable to thought—Intellectual leisure of artists—Reasoning artists—Sciences included in the fine arts.

It may be taken for granted that to a mind constituted as yours is, no profession will be satisfactory which does not afford free play to the intellectual powers. You might no doubt exercise resolution enough to bind yourself down to uncongenial work for a term of years, but it would be with the intention of retiring as soon as you had realized a competency. The happiest life is that which constantly exercises and educates what is best in us.

You had thoughts, at one time, of the Church, and the Church would have suited you in many respects very happily, yet not, I think, in all respects. The clerical profession has many great felicities and advantages: it educates and develops, by its mild but regular discipline, much of our higher nature; it sets before us an elevated ideal, worth striving for at the cost of every sacrifice but one, of which I intend to say something farther on; and it offers just that mixture of public and private life which best affords the alternation of activity and rest. It is an existence in many respects most favorable to the noblest studies. It offers the happiest combination of duties that satisfy the conscience with leisure for the cultivation of the mind; it gives the easiest access to all classes of society, providing for the parson himself a neutral and independent position, so safe that he need only conduct himself properly to preserve it. How superior, from the intellectual point of view, is this liberal existence to the narrower one of a French *curé de campagne*! I certainly think that if a good *curé* has an exceptional genius for sanctity, his chances of becoming a perfect saint are better than those of a comfortable English incumbent, who is at the same time a gentleman and man of the world, but he is not nearly so well situated for leading the intellectual life. Our own clergy have a sort of middle position between the *curé* and the layman, which without at all interfering with their spiritual vocation, makes them better judges of the character of laymen and more completely in sympathy with it.

And yet, although the life of a clergyman is favorable to culture in many ways, it is not wholly favorable to it. There exists, in clerical thinking generally, just one restriction or impediment, which is the overwhelming importance of the professional point of view. Of all the professions the ecclesiastical one is that which most decidedly and most constantly affects the judgment of persons and opinions. It is peculiarly difficult for a clergyman to attain disinterestedness in his thinking, to accept truth just as it may hap-

pen to present itself, without passionately desiring that one doctrine may turn out to be strong in evidence and another unsupported. And so we find the clergy, as a class, anxious rather to discover aids to faith, than the simple scientific truth; and the more the special priestly character develops itself, the more we find them disposed to use their intellects for the triumph of principles that are decided upon beforehand. Sometimes this disposition leads them to see the acts of laymen in a colored light and to speak of them without strict accuracy. Here is an example of what I mean. A Jesuit priest preached a sermon in London very recently, in which he said that "in Germany, France, Italy, and England, gigantic efforts were being made to rob Christian children of the blessing of a Christian education." "Herod, though dead," the preacher continued, "has left his mantle behind him; and I wish that the soldiers of Herod in those countries would plunge their swords into the breasts of little children while they were innocent, rather than have their souls destroyed by means of an unchristian and uncatholic education." No doubt this is very earnest and sincere, but it is not accurate and just thinking. The laity in the countries the preacher mentioned have certainly a strong tendency to exclude theology from State schools, because it is so difficult for a modern State to impose any kind of theological teaching without injustice to minorities; but the laity do not desire to deprive children of whatever instruction may be given to them by the clergy of their respective communions. May I add, that to the mind of a layman it seems a sanguinary desire that all little children should have swords plunged into their breasts rather than be taught in schools not clerically directed? The exact truth is, that the powerful lay element is certainly separating itself from the ecclesiastical element all over Europe, because it is found by experience that the two have a great and increasing difficulty in working harmoniously together, but the ecclesiastical element is detached and not destroyed.

The quotation I have just made is in itself a sufficient illustration of that very peculiarity in the more exalted ecclesiastical temperament, which often makes it so difficult for priests and governments, in these times, to get on comfortably together. Here is first a very inaccurate statement, and then an outburst of most passionate feeling, whereas the intellect desires the strictest truth and the most complete disinterestedness. As the temper of the laity becomes more and more intel-

lectual (and that is the direction of its movement), the sacerdotal habit will become more and more remote from it.

The clerical life has many strong attractions for the intellectual, and just one drawback to counterbalance them. It offers tranquillity, shelter from the interruptions and anxieties of the more active professions, and powerful means of influence ready to hand; but it is compatible with intellectual freedom and with the satisfaction of the conscience, only just so long as the priest really remains a believer in the details of his religion. Now, although we may reasonably hope to retain the chief elements of our belief, although what a man believes at twenty-five is always what he will most probably believe at fifty, still, in an age when free inquiry is the common habit of cultivated people of our sex, we may well hesitate before taking upon ourselves any formal engagement for the future, especially in matters of detail. The intellectual spirit does not regard its conclusions as being at any time final, but always provisional; we hold what we believe to be the truth until we can replace it by some more perfect truth, but cannot tell how much of to-day's beliefs to-morrow will retain or reject. It may be observed, however, that the regular performance of priestly functions is in itself a great help to permanence in belief by connecting it closely with practical habit, so that the clergy do really and honestly often retain through life their hold on early beliefs which as laymen they might have lost.

The profession of the law provides ample opportunities for a critical intellect with a strong love of accuracy and a robust capacity for hard work, besides which it is the best of worldly educations. Some lawyers love their work as passionately as artists do theirs, others dislike it very heartily, most of them seem to take it as a simple business to be done for daily bread. Lawyers whose heart is in their work are invariably men of superior ability, which proves that there is something in it that affords gratification to the intellectual powers. However, in speaking of lawyers, I feel ignorant and on the outside, because their profession is one of which the interior feelings can be known to no one who has not practised. One thing seems clear, they get the habit of employing the whole strength and energy of their minds for especial and temporary ends, the purpose being the service of the client, certainly not the revelation of pure truth. Hence, although they become very acute, and keen judges of that side of human nature which they habitually see (not the best side), they are not more

disinterested than clergymen.* Sometimes they take up some study outside of their profession and follow it disinterestedly, but this is rare. A busy lawyer is much more likely than a clergyman to become entirely absorbed in his professional life, because it requires so much more intellectual exertion. I remember asking a very clever lawyer who lived in London, whether he ever visited an exhibition of pictures, and he answered me by the counter-inquiry whether I had read Chitty on Contracts, Collier on Partnerships, Taylor on Evidence, Cruse's Digest, or Smith's Mercantile Law? This seemed to me at the time a good instance of the way a professional habit may narrow one's views of things, for these law-books were written for lawyers alone, whilst the picture exhibitions were intended for the public generally. My friend's answer would have been more to the point if I had inquired whether he had read Linton on Colors, and Burnet on Chiaroscuro.

There is just one situation in which we all may feel for a short time as lawyers feel habitually. Suppose that two inexperienced players sit down to a game of chess, and that each is backed by a clever person who is constantly giving him hints. The two backers represent the lawyers, and the players represent their clients. There is not much disinterested thought in a situation of this kind, but there is a strong stimulus to acuteness.

I think that lawyers are often superior to philosophers in their sense of what is relatively important in human affairs with reference to limited spaces of time, such as half a century. They especially know the enormous importance of custom, which the speculative mind very readily forgets, and they have in the highest degree that peculiar sense which fits men for dealing with others in the affairs of ordinary life. In this respect they are remarkably superior to clergymen, and superior also to artists and men of science.

The profession of medicine is, of all fairly lucrative professions, the one best suited to the development of the intellectual life. Having to deal continually with science, being constantly engaged in following and observing the operation of natural laws, it produces a sense of the working of those laws which prepares the mind for bold and original speculation, and a reliance upon their unfailing regularity, which gives it great firmness and assurance. A medical education is the best possible preparation for philosophical pur-

* The word "disinterested" is used here in the sense explained in Part II. Letter III.

suits, because it gives them a solid basis in the ascertainable. The estimation in which these studies are held is an accurate meter of the intellectual advancement of a community. When the priest is revered as a being above ordinary humanity, and the physician slightly esteemed, the condition of society is sure to be that of comparative ignorance and barbarism; and it is one of several signs which indicate barbarian feeling in our own aristocracy, that it has a contempt for the study of medicine. The progress of society towards enlightenment is marked by the steady social rise of the surgeon and the physician, a rise which still continues, even in Western Europe. It is probable that before very long the medical profession will exercise a powerful influence upon general education, and take an active share in it. There are very strong reasons for the opinion that schoolmasters educated in medicine would be peculiarly well qualified to train both body and mind for a vigorous and active manhood. An immense advantage, even from the intellectual point of view, in the pursuit of medicine and surgery, is that they supply a discipline in mental heroism. Other professions do this also, but not to the same degree. The combination of an accurate training in positive science with the habitual contempt of danger and contemplation of suffering and death, is the finest possible preparation for noble studies and arduous discoveries. I ought to add, however, that medical men in the provinces, when they have not any special enthusiasm for their work, seem peculiarly liable to the deadening influences of routine, and easily fall behind their age. The medical periodicals provide the best remedy for this.

The military and naval professions are too active, and too much bound to obedience in their activity, for the highest intellectual pursuits; but their greatest evil in this respect is the continual privation of solitude, and the frequency of interruption. A soldier's life in the higher ranks, when there is great responsibility and the necessity for personal decision, undoubtedly leads to the most brilliant employment of the mental powers, and develops a manliness of character which is often of the greatest use in intellectual work; so that a man of science may find his force augmented, and better under control, for having passed through a military experience; but the life of barracks and camps is destructive to continuity of thinking. The incompatibility becomes strikingly manifest when we reflect how impossible it would have been for Ney or Massena to do the work of Cuvier or Comte. Cuvier even declined to accompany the expe-

dition to Egypt, notwithstanding the prospects of advantage that it offered. The reason he gave for this refusal was, that he could do more for science in the tranquillity of the Jardin des Plantes. He was a strict economist of time, and dreaded the loss of it involved in following an army, even though his mission would have been purely scientific. How much more would Cuvier have dreaded the interruptions of a really military existence! It is these interruptions, and not any want of natural ability, that are the true explanation of the intellectual poverty which characterizes the military profession. Of all the liberal professions it is the least studious.

Let me say a word in conclusion about the practical pursuit of the fine arts. Painters are often remarkable for pleasant conversational power, and a degree of intelligence strikingly superior to their literary culture. This is because the processes of their art can be followed, at least under certain circumstances, by the exercise of hand and eye, directed merely by artistic taste and experience, whilst the intellect is left free either for reflection or conversation. Rubens liked to be read to when he painted; many artists like to hear people talk, and to take a share occasionally in the conversation. The truth is that artists, even when they work very assiduously, do in fact enjoy great spaces of intellectual leisure, and often profit by them. Painting itself is also a fine discipline for some of the best faculties of the mind, though it is well known that the most gifted artists think least about their art. Still there is a large class of painters, including many eminent ones, who *proceed intellectually* in the execution of their works, who reason them out philosophically step by step, and exercise a continual criticism upon their manual labor as it goes forward. I find, as I know art and artists better, that this class is more numerous than is commonly suspected, and that the charming effects which we believe to be the result of pure inspiration have often been elaborately reasoned out like a problem in mathematics. We are very apt to forget that art includes a great science, the science of natural appearances, and that the technical work of painters and engravers cannot go forward safely without the profoundest knowledge of certain delicate materials, this being also a science, and a difficult one. The common tendency is to underrate (from ignorance) what is intellectual in the practice of the fine arts; and yet the artists of past times have left evidence enough that they thought about art, and thought deeply. Artists are often illiterate; but it is possible to be at the

same time illiterate and intellectual; as we see frequent examples of book-learning in people who have scarcely a single idea of their own.

LETTER II.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO HAD LITERARY AND ARTISTIC TASTES, BUT NO PROFESSION.

The world only recognizes performance—Uselessness of botch-work—Vastness of the interval between botch-work and handicraft—Delusions of the well-to-do—Quotation from Charles Lever—Indifference, and even contempt, for skill—Moral contempt for skill—The contempt which comes from the pride of knowledge—Intellectual value of skill and of professional discipline.

It is not a graceful thing for me to say, nor pleasant for you to hear, that what you have done hitherto in art and literature is neither of any value in itself nor likely to lead you to that which is truly and permanently satisfying. I believe you have natural ability, though it would not be easy for any critic to measure its degree when it has never been developed by properly-directed work. Most critics would probably err on the unfavorable side, for we are easily blind to powers that are little more than latent. To see anything encouraging in your present performance, it would need the sympathy and intelligence of the American sculptor Greenough, of whom it was said that "his recognition was not limited to achievement, but extended to latent powers." The world, however, recognizes nothing short of performance, because the performance is what it needs, and promises are of no use to it.

In this rough justice of the world there is a natural distribution of rewards. You will be paid, in fame and money, for all excellent work; and you will be paid, in money, though not in fame, for all work that is even simply good, provided it be of a kind that the world needs, or fancies that it needs. But you will never be paid at all for botch-work, neither in money nor in fame, nor by your own inward approval.

For we all of us either know that our botch-work is worthless, or else have serious misgivings about it. That which is less commonly realized by those who have not undergone the test of professional labor is the vastness of the interval that separates botch-work from handicraft, and the difficulty of getting over it. "There are few delusions," Charles Lever said in "The Bramleighs," "more common with well-to-do people than the belief that if 'put to it' they could earn their own livelihood in a variety of ways. Almost

every man has some two or three or more accomplishments which he fancies would be quite adequate to his support; and remembering with what success the exercise of these gifts has ever been hailed in the society of his friends, he has a sort of generous dislike to be obliged to eclipse some poor drudge of a professional, who, of course, will be consigned to utter oblivion after his own performance. Augustus Bramleigh was certainly not a conceited or a vain man, and yet he had often in his palmy days imagined how easy it would be for him to provide for his own support. He was something of a musician; he sang pleasingly; he drew a little; he knew something of three or four modern languages; he had that sort of smattering acquaintance with questions of religion, politics, and literature which the world calls being 'well-informed,' and yet nothing short of the grave necessity revealed to him that towards the object of securing a livelihood a cobbler in his bulk was out-and-out his master. The world has no need of the man of small acquirements, and would rather have its shoes mended by the veriest botch of a professional than by the cleverest amateur that ever studied a Greek sandal."

Something of this illusion, which Charles Lever has touched so truly, may be due to a peculiarity of the English mind in its present (not quite satisfactory) stage of development, a peculiarity which I am not the first to point out, since it has been already indicated by Mr. Pointer, the distinguished artist; and I think that this peculiarity is to be found in very great force, perhaps in greater force than elsewhere, in that well-to-do English middle class in which you have been born and educated. It consists in a sort of indifference to skill of all kinds, which passes into something not very far from active contempt when a call is made for attention, recognition, admiration. The source of this feeling will probably be found in the inordinate respect for wealth, between which and highly developed personal skill, in anything, there is a certain antagonism or incompatibility. The men of real skill are almost always men who earn their living by their skill. The feeling of the middle-class capitalists concerning the skilful man may be expressed, not unjustly, as follows: "Yes, he is very clever; he may well be clever—it is his trade; he gets his living by it." This is held to exonerate us from the burden of admiration, and there is not any serious interest in the achievements of human endeavor as evidence of the marvellous natural endowments and capabilities of the human organism. In some minds the indifference to

skill is more active and grows into very real, though not openly expressed contempt. This contempt is partly moral. The skilful man always rejoices in his skill with a heaven-bestowed joy and delight—one of the purest and most divine pleasures given by God to man—an encouragement to labor, and a reward, the best reward, after his arduous apprenticeship. But there is a sour and severe spirit, hating all innocent pleasures, which despises the gladness of the skilful as so much personal vanity.

There is also the contempt for skill which comes from the pride of knowledge. To attain skill in anything a degree of application is necessary which absorbs more time than the acquisition of knowledge *about* the thing, so that the remarkably skilful man is not likely to be the erudite man. There have been instances of men who possessed both skill and learning. The American sculptor Greenough, and the English painter Dyce, were at the same time both eminently skilful in their craft and eminently learned out of it; but the combination is very rare. Therefore the possession of skill has come to be considered presumptive evidence of a want of general information.

But the truth is that professional skill is knowledge tested and perfected by practical application, and therefore has a great intellectual value. Professional life is to private individuals what active warfare is to a military state. It brings to light every deficiency, and reveals our truest needs. And therefore it seems to me a matter for regret that you should pass your existence in irresponsible privacy, and not have your attainments tested by the exigencies of some professional career. The discipline which such a career affords, and which no private resolution can ever adequately replace, may be all that is wanting to your development

being "at the head of the profession"? Byron's vexation was not entirely due to jealousy of Wordsworth, though that may have had something to do with it, nor was it due either to an aristocratic dislike of being in a "profession" himself, though this feeling may have had a certain influence; it was due to a proper sense of the dignity of the intellectual life. Buffon could not bear to be called a "naturalist," and Cuvier in the same way disliked the title of Hellenist, because it sounded professional: he said that though he knew more Greek than all the Academy he was not a Hellenist as Gail was, because he did not live by Greek.

Now, if this feeling had arisen merely from a dislike to having it supposed that one is obliged to earn his own living, it would have been a contemptibly vulgar sentiment, whoever professed it. Nothing can be more honorable to a man than to earn his bread by honest industry of any kind, whether it be manual or intellectual, and still I feel with Byron, and Buffon, and Cuvier, that the great instruments of the world's intellectual culture ought not to be, in the ordinary sense, professions. Byron said that poetry, as he understood it, was "an art, an attribute," but not what is understood by a "profession." Surely the same is true of all the highest intellectual work, in whatever kind. You could scarcely consider Faraday's life to be what is commonly understood by a professional life. Tyndall says that if Faraday had chosen to employ his talents in analytical chemistry he might have realized a fortune of 150,000*l*. Now that would have been a professional existence; but the career which Faraday chose (happily for science) was not professional, but intellectual. The distinction between the professional and the intellectual lives is perfectly clear in my own mind, and therefore I ought to be able to express it clearly. Let me make the attempt.

The purpose of a profession, of a profession pure and simple, is to turn knowledge and talent to pecuniary profit. On the other hand, the purpose of cultivated men, or men of genius, who work in an unprofessional spirit, is to increase knowledge, or make it more accurate, or else simply to give free exercise to high faculties which demand it. The distinction is so clear and trenchant that most intellectual men, whose private fortunes are not large, prefer to have a profession distinct from their higher intellectual work, in order to secure the perfect independence of the latter. Mr. Smiles, in his valuable book on "Character," gives a list of eminent intellectual men who have pursued real professional

LETTER III.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO WISHED TO DEVOTE HIMSELF TO LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

Byron's vexation at the idea of poetry being considered a profession—Buffon could not bear to be called a naturalist—Cuvier would not be called a Hellenist—Faraday's life not professional—The intellectual life frequently protected by professions outside of it—Professional work ought to be plain business work—Michelet's account of the incubation of a book—Necessity for too great rapidity of production in professional literature—It does not pay to do your best—Journalism and magazine-writing—Illustration from a sister art—Privilege of an author to be allowed to write little.

Do you remember how put out Byron was when some reviewer spoke of Wordsworth as

avocations of various kinds separately from their literary or scientific activity, and he mentions an observation of Gifford's which is much to my present purpose:—"Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly*, who knew the drudgery of writing for a living, once observed that 'a single hour of composition, won from the business of the day, is worth more than the whole day's toil of him who works at the trade of literature: in the one case, the spirit comes joyfully to refresh itself, like a hart to the water-brooks; in the other, it pursues its miserable way, panting and jaded, with the dogs of hunger and necessity behind.'" So Coleridge said that "three hours of leisure, unalloyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial than weeks of compulsion." Coleridge's idea of a profession was, that it should be "some regular employment which could be carried on so far mechanically, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge." Without in the least desiring to undervalue good professional work of any kind, I may observe that, to be truly professional, it ought to be always at command, and therefore that the average power of the man's intellect, not his rare flashes of highest intellectual illumination, ought to suffice for it. Professional work ought always to be plain business work, requiring knowledge and skill, but not any effort of genius. For example, in medicine, it is professional work to prescribe a dose or amputate a limb, but not to discover the nervous system or the circulation of the blood.

If literature paid sufficiently well to allow it, a literary man might very wisely consider *study* to be his profession, and not *production*. He would then study regularly, say, six hours a day, and write when he had something to say, and really wanted to express it. His book, when it came out, would have had time to be properly hatched, and would probably have natural life in it. Michelet says of one of his books: "*Cette œuvre a du moins le caractère d'être venue comme vient toute vraie création vivante. Elle s'est faite à la chaleur d'une douce incubation.*"* It would be impossible, in so short a space, to give a more accurate description of the natural manner in which a book comes into existence. A book ought always to be "*fait à la chaleur d'une douce incubation.*"

But when you make a profession of litera-

ture this is what you can hardly ever get leave to do. Literary men require to see something of the world; they can hardly be hermits, and the world cannot be seen without a constant running expenditure, which at the end of the year represents an income. Men of culture and refinement really *cannot* live like very poor people without deteriorating in refinement, and falling behind in knowledge of the world. When they are married, and have families, they can hardly let their families live differently from themselves; so that there are the usual expenses of the English professional classes to be met, and these are heavy when they have to be got out of the profits of literature. The consequence is, that if a book is to be written prudently it must be written quickly, and with the least amount of preparatory labor that can possibly be made to serve. This is very different from the "*douce incubation*" of Michelet. Goldsmith said of hack-writing, that it was difficult to imagine a combination more prejudicial to taste than that of the author whose interest it is to write as much as possible, and the bookseller, whose interest it is to pay as little as possible. The condition of authors has no doubt greatly improved since Goldsmith's time, but still the fact remains that the most careful and finished writing, requiring extensive preparatory study, is a luxury in which the professional writer can only indulge himself at great risk. Careful writing does, no doubt, occasionally pay for the time it costs; but such writing is more commonly done by men who are either independent by fortune, or who make themselves, as authors, independent by the pursuit of some other profession, than by regular men of letters whose whole income is derived from their inkstands. And when, by way of exception, the hack-writer does produce very highly-finished and concentrated work, based upon an elaborate foundation of hard study, that work is seldom professional in the strictest sense, but is a labor of love, outside the hasty journalism or magazine-writing that wins his daily bread. In cases of this kind it is clear that the best work is not done as a regular part of professional duty, and that the author might as well earn his bread in some other calling, if he still had the same amount of leisure for the composition of real literature.

The fault I find with writing as a profession is that *it does not pay to do your best*. I don't mean to insinuate that downright slovenly or careless work is the most profitable; but I do mean to say that any high degree of conscientiousness, especially in the way of study and research, is a direct injury to the professional

* "This work has at any rate the character of having come into the world like every really living creation. It has been produced by the heat of a gentle incubation."

writer's purse. Suppose, for example, that he is engaged in reviewing a book, and is to get 3*l.* 10*s.* for the review when it is written. If by the accident of previous accumulation his knowledge is already fully equal to the demand upon it, the review may be written rapidly, and the day's work will have been a profitable one; but if, on the other hand, it is necessary to consult several authorities, to make some laborious researches, then the reviewer is placed in a dilemma between literary thoroughness and duty to his family. He cannot spend a week in reading up a subject for the sum of 3*l.* 10*s.* Is it not much easier to string together a few phrases which will effectually hide his ignorance from everybody but the half-dozen enthusiasts who have mastered the subject of the book? It is strange that the professional pursuit of literature should be a direct discouragement to study; yet it is so. There are hack-writers who study, and they deserve much honor for doing so, since the temptations the other way are always so pressing and immediate. Sainte-Beuve was a true student, loving literature for its own sake, and preparing for his articles with a diligence rare in the profession. But he was scarcely a hack-writer, having a modest independency, and living besides with the quiet frugality of a bachelor.

The truth seems to be that literature of the highest kind can only in the most exceptional cases be made a profession, yet that a skilful writer may use his pen professionally if he chooses. The production of the printed talk of the day is a profession, requiring no more than average ability, and the tone and temper of ordinary educated men. The outcome of it is journalism and magazine-writing; and now let me say a word or two about these.

The highest kind of journalism is very well done in England; the men who do it are often either highly educated, or richly gifted by nature, or both. The practice of journalism is useful to an author in giving him a degree of readiness and rapidity, a skill in turning his materials to immediate account, and a power of presenting one or two points effectively, which may often be valuable in literature of a more permanent order. The danger of it may be illustrated by a reference to a sister art. I was in the studio of an English landscape-painter when some pictures arrived from an artist in the country to go along with his own to one of the exhibitions. They were all very pretty and very clever—indeed, so clever were they, that their cleverness was almost offensive—and so long as they were looked at by themselves, the brilliance of them was rather dazzling. But the instant they

were placed by the side of thoroughly careful and earnest work, it became strikingly evident that they had been painted hastily, and would be almost immediately exhausted by the purchaser. Now these pictures were the *journalism of painting*; and my friend told me that when once an artist has got into the habit of doing hasty work like that, he seldom acquires better habits afterwards.

Professional writers who follow journalism for its immediate profits, are liable in like manner to retain the habit of diffuseness in literature which ought to be more finished and more concentrated. Therefore, although journalism is a good teacher of promptitude and decision, it often spoils a hand for higher literature by incapacitating it for perfect finish; and it is better for a writer who has ambition to write little, *but always his best*, than to dilute himself in daily columns. One of the greatest privileges which an author can aspire to is to be *allowed to write little*, and that is a privilege which the professional writer does not enjoy, except in such rare instances as that of Tennyson, whose careful finish is as prudent in the professional sense as it is satisfactory to the scrupulous fastidiousness of the artist.

LETTER IV.

TO AN ENERGETIC AND SUCCESSFUL COTTON MANUFACTURER.

Two classes in their lower grades inevitably hostile—The spiritual and temporal powers—The functions of both not easily exercised by the same person—Humboldt, Faraday, Livingstone—The difficulty about time—Limits to the energy of the individual—Jealousy between the classes—That this jealousy ought not to exist—Some of the sciences based upon an industrial development—The work of the intellectual class absolutely necessary in a highly civilised community—That it grows in numbers and influence side by side with the industrial class.

OUR last conversation together, in the privacy of your splendid new drawing-room after the guests had gone away and the music had ceased for the night, left me under the impression that we had not arrived at a perfect understanding of each other. This was due in a great measure to my unfortunate incapacity for expressing anything exactly by spoken words. The constant habit of writing, which permits a leisurely selection from one's ideas, is often very unfavorable to readiness in conversation. Will you permit me, then, to go over the ground we traversed, this time in my own way, pen in hand?

We represent, you and I, two classes which in their lower grades are inevitably hostile; but the superior members of these classes

ought not to feel any hostility, since both are equally necessary to the world. We are, in truth, the spiritual and the temporal powers in their most modern form. The chief of industry and the man of letters stand to-day in the same relation to each other and to mankind as the baron and bishop of the Middle Ages. We are not recognised, either of us, by formally conferred titles, we are both held to be somewhat intrusive by the representatives of a former order of things, and there is, or was until very lately, a certain disposition to deny what we consider our natural rights; but we know that our powers are not to be resisted, and we have the inward assurance that the forces of nature are with us.

This, with reference to the outer world. But there is a want of clearness in the relation between ourselves. You understand your great temporal function, which is the wise direction of the industry of masses, the accumulation and distribution of wealth; but you do not so clearly understand the spiritual function of the intellectual class, and you do not think of it quite justly. This want of understanding is called by some of us your Philistinism. Will you permit me to explain what the intellectual class thinks of you, and what is its opinion about itself?

Pray excuse any appearance of presumption on my part if I say we of the intellectual class and you of the industrial. My position is something like that of the clergyman who reads, "Let him come to me or to some other learned and discreet minister of God's word," thereby calling himself learned and discreet. It is a simple matter of fact that I belong to the intellectual class, since I lead its life, just as it is a fact that you have a quarter of a million of money.

First, I want to show that the existence of my class is necessary.

Although men in various occupations often acquire a considerable degree of culture outside their trade, the highest results of culture can scarcely ever be attained by men whose time is taken up in earning a fortune. Every man has but a limited flow of mental energy per day; and if this is used up in an industrial leadership, he cannot do much more in the intellectual sphere than simply ascertain what has been done by others. Now, although we have a certain respect, and the respect is just, for those who know what others have accomplished, it is clear that if no one did more than this, if no one made any fresh discoveries, the world would make no progress whatever; and in fact, if nobody ever had been dedicated to intellectual pursuits in preceding ages, the men who only learn what

others have done, would in these days have had nothing to learn. Past history proves the immensity of the debt which the world owes to men who gave their whole time and attention to intellectual pursuits; and if the existences of these men could be eliminated from the past of the human race, its present would be very different from what it is. A list has been published of men who have done much good work in the intervals of business, but still the fact remains that the great intellectual pioneers were absorbed and devoted men, scorning wealth so far as it affected themselves, and ready to endure everything for knowledge beyond the knowledge of their times. Instances of such enthusiasm abound, an enthusiasm fully justified by the value of the results which it has achieved. When Alexander Humboldt sold his inheritance to have the means for his great journey in South America, and calmly dedicated the whole of a long life, and the strength of a robust constitution, to the advancement of natural knowledge, he acted foolishly indeed, if years, and strength, and fortune are given to us only to be well invested in view of money returns; but the world has profited by his decision. Faraday gave up the whole of his time to discovery when he might have earned a large fortune by the judicious investment of his extraordinary skill in chemistry. Livingstone has sacrificed everything to the pursuit of his great work in Africa. Lives such as these—and many resemble them in useful devotion of which we hear much less—are clearly not compatible with much money-getting. A decent existence, free from debt, is all that such men ought to be held answerable for.

I have taken two or three leading instances, but there is quite a large class of intellectual people who cannot in the nature of things serve society effectively in their own way without being quite outside of the industrial life. There is a real incompatibility between some pursuits and others. I suspect that you would have been a good general, for you are a born leader and commander of men; but it would have been difficult to unite a regular military career with strict personal attention to your factories. We often find the same difficulty in our intellectual pursuits. We are not always quite so unpractical as you think we are; but the difficulty is how to find the time, and how to arrange it so as not to miss two or three distinct classes of opportunities. We are not all of us exactly imbeciles in money matters, though the pecuniary results of our labors seem no doubt pitiful enough. There is a tradition that a Greek

philosopher, who was suspected by the practical men of his day of incapacity for affairs, devoted a year to prove the contrary, and traded so judiciously that he amassed thereby great riches. It may be doubtful whether he could do it in one year, but many a fine intellectual capacity has overshadowed a fine practical capacity in the same head by the withdrawal of time and effort.

It is because the energies of one man are so limited, and there is so little time in a single human life, that the intellectual and industrial functions must, *in their highest development*, be separated. No one man could unite in his own person your life and Humboldt's, though it is possible that he might have the natural capacity for both. Grant us, then, the liberty *not* to earn very much money, and this being once granted, try to look upon our intellectual superiority as a simple natural fact, just as we look upon your pecuniary superiority.

In saying in this plain way that we are intellectually superior to you and your class, I am guilty of no more pride and vanity than you when you affirm or display your wealth. The fact is there, in its simplicity. We have culture because we have paid the twenty or thirty years of labor which are the price of culture, just as you have great factories and estates which are the reward of your life's patient and intelligent endeavor.

Why should there be any narrow jealousy between us; why any contempt on the one side or the other? Each has done his appointed work, each has caused to fructify the talent which the Master gave.

Yet a certain jealousy *does* exist, if not between you and me personally, at least between our classes. The men who have culture without wealth are jealous of the power and privileges of those who possess money without culture; and on the other hand, the men whose time has been too entirely absorbed by commercial pursuits to leave them any margin sufficient to do justice to their intellectual powers, are often painfully sensitive to the contempt of the cultivated, and strongly disposed, from jealousy, to undervalue culture itself. Both are wrong so far as they indulge any unworthy and unreasonable feeling of this kind. The existence of the two classes is necessary to an advanced civilization. The science of accumulating and administering material wealth, of which you yourself are a great practical master, is the foundation of the material prosperity of nations, and it is only when this prosperity is fully assured to great numbers that the arts and sciences can develop themselves in perfect liberty and

with the tranquil assurance of their own permanence. The advancement of material well-being in modern states tends so directly to the advancement of intellectual pursuits, even when the makers of fortunes are themselves indifferent to this result, that it ought always to be a matter of congratulation for the intellectual class itself, which needs the support of a great public with leisure to read and think. It is easy to show how those arts and sciences which our class delights to cultivate are built upon those developments of industry which have been brought about by the energy of yours. Suppose the case of a scientific chemist: the materials for his experiments are provided ready to his hand by the industrial class; the record of them is preserved on paper manufactured by the same industrial class; and the public which encourages him by its attention is usually found in great cities which are maintained by the labors of the same useful servants of humanity. It is possible, no doubt, in these modern times, that some purely pastoral or agricultural community might produce a great chemist, because a man of inborn scientific genius who came into the world in an agricultural country might in these days get his books and materials from industrial centres at a distance, but his work would still be based on the industrial life of others. No pastoral or agricultural community which was really isolated from industrial communities ever produced a chemist. And now consider how enormously important this one science of chemistry has proved itself even to our intellectual life! Several other sciences have been either greatly strengthened or else altogether renewed by it, and the wonderful photographic processes have been for nature and the fine arts what printing was for literature, placing reliable and authentic materials for study within the reach of every one. Literature itself has profited by the industrial progress of the present age, in the increased cheapness of everything that is material in books. I please myself with the reflection that even you make paper cheaper by manufacturing so much cotton.

All these are reasons why we ought not to be jealous of you; and now permit me to indicate a few other reasons why it is unreasonable on your part to feel any jealousy of us.

Suppose we were to cease working to-morrow—cease working, I mean, in our peculiar ways—and all of us become colliers and factory operatives instead, with nobody to supply our places. Or, since you may possibly be of opinion that there is enough literature and science in the world at the present day,

suppose rather that at some preceding date the whole literary and scientific and artistic labor of the human race; had come suddenly to a standstill. Mind, I do not say of Englishmen merely, but of the whole race, for if any intellectual work had been done in France or Germany, or even in Japan, you would have imported it like cotton and foreign cereals. Well, I have no hesitation in telling you that although there was a good deal of literature and science in England before the 1st of January, 1800, the present condition of the nation would have been a very chaotic condition if the intellectual class had ceased on that day to think and observe and to place on record its thoughts and observations. The life of a progressive nation cannot long go forward exclusively on the thinking of the past: its thoughtful men must not be all dead men, but living men who accompany it on its course. It is they who make clear the lessons of experience; it is they who discover the reliable general laws upon which all safe action must be founded in the future; it is they who give decision to human action in every direction by constantly registering, in language of comprehensive accuracy, both its successes and its failures. It is their great and arduous labor which makes knowledge accessible to men of action at the cost of little effort and the smallest possible expenditure of time. The intellectual class grows in numbers and in influence along with the numbers and influence of the materially productive population of the State. And not only are the natural philosophers, the writers of contemporary and past history, the discoverers in science, necessary in the strictest sense to the life of such a community as the modern English community, but even the poets, the novelists, the artists are necessary to the perfection of its life. Without them and their work the national mind would be as incomplete as would be the natural universe without beauty. But this, perhaps, you will perceive less clearly, or be less willing to admit.

LETTER V.

TO A YOUNG ETONIAN WHO THOUGHT OF BECOMING A COTTON-SPINNER.

Absurd old prejudices against commerce—Stigma attached to the great majority of occupations—Traditions of feudalism—Distinctions between one trade and another—A real instance of an Etonian who had gone into the cotton-trade—Observations on this case—The trade a fine field for energy—A poor one for intellectual culture—It develops practical ability—Culture not possible without leisure—The founders of commercial fortunes.

It is agreeable to see various indications that the absurd old prejudices against commerce are certainly declining. There still remains quite enough contempt for trade in the professional classes and the aristocracy, to give us frequent opportunities for studying it as a relic of former superstition, unhappily not yet rare enough to be quite a curiosity; but as time passes and people become more rational, it will retreat to out-of-the-way corners of old country mansions and rural parsonages, at a safe distance from the light-giving centres of industry. It is a surprising fact, and one which proves the almost pathetic spirit of deference and submission to superiors which characterizes the English people, that out of the hundreds of occupations which are followed by the busy classes of this country, only three are entirely free from some degrading stigma, so that they may be followed by a high-born youth without any sacrifice of caste. The wonder is that the great active majority of the nation, the men who by their industry and intelligence have made England what she is, should ever have been willing to submit to so insolent a rule as this rule of caste, which, instead of honoring industry, honored idleness, and attached a stigma to the most useful and important trades. The landowner, the soldier, the priest, these three were pure from every stain of degradation, and only these three were quite absolutely and ethereally pure. Next to them came the lawyer and the physician, on whom there rested some traces of the lower earth; so that although the youthful baron would fight or preach, he would neither plead nor heal. And after these came the lower professions and the innumerable trades, all marked with stigmas of deeper and deeper degradation.

From the intellectual point of view these prejudices indicate a state of society in which public opinion has not emerged from barbarism. It understands the strength of the feudal chief having land, with serfs or voters on the land; it knows the uses of the sword, and it dreads the menaces of the priesthood. Beyond this it knows little, and despises what it does not understand. It is ignorant of science, and industry, and art; it despises them as servile occupations beneath its conception of the gentleman. This is the tradition of countries which retain the impressions of feudalism; but notwithstanding all our philosophy, it is difficult for us to avoid some feeling of astonishment when we reflect that the public opinion of England—a country that owes so much of her greatness and nearly all her wealth to commercial enter-

prise—should be contemptuous towards commerce.

I may notice, in passing, a very curious form of this narrowness. Trade is despised, but distinctions are established between one trade and another. A man who sells wine is considered more of a gentleman than a man who sells figs and raisins; and I believe you will find, if you observe people carefully, that a woollen manufacturer is thought to be a shade less vulgar than a cotton manufacturer. These distinctions are seldom based on reason, for the work of commerce is generally very much the same sort of work, mentally, whatever may be the materials it deals in. You may be heartily congratulated on the strength of mind, firmness of resolution, and superiority to prejudice, which have led you to choose the business of a cotton-spinner. It is an excellent business, and, in itself, every whit as honorable as dealing in corn and cattle, which our nobles do habitually without reproach. But now that I have disclaimed any participation in the stupid narrowness which despises trade in general, and the cotton-trade in particular, let me add a few words upon the effects of the cotton business on the mind.

There appeared in one of the newspapers a little time since a most interesting and evidently genuine letter from an Etonian, who had actually entered business in a cotton factory, and devoted himself to it so as to earn the confidence of his employers and a salary of 400*l.* a year as manager. He had waited some time uselessly for a diplomatic appointment which did not arrive, and so, rather than lose the best years of early manhood, as a more indolent fellow would have done very willingly, in pure idleness, he took the resolution of entering business, and carried out his determination with admirable persistence. At first nobody would believe that the "swell" could be serious; people thought that his idea of manufacturing was a mere freak, and expected him to abandon it when he had to face the tedium of the daily work; but the swell *was* serious—went to the mill at six in the morning and stayed there till six at night, from Monday till Saturday inclusive. After a year of this, his new companions believed in him.

Now, all this is very admirable indeed as a manifestation of energy, and that truest independence which looks to fortune as the reward of its own manly effort, but it may be permitted to me to make a few observations on this young gentleman's resolve. What he did seems to me rather the act of an energetic nature seeking an outlet for energy, than of

an intellectual nature seeking pasture and exercise for the intellect. I am far indeed from desiring, by this comparison, to cast any disparaging light on the young gentleman's natural endowments, which appear to have been valuable in their order and robust in their degree, nor do I question the wisdom of his choice; all I mean to imply is, that although he had chosen a fine large field for simple energy, it was a poor and barren field for the intellect to pasture in. Consider for one moment the difference in this respect between the career which he had abandoned and the trade he had embraced. As an *attaché* he would have lived in capital cities, have had the best opportunities for perfecting himself in modern languages, and for meeting the most varied and the most interesting society. In every day there would have been precious hours of leisure, to be employed in the increase of his culture. If an intellectual man, having to choose between diplomacy and cotton-spinning, preferred cotton-spinning it would be from the desire for wealth, or from the love of an English home. The life of a cotton manufacturer, who personally attends to his business with that close supervision which has generally conducted to success, leaves scarcely any margin for intellectual pleasure or spare energy for intellectual work. After ten hours in the mill, it is difficult to sit down and study; and even if there were energy enough, the mind would not readily cast off the burden of great practical anxieties and responsibilities so as to attune itself to disinterested thinking. The leaders of industry often display mental power of as high an order as that which is employed in the government of great empires; they show the highest administrative ability, they have to deal continually with financial questions which on their smaller scale require as much forethought and acumen as those that concern the exchequer; but the ability they need is always strictly practical, and there is the widest difference between the practical and the intellectual minds. A constant and close pressure of practical considerations develops the sort of power which deals effectually with the present and its needs but atrophies the higher mind. The two minds which we call intelligence and intellect resemble the feet and wings of birds. Eagles and swallows walk badly or not at all, but they have a marvellous strength of flight; ostriches are great pedestrians, but they know nothing of the regions of the air. The best that can be hoped for men immersed in the details of business is that they may be able, like partridges and pheasants, to take a

short flight on an emergency, and rise, if only for a few minutes, above the level of the stubble and the copee.

Without, therefore, desiring to imply any prejudiced contempt for trade, I do desire to urge the consideration of its inevitable effects upon the mind. For men of great practical intelligence and abundant energy, trade is all-sufficing, but it could never entirely satisfy an intellectual nature. And although there is drudgery in every pursuit, for even literature and painting are full of it, still there are certain kinds of drudgery which intellectual natures find to be harder to endure than others. The drudgery which they bear least easily is an incessant attention to duties which have no intellectual interest, and yet which cannot be properly performed mechanically so as to leave the mind at liberty for its own speculations. Deep thinkers are notoriously absent, for thought requires abstraction from what surrounds us, and it is hard for them to be denied the liberty of dreaming. An intellectual person might be happy as a stone-breaker on the roadside, because the work would leave his mind at liberty; but he would certainly be miserable as an engine-driver at a coal-pit shaft, where the abstraction of an instant would imperil the lives of others.

In a recent address delivered by Mr. Gladstone at Liverpool, he acknowledged the neglect of culture which is one of the shortcomings of our trading community, and held out the hope (perhaps in some degree illusory) that the same persons might become eminent in commerce and in learning. No doubt there have been instances of this; and when a "concern" has been firmly established by the energy of a predecessor, the heir to it may be satisfied with a royal sort of supervision, leaving the drudgery of detail to his managers, and so secure for himself that sufficient leisure without which high culture is not possible. But the *founders* of great commercial fortunes have, I believe, in every instance thrown their *whole* energy into their trade, making wealth their aim, and leaving culture to be added in another generation. The founders of commercial families are in this country usually men of great mother-wit and plenty of determination—but illiterate.

PART XII.

SURROUNDINGS.

LETTER I.

TO A FRIEND WHO OFTEN CHANGED HIS PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

An unsettled class of English people—Effect of localities on the mind—Reaction against surroundings—Landscape-painting a consequence of it—Crushing effect of too much natural magnificence—The mind takes color from its surroundings—Selection of a place of residence—Charles Dickens—Heinrich Heine—Dr. Arnold at Rugby—His house in the lake district—Tycho Brahe—His establishment on the island of Hween—The young Humboldts in the Castle of Tegel—Alexander Humboldt's appreciation of Paris—Dr. Johnson—Mr. Buckle—Cowper—Galileo.

I FIND that there is a whole class of English subjects (you belong to that class) of whom it is utterly impossible to predict where they will be living in five years. Indeed, as you are the worst of correspondents, I only learned your present address, by sheer accident, from a perfect stranger, and he told me, of course, that you had plans for going somewhere else, but where that might be he knew not. The civilized English nomad is usually, like yourself, a person of independent means, rich enough to bear the expenses of frequent removals, but without the cares of property. His money is safely invested in the funds, or in railways; and so, wherever the postman can bring his dividends, he can live in freedom from material cares. When his wife is as unsettled as himself, the pair seem to live in a balloon, or in a sort of Noah's ark, which goes whither the wind lists, and takes ground in the most unexpected places.

Have you ever studied the effect of localities on the mind—on your own mind? That which we are is due in great part to the accident of our surroundings, which act upon us in one or two quite opposite ways. Either we feel in harmony with them, in which case they produce a positive effect upon us, or else we are out of harmony, and then they drive us into the strangest reactions. A great ugly English town, like Manchester, for instance, makes some men such thorough townsmen that they cannot live without smoky chimneys; or it fills the souls of others with such a passionate longing for beautiful scenery and rustic retirement, that they find it absolutely necessary to bury themselves from time to time in the recesses of picturesque mountains. The development of modern landscape-painting has not been due to habits of rural existence, but to the growth of very big and hide-

ous modern cities, which made men long for shady forests, and pure streams, and magnificent spectacles of sunset, and dawn, and moonlight. It is by this time a trite observation that people who have always lived in beautiful scenery do not, and cannot, appreciate it; that too much natural magnificence positively crushes the activity of the intellect, and that its best effect is simply that of refreshment for people who have not access to it every day. It happens too, in a converse way, that rustics and mountaineers have the strongest appreciation of the advantages of great cities, and thrive in them often more happily than citizens who are born in the brick streets. Those who have great facilities for changing their place of residence ought always to bear in mind that every locality is like a dyer's vat, and that the residents take its color, or some other color, from it just as the clothes do that the dyer steeps in stain. If you look back upon your past life, you will assuredly admit that every place has colored your mental habits; and that although other tints from other places have supervened, so that it may be difficult to say precisely what remains of the place you lived in many years ago, still something does remain, like the effect of the first painting on a picture, which tells on the whole work permanently, though it may have been covered over and over again by what painters call scumblings and glazings.

The selection of a place of residence, even though we only intend to pass a few short years in it, is from the intellectual point of view a matter so important that one can hardly exaggerate its consequences. We see this quite plainly in the case of authors, whose minds are more visible to us than the minds of other men, and therefore more easily and conveniently studied. We need no biographer to inform us that Dickens was a Londoner, that Browning had lived in Italy, that Ruskin had passed many seasons in Switzerland and Venice. Suppose for one moment that these three authors had been born in Ireland, and had never quitted it, is it not certain that their production would have been different? Let us carry our supposition farther still, and conceive, if we can, the difference to their literary performance if they had been born, not in Ireland, but in Iceland, and lived there all their lives! Is it not highly probable that in this case their production would have been so starved and impoverished from insufficiency of material and of suggestion, that they would have uttered nothing but some simple expression of sentiment and imagination, some homely song or tale? All

sights and sounds have their influence on our temper and on our thoughts, and our inmost being is not the same in one place as in another. We are like blank paper that takes a tint by reflection from what is nearest, and changes it as its surroundings change. In a dull gray room, how gray and dull it looks! but it will be bathed in rose or amber if the hangings are crimson or yellow. There are natures that go to the streams of life in great cities as the heart goes to the water-brooks; there are other natures that need the solitude of primeval forests and the silence of the Alps. The most popular of English novelists sometimes went to write in the tranquillity of beautiful scenery, taking his manuscript to the shore of some azure lake in Switzerland, in sight of the eternal snow; but all that beauty and peace, all that sweetness of pure air and color, were not seductive enough to overcome for many days the deep longing for the London streets. His genius needed the streets, as a bee needs the summer flowers, and languished when long separated from them. Others have needed the wild heather, or the murmur of the ocean, or the sound of autumn winds that strip great forest-trees. Who does not deeply pity poor Heine in his last sad years, when he lay fixed on his couch of pain in that narrow Parisian lodging, and compared it to the sounding grave of Merlin the enchanter, "which is situated in the wood of Brozeliande, in Brittany, under lofty oaks whose tops taper, like emerald flames, towards heaven. O brother Merlin," he exclaims, and with what touching pathos! "O brother Merlin, I envy thee those trees, with their fresh breezes, for never a green leaf rustles about this mattress-grave of mine in Paris, where from morning till night I hear nothing but the rattle of wheels, the clatter of hammers, street-brawls, and the jingling of pianofortes!"

In the biography of Dr. Arnold, his longing for natural beauty recurs as one of the peculiarities of his constitution. He did not need very grand scenery, though he enjoyed it deeply, but some wild natural loveliness was such a necessity for him that he pined for it unhappily in its absence. Rugby could offer him scarcely anything of this. "We have no hills," he lamented, "no plains—not a single wood, and but one single copse; no heath, no down, no rock, no river, no clear stream—scarcely any flowers, for the *lias* is particularly poor in them—nothing but one endless monotony of enclosed fields and hedgerow trees. This is to me a daily privation; it robs me of what is naturally my anti-attrition; and as I grow older I begin to feel it. . . . The pos-

itive dulness of the country about Rugby makes it to me a mere working-place: I cannot expatiate there even in my walks."

"The monotonous character of the midland scenery of Warwickshire," says Dr. Arnold's biographer, "was to him, with his strong love of natural beauty and variety, absolutely repulsive; there was something almost touching in the eagerness with which, amidst that 'endless succession of fields and hedgerows,' he would make the most of any features of a higher order; in the pleasure with which he would cherish the few places where the current of the Avon was perceptible, or where a glimpse of the horizon could be discerned; in the humorous despair with which he would gaze on the dull expanse of fields eastward from Rugby. It is no wonder we do not like looking that way, when one considers that there is nothing fine between us and the Ural mountains. Conceive what you look over, for you just miss Sweden, and look over Holland, the north of Germany, and the centre of Russia."*

This dreadful midland monotony impelled Dr. Arnold to seek refreshment and compensation in a holiday home in the Lake district, and there he found all that his eyes longed for, streams, hills, woods, and wild-flowers. Nor had his belief in the value of these sweet natural surroundings been illusory; such instincts are not given for our betrayal, and the soul of a wise man knows its own needs, both before they are supplied, and after. Westmoreland gave him all he had hoped from it, and more. "Body and mind," he wrote, "alike seem to repose greedily in delicious quiet, without dulness, which we enjoy in Westmoreland." And again: "At Allan Bank, in the summer, I worked on the Roman history, and hope to do so again in the winter. It is very inspiring to write with such a view before one's eyes as that from our drawing-room at Allan Bank, where the trees of the shrubbery gradually run up into the trees of the cliff, and the mountain-side, with its infinite variety of rocky peaks and points upon which the cattle expatiate, rises over the tops of the trees."

Of all happily-situated mental laborers who have worked since the days of Horace, surely Tycho Brahe was the happiest and most to be envied. King Frederick of Denmark gave him a delightful island for his habitation, large enough for him not to feel imprisoned (the circumference being about five miles), yet little enough for him to feel as snugly at home there as Mr. Waterton in his

high-walled park. The land was fertile and rich in game, so that the scientific Robinson Crusoe lived in material abundance; and as he was only about seven miles from Copenhagen, he could procure everything necessary to his convenience. He built a great house on the elevated land in the midst of the isle, about three-quarters of a mile from the sea, a palace of art and science, with statues and paintings and all the apparatus which the ingenuity of that age could contrive for the advancement of astronomical pursuits. Uniting the case of a rich nobleman's existence with every aid to science, including special erections for his instruments, and a printing establishment that worked under his own immediate direction, he lived far enough from the capital to enjoy the most perfect tranquillity, yet near enough to escape the consequences of too absolute isolation. Aided in all he undertook by a staff of assistants that he himself had trained, supported in his labor by the encouragement of his sovereign, and especially by his own unflagging interest in scientific investigation, he led in that peaceful island the ideal intellectual life. Of that mansion where he labored, of the observatory where he watched the celestial phenomena, surrounded but not disturbed by the waves of a shallow sea, there remains at this day literally not one stone upon another; but many a less fortunate laborer in the same field, harassed by poverty, distracted by noise and interruption, has remembered with pardonable envy the splendid peace of Uranienborg.

It was one of the many fortunate circumstances in the position of the two Humboldts that they passed their youth in the quiet old castle of Tegel, separated from Berlin by a pine-wood, and surrounded by walks and gardens. They too, like Tycho Brahe, enjoyed that happy combination of tranquillity with the neighborhood of a capital city which is so peculiarly favorable to culture. In later life, when Alexander Humboldt had collected those immense masses of material which were the result of his travels in South America, he warmly appreciated the unequalled advantages of Paris. He knew how to extract from the solitudes of primæval nature what he wanted for the enrichment of his mind; but he knew also how to avail himself of all the assistance and opportunities which are only to be had in great capitals. He was not attracted to town-life, like Dr. Johnson and Mr. Buckle, to the exclusion of wild nature; but neither, on the other hand, had he that horror of towns which was a morbid defect in Cowper, and which condemns those who suffer from it to rusticity. Even Galileo, who

* How purely this is the misery of a man of culture! A peasant would not have gone so far.

thought the country especially favorable to speculative intellects, and the walls of cities an imprisonment for them, declared that the best years of his life were those he had spent in Padua.

LETTER II.

TO A FRIEND WHO MAINTAINED THAT SURROUNDINGS WERE A MATTER OF INDIFFERENCE TO A THOROUGHLY OCCUPIED MIND.

Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse—Geoffroy St. Hilaire in the besieged city of Alexandria—Goethe at the bombardment of Verdun—Lullo, the Oriental missionary—Giordano Bruno—Unacknowledged effect of surroundings—Effect of Frankfurt on Goethe—Great capitals—Goethe—His garden-house—What he said about Béranger and Paris—Fortunate surroundings of Titian.

THERE are so many well-known instances of men who have been able to continue their intellectual labors under the most unfavorable conditions, that your argument might be powerfully supported by an appeal to actual experience. There is Archimedes, of course, to begin with, who certainly seems to have abstracted himself sufficiently from the tumult of a great siege to forget it altogether when occupied with his mathematical problems. The prevalent stories of his death, though not identical, point evidently to a habit of abstraction which had been remarked as a peculiarity by those about him, and it is probable enough that a great inventor in engineering would follow his usual speculations under circumstances which, though dangerous, had lasted long enough to become habitual. Even modern warfare, which from the use of gunpowder is so much noisier than that which raged at Syracuse, does not hinder men from thinking and writing when they are used to it. Geoffroy St. Hilaire never worked more steadily and regularly in his whole life than he did in the midst of the besieged city of Alexandria. "Knowledge is so sweet," he said long afterwards, in speaking of this experience, "that it never entered my thoughts how a bombshell might in an instant have cast into the abyss both me and my documents." By good luck two electric fish had been caught and given to him just then, so he immediately began to make experiments, as if he had been in his own cabinet in Paris, and for three weeks he thought of nothing else, utterly forgetting the fierce warfare that filled the air with thunder and flame, and the streets with victims. He had sixty-four hypotheses to amuse him, and it was necessary to review his whole scientific acquirement with reference to each of these as he consid-

ered them one by one. It may be doubted, however, whether he was more in danger from the bombardment or from the intensity of his own mental concentration. He grew thin and haggard, slept one hour in the twenty-four, and lived in a perilous condition of nervous strain and excitement. Goethe at the bombardment of Verdun, letting his mind take its own course, found that it did not occupy itself with tragedies, or with anything suggested by what was passing in the conflict around him, but by scientific considerations about the phenomena of colors. He noticed, in a passing observation, the bad effect of war upon the mind, how it makes people destructive one day and creative the next, how it accustoms them to phases intended to excite hope in desperate circumstances, thus producing a peculiar sort of hypocrisy different from the priestly and courtly kind. This is the extent of his interest in the war; but when he finds some soldiers fishing he is attracted to the spot and profoundly occupied—not with the soldiers, but with the optical phenomena on the water. He was never very much moved by external events, nor did he take that intense interest in the politics of the day which we often find in people less studious of literature and science. Raimond Lullo, the Oriental missionary, continued to write many volumes in the midst of the most continual difficulties and dangers, preserving as much mental energy and clearness as if he had been safe and tranquil in a library. Giordano Bruno worked constantly also in the midst of political troubles and religious persecutions, and his biographer tells us that "il desiderio vivissimo della scienza aveva ben più efficacia sull' animo del Bruno, che non gli avvenimenti esterni."

These examples which have just occurred to me, and many others that it would be easy to collect, may be taken to prove at least so much as this, that it is possible to be absorbed in private studies when surrounded by the most disturbing influences; but even in these cases it would be a mistake to conclude that the surroundings had no effect whatever. There can be no doubt that Geoffroy St. Hilaire was intensely excited by the siege of Alexandria, though he may not have attributed his excitement to that cause. His mind was occupied with the electrical fishes, but his nervous system was wrought upon by the siege, and kept in that state of tension which at the same time enabled him to get through a gigantic piece of intellectual labor and made him incapable of rest. Had this condition been prolonged it must have terminated either in exhaustion or in madness. Men have

often engaged in literature or science to escape the pressure of anxiety, which strenuous mental labor permits us, at least temporarily, to forget; but the circumstances which surround us have invariably an influence of some kind upon our thinking, though the connection may not be obvious. Even in the case of Goethe, who could study optics on a battle-field, his English biographer recognizes the effect of the Frankfort life which surrounded the great author in his childhood. "The old Frankfort city, with its busy crowds, its fairs, its mixed population, and its many sources of excitement, offered great temptations and great pasture to so desultory a genius. This is perhaps a case wherein circumstances may be seen influencing the direction of character. . . . A large continuity of thought and effort was perhaps radically uncongenial to such a temperament; yet one cannot help speculating whether under other circumstances he might not have achieved it. Had he been reared in a quiet little old German town, where he would have daily seen the same faces in the silent streets, and come in contact with the same characters, his culture might have been less various, but it might perhaps have been deeper. Had he been reared in the country, with only the changing seasons and the sweet serenities of nature to occupy his attention when released from study, he would certainly have been a different poet. The long summer afternoons spent in lonely rambles, the deepening twilights filled with shadowy visions, the slow uniformity of his external life necessarily throwing him more and more upon the subtler diversities of inward experience, would inevitably have influenced his genius in quite different directions, would have animated his works with a very different spirit."

We are sometimes told that life in a great capital is essential to the development of genius, but Frankfort was the largest town Goethe ever lived in, and he never visited either Paris or London. Much of the sanity of his genius may have been due to his residence in so tranquil a place as Weimar, where he could shut himself up in his "garden-house" and lock all the gates of the bridge over the Ilm. "The solitude," says Mr. Lewes, "is absolute, broken only by the occasional sound of the church clock, the music from the barracks, and the screaming of the peacocks spreading their superb beauty in the park." Few men of genius have been happier in their surroundings than Goethe. He had tranquillity, and yet was not deprived of intellectual intercourse; the scenery without—excursion—distance from his home was in-

teresting and even inspiring, yet not so splendid as to be overwhelming. We know from his conversations that he was quite aware of the value of those little centres of culture to Germany, and yet in one place he speaks of Béranger in the tone which seems to imply an appreciation of the larger life of Paris. "Fancy," he says, "this same Béranger away from Paris, and the influence and opportunities of a world-city, born as the son of a poor tailor, at Jena or Weimar; let him run his wretched career in either of the two small cities, and see what fruit would have grown on such a soil and in such an atmosphere."

We cannot too frequently be reminded that we are nothing of ourselves, and by ourselves, and are only something by the place we hold in the intellectual chain of humanity by which electricity is conveyed to us and through us—to be increased in the transmission if we have great natural power and are favorably situated, but not otherwise. A child is born to the Vecelli family at Cadore, and when it is nine years old is taken to Venice and placed under the tuition of Sebastian Zuccato. Afterwards he goes to Bellini's school, and there gets acquainted with another student, one year his junior, whose name is Barbarelli. They live together and work together in Venice; then young Barbarelli (known to posterity as Giorgione), after putting on certain spaces of wall and squares of canvas such color as the world had never before seen, dies in his early manhood and leaves Vecellio, whom we call Titian, to work on there in Venice till the plague stays his hand in his hundredth year. The genius came into the world, but all the possibilities of his development depended upon the place and the time. He came exactly in the right place and precisely at the right time. To be born not far from Venice in the days of Bellini, to be taken there at nine years old, to have Giorgione for one's comrade, all this was as fortunate for an artistic career as the circumstances of Alexander of Macedon were for a career of conquest.

LETTER III.

TO AN ARTIST WHO WAS FITTING UP A MAGNIFICENT NEW STUDIO.

Pleasure of planning a studio—Opinions of an outsider—Saint Bernard—Father Ravignan—Goethe's study and bed-room—Gustave Doré's studio—Leslie's painting-room—Turner's opinion—Habits of Scott and Dickens—Extremes good—Vulgar mediocrity not so good—Value of beautiful views to literary men—Montaigne—Views from the author's windows.

NOTHING in the life of an artist is more agreeable than the building and furnishing of the studio in which he hopes to produce his most mature and perfect work. It is so pleasant to labor when we are surrounded by beauty and convenience, that painters find a large and handsome studio to be an addition to the happiness of their lives, and they usually dream of it, and plan it, several years before the dream is realized.

Only a few days ago I was talking on this very subject with an intellectual friend who is not an artist, and who maintained that the love of fine studios is in great part a mere illusion. He admitted the necessity for size, and for a proper kind of light, but laughed at carved oak, and tapestry, and armor, and the knickknacks that artists encumber themselves with. He would have it that a mind thoroughly occupied with its own business knew nothing whatever of the objects that surrounded it, and he cited two examples—Saint Bernard, who travelled all day by the shore of Lake Lemane without seeing it, and the *père* Ravignan, who worked in a bare little room with a common table of blackened pine and a cheap rush-bottomed chair. On this I translated to him, from Goethe's life by Lewes, a passage which was new to him and delighted him as a confirmation of his theory. The biographer describes the poet's study as "a low-roofed narrow room, somewhat dark, for it is lighted only through two tiny windows, and furnished with a simplicity quite touching to behold. In the centre stands a plain oval table of unpolished oak. No arm-chair is to be seen, no sofa, nothing which speaks of ease. A plain hard chair has beside it the basket in which he used to place his handkerchief. Against the wall, on the right, is a long pear-tree table, with bookshelves, on which stand lexicons and manuals. . . . On the side-wall again, a bookcase with some works of poets. On the wall to the left is a long desk of soft wood, at which he was wont to write. A sheet of paper with notes of contemporary history is fastened near the door. The same door leads into a bed-room, if bed-room it can be called, which no maid-of-all-work in England would accept without a murmur: it is a closet with a window. A simple bed, an arm-chair by its side, and a tiny washing-table with a small white basin on it, and a sponge, is all the furniture. To enter this room with any feeling for the greatness and goodness of him who slept here, and who here slept his last sleep, brings tears into our eyes, and makes the breathing deep."

When I had finished reading this passage, my friend exclaimed triumphantly, "There!

don't you see that it was just because Goethe had imaginative power of a strong and active kind that he cared nothing about what surrounded him when he worked? He had statues and pictures to occupy his mind when it was disengaged, but when he wrote he preferred that bare little cell where nothing was to be seen that could distract his attention for an instant. Depend upon it, Goethe acted in this matter either from a deliberate and most wise calculation, or else from the sure instinct of genius."

Whilst we were on this subject I thought over other instances, and remembered my surprise on visiting Gustave Doré in his painting-room in Paris. Doré has a Gothic exuberance of imagination, so I expected a painting-room something like Victor Hugo's house, rather barbarous, but very rich and interesting, with plenty of carved cabinets, and tapestry, and *bibles*, as they call picturesque curiosities in Paris. To my surprise, there was nothing (except canvases and easels) but a small deal table, on which tubes of oil-color were thrown in disorder, and two cheap chairs. Here, evidently, the pleasure of painting was sufficient to occupy the artist; and in the room where he made his illustrations the characteristics were simplicity and good practical arrangements for order, but there was nothing to amuse the imagination. Mr. Lealie used to paint in a room which was just like any other in the house, and had none of the peculiarities of a studio. Turner did not care in the least what sort of a room he painted in, provided it had a door, and a bolt on the inside. Scott could write anywhere, even in the family sitting-room, with talk going forward as usual; and after he had finished Abbotsford, he did not write in any of its rich and noble rooms, but in a simple closet with book-shelves round it. Dickens wrote in a comfortable room, well lighted and cheerful, and he liked to have funny little bronzes on his writing-table.

The best way appears to be to surround ourselves, whenever it can be conveniently done, with whatever we know by experience to be favorable to our work. I think the barest cell monk ever prayed in would be a good place for imaginative composition, and so too would be the most magnificent rooms in Chatsworth or Blenheim. A middling sort of place with a Philistine character, vulgar upholstery, and vulgar pictures or engravings, is really dangerous, because these things often attract attention in the intervals of labor and occupy it in a mean way. An artist is always the better for having something that may profitably amuse and occupy his

eye when he quits his picture, and I think it is a right instinct which leads artists to surround themselves with many picturesque and beautiful things, not too orderly in their arrangement, so that there may be pleasant surprises for the eye, as there are in nature.

For literary men there is nothing so valuable as a window with a cheerful and beautiful prospect. It is good for us to have this refreshment for the eye when we leave off working, and Montaigne did wisely to have his study up in a tower from which he had extensive views.

There is a well-known objection to extensive views, as wanting in snugness and comfort, but this objection scarcely applies to the especial case of literary men. What we want is not so much snugness as relief, refreshment, suggestion, and we get these, as a general rule, much better from wide prospects than from limited ones. I have just alluded to Montaigne,—will you permit me to imitate that dear old philosopher in his egotism and describe to you the view from the room I write in, which cheers and amuses me continually? But before describing this let me describe another of which the recollection is very dear to me and as vivid as a freshly-painted picture. In years gone by, I had only to look up from my desk and see a noble loch in its inexhaustible loveliness, and a mountain in its majesty. It was a daily and hourly delight to watch the breezes play about the enchanted isles, on the delicate silvery surface, dimming some clear reflection, or trailing it out in length, or cutting sharply across it with acres of rippling blue. It was a frequent pleasure to see the clouds play about the crest of Cruachan and Ben Vorich's golden head, gray mists that crept upwards from the valleys till the sunshine suddenly caught them and made them brighter than the snows they shaded. And the leagues and leagues of heather on the lower land to the

southward that became like the aniline dyes of deepest purple and blue, when the sky was gray in the evening—all save one orange-streak! Ah, those were spectacles never to be forgotten, splendors of light and glory, and sadness of deepening gloom when the eyes grew moist in the twilight and secretly drank their tears.

And yet, wonderful as it was, that noble and passionately beloved Highland scenery was wanting in one great element that a writer imperatively needs. In all that natural magnificence humanity held no place. Hidden behind a fir-clad promontory to the north, there still remained, it is true, the gray ruin of old Kilchurn, and far to the southwest, in another reach of the lake, the island-fortress of Ardconnel. But there was not a visible city with spires and towers, there were only the fir-trees on the little islands and a few gravestones on the largest. Beyond, were the depopulated deserts of Breadalbane.

Here, where I write to you now, it seems as if mankind were nearer, and the legends of the ages written out for me on the surface of the world. Under the shadow of Jove's hill rises before me one of the most ancient of European cities, *soror et æmula Romæ*. She bears on her walls and edifices the record of sixty generations. Temple, and arch, and pyramid, all these bear witness still, and so do her ancient bulwarks, and many a stately tower. High above all, the cathedral spire is drawn dark in the morning mist, and often in the clear summer evenings it comes brightly in slanting sunshine against the steep woods behind. Then the old city arrays herself in the warmest and mellowest tones, and glows as the shadows fall. She reigns over the whole width of her valley to the folds of the far blue hills. Even so ought our life to be surrounded by the loveliness of nature—surrounded, but not subdued.

tion of both sexes equally. In these latter days of civilization, however, we see that in the dress of men the regard for appearance has in a considerable degree yielded to the regard for comfort; while in their education the useful has of late been trenching on the ornamental. In neither direction has this change gone so far with women. The wearing of earrings, finger-rings, bracelets; the elaborate dressings of the hair; the still occasional use of paint; the immense labor bestowed in making habiliments sufficiently attractive; and the great discomfort that will be submitted to for the sake of conformity; show how greatly in the attiring of women, the desire of approbation overrides the desire for warmth and convenience. And similarly in their education, the immense preponderance of "accomplishments" proves how here, too, use is subordinated to display. Dancing, deportment, the piano, singing, drawing—what a large space do these occupy! If you ask why Italian and German are learnt, you will find that under all the sham reasons given, the real reason is, that a knowledge of those tongues is thought ladylike. It is not that the books written in them may be utilized, which they scarcely ever are; but that Italian and German songs may be sung, and that the extent of attainment may bring whispered admiration. The births, deaths, and marriages of kings, and other like historic trivialities, are committed to memory, not because of any direct benefits that can possibly result from knowing them; but because society considers them parts of a good education—because the absence of such knowledge may bring the contempt of others. When we have named reading, writing, spelling, grammar, arithmetic, and sewing, we have named about all the things a girl is taught with a view to their direct uses in life; and even some of these have more reference to the good opinion of others than to immediate personal welfare.

Thoroughly to realize the truth that with the mind as with the body the ornamental precedes the useful, it is needful to glance at its rationale. This lies in the fact that, from the far past down even to the present, social needs have subordinated individual needs, and that the chief social need has been the control of individuals. It is not, as we commonly suppose, that there are no governments but those of monarchs, and parliaments, and constituted authorities. These acknowledged governments are supplemented by other unacknowledged ones, that grow up in all circles, in which every man or woman strives to be king or queen or lesser dignitary. To get above some and be revered by them, and

to propitiate those who are above us, is the universal struggle in which the chief energies of life are expended. By the accumulation of wealth, by style of living, by beauty of dress, by display of knowledge or intellect, each tries to subjugate others; and so aids in weaving that ramified network of restraints by which society is kept in order. It is not the savage chief only, who, in formidable war-paint, with scalps at his belt, aims to strike awe into his inferiors; it is not only the belle who, by elaborate toilet, polished manners, and numerous accomplishments, strives to "make conquests;" but the scholar, the historian, the philosopher, use their acquirements to the same end. We are none of us content with quietly unfolding our own individualities to the full in all directions; but have a restless craving to impress our individualities upon others, and in some way subordinate them. And this it is which determines the character of our education. Not what knowledge is of most real worth, is the consideration; but what will bring most applause, honor, respect—what will most conduce to social position and influence—what will be most imposing. As, throughout life, not what we are, but what we shall be thought, is the question; so in education, the question is, not the intrinsic value of knowledge, so much as its extrinsic effects on others. And this being our dominant idea, direct utility is scarcely more regarded than by the barbarian when filing his teeth and staining his nails.

If there needs any further evidence of the rude, undeveloped character of our education, we have it in the fact that the comparative worths of different kinds of knowledge have been as yet scarcely even discussed—much less discussed in a methodic way with definite results. Not only is it that no standard of relative values has yet been agreed upon; but the existence of any such standard has not been conceived in any clear manner. And not only is it that the existence of any such standard has not been clearly conceived; but the need for it seems to have been scarcely even felt. Men read books on this topic, and attend lectures on that; decide that their children shall be instructed in these branches of knowledge, and shall not be instructed in those; and all under the guidance of mere custom, or liking, or prejudice; without ever considering the enormous importance of determining in some rational way what things are really most worth learning. It is true that in all circles we have occasional remarks on the importance of this or the other order

of information. But whether the degree of its importance justifies the expenditure of the time needed to acquire it; and whether there are not things of more importance to which the time might be better devoted; are queries which, if raised at all, are disposed of quite summarily, according to personal predilections. It is true also, that from time to time, we hear revived the standing controversy respecting the comparative merits of classics and mathematics. Not only, however, is this controversy carried on in an empirical manner, with no reference to an ascertained criterion; but the question at issue is totally insignificant when compared with the general question of which it is part. To suppose that deciding whether a mathematical or a classical education is the best, is deciding what is the proper *curriculum*, is much the same thing as to suppose that the whole of dietetics lies in determining whether or not bread is more nutritive than potatoes!

The question which we contend is of such transcendent moment, is, not whether such or such knowledge is of worth, but what is its *relative* worth? When they have named certain advantages which a given course of study has secured them, persons are apt to assume that they have justified themselves: quite forgetting that the adequateness of the advantages is the point to be judged. There is, perhaps, not a subject to which men devote attention that has not *some* value. A year diligently spent in getting up heraldry, would very possibly give a little further insight into ancient manners and morals, and into the origin of names. Any one who should learn the distances between all the towns in England, might, in the course of his life, find one or two of the thousand facts he had acquired of some slight service when arranging a journey. Gathering together all the small gossip of a county, profitless occupation as it would be, might yet occasionally help to establish some useful fact—say, a good example of hereditary transmission. But in these cases, every one would admit that there was no proportion between the required labor and the probable benefit. No one would tolerate the proposal to devote some years of a boy's time to getting such information, at the cost of much more valuable information which he might else have got. And if here the test of relative value is appealed to and held conclusive, then should it be appealed to and held conclusive throughout. Had we time to master all subjects we need not be particular. To quote the old song:—

Could a man be secure
That his days would endure

As of old, for a thousand long years,
What things might he know!
What deeds might he do!
And all without hurry or care.

"But we that have but span-long lives" must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this time is limited, not only by the shortness of life, but also still more by the business of life, we ought to be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage. Before devoting years to some subject which fashion or fancy suggests, it is surely wise to weigh with great care the worth of the results, as compared with the worth of various alternative results which the same years might bring if otherwise applied.

In education, then, this is the question of questions, which it is high time we discussed in some methodic way. The first in importance, though the last to be considered, is the problem—how to decide among the conflicting claims of various subjects on our attention. Before there can be a rational *curriculum*, we must settle which things it most concerns us to know; or, to use a word of Bacon's, now unfortunately obsolete—we must determine the relative values of knowledges.

To this end, a measure of value is the first requisite. And happily, respecting the true measure of value, as expressed in general terms, there can be no dispute. Every one in contending for the worth of any particular order of information, does so by showing its bearing upon some part of life. In reply to the question, "Of what use is it?" the mathematician, linguist, naturalist, or philosopher, explains the way in which his learning beneficially influences action—saves from evil or secures good—conduces to happiness. When the teacher of writing has pointed out how great an aid writing is to success in business—that is, to the obtaining of sustenance—that is, to satisfactory living; he is held to have proved his case. And when the collector of dead facts (say a numismatist) fails to make clear any appreciable effects which these facts can produce on human welfare, he is obliged to admit that they are comparatively valueless. All then, either directly or by implication, appeal to this as the ultimate test.

How to live?—that is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the mere material sense only, but in the widest sense. The general problem which comprehends every special problem is—the right ruling of conduct in all directions under all circumstances. In what way to treat the body; in what way to

treat the mind; in what way to manage our affairs; in what way to bring up a family; in what way to behave as a citizen; in what way to utilize all those sources of happiness which nature supplies—how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others—how to live completely? And this being the great thing needful for us to learn, is, by consequence, the great thing which education has to teach. To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge; and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course is, to judge in what degree it discharges such function.

This test, never used in its entirety, but rarely even partially used, and used then in a vague, half conscious way, has to be applied consciously, methodically, and throughout all cases. It behoves us to set before ourselves, and ever to keep clearly in view, complete living as the end to be achieved; so that in bringing up our children we may choose subjects and methods of instruction, with deliberate reference to this end. Not only ought we to cease from the mere unthinking adoption of the current fashion in education, which has no better warrant than any other fashion; but we must also rise above that rude, empirical style of judging displayed by those more intelligent people who do bestow some care in overseeing the cultivation of their children's minds. It must not suffice simply to *think* that such or such information will be useful in after life, or that this kind of knowledge is of more practical value than that; but we must seek out some process of estimating their respective values, so that as far as possible we may positively *know* which are most deserving of attention.

Doubtless the task is difficult—perhaps never to be more than approximately achieved. But, considering the vastness of the interests at stake, its difficulty is no reason for pusillanimously passing it by; but rather for devoting every energy to its mastery. And if we only proceed systematically, we may very soon get at results of no small moment.

Our first step must obviously be to classify, in the order of their importance, the leading kinds of activity which constitute human life. They may be naturally arranged into:—1. Those activities which directly minister to self-preservation; 2. Those activities which, by securing the necessities of life, indirectly minister to self-preservation; 3. Those activities which have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring; 4. Those activities which are involved in the maintain-

ance of proper social and political relations; 5. Those miscellaneous activities which make up the leisure part of life, devoted to the gratification of the tastes and feelings.

That these stand in something like their true order of subordination, it needs no long consideration to show. The actions and precautions by which, from moment to moment, we secure personal safety, must clearly take precedence of all others. Could there be a man, ignorant as an infant of all surrounding objects and movements, or how to guide himself among them, he would pretty certainly lose his life the first time he went into the street: notwithstanding any amount of learning he might have on other matters. And as entire ignorance in all other directions would be less promptly fatal than entire ignorance in this direction, it must be admitted that knowledge immediately conducive to self-preservation is of primary importance.

That next after direct self-preservation comes the indirect self-preservation: which consists in acquiring the means of living, none will question. That a man's industrial functions must be considered before his parental ones, is manifest from the fact that, speaking generally, the discharge of the parental functions is made possible only by the previous discharge of the industrial ones. The power of self-maintenance necessarily preceding the power of maintaining offspring, it follows that knowledge needful for self-maintenance has stronger claims than knowledge needful for family welfare—is second in value to none save knowledge needful for immediate self-preservation.

As the family comes before the State in order of time—as the bringing up of children is possible before the State exists, or when it has ceased to be, whereas the State is rendered possible only by the bringing up of children; it follows that the duties of the parent demand closer attention than those of the citizen. Or, to use a further argument—since the goodness of a society ultimately depends on the nature of its citizens; and since the nature of its citizens is more modifiable by early training than by anything else; we must conclude that the welfare of the family underlies the welfare of society. And hence knowledge directly conducing to the first, must take precedence of knowledge directly conducing to the last.

Those various forms of pleasurable occupation which fill up the leisure left by graver occupations—the enjoyments of music, poetry, painting, etc.—manifestly imply a pre-existing society. Not only is a considerable development of them impossible without a

long-established social union; but their very subject-matter consists in great part of social sentiments and sympathies. Not only does society supply the conditions to their growth; but also the ideas and sentiments they express. And, consequently, that part of human conduct which constitutes good citizenship is of more moment than that which goes out in accomplishments or exercise of the tastes; and, in education, preparation for the one must rank before preparation for the other.

Such then, we repeat, is something like the rational order of subordination:—That education which prepares for direct self-preservation; that which prepares for indirect self-preservation; that which prepares for parenthood; that which prepares for citizenship; that which prepares for the miscellaneous refinements of life. We do not mean to say that these divisions are definitely separable. We do not deny that they are intricately entangled with each other in such way that there can be no training for any that is not in some measure a training for all. Nor do we question that of each division there are portions more important than certain portions of the preceding divisions: that, for instance, a man of much skill in business but little other faculty, may fall further below the standard of complete living than one of but moderate power of acquiring money but great judgment as a parent; or that exhaustive information bearing on right social action, joined with entire want of general culture in literature and the fine arts, is less desirable than a more moderate share of the one joined with some of the other. But, after making all qualifications, there still remain these broadly-marked divisions; and it still continues substantially true that these divisions subordinate one another in the foregoing order, because the corresponding divisions of life make one another *possible* in that order.

Of course the ideal of education is—complete preparation in all these divisions. But failing this ideal, as in our phase of civilization every one must do more or less, the aim should be to maintain a *due proportion* between the degrees of preparation in each. Not exhaustive cultivation in any one, supremely important though it may be—not even an exclusive attention to the two, three, or four divisions of greatest importance; but an attention to all,—greatest where the value is greatest, less where the value is less, least where the value is least. For the average man (not to forget the cases in which peculiar aptitude for some one department of

knowledge rightly makes that one the bread-winning occupation)—for the average man, we say, the desideratum is, a training that approaches nearest to perfection in the things which most subserve complete living, and falls more and more below perfection in the things that have more and more remote bearings on complete living.

In regulating education by this standard, there are some general considerations that should be ever present to us. The worth of any kind of culture, as aiding complete living, may be either necessary or more or less contingent. There is knowledge of intrinsic value; knowledge of quasi-intrinsic value and knowledge of conventional value. Such facts as that sensations of numbness and tingling commonly precede paralysis, that the resistance of water to a body moving through it varies as the square of the velocity, that chlorine is a disinfectant,—these, and the truths of Science in general, are of intrinsic value: they will bear on human conduct ten thousand years hence as they do now. The extra knowledge of our own language, which is given by an acquaintance with Latin and Greek, may be considered to have a value that is quasi-intrinsic: it must exist for us and for other races whose languages owe much to these sources; but will last only as long as our languages last. While that kind of information which, in our schools, usurps the name History—the mere tissue of names and dates and dead unmeaning events—has a conventional value only: it has not the remotest bearing upon any of our actions; and is of use only for the avoidance of those unpleasant criticisms which current opinion passes upon its absence. Of course, as those facts which concern all mankind throughout all time must be held of greater moment than those which concern only a portion of them during a limited era, and of far greater moment than those which concern only a portion of them during the continuance of a fashion; it follows that in a rational estimate, knowledge of intrinsic worth must, other things equal, take precedence of knowledge that is of quasi-intrinsic or conventional worth.

One further preliminary. Acquirement of every kind has two values—value as *knowledge* and value as *discipline*. Besides its use for guidance in conduct, the acquisition of each order of facts has also its use as mental exercise; and its effects as a preparative for complete living have to be considered under both these heads.

These, then, are the general ideas with which we must set out in discussing a *curriculum*:—Life as divided into several kinds of

activity of successively decreasing importance; the worth of each order of facts as regulating these several kinds of activity, intrinsically, quasi-intrinsically, and conventionally; and their regulative influences estimated both as knowledge and discipline.

Happily, that all-important part of education which goes to secure direct self-preservation, is in great part already provided for. Too momentous to be left to our blundering, Nature takes it into her own hands. While yet in its nurse's arms, the infant, by hiding its face and crying at the sight of a stranger, shows the dawning instinct to attain safety by flying from that which is unknown and may be dangerous; and when it can walk, the terror it manifests if an unfamiliar dog comes near, or the screams with which it runs to its mother after any startling sight or sound, shows this instinct further developed. Moreover, knowledge subserving direct self-preservation is that which it is chiefly busied in acquiring from hour to hour. How to balance its body; how to control its movements so as to avoid collisions; what objects are hard, and will hurt if struck; what objects are heavy, and injure if they fall on the limbs; which things will bear the weight of the body, and which not; the pains inflicted by fire, by missiles, by sharp instruments—these, and various other pieces of information needful for the avoidance of death or accident, it is ever learning. And when, a few years later, the energies go out in running, climbing, and jumping, in games of strength and games of skill, we see in all these actions by which the muscles are developed, the perceptions sharpened, and the judgment quickened, a preparation for the safe conduct of the body among surrounding objects and movements; and for meeting those greater dangers that occasionally occur in the lives of all. Being thus, as we say, so well cared for by Nature, this fundamental education needs comparatively little care from us. What we are chiefly called upon to see, is, that there shall be free scope for gaining this experience, and receiving this discipline,—that there shall be no such thwarting of Nature as that by which stupid schoolmistresses commonly prevent the girls in their charge from the spontaneous physical activities they would indulge in; and so render them comparatively incapable of taking care of themselves in circumstances of peril.

This, however, is by no means all that is comprehended in the education that prepares for direct self-preservation. Besides guarding the body against mechanical damage or

destruction, it has to be guarded against injury from other causes—against the disease and death that follow breaches of physiologic law. For complete living it is necessary, not only that sudden annihilations of life shall be ward off; but also that there shall be escaped the incapacities and the slow annihilation which unwise habits entail. As, without health and energy, the industrial, the parental, the social, and all other activities become more or less impossible; it is clear that this secondary kind of direct self-preservation is only less important than the primary kind; and that knowledge tending to secure it should rank very high.

It is true that here, too, guidance is in some measure ready supplied. By our various physical sensations and desires, Nature has insured a tolerable conformity to the chief requirements. Fortunately for us, want of food, great heat, extreme cold, produce promptings too peremptory to be disregarded. And would men habitually obey these and all like promptings when less strong, comparatively few evils would arise. If fatigue of body or brain were in every case followed by desistance; if the oppression produced by a close atmosphere always led to ventilation; if there were no eating without hunger, or drinking without thirst; then would the system be but seldom out of working order. But so profound an ignorance is there of the laws of life, that men do not even know that their sensations are their natural guides, and (when not rendered morbid by long-continued disobedience) their trustworthy guides. So that though, to speak teleologically, Nature has provided efficient safeguards to health, lack of knowledge makes them in a great measure useless.

If any one doubts the importance of an acquaintance with the fundamental principles of physiology as a means to complete living, let him look around and see how many men and women he can find in middle or later life who are thoroughly well. Occasionally only do we meet with an example of vigorous health continued to old age; hourly do we meet with examples of acute disorder, chronic ailment, general debility, premature decrepitude. Scarcely is there one to whom you put the question, who has not, in the course of his life, brought upon himself illnesses which a little knowledge would have saved him from. Here is a case of heart disease consequent on a rheumatic fever that followed reckless exposure. There is a case of eyes spoiled for life by overstudy. Yesterday the account was of one whose long-enduring lameness was brought on by continuing, spite of the pain,

to use a knee after it had been slightly injured. And to-day we are told of another who has had to lie by for years, because he did not know that the palpitation he suffered from resulted from overtaxed brain. Now we hear of an irremediable injury that followed some silly feat of strength; and, again, of a constitution that has never recovered from the effects of excessive work needlessly undertaken. While on all sides we see the perpetual minor ailments which accompany feebleness. Not to dwell on the natural pain, the weariness, the gloom, the waste of time and money thus entailed, only consider how greatly ill-health hinders the discharge of all duties—makes business often impossible, and always more difficult; produces an irritability fatal to the right management of children; puts the functions of citizenship out of the question; and makes amusement a bore. Is it not clear that the physical sins—partly our forefathers' and partly our own—which produce this ill-health, deduct more from complete living than anything else? and to a great extent make life a failure and a burden instead of a benefaction and a pleasure?

To all which add the fact, that life, besides being thus immensely deteriorated, is also cut short. It is not true, as we commonly suppose, that a disorder or disease from which we have recovered leaves us as before. No disturbance of the normal course of the functions can pass away and leave things exactly as they were. In all cases a permanent damage is done—not immediately appreciable, it may be, but still there; and along with other such items which Nature in her strict accounting never drops, will tell against us to the inevitable shortening of our days. Through the accumulation of small injuries it is that constitutions are commonly undermined, and break down, "long before their time. And if we call to mind how far the average duration of life falls below the possible duration, we see how immense is the loss. When, to the numerous partial deductions which bad health entails, we add this great final deduction, it results that ordinarily more than one-half of life is thrown away.

Hence, knowledge which subserves direct self-preservation by preventing this loss of health, is of primary importance. We do not contend that possession of such knowledge would by any means wholly remedy the evil. For it is clear that in our present phase of civilization men's necessities often compel them to transgress. And it is further clear that, even in the absence of such compulsion, their inclinations would frequently lead them, spite of their knowledge, to sacrifice future

good to present gratification. But we do contend that the right knowledge impressed in the right way would effect much; and we further contend that as the laws of health must be recognized before they can be fully conformed to, the imparting of such knowledge must precede a more rational living—come when that may. We infer that as vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields in moment to no other whatever. And therefore we assert that such a course of physiology as is needful for the comprehension of its general truths, and their bearings on daily conduct, is an all-essential part of a rational education.

Strange that the assertion should need making! Stranger still that it should need defending! Yet are there not a few by whom such a proposition will be received with something approaching to derision. Men who would blush if caught saying Iphigénia instead of Iphigenia, or would resent as an insult any imputation of ignorance respecting the fabled labors of a fabled demi-god, show not the slightest shame in confessing that they do not know where the Eustachian tubes are, what are the actions of the spinal cord, what is the normal rate of pulsation, or how the lungs are inflated. While anxious that their sons should be well up in the superstitions of two thousand years ago, they care not that they should be taught anything about the structure and functions of their own bodies—nay, would even disapprove such instruction. So overwhelming is the influence of established routine! So terribly in our education does the ornamental override the useful!

We need not insist on the value of that knowledge which aids indirect self-preservation by facilitating the gaining of a livelihood. This is admitted by all; and, indeed, by the mass is perhaps too exclusively regarded as the end of education. But while every one is ready to endorse the abstract proposition that instruction fitting youths for the business of life is of high importance, or even to consider it of supreme importance; yet scarcely any inquire what instruction will so fit them. It is true that reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught with an intelligent appreciation of their uses; but when we have said this we have said nearly all. While the great bulk of what else is acquired has no bearing on the industrial activities, an immensity of information that has a direct bearing on the industrial activities is entirely passed over.

For, leaving out only some very small classes, what are all men employed in? They are employed in the production, preparation, and distribution of commodities. And on what does efficiency in the production, preparation, and distribution of commodities depend? It depends on the use of methods fitted to the respective natures of these commodities; it depends on an adequate knowledge of their physical, chemical, or vital properties, as the case may be; that is, it depends on Science. This order of knowledge, which is in great part ignored in our school courses, is the order of knowledge underlying the right performance of all those processes by which civilized life is made possible. Undeniable as is this truth, and thrust upon us as it is at every turn, there seems to be no living consciousness of it: its very familiarity makes it unregarded. To give due weight to our argument, we must, therefore, realize this truth to the reader by a rapid review of the facts.

For all the higher arts of construction, some acquaintance with Mathematics is indispensable. The village carpenter, who, lacking rational instruction, lays out his work by empirical rules learnt in his apprenticeship, equally with the builder of a Britannia Bridge, makes hourly reference to the laws of quantitative relations. The surveyor on whose survey the land is purchased; the architect in designing a mansion to be built on it; the builder in preparing his estimates; his foreman in laying out the foundations; the masons in cutting the stones; and the various artisans who put up the fittings; are all guided by geometrical truths. Railway-making is regulated from beginning to end by mathematics: alike in the preparation of plans and sections; in staking out the line; in the mensuration of cuttings and embankments; in the designing, estimating, and building of bridges, culverts, viaducts, tunnels, stations. And similarly with the harbors, docks, piers, and various engineering and architectural works that fringe the coasts and overspread the face of the country; as well as the mines that run underneath it. Out of geometry, too, as applied to astronomy, the art of navigation has grown; and so, by this science, has been made possible that enormous foreign commerce which supports a large part of our population, and supplies us with many necessities and most of our luxuries. And now-a-days even the farmer, for the correct laying out of his drains, has recourse to the level—that is, to geometrical principles. When from those divisions of mathematics which deal with *space*,

and *number*, some small smattering of which is given in schools, we turn to that other division which deals with *force*, of which even a smattering is scarcely ever given, we meet with another large class of activities which this science presides over. On the application of rational mechanics depends the success of nearly all modern manufacture. The properties of the lever, the wheel and axle, etc., are involved in every machine—every machine is a solidified mechanical theorem; and to machinery in these times we owe nearly all production. Trace the history of the breakfast-roll. The soil out of which it came was drained with machine-made tiles; the surface was turned over by a machine; the seed was put in by a machine; the wheat was reaped, thrashed, and winnowed by machines; by machinery it was ground and bolted; and had the flour been sent to Gosport it might have been made into biscuits by a machine. Look round the room in which you sit. If modern, probably the bricks in its walls were machine-made; by machinery the flooring was sawn and planed, the mantle shelf sawn and polished, the paper-hanging made and printed; the veneer on the table, the turned legs of the chairs, the carpet, the curtains, are all products of machinery. And your clothing—plain, figured, or printed—is it not wholly woven, nay, perhaps even sewed by machinery? And the volume you are reading—are not its leaves fabricated by one machine and covered with these words by another? Add to which that for the means of distribution over both land and sea we are similarly indebted. And then let it be remembered that according as the principles of mechanics are well or ill used to these ends comes success or failure—individual and national. The engineer who misapplies his formulae for the strength of materials, builds a bridge that breaks down. The manufacturer whose apparatus is badly devised, cannot compete with another whose apparatus wastes less in friction and inertia. The ship-builder adhering to the old model, is outsailed by one who builds on the mechanically-justified wave-line principle. And as the ability of a nation to hold its own against other nations depends on the skilled activity of its units, we see that on such knowledge may turn the national fate. Judge then the worth of mathematics.

Pass next to Physics. Joined with mathematics, it has given us the steam-engine, which does the work of millions of laborers. That section of physics which deals with the laws of heat, has taught us how to economize fuel in our various industries; how to increase the produce of our smelting furnaces.

by substituting the hot for the cold blast; how to ventilate our mines; how to prevent explosions by using the safety-lamp; and, through the thermometer, how to regulate innumerable processes. That division which has the phenomena of light for its subject, gives eyes to the old and the myopic; aids through the microscope in detecting diseases and adulterations; and by improved light-houses prevents shipwrecks. Researches in electricity and magnetism have saved incalculable life and property by the compass; have subserved sundry arts by the electro-type; and now, in the telegraph, have supplied us with the agency by which for the future all mercantile transactions will be regulated, political intercourse carried on, and perhaps national quarrels often avoided. While in the details of indoor life, from the improved kitchen-range up to the stereoscope on the drawing-room table, the applications of advanced physics underlie our comforts and gratifications.

Still more numerous are the bearings of Chemistry on those activities by which men obtain the means of living. The bleacher, the dyer, the calico-printer, are severally occupied in processes that are well or ill done according as they do or do not conform to chemical laws. The economical reduction from their ores of copper, tin, zinc, lead, silver, iron, are in a great measure questions of chemistry. Sugar-refining, gas-making, soap-boiling, gunpowder manufacture, are operations all partly chemical; as are also those by which are produced glass and porcelain. Whether the distiller's wort stops at the alcoholic fermentation or passes into the acetous, is a chemical question on which hangs his profit or loss and the brewer, if his business is sufficiently large, finds it pay to keep a chemist on his premises. Glance through a work on technology, and it becomes at once apparent that there is now scarcely any process in the arts or manufactures over some part of which chemistry does not preside. And then, lastly, we come to the fact that in these times, agriculture, to be profitably carried on, must have like guidance. The analysis of manures and soils; their adaptations to each other; the use of gypsum or other substance for fixing ammonia; the utilization of coprolites; the production of artificial manures—all these are boons of chemistry which it behoves the farmer to acquaint himself with. Be it in the lucifer match, or in disinfecting sewage, or in photographs—in bread made without fermentation, or perfumes extracted from refuse, we may perceive that chemistry affects all our industries; and that,

by consequence, knowledge of it concerns every one who is directly or indirectly connected with our industries.

And then the science of life—Biology: does not this, too, bear fundamentally upon these processes of indirect self-preservation? With what we ordinarily call manufactures, it has, indeed, little connection; but with the all-essential manufacture—that of food—it is inseparably connected. As agriculture must conform its methods to the phenomena of vegetable and animal life, it follows necessarily that the science of these phenomena is the rational basis of agriculture. Various biological truths have indeed been empirically established and acted upon by farmers while yet there has been no conception of them as science: such as that particular manures are suited to particular plants; that crops of certain kinds unfit the soil for other crops; that horses cannot do good work on poor food; that such and such diseases of cattle and sheep are caused by such and such conditions. These, and the every-day knowledge which the agriculturist gains by experience respecting the right management of plants and animals, constitute his stock of biological facts; on the largeness of which greatly depends his success. And as these biological facts, scanty, indefinite, rudimentary, though they are, aid him so essentially; judge what must be the value to him of such facts when they become positive, definite, and exhaustive. Indeed, even now we may see the benefits that rational biology is conferring on him. The truth that the production of animal heat implies waste of substance, and that, therefore, preventing loss of heat prevents the need for extra food—a purely theoretical conclusion—now guides the fattening of cattle: it is found that by keeping cattle warm, fodder is saved. Similarly with respect to variety of food.

The experiments of physiologists have shown that not only is change of diet beneficial, but that digestion is facilitated by a mixture of ingredients in each meal: both which truths are now influencing cattle-feeding. The discovery that a disorder known as "the staggers," of which many thousands of sheep have died annually, is caused by an entozoon which presses on the brain; and that if the creature is extracted through the softened place in the skull which marks its position, the sheep usually recovers; is another debt which agriculture owes to biology. When we observe the marked contrast between our farming and farming on the Continent, and remember that this contrast is mainly due to the far greater influence science has had upon farm-

ing here than there; and when we see how, daily, competition is making the adoption of scientific methods more general and necessary; we shall rightly infer that very soon, agricultural success in England will be impossible without a competent knowledge of animal and vegetable physiology.

Yet one more science have we to note as bearing directly on industrial success—the Science of Society. Without knowing it, men who daily look at the state of the money-market, glance over prices current, discuss the probable crops of corn, cotton, sugar, wool, silk, weigh the chances of war, and from all those data decide on their mercantile operations, are students of social science: empirical and blundering students it may be; but still, students who gain the prizes or are plucked of their profits, according as they do or do not reach the right conclusion. Not only the manufacturer and the merchant must guide their transactions by calculations of supply and demand, based on numerous facts, and tacitly recognizing sundry general principles of social action; but even the retailer must do the like: his prosperity very greatly depending upon the correctness of his judgments respecting the future wholesale prices and the future rates of consumption. Manifestly, all who take part in the entangled commercial activities of a community, are vitally interested in understanding the laws according to which those activities vary.

Thus, to all such as are occupied in the production, exchange, or distribution of commodities, acquaintance with science in some of its departments, is of fundamental importance. Whoever is immediately or remotely implicated in any form of industry (and few are not) has a direct interest in understanding something of the mathematical, physical, and chemical properties of things; perhaps, also, has a direct interest in biology; and certainly has in sociology. Whether he does or does not succeed well in that indirect self-preservation which we call getting a good livelihood, depends in a great degree on his knowledge of one or more of these sciences: not, it may be, a rational knowledge; but still a knowledge, though empirical. For what we call learning a business, really implies learning the science involved in it; though not perhaps under the name of science. And hence a grounding in science is of great importance, both because it prepares for all this, and because rational knowledge has an immense superiority over empirical knowledge. Moreover, not only is it that scientific culture is requisite for each, that he may understand the *how* and the *why* of the things and proc-

esses with which he is concerned as maker or distributor; but it is often of much moment that he should understand the *how* and the *why* of various other things and processes. In this age of joint-stock undertakings, nearly every man above the laborer is interested as capitalist in some other occupation than his own; and, as thus interested, his profit or loss often depends on his knowledge of the sciences bearing on this other occupation. Here is a mine, in the sinking of which many shareholders ruined themselves, from not knowing that a certain fossil belonged to the old red sandstone, below which no coal is found. Not many years ago, 20,000*l.* was lost in the prosecution of a scheme for collecting the alcohol that distils from bread in baking: all which would have been saved to the subscribers, had they known that less than a hundredth part by weight of the flour is changed in fermentation. Numerous attempts have been made to construct electro-magnetic engines, in the hope of superseding steam; but had those who supplied the money, understood the general law of the correlation and equivalence of forces, they might have had better balances at their bankers. Daily are men induced to aid in carrying out inventions which a mere tyro in science could show to be futile. Scarcely a locality but has its history of fortunes thrown away over some impossible project.

And if already the loss from want of science is so frequent and so great, still greater and more frequent will it be to those who hereafter lack science. Just as fast as productive processes become more scientific, which competition will inevitably make them do; and just as fast as joint-stock undertakings spread, which they certainly will; so fast will scientific knowledge grow necessary to every one.

That which our school courses leave almost entirely out, we thus find to be that which most nearly concerns the business of life. All our industries would cease, were it not for that information which men begin to acquire as they best may after their education is said to be finished. And were it not for this information, that has been from age to age accumulated and spread by unofficial means, these industries would never have existed. Had there been no teaching but such as is given in our public schools, England would now be what it was in feudal times. That increasing acquaintance with the laws of phenomena which has through successive ages enabled us to subjugate Nature to our needs, and in these days gives the common laborer comforts which a few centuries ago kings

could not purchase, is scarcely in any degree owed to the appointed means of instructing our youth. The vital knowledge—that by which we have grown as a nation to what we are, and which now underlies our whole existence, is a knowledge that has got itself taught in nooks and corners; while the ordained agencies for teaching have been mumbling little else but dead formulas.

We come now to the third great division of human activities—a division for which no preparation whatever is made. If by some strange chance not a vestige of us descended to the remote future save a pile of our school-books or some college examination papers, we may imagine how puzzled an antiquary of the period would be on finding in them no indication that the learners were ever likely to be parents. "This must have been the *curriculum* for their celibates," we may fancy him concluding. "I perceive here an elaborate preparation for many things: especially for reading the books of extinct nations and of co-existing nations (from which indeed it seems clear that these people had very little worth reading in their own tongue); but I find no reference whatever to the bringing up of children. They could not have been so absurd as to omit all training for this gravest of responsibilities. Evidently then, this was the school course of one of their monastic orders."

Seriously, is it not an astonishing fact, that though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths, and their moral welfare or ruin; yet not one word of instruction on the treatment of offspring is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents? Is it not monstrous that the fate of a new generation should be left to the chances of unreasoning custom, impulse, fancy—joined with the suggestions of ignorant nurses and the prejudiced counsel of grandmothers? If a merchant commenced business without any knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, we should exclaim at his folly, and look for disastrous consequences. Or if, before studying anatomy, a man set up as a surgical operator, we should wonder at his audacity and pity his patients. But that parents should begin the difficult task of rearing children without ever having given a thought to the principles—physical, moral, or intellectual—which ought to guide them, excites neither surprise at the actors nor pity for their victims.

To tens of thousands that are killed, add hundreds of thousands that survive with feeble constitutions, and millions that grow up

with constitutions not so strong as they should be; and you will have some idea of the curse inflicted on their offspring by parents ignorant of the laws of life. Do but consider for a moment that the regimen to which children are subject is hourly telling upon them to their life-long injury or benefit; and that there are twenty ways of going wrong to one way of going right; and you will get some idea of the enormous mischief that is almost everywhere inflicted by the thoughtless, haphazard system in common use. Is it decided that a boy shall be clothed in some flimsy short dress, and be allowed to go playing about with limbs reddened by cold? The decision will tell on his whole future existence—either in illnesses; or in stunted growth; or in deficient energy; or in a maturity less vigorous than it ought to have been, and consequent hindrances to success and happiness. Are children doomed to a monotonous dietary, or a dietary that is deficient in nutritiveness? Their ultimate physical power and their efficiency as men and women, will inevitably be more or less diminished by it. Are they forbidden vociferous play, or (being too ill-clothed to bear exposure), are they kept in-doors in cold weather? They are certain to fall below that measure of health and strength to which they would else have attained. When sons and daughters grow up sickly and feeble, parents commonly regard the event as a misfortune—as a visitation of Providence. Thinking after the prevalent chaotic fashion, they assume that these evils come without causes; or that the causes are supernatural. Nothing of the kind. In some cases the causes are doubtless inherited; but in most cases foolish regulations are the causes. Very generally parents themselves are responsible for all this pain, this debility, this depression, this misery. They have undertaken to control the lives of their offspring from hour to hour; with cruel carelessness they have neglected to learn anything about these vital processes which they are unceasingly affecting by their commands and prohibitions; in utter ignorance of the simplest physiologic laws, they have been year by year undermining the constitutions of their children; and have so inflicted disease and premature death, not only on them but on their descendants.

Equally great are the ignorance and the consequent injury, when we turn from physical training to moral training. Consider the young mother and her nursery legislation. But a few years ago she was at school, where her memory was crammed with words, and names, and dates, and her reflective faculties

scarcely in the slightest degree exercised—where not one idea was given her respecting the methods of dealing with the opening mind of childhood; and where her discipline did not in the least fit her for thinking out methods of her own. The intervening years have been passed in practising music, in fancy-work, in novel-reading, and in party-going: no thought having yet been given to the grave responsibilities of maternity; and scarcely any of that solid intellectual culture obtained which would be some preparation for such responsibilities. And now see her with an unfolding human character committed to her charge—see her profoundly ignorant of the phenomena with which she has to deal, undertaking to do that which can be done but imperfectly even with the aid of the profoundest knowledge. She knows nothing about the nature of the emotions, their order of evolution, their functions, or where use ends and abuse begins. She is under the impression that some of the feelings are wholly bad, which is not true of any one of them; and that others are good, however far they may be carried, which is also not true of any one of them. And then, ignorant as she is of that with which she has to deal, she is equally ignorant of the effects that will be produced on it by this or that treatment. What can be more inevitable than the disastrous results we see hourly arising? Lacking knowledge of mental phenomena, with their causes and consequences, her interference is frequently more mischievous than absolute passivity would have been. This and that kind of action, which are quite normal and beneficial, she perpetually thwarts; and so diminishes the child's happiness and profit, injures its temper and her own, and produces estrangement. Deeds which she thinks it desirable to encourage, she gets performed by threats and bribes, or by exciting a desire for applause: considering little what the inward motive may be, so long as the outward conduct conforms; and thus cultivating hypocrisy, and fear, and selfishness, in place of good feeling. While insisting on truthfulness, she constantly sets an example of untruth, by threatening penalties which she does not inflict. While inculcating self-control, she hourly visits on her little ones angry scoldings for acts that do not call for them. She has not the remotest idea that in the nursery, as in the world, that alone is the truly salutary discipline which visits on all conduct, good and bad, the natural consequences—the consequences, pleasurable or painful, which in the nature of things such conduct tends to bring. Being thus without

theoretic guidance, and quite incapable of guiding herself by tracing the mental processes going on in her children, her rule is impulsive, inconsistent, mischievous, often, in the highest degree; and would indeed be generally ruinous, were it not that the overwhelming tendency of the growing mind to assume the moral type of the race, usually subordinates all minor influences.

And then the culture of the intellect—is not this, too, mismanaged in a similar manner? Grant that the phenomena of intelligence conform to laws; grant that the evolution of intelligence in a child also conforms to laws; and it follows inevitably that education can be rightly guided only by a knowledge of these laws. To suppose that you can properly regulate this process of forming and accumulating ideas, without understanding the nature of the process, is absurd. How widely, then, must teaching as it is, differ from teaching as it should be; when hardly any parents, and but few teachers, know anything about psychology. As might be expected, the system is grievously at fault, alike in matter and in manner. While the right class of facts is withheld, the wrong class is forcibly administered in the wrong way and in the wrong order. With that common limited idea of education which confines it to knowledge gained from books, parents thrust primers into the hands of their little ones years too soon, to their great injury. Not recognizing the truth that the function of books is supplementary—that they form an indirect means to knowledge when direct means fail—a means of seeing through other men what you cannot see for yourself; they are eager to give second-hand facts in place of first-hand facts. Not perceiving the enormous value of that spontaneous education which goes on in early years—not perceiving that a child's restless observation, instead of being ignored or checked, should be diligently administered to, and made as accurate and complete as possible; they insist on occupying its eyes and thoughts with things that are, for the time being, incomprehensible and repugnant. Possessed by a superstition which worships the symbols of knowledge instead of the knowledge itself, they do not see that only when his acquaintance with the objects and processes of the household, the streets, and the fields, is becoming tolerably exhaustive—only then should a child be introduced to the new sources of information which books supply: and this, not only because immediate cognition is of far greater value than mediate cognition; but also, because the words contained in books can be rightly in-

terpreted into ideas, only in proportion to the antecedent experience of things. Observe next, that this formal instruction, far too soon commenced, is carried on with but little reference to the laws of mental development.

Intellectual progress is of necessity from the concrete to the abstract. But regardless of this, highly abstract subjects, such as grammar, which should come quite late, are begun quite early. Political geography, dead and uninteresting to a child, and which should be an appendage of sociological studies, is commenced betimes; while physical geography, comprehensible and comparatively attractive to a child, is in great part passed over. Nearly every subject dealt with is arranged in abnormal order: definitions, and rules, and principles being put first, instead of being disclosed, as they are in the order of nature, through the study of cases. And then, pervading the whole, is the vicious system of rote learning—a system of sacrificing the spirit to the letter. See the results. What with perceptions unnaturally dulled by early thwarting, and a coerced attention to books—what with the mental confusion produced by teaching subjects before they can be understood, and in each of them giving generalizations before the facts of which these are the generalizations—what with making the pupil a mere passive recipient of other's ideas, and not in the least leading him to be an active inquirer or self-instructor—and what with taxing the faculties to excess; there are very few minds that become as efficient as they might be. Examinations being once passed, books are laid aside; the greater part of what has been acquired, being unorganized, soon drops out of recollection; what remains is mostly inert—the art of applying knowledge not having been cultivated; and there is but little power either of accurate observation or independent thinking. To all which add, that while much of the information gained is of relatively small value, an immense mass of information of transcendent value is entirely passed over.

Thus we find the facts to be such as might have been inferred *à priori*. The training of children—physical, moral, and intellectual—is dreadfully defective. And in great measure it is so, because parents are devoid of that knowledge by which this training can alone be rightly guided. What is to be expected when one of the most intricate of problems is undertaken by those who have given scarcely a thought to the principles on which its solution depends? For shoe-making or house-building, for the management of a ship or a

locomotive-engine, a long apprenticeship is needful. Is it, then, that the unfolding of a human being in body and mind, is so comparatively simple a process, that any one may superintend and regulate it with no preparation whatever? If not—if the process is with one exception more complex than any in Nature, and the task of administering to it one of surpassing difficulty; is it not madness to make no provision for such a task? Better sacrifice accomplishments than omit this all-essential instruction. When a father, acting on false dogmas adopted without examination, has alienated his sons, driven them into rebellion by his harsh treatment, ruined them, and made himself miserable; he might reflect that the study of Ethology would have been worth pursuing, even at the cost of knowing nothing about *Æschylus*. When a mother is mourning over a first-born that has sunk under the sequelæ of scarlet-fever—when perhaps a candid medical man has confirmed her suspicion that her child would have recovered had not its system been enfeebled by over-study—when she is prostrate under the pangs of combined grief and remorse; it is but a small consolation that she can read Dante in the original.

Thus we see that for regulating the third great division of human activities, a knowledge of the laws of life is the one thing needful. Some acquaintance with the first principles of physiology and the elementary truths of psychology is indispensable for the right bringing up of children. We doubt not that this assertion will by many be read with a smile. That parents in general should be expected to acquire a knowledge of subjects so abstruse, will seem to them an absurdity. And if we proposed that an exhaustive knowledge of these subjects should be obtained by all fathers and mothers, the absurdity would indeed be glaring enough. But we do not. General principles only, accompanied by such detailed illustrations as may be needed to make them understood, would suffice. And these might be readily taught—if not rationally, then dogmatically. Be this as it may, however, here are the indisputable facts:—that the development of children in mind and body rigorously obeys certain laws; that unless these laws are in some degree conformed to by parents, death is inevitable; that unless they are in a great degree conformed to, there must result serious physical and mental defects; and that only when they are completely conformed to, can a perfect maturity be reached. Judge, then, whether all who may one day be parents, should not strive with some anxiety to learn what these laws are.

From the parental functions let us pass now to the functions of the citizen. We have here to inquire what knowledge best fits a man for the discharge of these functions. It cannot be alleged, as in the last case, that the need for knowledge fitting him for these functions is wholly overlooked; for our school courses contain certain studies which, nominally at least, bear upon political and social duties. Of these the only one that occupies a prominent place is History.

But as already more than once hinted, the historic information commonly given is almost valueless for purposes of guidance. Scarcely any of the facts set down in our school-histories, and very few even of those contained in the more elaborate works written for adults, give any clue to the right principles of political action. The biographies of monarchs (and our children commonly learn little else) throw scarcely any light upon the science of society. Familiarity with court intrigues, plots, usurpations, or the like, and with all the personalities accompanying them, aids very little in elucidating the principles, on which national welfare depends. We read of some squabble for power, that it led to a pitched battle; that such and such were the names of the generals and their leading subordinates; that they had each so many thousand infantry and cavalry, and so many cannon; that they arranged their forces in this and that order; that they manoeuvred, attacked, and fell back in certain ways; that at this part of the day such disasters were sustained and at that such advantages gained; that in one particular movement some leading officer fell, while in another a certain regiment was decimated; that after all the changing fortunes of the fight, the victory was gained by this or that army; and that so many were killed and wounded on each side, and so many captured by the conquerors. And now, out of the accumulated details which make up the narrative, say which it is that helps you in deciding on your conduct as a citizen. Supposing even that you had diligently read, not only "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," but accounts of all other battles that history mentions; how much more judicious would your vote be at the next election? "But these are facts—interesting facts," you say. Without doubt they are facts (such, at least, as are not wholly or partially fictions); and to many they may be interesting facts. But this by no means implies that they are valuable. Factitious or morbid opinion often gives seeming value to things that have scarcely any. A tulipomaniac will not part with a choice bulb for its weight in gold. To

another man an ugly piece of cracked old china seems his most desirable possession. And there are those who give high prices for the relics of celebrated murderers. Will it be contended that these tastes are any measures of value in the things that gratify them? If not, then it must be admitted that the liking felt for certain classes of historical facts is no proof of their worth; and that we must test their worth as we test the worth of other facts, by asking to what uses they are applicable. Were some one to tell you that your neighbor's cat kittened yesterday, you would say the information was worthless. Fact though it might be, you would say it was an utterly useless fact—a fact that could in no way influence your actions in life—a fact that would not help you in learning how to live completely. Well, apply the same test to the great mass of historical facts, and you will get the same results. They are facts from which no conclusions can be drawn—*unorganizable* facts; and therefore facts which can be of no service in establishing principles of conduct, which is the chief use of facts. Read them, if you like, for amusement; but do not flatter yourself they are instructive.

That which constitutes History, properly so called, is in great part omitted from works on the subject. Only of late years have historians commenced giving us, in any considerable quantity, the truly valuable information. As in past ages the king was everything and the people nothing; so, in past histories the doings of the king fill the entire picture, to which the national life forms but an obscure background. While only now, when the welfare of nations rather than of rulers is becoming the dominant idea, are historians beginning to occupy themselves with the phenomena of social progress. That which it really concerns us to know, is the natural history of society. We want all facts which help us to understand how a nation has grown and organized itself. Among these, let us of course have an account of its government; with as little as may be of gossip about the men who officered it, and as much as possible about the structure, principles, methods, prejudices, corruptions, etc., which it exhibited: and let this account not only include the nature and actions of the central government, but also those of local governments, down to their minutest ramifications. Let us of course also have a parallel description of the ecclesiastical government—its organization, its conduct, its power, its relations to the State: and accompanying this, the ceremonial, creed, and religious ideas—not only those nominally believed, but those really believed and acted

upon. Let us at the same time be informed of the control exercised by class over class, as displayed in all social observances—in titles, salutations, and forms of address. Let us know, too, what were all the other customs which regulated the popular life out of doors and in-doors: including those which concern the relations of the sexes, and the relations of parents to children. The superstitions, also, from the more important myths down to the charms in common use, should be indicated. Next should come a delineation of the industrial system; showing to what extent the division of labor was carried; how trades were regulated, whether by caste, guilds, or otherwise; what was the connection between employers and employed; what were the agencies for distributing commodities, what were the means of communication; what was the circulating medium. Accompanying all which should come an account of the industrial arts technically considered: stating the processes in use, and the quality of the products. Further, the intellectual condition of the nation in its various grades should be depicted: not only with respect to the kind and amount of education, but with respect to the progress made in science, and the prevailing manner of thinking. The degree of æsthetic culture, as displayed in architecture, sculpture, painting, dress, music, poetry, and fiction, should be described. Nor should there be omitted a sketch of the daily lives of the people—their food, their homes, and their amusements. And lastly, to connect the whole, should be exhibited the morals, theoretical and practical, of all classes: as indicated in their laws, habits, proverbs, deeds. All these facts, given with as much brevity as consists with clearness and accuracy, should be so grouped and arranged that they may be comprehended in their *ensemble*; and thus may be contemplated as mutually dependent parts of one great whole. The aim should be so to present them that we may readily trace the *consensus* subsisting among them; with the view of learning what social phenomena co-exist with what others. And then the corresponding delineations of succeeding ages should be so managed as to show us, as clearly as may be, how each belief, institution, custom and arrangement was modified; and how the *consensus* of preceding structures and functions was developed into the *consensus* of succeeding ones. Such alone is the kind of information respecting past times, which can be of service to the citizen for the regulation of his conduct. The only history that is of practical value, is what may be called Descriptive Sociology. And the high-

est office of the historian is to so narrate the lives of nations, as to furnish materials for a Comparative Sociology; and for the subsequent determination of the ultimate laws to which social phenomena conform.

But now mark, that even supposing an adequate stock of this truly valuable historical knowledge has been acquired, it is of comparatively little use without the key. And the key is to be found only in Science. Without an acquaintance with the general truths of biology and psychology, rational interpretation of social phenomena is impossible. Only in proportion as men obtain a certain rude, empirical knowledge of human nature, are they enabled to understand even the simplest facts of social life: as, for instance, the relation between supply and demand. And if not even the most elementary truths of sociology can be reached until some knowledge is obtained of how men generally think, feel, and act under given circumstances; then it is manifest that there can be nothing like a wide comprehension of sociology, unless through a competent knowledge of man in all his faculties, bodily and mental. Consider the matter in the abstract, and this conclusion is self-evident. Thus:—Society is made up of individuals; all that is done in society is done by the combined actions of individuals; and therefore, in individual actions only can be found the solutions of social phenomena. But the actions of individuals depend on the laws of their natures; and their actions cannot be understood until these laws are understood. These laws, however, when reduced to their simplest expression, are found to depend on the laws of body and mind in general. Hence it necessarily follows, that biology and psychology are indispensable as interpreters of sociology. Or, to state the conclusions still more simply:—all social phenomena are phenomena of life—are the most complex manifestations of life—are ultimately dependent on the laws of life—and can be understood only when the laws of life are understood. Thus, then, we see that for the regulation of this fourth division of human activities, we are, as before, dependent on Science. Of the knowledge commonly imparted in educational courses, very little is of any service in guiding a man in his conduct as a citizen. Only a small part of the history he reads is of practical value; and of this small part he is not prepared to make proper use. He commonly lacks not only the materials for, but the very conception of, descriptive sociology; and he also lacks that knowledge of the organic sciences, without which even descriptive sociology can give him but little aid.

And now we come to that remaining division of human life which includes the relaxations, pleasures, and amusements filling leisure hours. After considering what training best fits for self-preservation, for the obtaining of sustenance, for the discharge of parental duties, and for the regulation of social and political conduct; we have now to consider what training best fits for the miscellaneous ends not included in these—for the enjoyments of Nature, of Literature, and of the Fine Arts, in all their forms. Postponing them as we do to things that bear more vitally upon human welfare; and bringing everything, as we have, to the test of actual value; it will perhaps be inferred that we are inclined to slight these less essential things. No greater mistake could be made, however. We yield to none in the value we attach to æsthetic culture and its pleasures. Without painting, sculpture, music, poetry, and the emotions produced by natural beauty of every kind, life would lose half its charm. So far from thinking that the training and gratification of the tastes are unimportant, we believe the time will come when they will occupy a much larger share of human life than now. When the forces of Nature have been fully conquered to man's use—when the means of production have been brought to perfection—when labor has been economized to the highest degree—when education has been so systematized that a preparation for the more essential activities may be made with comparative rapidity—and when, consequently, there is a great increase of spare time; then will the poetry, both of Art and Nature, rightly fill a large space in the minds of all.

But it is one thing to admit that æsthetic culture is in a high degree conducive to human happiness; and another thing to admit that it is a fundamental requisite to human happiness. However important it may be, it must yield precedence to those kinds of culture which bear more directly upon the duties of life. As before hinted, literature and the fine arts are made possible by those activities which make individual and social life possible; and manifestly, that which is made possible, must be postponed to that which makes it possible. A florist cultivates a plant for the sake of its flower; and regards the roots and leaves as of value, chiefly because they are instrumental in producing the flower. But while, as an ultimate product, the flower is the thing to which everything else is subordinate, the florist very well knows that the root and leaves are intrinsically of greater importance; because on them the evolution of the flower depends. He bestows every care

in rearing a healthy plant; and knows it would be folly if, in his anxiety to obtain the flower, he were to neglect the plant. Similarly in the case before us. Architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry, etc., may be truly called the efflorescence of civilized life. But even supposing them to be of such transcendent worth as to subordinate the civilized life out of which they grow (which can hardly be asserted), it will still be admitted that the production of a healthy civilized life must be the first consideration; and that the knowledge conducing to this must occupy the highest place.

And here we see most distinctly the vice of our educational system. It neglects the plant for the sake of the flower. In anxiety for elegance, it forgets substance. While it gives no knowledge conducive to self-preservation—while of knowledge that facilitates gaining a livelihood it gives but the rudiments, and leaves the greater part to be picked up any how in after life—while for the discharge of parental functions it makes not the slightest provision—and while for the duties of citizenship it prepares by imparting a mass of facts, most of which are irrelevant, and the rest without a key; it is diligent in teaching everything that adds to refinement, polish, *éclat*. However fully we may admit that extensive acquaintance with modern languages is a valuable accomplishment, which, through reading, conversation, and travel, aids in giving a certain finish; it by no means follows that this result is rightly purchased at the cost of that vitally important knowledge sacrificed to it. Supposing it true that classical education conduces to elegance and correctness of style; it cannot be said that elegance and correctness of style are comparable in importance to a familiarity with the principles that should guide the rearing of children. Grant that the taste may be greatly improved by reading all the poetry written in extinct languages; yet it is not to be inferred that such improvement of taste is equivalent in value to an acquaintance with the laws of health. Accomplishments, the fine arts, *belles-lettres*, and all those things which, as we say, constitute the efflorescence of civilization, should be wholly subordinate to that knowledge and discipline in which civilization rests. *As they occupy the leisure part of life, so should they occupy the leisure part of education.*

Recognizing thus the true position of æsthetics, and holding that while the cultivation of them should form a part of education from its commencement, such cultivation should

be subsidiary; we have now to inquire what knowledge is of most use to this end—what knowledge best fits for this remaining sphere of activity. To this question the answer is still the same as heretofore. Unexpected as the assertion may be, it is nevertheless true, that the highest Art of every kind is based upon Science—that without Science there can be neither perfect production nor full appreciation. Science, in that limited technical acceptance current in society, may not have been possessed by many artists of high repute; but acute observers as they have been, they have always possessed a stock of those empirical generalizations which constitute science in its lowest phase; and they have habitually fallen far below perfection, partly because their generalizations were comparatively few and inaccurate. That science necessarily underlies the fine arts, becomes manifest, *a priori*, when we remember that art-products are all more or less representative of objective or subjective phenomena; that they can be true only in proportion as they conform to the laws of these phenomena; and that before they can thus conform the artist must know what these laws are. That this *a priori* conclusion tallies with experience we shall soon see.

Youths preparing for the practice of sculpture, have to acquaint themselves with the bones and muscles of the human frame in their distribution, attachments, and movements. This is a portion of science; and it has been found needful to impart it for the prevention of those many errors which sculptors who do not possess it commit. For the prevention of other mistakes, a knowledge of mechanical principles is requisite; and such knowledge not being usually possessed, grave mechanical mistakes are frequently made. Take an instance. For the stability of a figure it is needful that the perpendicular from the centre of gravity—"the line of direction," as it is called—should fall within the base of support; and hence it happens, that when a man assumes the attitude known as "standing at ease," in which one leg is straightened and the other relaxed, the line of direction falls within the foot of the straightened leg. But sculptors unfamiliar with the theory of equilibrium, not uncommonly so represent this attitude, that the line of direction falls midway between the feet. Ignorance of the laws of momentum leads to analogous errors: as witness the admired Discobolus, which, as it is posed, must inevitably fall forward the moment the quoit is delivered.

In painting, the necessity for scientific knowledge, empirical if not rational, is still

more conspicuous. In what consists the grotesqueness of Chinese pictures, unless in their utter disregard of the laws of appearances—in their absurd linear perspective, and their want of aerial perspective? In what are the drawings of a child so faulty, if not in a similar absence of truth—an absence arising, in great part, from ignorance of the way in which the aspects of things vary with the conditions? Do but remember the books and lectures by which students are instructed; or consider the criticisms of Ruskin; or look at the doings of the Pre-Raphaelites; and you will see that progress in painting implies increasing knowledge of how effects in Nature are produced. The most diligent observation, if not aided by science, fails to preserve from error. Every painter will indorse the assertion that unless it is known what appearances must exist under given circumstances, they often will not be perceived; and to know what appearances must exist, is, in so far, to understand the science of appearances. From want of science Mr. J. Lewis, careful painter as he is, casts the shadow of a lattice-window in sharply-defined lines upon an opposite wall; which he would not have done, had he been familiar with the phenomena of penumbrae. From want of science, Mr. Rosetti, catching sight of a peculiar iridescence displayed by certain hairy surfaces under particular lights (an iridescence caused by the diffraction of light in passing the hairs), commits the error of showing this iridescence on surfaces and in positions where it could not occur.

To say that music, too, has need of scientific aid will seem still more surprising. Yet it is demonstrable that music is but an idealization of the natural language of emotion; and that consequently, music must be good or bad according as it conforms to the laws of this natural language. The various inflections of voice which accompany feelings of different kinds and intensities, have been shown to be the germs out of which music is developed. It has been further shown, that these inflections and cadences are not accidental or arbitrary; but that they are determined by certain general principles of vital action; and that their expressiveness depends on this. Whence it follows that musical phrases and the melodies built of them, can be effective only when they are in harmony with these general principles. It is difficult here properly to illustrate this position. But perhaps it will suffice to instance the swarms of worthless ballads that infest drawing-rooms, as compositions which science would forbid. They sin against science by setting to music ideas that are not emotional enough to prompt

musical expression; and they also sin against science by using musical phrases that have no natural relation to the ideas expressed: even where these are emotional. They are bad because they are untrue. And to say they are untrue, is to say they are unscientific.

Even in poetry the same thing holds. Like music, poetry has its root in those natural modes of expression which accompany deep feeling. Its rhythm, its strong and numerous metaphors, its hyperboles, its violent inversions, are simply exaggerations of the traits of excited speech. To be good, therefore, poetry must pay respect to those laws of nervous action which excited speech obeys. In intensifying and combining the traits of excited speech, it must have due regard to proportion—must not use its appliances without restriction; but, where the ideas are least emotional, must use the forms of poetical expression sparingly; must use them more freely as the emotion rises; and must carry them all to their greatest extent only where the emotion reaches a climax. The entire contravention of these principles results in bombast or doggerel. The insufficient respect for them is seen in didactic poetry. And it is because they are rarely fully obeyed, that we have so much poetry that is inartistic.

Not only is it that the artist, of whatever kind, cannot produce a truthful work without he understands the laws of the phenomena he represents; but it is that he must also understand how the minds of spectators or listeners will be affected by the several peculiarities of his work—a question in psychology. What impression any given art-product generates, manifestly depends upon the mental natures of those to whom it is presented; and as all mental natures have certain general principles in common, there must result certain corresponding general principles on which alone art-products can be successfully framed. These general principles cannot be fully understood and applied, unless the artist sees how they follow from the laws of mind. To ask whether the composition of a picture is good, is really to ask how the perceptions and feelings of observers will be affected by it. To ask whether a drama is well constructed, is to ask whether its situations are so arranged as duly to consult the power of attention of an audience, and duly to avoid overtaxing any one class of feelings. Equally in arranging the leading divisions of a poem or fiction, and in combining the words of a single sentence, the goodness of the effect depends upon the skill with which the mental energies and susceptibilities of the reader are economized. Every artist, in the course of

his education and after-life, accumulates a stock of maxims by which his practice is regulated. Trace such maxims to their roots, and you find they inevitably lead you down to psychological principles. And only when the artist rationally understands these psychological principles and their various corollaries, can he work in harmony with them.

We do not for a moment believe that science will make an artist. While we contend that the leading laws both of objective and subjective phenomena must be understood by him, we by no means contend that knowledge of such laws will serve in place of natural perception. Not only the poet, but also the artist of every type, is born, not made. What we assert is, that innate faculty alone will not suffice; but must have the aid of organized knowledge. Intuition will do much, but it will not do all. Only when Genius is married to Science can the highest results be produced.

As we have above asserted, Science is necessary not only for the most successful production, but also for the full appreciation of the fine arts. In what consists the greater ability of a man than of a child to perceive the beauties of a picture; unless it is in his more extended knowledge of those truths in nature or life which the picture renders? How happens the cultivated gentleman to enjoy a fine poem so much more than a boor does; if it is not because his wider acquaintance with objects and actions enables him to see in the poem much that the boor cannot see? And if, as is here so obvious, there must be some familiarity with the things represented, before the representation can be appreciated; then the representation can be completely appreciated, only in proportion as the things represented are completely understood. The fact is, that every additional truth which a work of art expresses, gives an additional pleasure to the percipient mind—a pleasure that is missed by those ignorant of this truth. The more realities an artist indicates in any given amount of work, the more faculties does he appeal to; the more numerous associated ideas does he suggest; the more gratification does he afford. But to receive this gratification the spectator, listener, or reader, must know the realities which the artist has indicated; and to know these realities is to know so much science.

And now let us not overlook the further great fact, that not only does science underlie sculpture, painting, music, poetry, but that science is itself poetic. The current opinion that science and poetry are opposed is a delusion. It is doubtless true that as states of

consciousness, cognition and emotion tend to exclude each other. And it is doubtless also true that an extreme activity of the reflective powers tends to deaden the feelings; while an extreme activity of the feelings tends to deaden the reflective powers; in which sense, indeed, all orders of activity are antagonistic to each other. But it is not true that the facts of science are unpoetical: or that the cultivation of science is necessarily unfriendly to the exercise of imagination or the love of the beautiful. On the contrary science opens up realms of poetry where to the unscientific all is a blank. Those engaged in scientific researches constantly show us that they realize not less vividly, but more vividly, than others, the poetry of their subjects. Whoever will dip into Hugh Miller's works on geology, or read Mr. Lewes's "*Seaside Studies*," will perceive that science excites poetry rather than extinguishes it. And whoever will contemplate the life of Goethe will see that the poet and the man of science can co-exist in equal activity. Is it not, indeed, an absurd and almost a sacrilegious belief that the more a man studies Nature the less he reveres it? Think you that a drop of water, which to the vulgar eye is but a drop of water, loses anything in the eye of the physicist who knows that its elements are held together by a force which, if suddenly liberated, would produce a flash of lightning? Think you that what is carelessly looked upon by the uninitiated as a mere snow-flake, does not suggest higher associations to one who has seen through a microscope the wondrously varied and elegant forms of snow-crystals? Think you that the rounded rock marked with parallel scratches calls up as much poetry in an ignorant mind as in the mind of a geologist, who knows that over this rock a glacier slid a million years ago? The truth is, that those who have never entered upon scientific pursuits know not a tithe of the poetry by which they are surrounded. Whoever has not in youth collected plants and insects, knows not half the halo of interest which lanes and hedgerows can assume. Whoever has not sought for fossils, has little idea of the poetical associations that surround the places where imbedded treasures were found. Whoever at the seaside has not had a microscope and aquarium, has yet to learn what the highest pleasures of the seaside are. Sad, indeed, is it to see how men occupy themselves with trivialities, and are indifferent to the grandest phenomena—care not to understand the architecture of the Heavens, but are deeply interested in some contemptible controversy about the intrigues of Mary Queen of Scots!

—are learnedly critical over a Greek ode, and pass by without a glance that grand epic written by the finger of God upon the strata of the Earth!

We find, then, that even for this remaining division of human activities, scientific culture is the proper preparation. We find that æsthetics in general are necessarily based upon scientific principles; and can be pursued with complete success only through an acquaintance with these principles. We find that for the criticism and due appreciation of works of art, a knowledge of the constitution of things, or in other words, a knowledge of science, is requisite. And we not only find that science is the handmaid to all forms of art and poetry, but that, rightly regarded, science is itself poetical.

Thus far our question has been, the worth of knowledge of this or that kind for purposes of guidance. We have now to judge the relative values of different kinds of knowledge for purposes of discipline. This division of our subject we are obliged to treat with comparative brevity; and happily, no very lengthened treatment of it is needed. Having found what is best for the one end, we have by implication found what is best for the other. We may be quite sure that the acquirement of those classes of facts which are most useful for regulating conduct, involves a mental exercise best fitted for strengthening the faculties. It would be utterly contrary to the beautiful economy of Nature, if one kind of culture were needed for the gaining of information and another kind were needed as a mental gymnastic. Everywhere throughout creation we find faculties developed through the performance of those functions which it is their office to perform; not through the performance of artificial exercises devised to fit them for these functions. The Red Indian acquires the swiftness and agility which make him a successful hunter, by the actual pursuit of animals; and by the miscellaneous activities of his life, he gains a better balance of physical powers than gymnastics ever give. That skill in tracking enemies and prey which he has reached by long practice, implies a subtlety of perception far exceeding anything produced by artificial training. And similarly throughout. From the Bushman, whose eye, which being habitually employed in identifying distant objects that are to be pursued or fled from, has acquired a quite telescopic range, to the accountant whose daily practice enables him to add up several columns of figures simultaneously, we find that the highest power of a faculty

results from the discharge of those duties which the conditions of life require it to discharge. And we may be certain, *à priori*, that the same law holds throughout education. The education of most value for guidance, must at the same time be the education of most value for discipline. Let us consider the evidence.

One advantage claimed for that devotion to language-learning which forms so prominent a feature in the ordinary *curriculum*, is, that the memory is thereby strengthened. And it is apparently assumed that this is an advantage peculiar to the study of words. But the truth is, that the sciences afford far wider fields for the exercise of memory. It is no slight task to remember all the facts ascertained respecting our solar system; much more to remember all that is known concerning the structure of our galaxy. The new compounds which chemistry daily accumulates, are so numerous that few, save professors, know the names of them all; and to recollect the atomic constitutions and affinities of all these compounds, is scarcely possible without making chemistry the occupation of life. In the enormous mass of phenomena presented by the Earth's crust, and in the still more enormous mass of phenomena presented by the fossils it contains, there is matter which it takes the geological student years of application to master. In each leading division of physics—sound, heat, light, electricity—the facts are numerous enough to alarm any one proposing to learn them all. And when we pass to the organic sciences, the effort of memory required becomes still greater. In human anatomy alone, the quantity of detail is so great, that the young surgeon has commonly to get it up half-a-dozen times before he can permanently retain it. The number of species of plants which botanists distinguish, amounts to some 320,000; while the varied forms of animal life with which the zoologist deals, are estimated at some two millions. So vast is the accumulation of facts which men of science have before them, that only by dividing and subdividing their labors can they deal with it. To a complete knowledge of his own division, each adds but a general knowledge of the rest. Surely, then, science, cultivated even to a very moderate extent, affords adequate exercise for memory. To say the very least, it involves quite as good a training for this faculty as language does.

But now mark that while for the training of mere memory, science is as good as, if not better than, language; it has an immense superiority in the kind of memory it cultivates. In the acquirement of a language, the connec-

tions of ideas to be established in the mind correspond to facts that are in great measure accidental; whereas, in the acquirement of science, the connections of ideas to be established in the mind correspond to facts that are mostly necessary. It is true that the relations of words to their meaning is in one sense natural, and that the genesis of these relations may be traced back a certain distance; though very rarely to the beginning; (to which let us add the remark that the laws of this genesis form a branch of mental science—the science of philology.) But since it will not be contended that in the acquisition of languages, as ordinarily carried on, these natural relations between words and their meanings are habitually traced, and the laws regulating them explained; it must be admitted that they are commonly learned as fortuitous relations. On the other hand, the relations which science presents are casual relations; and, when properly taught, are understood as such. Instead of being practically accidental, they are necessary; and as such, give exercise to the reasoning faculties. While language familiarizes with non-rational relations, science familiarizes with rational relations. While the one exercises memory only, the other exercises both memory and understanding.

Observe next that a great superiority of science over language as a means of discipline, is, that it cultivates the judgment. As, in a lecture on mental education delivered at the Royal Institution, Professor Faraday well remarks, the most common intellectual fault is deficiency of judgment. He contends that "society, speaking generally, is not only ignorant as respects education of the judgment, but it is also ignorant of its ignorance." And the cause to which he ascribes this state is want of scientific culture. The truth of his conclusion is obvious. Correct judgment with regard to all surrounding things, events, and consequences, becomes possible only through knowledge of the way in which surrounding phenomena depend on each other. No extent of acquaintance with the meanings of words, can give the power of forming correct inferences respecting causes and effects. The constant habit of drawing conclusions from data, and then of verifying those conclusions by observation and experiment, can alone give the power of judging correctly. And that it necessitates this habit is one of the immense advantages of science.

Not only, however, for intellectual discipline is science the best; but also for *moral* discipline. The learning of languages tends, if anything, further to increase the already undue respect for authority. Such and such

are the meanings of these words, says the teacher or the dictionary. So and so is the rule in this case, says the grammar. By the pupil these dicta are received as unquestionable. His constant attitude of mind is that of submission to dogmatic teaching. And a necessary result is a tendency to accept without inquiry whatever is established. Quite opposite is the attitude of mind generated by the cultivation of science. By science, constant appeal is made to individual reason. Its truths are not accepted upon authority alone; but all are at liberty to test them—nay, in many cases, the pupil is required to think out his own conclusions. Every step in a scientific investigation is submitted to his judgment. He is not asked to admit it without seeing it to be true. And the trust in his own powers thus produced, is further increased by the constancy with which Nature justifies his conclusions when they are correctly drawn. From all which there flows that independence which is a most valuable element in character. Nor is this the only moral benefit bequeathed by scientific culture. When carried on, as it should always be, as much as possible under the form of independent research, it exercises perseverance and sincerity. As says Professor Tyndall of inductive inquiry, "it requires patient industry, and an humble and conscientious acceptance of what Nature reveals. The first condition of success is an honest receptivity and a willingness to abandon all preconceived notions, however cherished, if they be found to contradict the truth. Believe me, a self-renunciation which has something noble in it, and of which the world never hears, is often enacted in the private experience of the true votary of science."

Lastly we have to assert—and the assertion will, we doubt not, cause extreme surprise—that the discipline of science is superior to that of our ordinary education, because of the *religious* culture that it gives. Of course we do not here use the words scientific and religious in their ordinary limited acceptations; but in their widest and highest acceptations. Doubtless, to the superstitions that pass under the name of religion, science is antagonistic; but not to the essential religion which these superstitions merely hide. Doubtless, too, in much of the science that is current, there is a pervading spirit of irreligion; but not in that true science which has passed beyond the superficial into the profound.

"True science and true religion," says Professor Huxley at the close of a recent course of lectures, "are twin-sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious; and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis. The great deeds of

philosophers have been less the fruit of their intellect than of the direction of that intellect by an eminently religious tone of mind. Truth has yielded herself rather to their patience, their love, their single-heartedness, and their self-denial, than to their logical acumen."

So far from science being irreligious, as many think, it is the neglect of science that is irreligious—it is the refusal to study the surrounding creation that is irreligious. Take a humble simile. Suppose a writer were daily saluted with praises couched in superlative language. Suppose the wisdom, the grandeur, the beauty of his works, were the constant topics of the eulogies addressed to him. Suppose those who unceasingly uttered these eulogies on his works were content with looking at the outsides of them; and had never opened them, much less tried to understand them. What value should we put upon their praises? What should we think of their sincerity? Yet, comparing small things to great, such is the conduct of mankind in general, in reference to the Universe and its Cause. Nay, it is worse. Not only do they pass by without study, these things which they daily proclaim to be so wonderful; but very frequently they condemn as mere triflers those who give time to the observation of Nature—they actually scorn those who show any active interest in these marvels. We repeat, then, that not science, but the neglect of science, is irreligious. Devotion to science is a tacit worship—a tacit recognition of worth in the things studied; and by implication in their Cause. It is not a mere lip-homage, but a homage expressed in actions—not a mere professed respect, but a respect proved by the sacrifice of time, thought, and labor.

Nor is it thus only that true science is essentially religious. It is religious, too, inasmuch as it generates a profound respect for, and an implicit faith in, those uniform laws which underlie all things. By accumulated experiences the man of science acquires a thorough belief in the unchanging relations of phenomena—in the invariable connection of cause and consequence—in the necessity of good or evil results. Instead of the rewards and punishments of traditional belief, which men vaguely hope they may gain, or escape, spite of their disobedience; he finds that there are rewards and punishments in the ordained constitution of things, and that the evil results of disobedience are inevitable. He sees that the laws to which we must submit are not only inexorable but beneficent. He sees that in virtue of these laws, the process of things is ever towards a greater perfection and a higher happiness. Hence he is led constantly to insist on these laws, and is indignant when

men disregard them. And thus does he, by asserting the eternal principles of things and the necessity of conforming to them, prove himself intrinsically religious.

To all which add the further religious aspect of science, that it alone can give us true conceptions of ourselves and our relation to the mysteries of existence. At the same time that it shows us all which can be known, it shows us the limits beyond which we can know nothing. Not by dogmatic assertion does it teach the impossibility of comprehending the ultimate cause of things; but it leads us clearly to recognize this impossibility by bringing us in every direction to boundaries we cannot cross. It realizes to us in a way which nothing else can, the littleness of human intelligence in the face of that which transcends human intelligence. While towards the traditions and authorities of men its attitude may be proud, before the impenetrable veil which hides the Absolute its attitude is humble—a true pride and a true humility. Only the sincere man of science (and by this title we do not mean the mere calculator of distances, or analyzer of compounds, or labeller of species; but him who through lower truths seeks higher, and eventually the highest)—only the genuine man of science, we say, can truly know how utterly beyond, not only human knowledge, but human conception, is the Universal Power of which Nature, and Life, and Thought are manifestations.

We conclude, then, that for discipline, as well as for guidance, science is of chiefest value. In all its effects, learning the meanings of things, is better than learning the meanings of words. Whether for intellectual, moral, or religious training, the study of surrounding phenomena is immensely superior to the study of grammars and lexicons.

Thus to the question with which we set out—What knowledge is of most worth?—the uniform reply is—Science. This is the verdict on all the counts. For direct self-preservation, or the maintenance of life and health, the all-important knowledge, is—Science. For that indirect self-preservation which we call gaining a livelihood, the knowledge of greatest value is—Science. For the due discharge of parental functions, the proper guidance is to be found only in—Science. For that interpretation of national life, past and present, without which the citizen cannot rightly regulate his conduct, the indispensable key is—Science. Alike for the most perfect production and highest enjoyment of art in all its forms, the needful preparation is still—Science. And for purposes of discipline—in-

tellectual, moral, religious—the most efficient study is, once more—Science. The question which at first seemed so perplexed, has become, in the course of our inquiry, comparatively simple. We have not to estimate the degrees of importance of different orders of human activity, and different studies as severally fitting us for them; since we find that the study of Science, in its most comprehensive meaning, is the best preparation for all these orders of activity. We have not to decide between the claims of knowledge of great though conventional value, and knowledge of less though intrinsic value; seeing that the knowledge which we find to be of most value in all other respects, is intrinsically most valuable: its worth is not dependent upon opinion, but is as fixed as is the relation of man to the surrounding world. Necessary and eternal as are its truths, all Science concerns all mankind for all time. Equally at present, and in the remotest future, must it be of incalculable importance for the regulation of their conduct, that men should understand the science of life, physical, mental, and social; and that they should understand all other science as a key to the science of life.

And yet the knowledge which is of such transcendent value is that which, in our age of boasted education, receives the least attention. While this which we call civilization could never have arisen had it not been for science; science forms scarcely an appreciable element in what men consider civilized training. Though to the progress of science we owe it, that millions find support where once there was food only for thousands; yet of these millions but a few thousands pay any respect to that which has made their existence possible. Though this increasing knowledge of the properties and relations of things has not only enabled wandering tribes to grow into populous nations, but has given to the countless members of those populous nations comforts and pleasures which their few naked ancestors never even conceived, or could have believed, yet is this kind of knowledge only now receiving a grudging recognition in our highest educational institutions. To the slowly growing acquaintance with the uniform co-existences and sequences of phenomena—to the establishment of invariable laws, we owe our emancipation from the grossest superstitions. But for science we should be still worshipping fetishes; or, with hecatombs of victims, propitiating diabolical deities. And yet this science, which, in place of the most degrading conceptions of things, has given us some insight into the grandeurs

of creation, is written against in our theologies and frowned upon from our pulpits.

Paraphrasing an Eastern fable, we may say that in the family of knowledges, Science is the household drudge, who, in obscurity, hides unrecognized perfections. To her has been committed all the work; by her skill, intelligence and devotion, have all the conveniences and gratifications been obtained; and while ceaselessly occupied ministering to the rest, she has been kept in the background, that her haughty sisters might flaunt their tripperies in the eyes of the world. The parallel holds yet further. For we are fast coming to the *dénouement*, when the positions will be changed; and while these haughty sisters sink into merited neglect, Science, proclaimed as highest alike in worth and beauty, will reign supreme.

CHAPTER II.

INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION.

THERE cannot fail to be a relationship between the successive systems of education, and the successive social states with which they have co-existed. Having a common origin in the national mind, the institutions of each epoch, whatever be their special functions, must have a family likeness. When men received their creed and its interpretations from an infallible authority deigning no explanations, it was natural that the teaching of children should be purely dogmatic. While "believe and ask no questions" was the maxim of the Church, it was fitly the maxim of the school. Conversely, now that Protestantism has gained for adults a right of private judgment and established the practice of appealing to reason, there is harmony in the change that has made juvenile instruction a process of exposition addressed to the understanding. Along with political despotism, stern in its commands, ruling by force of terror, visiting trifling crimes with death, and implacable in its vengeance on the disloyal, there necessarily grew up an academic discipline similarly harsh—a discipline of multiplied injunctions and blows for every breach of them—a discipline of unlimited autocracy upheld by rods, and ferules, and the black-hole. On the other hand, the increase of political liberty, the abolition of law restricting individual action, and the amelioration of the criminal code, have been accompanied by a kindred progress towards non-

coercive education: the pupil is hampered by fewer restraints, and other means than punishments are used to govern him. In those ascetic days when men, acting on the greatest misery principle, held that the more gratifications they denied themselves the more virtuous they were, they, as a matter of course, considered that the best education which most thwarted the wishes of their children, and cut short all spontaneous activity with—"You mustn't do so." While on the contrary, now that happiness is coming to be regarded as a legitimate aim—now that hours of labor are being shortened and popular recreations provided, parents and teachers are beginning to see that most childish desires may rightly be gratified, that childish sports should be encouraged, and that the tendencies of the growing mind are not altogether so diabolical as was supposed. The age in which all thought that trades must be established by bounties and prohibitions; that manufacturers needed their materials and qualities and prices to be prescribed; and that the value of money could be determined by law; was an age which unavoidably cherished the notions that a child's mind could be made to order; that its powers were to be imparted by the schoolmaster; that it was a receptacle into which knowledge was to be put and there built up after its teacher's ideal. In this free-trade era, however, when we are learning that there is much more self-regulation in things than was supposed; that labor, and commerce, and agriculture, and navigation can do better without management than with it; that political governments, to be efficient, must grow up from within and not be imposed from without; we are also beginning to see that there is a natural process of mental evolution which is not to be disturbed without injury; that we may not force on the unfolding mind our artificial forms; but that Psychology, also, discloses to us a law of supply and demand, to which, if we would not do harm, we must conform. Thus alike in its oracular dogmatism, in its harsh discipline, in its multiplied restrictions, in its professed asceticism, and in its faith in the devices of men, the old educational regime was akin to the social systems with which it was contemporaneous; and similarly, in the reverse of these characteristics our modern modes of culture correspond to our more liberal religious and political institutions.

But there remain further parallelisms to which we have not yet adverted: that, namely, between the processes by which these respective changes have been wrought out; and that between the several states of het-

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repeated experiment and failure, be expla-
ed. And by this aggregation of truths as
elimination of errors, there must eventual
be developed a correct and complete body
doctrine. Of the three phases through which
human opinion passes—the unanimity of the
ignorant, the disagreement of the inquirers,
and the unanimity of the wise—it is manife-
that the second is the parent of the third.
They are not sequences in time only; they
are sequences in causation. However im-
tensely, therefore, we may witness the pre-
ent conflict of educational systems, and how-
ever much we may regret its accompanying
evils, we must recognize it as a transit-
stage needful to be passed through, and be-
efficient in its ultimate effects.

Meanwhile may we not advantageously
take stock of our progress? After fifty years
of discussion, experiment, and comparison
results, may we not expect a few steps to-
wards the goal to be already made good? So-
old methods must by this time have fallen
out of use; some new ones must have been
established; and many others must be in
process of general abandonment or adoption.
Probably we may see in these various
changes, when put side by side, similar char-
acteristics—may find in them a common ten-
dency; and so, by inference, may get a clue
to the direction in which experience is lead-
ing us, and gather hints how we may achieve
further improvements. Let us then, as a
preliminary to a deeper consideration of the
matter, glance at the leading contrasts be-
tween the education of the past and of the
present.

The suppression of every error is common-
ly followed by a temporary ascendancy of
contrary one; and it so happened, that at
the ages when physical development alone
was aimed at, there came an age when care
of the mind was the sole solicitude—when
children had lesson-books put before them
between two and three years old—when
school-hours were protracted, and the getting
of knowledge was thought the one thing
needful. As, further, it usually happens
that after one of these reactions the next
advance is achieved by co-ordinating the an-
tagonist errors, and perceiving that they are
opposite sides of one truth; so we are now com-
ing to the conviction that body and mind
must both be cared for, and the whole be-
unfolded. The forcing system has been
great measure given up, and precocity is
encouraged. People are beginning to see
the first requisite to success in life, is to
be a good animal. The best brain is found of

service, if there be not enough vital energy to work it; and hence to obtain the one by sacrificing the source of the other, is now considered a folly—a folly which the eventual failure of juvenile prodigies constantly illustrates. Thus we are discovering the wisdom of the saying, that one secret in education is "to know how wisely to lose time."

The once universal practice of learning by rote, is daily falling more into discredit. All modern authorities condemn the old mechanical way of teaching the alphabet. The multiplication table is now frequently taught experimentally. In the acquirement of languages, the grammar-school plan is being superseded by plans based on the spontaneous process followed by the child in gaining its mother tongue. Describing the methods there used, the "Reports on the Training School at Battersea" say:—"The instruction in the whole preparatory course is chiefly oral, and is illustrated as much as possible by appeals to nature." And so throughout. The rote-system, like other systems of its age, made more of the forms and symbols than of the things symbolized. To repeat the words correctly was everything; to understand their meaning nothing: and thus the spirit was sacrificed to the letter. It is at length perceived, that in this case as in others, such a result is not accidental but necessary—that in proportion as there is attention to the signs, there must be inattention to the things signified; or that, as Montaigne long ago said—*Savoir par cœur n'est pas savoir*.

Along with rote-teaching, is declining also the nearly allied teaching by rules. The particulars first, and then the generalization, is the new method—a method, as the Battersea School Reports remark, which, though "the reverse of the method usually followed which consists in giving the pupil the rule first," is yet proved by experience to be the right one. Rule-teaching is now condemned as imparting a merely empirical knowledge—as producing an appearance of understanding without the reality. To give the net product of inquiry, without the inquiry that leads to it, is found to be both enervating and inefficient. General truths to be of due and permanent use, must be earned. "Easy come easy go," is a saying as applicable to knowledge as to wealth. While rules, lying isolated in the mind—not joined to its other contents as outgrowths from them—are continually forgotten, the principles which those rules express piecemeal, become, when once reached by the understanding, enduring possessions. While the rule-taught youth is at sea when beyond his rules, the youth instructed in principles

solves a new case as readily as an old one. Between a mind of rules and a mind of principles, there exists a difference such as that between a confused heap of materials, and the same materials organized into a complete whole, with all its parts bound together. Of which types this last has not only the advantage that its constituent parts are better retained, but the much greater advantage, that it forms an efficient agent for inquiry, for independent thought, for discovery—ends for which the first is useless. Nor let it be supposed that this is a simile only: it is the literal truth. The union of facts into generalizations is the organization of knowledge, whether considered as an objective phenomenon, or a subjective one: and the mental grasp may be measured by the extent to which this organization is carried.

From the substitution of principles for rules, and the necessarily co-ordinate practice of leaving abstractions untaught until the mind has been familiarized with the facts from which they are abstracted, has resulted the postponement of some once early studies to a late period. This is exemplified in the abandonment of that intensely stupid custom, the teaching of grammar to children. As M. Marcel says:—"It may without hesitation be affirmed that grammar is not the stepping-stone, but the finishing instrument." As Mr. Wyse argues:—"Grammar and Syntax are a collection of laws and rules. Rules are gathered from practice: they are the results of induction to which we come by long observation and comparison of facts. It is, in fine, the science, the philosophy of language. In following the process of nature, neither individuals nor nations ever arrive at the science *first*. A language is spoken, and poetry written, many years before either a grammar or prosody is even thought of. Men did not wait till Aristotle had constructed his logic, to reason. In short, as grammar was made after language, so ought it to be taught after language: an inference which all who recognize the relationship between the evolution of the race and of the individual, will see to be unavoidable.

Of new practices that have grown up during the decline of these old ones, the most important is the systematic culture of the powers of observation. After long ages of blindness men are at last seeing that the spontaneous activity of the observing faculties in children has a meaning and a use. What was once thought mere purposeless action or play, or mischief, as the case might be, is now recognized as the process of acquiring a knowledge on which all after-knowledge is

based. Hence the well-conceived but ill-conducted system of *object-lessons*. The saying of Bacon, that physics is the mother of sciences, has come to have a meaning in education. Without an accurate acquaintance with the visible and tangible properties of things, our conceptions must be erroneous, our inferences fallacious, and our operations unsuccessful. "The education of the senses neglected, all after education partakes of a drowsiness, a haziness, an insufficiency which it is impossible to cure." Indeed, if we consider it, we shall find that exhaustive observation is an element in all great success. It is not to artists, naturalists, and men of science only, that it is needful; it is not only that the skilful physician depends on it for the correctness of his diagnosis, and that to the good engineer it is so important that some years in the workshop are prescribed for him; but we may see that the philosopher also is fundamentally one who *observes* relationships of things which others had overlooked, and that the poet, too, is one who *sees* the fine facts in nature which all recognize when pointed out, but did not before remark. Nothing requires more to be insisted on than that vivid and complete impressions are all essential. No sound fabric of wisdom can be woven out of raw material.

While the old method of presenting truths in the abstract has been falling out of use, there has been a corresponding adoption of the new method of presenting them in the concrete. The rudimentary facts of exact science are now being learnt by direct intuition, as textures, and tastes, and colors are learnt. Employing the ball-frame for first lessons in arithmetic exemplifies this. It is well illustrated, too, in Professor De Morgan's mode of explaining the decimal notation. M. Marcel, rightly repudiating the old system of tables, teaches weights and measures by referring to the actual yard and foot, pound and ounce, gallon and quart; and lets the discovery of their relationships be experimental. The use of geographical models and models of the regular bodies, etc., as introductory to geography and geometry respectively, are facts of the same class. Manifestly a common trait of these methods is, that they carry each child's mind through a process like that which the mind of humanity at large has gone through. The truths of number, of form, of relationship in position, were all originally drawn from objects; and to present these truths to the child in the concrete is to let him learn them as the race learnt them. By and by, perhaps, it will be seen that he cannot possibly learn them in any other way; for

that if he is made to repeat them as abstractions, the abstractions can have no meaning for him, until he finds that they are simply statements of what he intuitively discerns.

But of all the changes taking place, the most significant is the growing desire to make the acquirement of knowledge pleasurable rather than painful—a desire based on the more or less distinct perception that at each age the intellectual action which a child likes is a healthful one for it; and conversely. There is a spreading opinion that the rise of an appetite for any kind of knowledge implies that the unfolding mind has become fit to assimilate it, and needs it for the purposes of growth; and that on the other hand, the disgust felt towards any kind of knowledge is a sign either that it is prematurely presented, or that it is presented in an indigestible form. Hence the efforts to make early education amusing, and all education interesting. Hence the lectures on the value of play. Hence the defence of nursery rhymes, and fairy tales. Daily we more and more conform our plans to juvenile opinion. Does the child like this or that kind of teaching? does he take to it? we constantly ask. "His natural desire of variety should be indulged," says M. Marcel; "and the gratification of his curiosity should be combined with his improvement." "Lessons," he again remarks, "should cease before the child evinces symptoms of weariness." And so with later education. Short breaks during school-hours, excursions into the country, amusing lectures, choral songs—in these and many like traits, the change may be discerned. Asceticism is disappearing out of education as out of life; and the usual test of political legislation—its tendency to promote happiness—is beginning to be, in a great degree, the test of legislation for the school and the nursery.

What now is the common characteristic of these several changes? Is it not an increasing conformity to the methods of nature? The relinquishment of early forcing against which nature ever rebels, and the leaving of the first years for exercise of the limbs and senses, show this. The superseding of rote-learned lessons by lessons orally and experimentally given, like those of the field and play-ground, shows this. The disuse of rule-teaching, and the adoption of teaching by principles—that is, the leaving of generalization until there are particulars to base them on—show this. The system of object-lessons shows this. The teaching of the rudiments of science in the concrete instead of the abstract, shows this. And above all, this tendency is shown in the variously directed ef-

forts to present knowledge in attractive forms, and so to make the acquirement of it pleasurable. For as it is the order of nature in all creatures that the gratification accompanying the fulfilment of needful functions serves as a stimulus to their fulfilment—as during the self-education of the young child, the delight taken in the biting of corals, and the pulling to pieces of toys, becomes the prompter to actions which teach it the properties of matter; it follows that, in choosing the succession of subjects and the modes of instruction which most interest the pupil, we are fulfilling nature's behests, and adjusting our proceedings to the laws of life.

Thus, then, we are on the highway towards the doctrine long ago enunciated by Pestalozzi, that alike in its order and its methods, education must conform to the natural process of mental evolution—that there is a certain sequence in which the faculties spontaneously develop, and a certain kind of knowledge which each requires during its development; and that it is for us to ascertain this sequence, and supply this knowledge. All the improvements above alluded to are partial applications of this general principle. A fabulous perception of it now prevails among teachers; and it is daily more insisted on in educational works. "The method of nature is the archetype of all methods," says M. Marcel. "The vital principle in the pursuit is to enable the pupil rightly to instruct himself," writes Mr. Wyse. The more science familiarizes us with the constitution of things the more do we see in them an inherent self-sufficiency. A higher knowledge tends continually to limit our interference with the processes of life. As in medicine the old "heroic treatment" has given place to mild treatment, and often no treatment save a normal regimen—as we have found that it is not needful to mould the bodies of babes by bandaging them in papoose fashion or otherwise—as in jails it is being discovered that the cunningly devised discipline of ours is so inefficient in producing reformation as the natural discipline, the making prisoners maintain themselves by productive labor; so in education we are finding that success is to be achieved only by rendering our measures subservient to that spontaneous unfolding which all minds go through in their progress to maturity.

Of course, this fundamental principle of education, that the arrangement of matter and method must correspond with the order of evolution and mode of activity of the faculties—a principle so obviously true, that once stated it seems almost self-evident—has never

been wholly disregarded. Teachers have unavoidably made their school-courses coincide with it in some degree, for the simple reason that education is possible only on that condition. Boys were never taught the rule-of-three until after they had learnt addition. They were not set to write exercises before they had got into their copy-books. Conic sections have always been preceded by Euclid. But the error of the old methods consists in this, that they do not recognize in detail what they are obliged to recognize in the general. Yet the principle applies throughout. If from the time when a child is able to conceive two things as related in position, years must elapse before it can form a true concept of the earth, as a sphere made up of land and sea, covered with mountains, forests, rivers, and cities, revolving on its axis, and sweeping round the sun—if it gets from the one concept to the other by degrees—if the intermediate concepts which it forms are consecutively larger and more complicated; is it not manifest that there is a general succession through which only it can pass; that each larger concept is made by the combination of smaller ones, and presupposes them; and that to present any of these compound concepts before the child is in possession of its constituent ones, is only less absurd than to present the final concept of the series before the initial one? In the mastering of every subject some course of increasingly complex ideas has to be gone through. The evolution of the corresponding faculties consists in the assimilation of these; which in any true sense, is impossible without they are put into the mind in the normal order. And when this order is not followed, the result is, that they are received with apathy or disgust; and that unless the pupil is intelligent enough to eventually fill up the gaps himself, they lie in his memory as dead facts, capable of being turned to little or no use.

"Why trouble ourselves about any curriculum at all?" it may be asked. "If it be true that the mind like the body has a predetermined course of evolution,—if it unfolds spontaneously—if its successive desires for this or that kind of information arise when these are severally required for its nutrition,—if there thus exists in itself a prompter to the right species of activity at the right time; why interfere in any way? Why not leave children *wholly* to the discipline of nature?—why not remain quite passive and let them get knowledge as they best can?—why not be consistent throughout?" This is an awkward looking question. Plausibly implying as it does, that a system of complete *laissez-faire*

is the logical outcome of the doctrines set forth, it seems to furnish a disproof of them by *reductio ad absurdum*. In truth, however, they do not, when rightly understood, commit us to any such untenable position. A glance at the physical analogies will clearly show this. It is a general law of all life that the more complex the organism to be produced, the longer the period during which it is dependent on a parent organism for food and protection. The contrast between the minute, rapidly-formed, and self-moving spore of a conferva, and the slowly developed seed of a tree, with its multiplied envelopes and large stock of nutriment laid by to nourish the germ during its first stages of growth, illustrates this law in its application to the vegetable world. Among animal organisms we may trace it in a series of contrasts from the monad whose spontaneously-divided halves are as self-sufficing the moment after their separation as was the original whole; up to man, whose offspring not only passes through a protracted gestation, and subsequently long depends on the breast for sustenance; but after that must have its food artificially administered; must, after it has learned to feed itself, continue to have bread, clothing, and shelter provided; and does not acquire the power of complete self-support until a time varying from fifteen to twenty years after its birth. Now this law applies to the mind as to the body. For mental pabulum also, every higher creature, and especially man, is at first dependent on adult aid. Lacking the ability to move about, the babe is as powerless to get materials on which to exercise its perceptions as it is to get supplies for its stomach. Unable to prepare its own food, it is in like manner unable to reduce many kinds of knowledge to a fit form for assimilation. The language through which all higher truths are to be gained it wholly derives from those surrounding it. And we see in such an example as the Wild Boy of Aveyron, the arrest of development that results when no help is received from parents and nurses. Thus, in providing from day to day the right kind of facts, prepared in the right manner, and giving them in due abundance at appropriate intervals, there is as much scope for active ministration to a child's mind as to its body. In either case it is the chief function of parents to see that the *conditions* requisite to growth are maintained. And, as in supplying aliment, and clothing, and shelter, they may fulfil this function without at all interfering with the spontaneous development of the limbs and viscera either in their order or

mode; so they may supply sounds for imitation, objects for examination, books for reading, problems for solution, and, if they use neither direct nor indirect coercion, may do this without in any way disturbing the normal process of mental evolution; or rather, may greatly facilitate that process. Hence the admission of the doctrines enunciated does not, as some might argue, involve the abandonment of all teaching; but leaves ample room for an active and elaborate course of culture.

Passing from generalities to special considerations it is to be remarked that in practice the Pestalozzian system seems scarcely to have fulfilled the promise of its theory. We hear of children not at all interested in its lessons,—disgusted with them rather; and so far as we can gather, the Pestalozzian schools have not turned out any unusual proportion of distinguished men,—if even they have reached the average. We are not surprised at this. The success of every appliance depends mainly upon the intelligence with which it is used. It is a trite remark that, having the choicest tools, an unskilful artisan will botch his work; and bad teachers will fail even with the best methods. Indeed, the goodness of the method becomes in such case a cause of failure; as, to continue the simile, the perfection of the tool becomes in undisciplined hands a source of imperfection in results. A simple unchanging, almost mechanical routine of tuition may be carried out by the commonest intellects, with such small beneficial effect as it is capable of producing; but a complete system,—a system as heterogeneous in its appliances as the mind in its faculties,—a system proposing a special means for each special end, demands for its right employment powers such as few teachers possess. The mistress of a dame-school can hear spelling-lessons; any hedge-schoolmaster can drill boys in the multiplication-table; but to teach spelling rightly by using the powers of the letters instead of their names, or to instruct in numerical combinations by experimental synthesis, a modicum of understanding is needful: and to pursue a like rational course throughout the entire range of studies, and with an amount of judgment, of invention, of intellectual sympathy, of analytical faculty, which we shall never see applied to while the tutorial office is held in such small esteem. The true education is practical only to the true philosopher. Judge, then, what prospect a philosophical method has of being acted out! Knowing so little of what we yet do of Psychology, and ignorant as to

teachers are of that little, what chance has a system which requires Psychology for its basis?

Further hindrance and discouragement has arisen from confounding the Pestalozzian principle with the forms in which it has been embodied. Because particular plans have not answered expectation, discredit has been cast upon the doctrine associated with them; no inquiry being made whether these plans truly conform to such doctrine. Judging as usual by the concrete rather than the abstract, men have blamed the theory for the bunglings of the practice. It is as though Papin's futile attempt to construct a steam-engine had been held to prove that steam could not be used as a motive power. Let it be constantly borne in mind that while right in his fundamental ideas Pestalozzi was not therefore right in all his applications of them: and we believe the fact to be that he was often wrong. As described even by his admirers, Pestalozzi was a man of partial intuitions, a man who had occasional flashes of insight, rather than a man of systematic thought. His first great success at Stantz was achieved when he had no books or appliances of ordinary teaching, and when "the only object of his attention was to find out at each moment what instruction his children stood peculiarly in need of, and what was the best manner of connecting it with the knowledge they already possessed." Much of his power was due, not to calmly reasoned-out plans of culture, but to his profound sympathy, which gave him an instinctive perception of childish needs and difficulties. He lacked the ability logically to co-ordinate and develop the truths which he thus from time to time laid hold of; and had in great measure to leave this to his assistants, Kruesi, Tobler, Buss, Niederer, and Schmid. The result is that in their details his own plans, and those vicariously devised, contain numerous crudities and inconsistencies. His nursery-method, described in "The Mother's Manual," beginning as it does with a nomenclature of the different parts of the body, and proceeding next to specify their relative positions, and next their connections, may be proved not at all in accordance with the initial stages of mental evolution. His process of teaching the mother tongue by formal exercises in the meanings of words and in the construction of sentences, is quite needless, and must entail on the pupil loss of time, labor, and happiness. His proposed mode of teaching geography is utterly un-Pestalozzian. And often where his plans are essentially sound they are either incomplete or vitiated by some remnant of the old regime.

While, therefore, we would defend in its entire extent the general doctrine which Pestalozzi inaugurated, we think great evil likely to result from an uncritical reception of his specific devices. That tendency which mankind constantly exhibit to canonize the forms and practices along with which any great truth has been bequeathed to them,—their liability to prostrate their intellects before the prophet, and swear by his every word,—their proneness to mistake the clothing of the idea for the idea itself; renders it needful to insist strongly upon the distinction between the fundamental principle of the Pestalozzian system, and the set of expedients devised for its practice: and to suggest that while the one may be considered as established, the other is probably nothing but an adumbration of the normal course. Indeed, on looking at the state of our knowledge we may be quite sure that this is the case. Before our educational methods can be made to harmonize in character and arrangement with the faculties in their mode and order of unfolding, it is first needful that we ascertain with some completeness how the faculties do unfold. At present our knowledge of the matter extends only to a few general notions. These general notions must be developed in detail,—must be transformed into a multitude of specific propositions, before we can be said to possess that *science* on which the *art* of education must be based. And then when we have definitely made out in what succession, and in what combinations the mental powers become active, it remains to choose out of the many possible ways of exercising each of them that which best conforms to its natural mode of action. Evidently, therefore, it is not to be supposed that even our most advanced modes of teaching are the right ones, or nearly the right ones.

Bearing in mind then this distinction between the principle and the practice of Pestalozzi, and inferring from the grounds assigned that the last must necessarily be very defective, the reader will rate at its true worth the dissatisfaction with the system which some have expressed; and will see that the due realization of the Pestalozzian idea remains to be achieved. Should he argue, however, from what has just been said that no such realization is at present practicable, and that all effort ought to be devoted to the preliminary inquiry; we reply, that though it is not possible for a scheme of culture to be perfected either in matter or form until a rational Psychology has been established, it is possible, with the aid of certain guiding principles, to make empirical approximations towards a

perfect scheme. To prepare the way for further research we will now specify these principles. Some of them have already been more or less distinctly implied in the foregoing pages; but it will be well here to state them all in logical order.

1. That in education we should proceed from the simple to the complex is a truth which has always been to some extent acted upon; not professedly, indeed, nor by any means consistently. The mind grows. Like all things that grow it progresses from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous; and a normal training system being an objective counterpart of this subjective process, must exhibit the like progression. Moreover, regarding it from this point of view, we may see that this formula has much wider applications than at first appears. For its *rational* involves not only that we should proceed from the single to the combined in the teaching of each branch of knowledge; but that we should do the like with knowledge as a whole. As the mind, consisting at first of but few active faculties, has its later-completed faculties successively awakened, and ultimately comes to have all its faculties in simultaneous action; it follows that our teaching should begin with but few subjects at once, and successively adding to these, should finally carry on all subjects abreast—that not only in its details should education proceed from the simple to the complex, but in its *ensemble* also.

2. To say that our lessons ought to start from the concrete and end in the abstract, may be considered as in part a repetition of the foregoing. Nevertheless it is a maxim that needs to be stated: if with no other view, then with the view of showing in certain cases what are truly the simple and the complex. For unfortunately there has been much misunderstanding on this point. General formulas which men have devised to express groups of details, and which have severally simplified their conceptions by uniting many facts into one fact, they have supposed must simplify the conceptions of the child also; quite forgetting that a generalization is simple only in comparison with the whole mass of particular truths it comprehends—that it is more complex than any one of these truths taken singly—that only after many of these single truths have been acquired does the generalization ease the memory and help the reason—and that to the child not possessing these single truths it is necessarily a mystery. Thus confounding two kinds of simplification, teachers have constantly erred by

setting out with “first principles”: a proceeding essentially, though not apparently, at variance with the primary rule; which implies that the mind should be introduced to principles through the medium of examples, and so should be led from the particular to the general—from the concrete to the abstract.

3. The education of the child must accord both in mode and arrangement with the education of mankind as considered historically: or in other words, the genesis of knowledge in the individual must follow the same course as the genesis of knowledge in the race. To M. Comte we believe society owes the enunciation of this doctrine—a doctrine which we may accept without committing ourselves to his theory of the genesis of knowledge either in its causes or its order. In support of this doctrine two reasons may be assigned, either of them sufficient to establish it. One is deducible from the law of hereditary transmission as considered in its wider consequences. For if it be true that men exhibit likeness to ancestry both in aspect and character—if it be true that certain mental manifestations, as insanity, will occur in successive members of the same family at the same age—if, passing from individual cases in which the traits of many dead ancestors mixing with those of a few living ones greatly obscure the law, we turn to national types, and remark how the contrasts between them are persistent from age to age—if we remember that these respective types came from a common stock, and that hence the present marked differences between them must have arisen from the action of modifying circumstances upon successive generations who severally transmitted the accumulated effects to their descendants—if we find the differences to be now organic, so that the French child grows into a French man even when brought up among strangers—and if the general fact thus illustrated is true of the whole nature, intellect inclusive; then it follows that if there be an order in which the human race has mastered its various kinds of knowledge, there will arise in every child an aptitude to acquire these kinds of knowledge in the same order. So that even were the order intrinsically indifferent, it would facilitate education to lead the individual mind through the steps traversed by the general mind. But the order is *not* intrinsically indifferent; and hence the fundamental reason why education should be a repetition of civilization in little. It is alike provable that the historical sequence was, in its main outlines, a necessary one; and that the causes which determined it apply to the child as to the race. Not to specify these

causes in detail, it will suffice here to point out that as the mind of humanity placed in the midst of phenomena and striving to comprehend them, has, after endless comparisons, speculations, experiments, and theories, reached its present knowledge of each subject by a specific route; it may rationally be inferred that the relationship between mind and phenomena is such as to prevent this knowledge from being reached by any other route; and that as each child's mind stands in this same relationship to phenomena, they can be accessible to it only through the same route. Hence in deciding upon the right method of education, an inquiry into the method of civilization will help to guide us.

4. One of the conclusions to which such an inquiry leads is, that in each branch of instruction we should proceed from the empirical to the rational. A leading fact in human progress is, that every science is evolved out of its corresponding art. It results from the necessity we are under, both individually and as a race, of reaching the abstract by way of the concrete, that there must be practice and an accruing experience with its empirical generalizations, before there can be science. Science is organized knowledge; and before knowledge can be organized, some of it must first be possessed. Every study, therefore, should have a purely experimental introduction; and only after an ample fund of observations has been accumulated, should reasoning begin. As illustrative applications of this rule, we may instance the modern course of placing grammar, not before language, but after it; or the ordinary custom of prefacing perspective by practical drawing. By and by further applications of it will be indicated.

5. A second corollary from the foregoing general principle, and one which cannot be too strenuously insisted upon, is, that in education the process of self-development should be encouraged to the fullest extent. Children should be led to make their own investigations, and to draw their own inferences. They should be *told* as little as possible, and induced to *discover* as much as possible. Humanity has progressed solely by self-instruction; and that to achieve the best results, each mind must progress somewhat after the same fashion, is continually proved by the marked success of self-made men. Those who have been brought up under the ordinary school-drill, and have carried away with them the idea that education is practicable only in that style, will think it hopeless to make children their own teachers. If, however, they will call to mind that the all-important knowledge of surrounding objects which a child gets

in its early years is got without help—if they will remember that the child is self-taught in the use of its mother tongue—if they will estimate the amount of that experience of life, that out-of-school wisdom, which every boy gathers for himself—if they will mark the unusual intelligence of the uncared-for London *gamin*, as shown in all the directions in which his faculties have been tasked—if further, they will think how many minds have struggled up unaided, not only through the mysteries of our irrationally planned *curriculum*, but through hosts of other obstacles besides; they will find it a not unreasonable conclusion, that if the subjects be put before him in right order and right form, any pupil of ordinary capacity will surmount his successive difficulties with but little assistance. Who indeed can watch the ceaseless observation, and inquiry, and inference going on in a child's mind, or listen to its acute remarks on matters within the range of its faculties, without perceiving that these powers which it manifests, if brought to bear systematically upon any studies *within the same range*, would readily master them without help? This need for perpetual telling is the result of our stupidity, not of the child's. We drag it away from the facts in which it is interested, and which it is actively assimilating of itself; we put before it facts far too complex for it to understand, and therefore distasteful to it; finding that it will not voluntarily acquire these facts, we thrust them into its mind by force of threats and punishment; by thus denying the knowledge it craves, and cramming it with knowledge it cannot digest, we produce a morbid state of its faculties, and a consequent disgust for knowledge in general; and when, as a result partly of the stolid indolence we have brought on, and partly of still continued unfitness in its studies, the child can understand nothing without explanation, and becomes a mere passive recipient of our instruction, we infer that education must necessarily be carried on thus. Having by our method induced helplessness, we straightway make the helplessness a reason for our method. Clearly then the experience of pedagogues cannot rationally be quoted against the doctrine we are defending. And whoever sees this will see that we may safely follow the method of nature throughout—may, by a skilful ministration, make the mind as self-developing in its later stages as it is in its earlier ones; and that only by doing this can we produce the highest power and activity.

6. As a final test by which to judge any plan of culture, should come the question,—Does it create a pleasurable excitement in the

pupils? When in doubt whether a particular mode or arrangement is or is not more in harmony with the foregoing principles than some other, we may safely abide by this criterion. Even when, as considered theoretically, the proposed course seems the best, yet if it produce no interest, or less interest than another course, we should relinquish it; for a child's intellectual instincts are more trustworthy than our reasonings. In respect to the knowing faculties, we may confidently trust in the general law, that under normal conditions, healthful action is pleasurable, while action which gives pain is not healthful. Though at present very incompletely conformed to by the emotional nature, yet by the intellectual nature, or at least by those parts of it which the child exhibits, this law is almost wholly conformed to. The repugnances to this and that study which vex the ordinary teacher, are not innate, but result from his unwise system. Fellenberg says, "Experience has taught me that *indolence* in young persons is so directly opposite to their natural disposition to activity, that unless it is the consequence of bad education, it is almost invariably connected with some constitutional defect." And the spontaneous activity to which children are thus prone, is simply the pursuit of those pleasures which the healthful exercise of the faculties gives. It is true that some of the higher mental powers as yet but little developed in the race, and congenitally possessed in any considerable degree only by the most advanced, are indisposed to the amount of exertion required of them. But these, in virtue of their very complexity, will in a normal course of culture, come last into exercise, and will therefore have no demands made upon them until the pupil has arrived at an age when ulterior motives can be brought into play, and an indirect pleasure made to counterbalance a direct displeasure. With all faculties lower than these, however, the direct gratification consequent on activity is the normal stimulus; and under good management the only needful stimulus. When we are obliged to fall back on some other, we must take the fact as evidence that we are on the wrong track. Experience is daily showing with greater clearness that there is always a method to be found productive of interest—even of delight; and it ever turns out that this is the method proved by all other tests to be the right one.

With most, these guiding principles will weigh but little if left in this abstract form. Partly, therefore, to exemplify their application, and partly with a view of making sundry specific suggestions, we propose now to

pass from the theory of education to the practice of it.

It was the opinion of Pestalozzi—an opinion which has ever since his day been gaining ground—that education of some kind should begin from the cradle. Whoever has watched with any discernment, the wide-eyed gaze of the infant at surrounding objects, knows very well that education *does* begin thus early, whether we intend it or not; and that these fingerings and suckings of everything it can lay hold of, these open-mouthed listenings to every sound, are the first steps in the series which ends in the discovery of unseen planets, the invention of calculating engines, the production of great paintings, or the composition of symphonies and operas. This activity of the faculties from the very first being spontaneous and inevitable, the question is whether we shall supply in due variety the materials on which they may exercise themselves; and to the question so put, none but an affirmative answer can be given. As before said, however, agreement with Pestalozzi's theory does not involve agreement with his practice; and here occurs a case in point. Treating of instruction in spelling he says:—

"The spelling-book ought, therefore, to contain all the sounds of the language, and these ought to be taught in every family from the earliest infancy. The child who learns his spelling-book ought to repeat them to the infant in the cradle, before it is able to pronounce even one of them, so that they may be deeply impressed upon its mind by frequent repetition."

Joining this with the suggestions for "a nursery-method," as set down in his "Mother's Manual," in which he makes the names, positions, connections, numbers, properties, and uses of the limbs and body his first lessons, it becomes clear that Pestalozzi's notions on early mental development were too crude to enable him to devise judicious planes. Let us inquire into the course which Psychology dictates.

The earliest impressions which the mind can assimilate, are those given to it by the undecomposable sensations—resistance, light, sound, etc. Manifestly decomposable states of consciousness cannot exist before the states of consciousness out of which they are composed. There can be no idea of form until some familiarity with light in its gradations and qualities, or resistance in its different intensities, has been acquired; for, as has been long known, we recognize visible form by means of varieties of light, and tangible form by means of varieties of resistance. Similarly, no articulate sound is cognizable until the inarticulate sounds which go to make it up have been learned. And thus must it be

in every other case. Following, therefore, the necessary law of progression from the simple to the complex, we should provide for the infant a sufficiency of objects presenting different degrees and kinds of resistance, a sufficiency of objects reflecting different amounts and qualities of light, and a sufficiency of sounds contrasted in their loudness, their pitch and their *timbre*. How fully this *a priori* conclusion is confirmed by infantile instincts all will see on being reminded of the delight which every young child has in biting its toys, in feeling its brother's bright jacket-buttons, and pulling papa's whiskers—how absorbed it becomes in gazing at any gaudily painted object, to which it applies the word "pretty," when it can pronounce it, wholly in virtue of the bright colors—and how its face broadens into a laugh at the tattlings of its nurse, the snapping of a visitor's fingers, or any sound which it has not before heard. Fortunately, the ordinary practices of the nursery fulfil these early requirements of education to a considerable degree. Much, however, remains to be done; and it is of more importance that it should be done than at first appears. Every faculty during the period of its greatest activity—the period in which it is spontaneously evolving itself—is capable of receiving more vivid impressions than at any other period. Moreover, as these simplest elements must eventually be mastered, and as the mastery of them whenever achieved must take time, it becomes an economy of time to occupy this first stage of childhood, during which no other intellectual action is possible, in gaining a complete familiarity with them in all their modifications. Add to which, that both temper and health will be improved by the continual gratification resulting from a due supply of these impressions which every child so greedily assimilates. Space, could it be spared, might here be well filled by some suggestions towards a more systematic ministration to these simplest of the perceptions. But it must suffice to point out that any such ministration ought to be based upon the general truth that in the development of every faculty, markedly contrasted impressions are the first to be distinguished: that hence sounds greatly differing in loudness and pitch, colors very remote from each other, and substances widely unlike in hardness or texture, should be the first supplied; and that in each case the progression must be by slow degrees to impressions more nearly allied.

Passing on to object-lessons, which manifestly form a natural continuation of this primary culture of the senses, it is to be re-

marked, that the system commonly pursued is wholly at variance with the method of nature, as alike exhibited in infancy, in adult life, and in the course of civilization. "The child," says M. Marcel, "must be *shown* how all the parts of an object are connected, etc.;" and the various manuals of these object-lessons severally contain lists of the facts which the child is to be *told* respecting each of the things put before it. Now it needs but a glance at the daily life of the infant to see that all the knowledge of things which is gained before the acquirement of speech, is self-gained—that the qualities of hardness and weight associated with certain visual appearances, the possession of particular forms and colors by particular persons, the production of special sounds by animals of special aspects, are phenomena which it observes for itself. In manhood too, when there are no longer teachers at hand, the observations and inferences required for daily guidance, must be made unhelped; and success in life depends upon the accuracy and completeness with which they are made. Is it probable then, that while the process displayed in the evolution of humanity at large, is repeated alike by the infant and the man, a reverse process must be followed during the period between infancy and manhood? and that too, even in so simple a thing as learning the properties of objects? Is it not obvious, on the contrary, that one method must be pursued throughout? And is not nature perpetually thrusting this method upon us, if we had but the wit to see it, and the humility to adopt it? What can be more manifest than the desire of children for intellectual sympathy? Mark how the infant sitting on your knee thrusts into your face the toy it holds, that you too may look at it. See when it makes a creak with its wet finger on the table, how it turns and looks at you; does it again, and again looks at you; thus saying as clearly as it can—"Hear this new sound." Watch how the elder children come into the room exclaiming—"Mamma, see what a curious thing," "Mamma, look at this," "Mamma, look at that;" and would continue the habit, did not the silly mamma tell them not to tease her. Observe how, when out with the nurse-maid, each little one runs up to her with the new flower it has gathered, to show her how pretty it is, and to get her also, to say it is pretty. Listen to the eager volubility with which every urchin describes any novelty he has been to see, if only he can find some one who will attend with any interest. Does not the induction lie on the surface? Is it not clear that we must conform our course to these intellectual instincts

—that we must just systematize the natural process—that we must listen to all the child has to tell us about each object, must induce it to say everything it can think of about such object, must occasionally draw its attention to facts it has not yet observed, with the view of leading it to notice them itself whenever they recur, and must go on by and by to indicate or supply new series of things for a like exhaustive examination? See the way in which, on this method, the intelligent mother conducts her lessons. Step by step she familiarizes her little boy with the names of the simpler attributes, hardness, softness, color, taste, size, etc., in doing which she finds him eagerly help by bringing this to show her that it is red, and the other to make her feel that it is hard, as fast as she gives him words for these properties. Each additional property, as she draws his attention to it in some fresh thing which he brings her, she takes care to mention in connection with those he already knows; so that by the natural tendency to imitate, he may get into the habit of repeating them one after another. Gradually as there occur cases in which he omits to name one or more of the properties he has become acquainted with, she introduces the practice of asking him whether there is not something more that he can tell her about the thing he has got. Probably he does not understand. After letting him puzzle awhile she tells him; perhaps laughing at him at him a little for his failure. A few recurrences of this, and he perceives what is to be done. When next she says she knows something more about the object than he has told her, his pride is roused; he looks at it intently; he thinks over all that he has heard; and the problem being easy, presently finds it out. He is full of glee at his success, and she sympathizes with him. In common with every child, he delights in the discovery of his powers. He wishes for more victories, and goes in quest of more things about which to tell her. As his faculties unfold she adds quality after quality to his list: progressing from hardness and softness to roughness and smoothness, from color to polish, from simple bodies to composite ones—thus constantly complicating the problem as he gains competence, constantly taxing his attention and memory to a greater extent, constantly maintaining his interest by supplying him with new impressions such as his mind can assimilate, and constantly gratifying him by conquests over such small difficulties as he can master. In doing this she is manifestly but following out that spontaneous process that was going on during a still earlier period—simply aiding self-evolution;

and is aiding it in the mode suggested by the boy's instinctive behavior to her. Manifestly, too, the course she is pursuing is the one best calculated to establish a habit of exhaustive observation; which is the professed aim of these lessons. To *tell* a child this and to *show* it the other, is not to teach it how to observe, but to make it a mere recipient of another's observations: a proceeding which weakens rather than strengthens its powers of self-instruction—which deprives it of the pleasures resulting from successful activity—which presents this all-attractive knowledge under the aspect of formal tuition—and which thus generates that indifference and even disgust with which these object-lessons are not unfrequently regarded. On the other hand, to pursue the course above described is simply to guide the intellect to its appropriate food; to join with the intellectual appetites their natural adjuncts—*amour propre* and the desire for sympathy; to induce by the union of all these an intensity of attention which insures perceptions alike vivid and complete; and to habituate the mind from the beginning to that practice of self-help which it must ultimately follow.

Object-lessons should not only be carried on after quite a different fashion from that commonly pursued, but should be extended to a range of things far wider, and continue to a period far later, than now. They should not be limited to the contents of the house: but should include those of the fields and hedges, the quarry and the sea-shore. They should not cease with early childhood; but should be so kept up during youth¹ as insensibly to merge into the investigations of the naturalist and the man of science. Here again we have but to follow nature's leadings. Where can be seen an intenser delight than that of children picking up new flowers and watching new insects, or hoarding pebbles and shells? And who is there but perceives that by sympathizing with them they may be led on to any extent of inquiry into the qualities and structures of these things? Every botanist who has had children with him in the woods and the lanes must have noticed how eagerly they joined in his pursuits, how keenly they searched out plants for him, how intently they watched whilst he examined them, how they overwhelmed him with questions. The consistent follower of Bacon—the “servant and interpreter of nature,” will see that we ought modestly to adopt the course of culture thus indicated. Having gained due familiarity with the simpler properties of inorganic objects, the child should by the same process be led on to a like exhaustive

examination of the things it picks up in its daily walks—the less complex facts they present being alone noticed at first: in plants, the color, number, and forms of the petals and shapes of the stalks and leaves: in insects, the numbers of the wings, legs, and antennæ, and their colors. As these become fully appreciated and invariably observed, further facts may be successively introduced: in the one case, the numbers of stamens and pistils, the forms of the flowers, whether radial or bilateral in symmetry, the arrangement and character of the leaves, whether opposite or alternate, stalked or sessile, smooth or hairy, serrated, toothed, or crenate; in the other, the divisions of the body, the segments of the abdomen, the markings of the wings, the number of joints in the legs, and the forms of the smaller organs—the system pursued throughout being that of making it the child's ambition to say respecting everything it finds, all that can be said. Then when a fit age has been reached, the means of preserving these plants which have become so interesting in virtue of the knowledge obtained of them, may as a great favor be supplied; and eventually, as a still greater favor, may also be supplied the apparatus needful for keeping the larvæ of our common butterflies and moths through their transformations—a practice which, as we can personally testify, yields the highest gratification; is continued with ardor for years; when joined with the formation of an entomological collection, adds immense interest to Saturday-afternoon rambles; and forms an admirable introduction to the study of physiology.

We are quite prepared to hear from many that all this is throwiſg away time and energy; and that children would be much better occupied in writing their copies or learning their pence-tables, and so fitting themselves for the business of life. We regret that such crude ideas of what constitutes education and such a narrow conception of utility, should still be generally prevalent. Saying nothing on the need for a systematic culture of the perceptions and the value of the practices above inculcated as subserving that need, we are prepared to defend them even on the score of the knowledge gained. If men are to be mere cits, mere porers over ledgers, with no ideas beyond their trades—if it is well that they should be as the cockney whose conception of rural pleasures extends no further than sitting in a tea-garden smoking pipes and drinking porter; or as the squire who thinks of woods as places for shooting in, of uncultivated plants as nothing but weeds, and who classifies animals into game, vermin, and

stock—then indeed it is needless for men to learn anything that does not directly help to replenish the till and fill the larder. But if there is a more worthy aim for us than to be drudges—if there are other uses in the things around us than their power to bring money—if there are higher faculties to be exercised than acquisitive and sensual ones—if the pleasures which poetry and art and science and philosophy can bring are of any moment—then is it desirable that the instinctive inclination which every child shows to observe natural beauties and investigate natural phenomena should be encouraged. But this gross utilitarianism which is content to come into the world and quit it again without knowing what kind of a world it is or what it contains, may be met on its own ground. It will by and by be found that a knowledge of the laws of life is more important than any other knowledge whatever—that the laws of life include not only all bodily and mental processes, but by implication all the transactions of the house and the street, all commerce, all politics, all morals—and that therefore without a due acquaintance with them neither personal nor social conduct can be rightly regulated. It will eventually be seen too, that the laws of life are essentially the same throughout the whole organic creation; and further, that they cannot be properly understood in their complex manifestations until they have been studied in their simpler ones. And when this is seen, it will be also seen that in aiding the child to acquire the out-of-door information for which it shows so great an avidity, and in encouraging the acquisition of such information throughout youth, we are simply inducing it to store up the raw material for future organization—the facts that will one day bring home to it with due force those great generalizations of science by which actions may be rightly guided.

The spreading recognition of drawing as an element of education, is one amongst many signs of the more rational views on mental culture now beginning to prevail. Once more it may be remarked that teachers are at length adopting the course which nature has for ages been pressing upon their notice. The spontaneous efforts made by children to represent the men, houses, trees, and animals around them—on a slate if they can get nothing better, or with lead-pencil on paper, if they can beg them—are familiar to all. To be shown through a picture-book is one of their highest gratifications; and as usual, their strong imitative tendency presently generates in them the ambition to make pictures themselves also. This attempt to depict

the striking things they see is a further instinctive exercise of the perceptions—a means whereby still greater accuracy and completeness of observation is induced. And alike by seeking to interest us in their discoveries of the sensible properties of things, and by their endeavors to draw, they solicit from us just that kind of culture which they most need.

Had teachers been guided by nature's hints not only in the making of drawing a part of education, but in the choice of their modes of teaching it, they would have done still better than they have done. What is it that the child first tries to represent? Things that are large, things that are attractive in color, things round which its pleasurable associations most cluster—human beings from whom it has received so many emotions, cows and dogs which interest by the many phenomena they present, houses that are hourly visible and strike by their size and contrast of parts. And which of all the processes of representation gives it most delight? Coloring. Paper and pencil are good in default of something better; but a box of paints and a brush—these are the treasures. The drawing of outlines immediately becomes secondary to coloring—is gone through mainly with a view to the coloring; and if leave can be got to color a book of prints, how great is the favor? Now, ridiculous as such a position will seem to drawing-masters, who postpone coloring and who teach form by a dreary discipline of copying lines, we believe that the course of culture thus indicated is the right one. That priority of color to form, which, as already pointed out, has a psychological basis, and in virtue of which psychological basis arises this strong preference in the child, should be recognized from the very beginning; and from the very beginning also the things imitated should be real. That greater delight in color which is not only conspicuous in children but persists in most persons throughout life, should be continuously employed as the natural stimulus to the mastery of the comparatively difficult and unattractive form—should be the prospective reward for the achievement of form. And these instinctive attempts to represent interesting actualities should be all along encouraged; in the conviction that as, by a widening experience, smaller and more practicable objects become interesting they too will be attempted; and that so a gradual approximation will be made towards imitations having some resemblance to the realities. No matter how grotesque the shapes produced: no matter how daubed and glaring the colors. The question is not whether the child is producing

good drawings: the question is, whether it is developing its faculties. It has first to gain some command over its fingers, some crude notions of likeness; and this practice is better than any other for these ends; seeing that it is the spontaneous and the interesting one. During these early years, be it remembered, no formal drawing-lessons are possible: shall we therefore repress, or neglect to aid, these efforts at self-culture? or shall we encourage and guide them as normal exercises of the perceptions and the powers of manipulation? If by the supply of cheap woodcuts to be colored, and simple contour-maps to have their boundary lines tinted, we can not only pleasantly draw out the faculty of color, but can incidentally produce some familiarity with the outlines of things and countries, and some ability to move the brush steadily; and if by the supply of temptingly-painted objects we can keep up the instinctive practice of making representations, however rough, it must happen that by the time drawing is commonly commenced there will exist a facility that would else have been absent. Time will have been gained; and trouble, both to teacher and pupil, saved.

From all that has been said, it may be readily inferred that we wholly disapprove of the practice of drawing from copies; and still more so of that formal discipline in making straight lines and curved lines and compound lines, with which it is the fashion of some teachers to begin. We regret to find that the Society of Arts has recently, in its series of manuals on "Rudimentary Art-Instruction," given its countenance to an elementary drawing-book, which is the most vicious in principle that we have seen. We refer to the "Outline from Outline, or from the Flat," by John Bell, sculptor. As expressed in the prefatory note, this publication proposes "to place before the student a simple, yet logical mode of instruction;" and to this end sets out with a number of definitions thus:—

"A simple line in drawing is a thin mark drawn from one point to another.

"Lines may be divided, as to their nature in drawing, into two classes:—

"1. *Straight*, which are marks that go the shortest road between two points, as A B.

"2. Or *Curved*, which are marks which do not go the shortest road between two points, as C D."

And so the introduction progresses to horizontal lines, perpendicular lines, oblique lines, angles of the several kinds, and the various figures which lines and angles make up. The work is, in short, a grammar of form, with exercises. And thus the system of commencing

with a dry analysis of elements, which, in the teaching of language, has been exploded, is to be re-instituted in the teaching of drawing. The abstract is to be preliminary to the concrete. Scientific conceptions are to precede empirical experiences. That this is an inversion of the normal order, we need scarcely repeat. It has been well said concerning the custom of prefacing the art of speaking any tongue by a drilling in the parts of speech and their functions, that it is about as reasonable as prefacing the art of walking by a course of lessons on the bones, muscles, and nerves of the legs; and much the same thing may be said of the proposal to preface the art of representing objects by a nomenclature and definitions of the lines which they yield on analysis. These technicalities are alike repulsive and needless. They render the study distasteful at the very outset; and all with the view of teaching that, which, in the course of practice, will be learnt unconsciously. Just as the child incidentally gathers the meanings of ordinary words from the conversations going on around it, without the help of dictionaries; so, from the remarks on objects, pictures, and its own drawings, will it presently acquire, not only without effort but even pleasurably, those same scientific terms which, if presented at first, are a mystery and a weariness.

If any dependence is to be placed upon the general principles of education that have been laid down, the process of learning to draw should be throughout continuous with those efforts of early childhood described above, as so worthy of encouragement. By the time that the voluntary practice thus initiated has given some steadiness of hand, and some tolerable ideas of proportion, there will have arisen a vague notion of body as presenting its three dimensions in perspective. And when, after sundry abortive, Chinese-like attempts to render this appearance on paper there has grown up a pretty clear perception of the thing to be achieved, and a desire to achieve it, a first lesson in empirical perspective may be given by means of the apparatus occasionally used in explaining perspective as a science. This sounds formidable; but the experiment is both comprehensive and interesting to any boy or girl of ordinary intelligence. A plate of glass so framed as to stand vertically on the table, being placed before the pupil, and a book, or like simple object, laid on the other side of it, he is requested, whilst keeping the eye in one position, to make ink dots upon the glass, so that they may coincide with, or hide the corners of this object. He is then told to

join these dots by lines; on doing which he perceives that the lines he makes hide, or coincide with, the outlines of the object. And then on being asked to put a sheet of paper on the other side of the glass, he discovers that the lines he has thus drawn represent the object as he saw it. They not only look like it, but he perceives that they must be like it, because he made them agree with its outlines; and by removing the paper he can repeatedly convince himself that they do agree with its outlines. The fact is new and striking; and serves him as an experimental demonstration, that lines of certain lengths, placed in certain directions on a plane, can represent lines of other lengths, and having other directions in space. Subsequently, by gradually changing the position of the object he may be led to observe how some lines shorten and disappear, whilst others come into sight and lengthen. The convergence of parallel lines, and, indeed, all the leading facts of perspective may, from time to time, be similarly illustrated to him. If he has been duly accustomed to self-help, he will gladly, when it is suggested, make the attempt to draw one of these outlines upon paper, by the eye only; and it may soon be made an exciting aim to produce, unassisted, a representation, as like as he can, to one subsequently sketched on the glass. Thus, without the unintelligent mechanical practice of copying other drawings, but by a method at once simple and attractive—rational, yet not abstract, a familiarity with the linear appearances of things, and a faculty of rendering them, may be, step by step, acquired. To which advantages add these:—that even thus early the pupil learns, almost unconsciously, the true theory of a picture—namely, that it is a delineation of objects as they appear when projected on a plane placed between them and the eye; and that when he reaches a fit age for commencing scientific perspective he is already thoroughly acquainted with the facts which form its logical basis.

As exhibiting a rational mode of communicating primary conceptions in geometry, we cannot do better than quote the following passage from Mr. Wyse:—

"A child has been in the habit of using cubes for arithmetic; let him use them also for the elements of geometry. I would begin with solids, the reverse of the usual plan. It saves all the difficulty of absurd definitions, and bad explanations on points, lines, and surfaces, which are nothing but abstractions. . . . A cube presents many of the principal elements of geometry; it at once exhibits points, straight lines, parallel lines, angles, parallelograms, etc., etc. These cubes are divisible into various parts. The pupil has already been familiarized with such divisions in numeration, and he now proceeds to a comparison of their several parts, and of the relation of these parts to each other. . . . From thence he

advances to globes, which furnish him with elementary notions of the circle, of curves generally, etc., etc.

"Being tolerably familiar with solids, he may now substitute planes. The transition may be made very easy. Let the cube, for instance, be cut into thin divisions, and placed on paper: he will then see as many plane rectangles as he has divisions: so with all the others. Globes may be treated in the same manner; he will thus see how surfaces really are generated, and be enabled to abstract them with facility in every solid.

"He has thus acquired the alphabet and reading of geometry. He now proceeds to write it.

"The simplest operation, and therefore the first, is merely to place these planes on a piece of paper, and pass the pencil round them. When this has been frequently done, the plane may be put at a little distance, and the child required to copy it, and so on."

A stock of geometrical conceptions having been obtained, in some such manner as this recommended by Mr. Wyse, a further step may, in course of time, be taken, by introducing the practice of testing the correctness of all figures drawn by the eye; thus alike exciting an ambition to make them exact, and continually illustrating the difficulty of fulfilling that ambition. There can be little doubt that geometry had its origin (as, indeed, the word implies) in the methods discovered by artisans and others, of making accurate measurement for the foundations of buildings, areas of inclosures, and the like; and that its truths came to be treasured up, merely with a view to their immediate utility. They should be introduced to the pupil under analogous relationships. In the cutting out of pieces for his card-houses, in the drawing of ornamental diagrams for coloring, and in those various instructive occupations which an inventive teacher will lead him into, he may be for a length of time advantageously left, like the primitive builder, to tentative processes; and will so gain an abundant experience of the difficulty of achieving his aims by the unaided senses. When, having meanwhile undergone a valuable discipline of the perceptions, he has reached a fit age for using a pair of compasses, he will, whilst duly appreciating these as enabling him to verify his ocular guesses, be still hindered by the difficulties of the approximative method. In this stage he may be left for a further period: partly as being yet too young for anything higher; partly because it is desirable that he should be made to feel still more strongly the want of systematic contrivances. If the acquisition of knowledge is to be made continuously interesting; and if, in the early civilization of the child, as in the early civilization of the race, science becomes attractive only as ministering to art; it is manifest that the proper preliminary to geometry is a long practice in those constructive processes which geometry will facilitate. Observe that here, too, nature points the way. Almost invariably, children show a strong

propensity to cut out things in paper, to make, to build—a propensity which, if duly encouraged and directed, will not only prepare the way for scientific conceptions, but will develop those powers of manipulation in which most people are so deficient.

When the observing and inventive faculties have attained the requisite power, the pupil may be introduced to empirical geometry; that is—geometry dealing with methodical solutions, but not with the demonstrations of them. Like all other transitions in education, this should be made not formally but incidentally; and the relationship to constructive art should still be maintained. To make a tetrahedron in cardboard, like one given to him, is a problem which will alike interest the pupil, and serve as a convenient starting-point. In attempting this, he finds it needful to draw four equilateral triangles arranged in special positions. Being unable in the absence of an exact method to do this accurately he discovers on putting the triangles into their respective positions, that he cannot make their sides fit, and that their angles do not properly meet at the apex. He may now be shown how by describing a couple of circles, each of these triangles may be drawn with perfect correctness and without guessing; and after his failure he will duly value the information. Having thus helped him to the solution of his first problem, with the view of illustrating the nature of geometrical methods, he is in future to be left altogether to his own ingenuity in solving the questions put to him. To bisect a line, to erect a perpendicular, to describe a square, to bisect an angle, to draw a line parallel to a given line, to describe a hexagon, are problems which a little patience will enable him to find out. And from these he may be led on step by step to questions of a more complex kind; all of which, under judicious management, he will puzzle through unhelped. Doubtless, many of those brought up under the old regime, will look upon this assertion sceptically. We speak from facts, however, and those neither few nor special. We have seen a class of boys become so interested in making out solutions to these problems, as to look forward to their geometry lesson as a chief event of the week. Within the last month, we have been told of one girls' school, in which some of the young ladies voluntarily occupy themselves with geometrical questions out of school-hours; and of another, in which they not only do this, but in which one of them is begging for problems to find out during the holidays—both which facts we state on the authority of the teacher. There could indeed be no stronger proofs than are thus afforded

of the practicability and the immense advantage of self-development. A branch of knowledge which as commonly taught is dry and even repulsive, may, by following the method of nature, be made extremely interesting and profoundly beneficial. We say profoundly beneficial, because the effects are not confined to the gaining of geometrical facts, but often revolutionize the whole state of mind. It has repeatedly occurred, that those who have been stupefied by the ordinary school-drill—by its abstract formulas, by its wearisome tasks, by its cramming—have suddenly had their intellects roused, by thus ceasing to make them passive recipients, and inducing them to become active discoverers. The discouragement brought about by bad teaching having been diminished by a little sympathy, and sufficient perseverance induced to achieve a first success, there arises a revulsion of feeling affecting the whole nature. They no longer find themselves incompetent; they too can do something. And gradually as success follows success, the incubus of despair disappears, and they attack the difficulties of their other studies with a courage that insures conquest.

This empirical geometry which presents an endless series of problems, and should be continued along with other studies for years, may throughout be advantageously accompanied by those concrete applications of its principles which serve as its preliminary. After the cube, the octahedron, and the various forms of pyramid and prism have been mastered, may come the more complex regular bodies—the dodecahedron, and the icosahedron—to construct which out of single pieces of cardboard requires considerable ingenuity. From these, the transition may naturally be made to such modified forms of the regular bodies as are met with in crystals—the truncated cube, the cube with its dihedral as well as its solid angles truncated, the octahedron and the various prisms as similarly modified; in imitating which numerous forms assumed by different metals and salts, an acquaintance with the leading facts of mineralogy will be incidentally gained. After long continuance in exercises of this kind, rational geometry, as may be supposed, presents no obstacles. Constantly habituated to contemplate relationships of form and quantity, and vaguely perceiving from time to time the necessity of certain results as reached by certain means, the pupil comes to regard the demonstrations of Euclid as the missing supplements to his familiar problems. His well-disciplined faculties enable him easily to master its successive propositions, and to appreciate their value; and he has the occasional gratification of

finding some of his own methods proved to be true. Thus he enjoys what is to the unprepared a dreary task. It only remains to add, that his mind will presently arrive at a fit condition for that most valuable of all exercises for the reflective faculties—the making of original demonstrations. Such theorems as those appended to the successive books of the Messrs. Chambers' Euclid, will soon become practicable to him; and in proving them the process of self-development will be not intellectual only, but moral.

To continue much further these suggestions would be to write a detailed treatise on education, which we do not purpose. The foregoing outlines of plans for exercising the perceptions in early childhood for conducting object-lessons for teaching drawing and geometry, must be considered as roughly-sketched illustrations of the method dictated by the general principles previously specified. We believe that on examination they will be found not only to progress from the simple to the complex, from the concrete to the abstract, from the empirical to the rational; but to satisfy the further requirements that education shall be a repetition of civilization in little, that it shall be as much as possible a process of self-evolution, and that it shall be pleasurable. That there should be one type of method capable of satisfying all these conditions, tends alike to verify the conditions, and to prove that type of method the right one. And when we add that this method is the logical outcome of the tendency, characterizing all modern systems of instruction—that it is but an adoption in full of the method of nature which they adopt partially—that it displays this complete adoption of the method of nature, not only by conforming to the above principles, but by following the suggestions which the unfolding mind itself gives, facilitating its spontaneous activities, and so aiding the developments which nature is busy with—when we add this, there seems abundant reason to conclude, that the mode of procedure above exemplified, closely approximates to the true one.

A few paragraphs must be appended in further inculcation of the two general principles, alike the most important and the least attended to: we mean the principle that throughout youth, as in early childhood and in maturity, the process shall be one of self-instruction; and the obverse principle, that the mental action induced by this process shall be throughout intrinsically grateful. If progression from simple to complex, and from concrete to abstract, be considered the essential

requirements as dictated by abstract psychology, then do these requirements that knowledge shall be self-mastered, and pleurably mastered, become the tests by which we may judge whether the dictates of abstract psychology are being fulfilled. If the first embody the leading generalizations of the science of mental growth, the last are the chief canons of the art of fostering mental growth. For manifestly if the steps in our curriculum are so arranged that they can be successively ascended by the pupil himself with little or no help, they must correspond with the stages of evolution in his faculties; and manifestly if the successive achievements of these steps are intrinsically gratifying to him, it follows that they require no more than a normal exercise of his powers.

But the making education a process of self-evolution has other advantages than this of keeping our lessons in the right order. In the first place, it guarantees a vividness and permanency of impression which the usual methods can never produce. Any piece of knowledge which the pupil has himself acquired, any problem which he has himself solved, becomes by virtue of the conquest much more thoroughly his than it could else be. The preliminary activity of mind which his success implies, the concentration of thought necessary to it, and the excitement consequent on his triumph, conspire to register all the facts in his memory in a way that no mere information heard from a teacher, or read in a school-book, can be registered. Even if he fails, the tension to which his faculties have been wound up insures his remembrance of the solution when given to him, better than half a dozen repetitions would. Observe again, that this discipline necessitates a continuous organization of the knowledge he acquires. It is in the very nature of facts and inferences, assimilated in this normal manner, that they successively become the premises of further conclusions,—the means of solving still further questions. The solution of yesterday's problem helps the pupil in mastering to-day's. Thus the knowledge is turned into faculty as soon as it is taken in, and forthwith aids in the general function of thinking—does not lie merely written in the pages of an internal library, as when rote-learned. Mark further, the importance of the moral culture which this constant self-help involves. Courage in attacking difficulties, patient concentration of the attention, perseverance through failures—these are characteristics which after-life specially requires; and these are characteristics which this system of making the mind work for its food specially pro-

duces. That it is thoroughly practicable to carry out instruction after this fashion we can ourselves testify; having been in youth thus led to successively solve the comparatively complex problems of Perspective. And that leading teachers have been gradually tending in this direction is indicated alike in the saying of Fellenberg, that "the individual, independent activity of the pupil is of much greater importance than the ordinary busy officiousness of many who assume the office of educators;" in the opinion of Horace Mann, that "unfortunately education amongst us at present consists too much in *telling*, not in *training*;" and in the remark of M. Marcel that "what the learner discovers by mental exertion is better known than what is told to him."

Similarly with the correlative requirement, that the method of culture pursued shall be one productive of an intrinsically happy activity,—an activity not happy in virtue of extrinsic rewards to be obtained, but in virtue of its own healthfulness. Conformity to this requirement not only guards us against thwarting the normal process of evolution, but incidentally secures positive benefits of importance. Unless we are to return to an ascetic morality, the maintenance of youthful happiness must be considered as in itself a worthy aim. Not to dwell upon this, however, we go on to remark that a pleasurable state of feeling is far more favorable to intellectual action than one of indifference or disgust. Every one knows that things read, heard, or seen with interest, are better remembered than those read, heard, or seen with apathy. In the one case the faculties appealed to are actively occupied with the subject presented; in the other they are inactively occupied with it; and the attention is continually drawn away after more attractive thoughts. Hence the impressions are respectively strong and weak. Moreover, the intellectual listlessness which a pupil's lack of interest in any study involves, is further complicated by his anxiety, by his fear of consequences, which distract his attention, and increase the difficulty he finds in bringing his faculties to bear upon these facts that are repugnant to them. Clearly, therefore, the efficiency of any intellectual action will, other things equal, be proportionate to the gratification with which it is performed.

It should be considered also, that important moral consequences depend upon the habitual pleasure or pain which daily lessons produce. No one can compare the faces and manners of two boys—the one made happy by mastering interesting subjects, and the other made mis-

erable by disgust with his studies, by consequent failure, by cold looks, by threats, by punishment—without seeing that the disposition of the one is being benefited, and that of the other greatly injured. Whoever has marked the effect of intellectual success upon the mind, and the power of the mind over the body, will see that in the one case both temper and health are favorably affected; whilst in the other there is danger of permanent moroseness, of permanent timidity, and even of permanent constitutional depression. To all which considerations we must add the further one, that the relationship between teachers and their pupils is, other things equal, rendered friendly and influential, or antagonistic and powerless, according as the system of culture produces happiness or misery. Human beings are at the mercy of their associated ideas. A daily minister of pain cannot fail to be regarded with a secret dislike, and if he causes no emotions but painful ones, will inevitably be hated. Conversely, he who constantly aids children to their ends, hourly provides them with the satisfactions of conquest, hourly encourages them through their difficulties and sympathizes in their successes, cannot fail to be liked; nay, if his behavior is consistent throughout, must be loved. And when we remember how efficient and benign is the control of a master who is felt to be a friend, when compared with the control of one who is looked upon with aversion, or at best indifference, we may infer that the indirect advantages of conducting education on the happiness principle do not fall far short of the direct ones. To all who question the possibility of acting out the system here advocated, we reply as before, that not only does theory point to it, but experience commends it. To the many verdicts of distinguished teachers who since Pestalozzi's time have testified this, may be here added that of Professor Pillans, who asserts that "where young people are taught as they ought to be, they are quite as happy in school as at play, seldom less delighted, nay, often more, with the well-directed exercise of their mental energies, than with that of their muscular powers."

As suggesting a final reason for making education a process of self-instruction, and by consequence a process of pleasurable instruction, we may advert to the fact that, in proportion as it is made so, is there a probability that education will not cease when school-days end. As long as the acquisition of knowledge is rendered habitually repugnant, so long will there be a prevailing tendency to discontinue it when free from the coercion of parents and masters. And when the acquisi-

tion of knowledge has been rendered habitually gratifying, then will there be as prevailing a tendency to continue, without superintendence, that same self-culture previously carried on under superintendence. These results are inevitable. While the laws of mental association remain true—while men dislike the things and places that suggest painful recollections, and delight in those which call to mind bygone pleasures—painful lessons will make knowledge repulsive, and pleasurable lessons will make it attractive. The men to whom in boyhood information came in dreary tasks along with threats of punishment, and who were never led into habits of independent inquiry, are unlikely to be students in after years; while those to whom it came in the natural forms, at the proper times, and who remember its facts as not only interesting in themselves, but as the occasions of a long series of gratifying successes, are likely to continue through life that self-instruction commenced in youth.

CHAPTER III.

MORAL EDUCATION.

STRANGELY enough, the most glaring defect in our programmes of education is entirely overlooked. While much is being done in the detailed improvement of our systems in respect both of matter and manner, the most pressing desideratum has not yet been even recognized as a desideratum. To prepare the young for the duties of life is tacitly admitted by all to be the end which parents and schoolmasters should have in view; and happily the value of the things taught, and the goodness of the method followed in teaching them, are now ostensibly judged by their fitness to this end. The propriety of substituting for an exclusively classical training a training in which the modern languages shall have a share, is argued on this ground. The necessity of increasing the amount of science is urged for like reasons. But though some care is taken to fit youth of both sexes for society and citizenship, no care whatever is taken to fit them for the still more important position they will ultimately have to fill—the position of parents. While it is seen that for the purpose of gaining a livelihood, an elaborate preparation is needed, it appears to be thought that for the bringing up of children, no preparation whatever is needed. While many years are spent by a boy in gaining knowledge, of which the chief value is that it constitutes "the education of a gentleman;"

and while many years are spent by a girl in those decorative acquirements which fit her for evening parties; not an hour is spent by either of them in preparation for that gravest of all responsibilities—the management of a family. Is it that this responsibility is but a remote contingency? On the contrary, it is certain to devolve on nine out of ten. Is it that the discharge of it is easy? Certainly not: of all functions which the adult has to fulfil this is the most difficult. Is it that each may be trusted by self-instruction to fit himself, or herself, for the office of parent? No: not only is the need for such self-instruction unrecognized, but the complexity of the subject renders it the one of all others in which self-instruction is least likely to succeed. No rational plea can be put forward for leaving the Art of Education out of our curriculum. Whether as bearing upon the happiness of parents themselves, or whether as affecting the characters and lives of their children and remote descendants, we must admit that a knowledge of the right methods of juvenile culture, physical, intellectual, and moral, is a knowledge second to none in importance. This topic should occupy the highest and last place in the course of instruction passed through by each man and woman. As physical maturity is marked by the ability to produce offspring, so mental maturity is marked by the ability to train those offspring. *The subject which involves all other subjects, and therefore the subject in which the education of every one should culminate, is the Theory and Practice of Education.*

In the absence of this preparation, the management of children, and more especially the moral management, is lamentably bad. Parents either never think about the matter at all, or else their conclusions are crude and inconsistent. In most cases, and especially on the part of mothers, the treatment adopted on every occasion is that which the impulse of the moment prompts: it springs not from any reasoned-out conviction as to what will most conduce to the child's welfare, but merely expresses the passing parental feelings, whether good or ill; and varies from hour to hour as these feelings vary. Or if these blind dictates of passion are supplemented by any definite doctrines and methods, they are those that have been handed down from the past, or those suggested by the remembrances of childhood, or those adopted from nurses and servants—methods devised not by the enlightenment, but by the ignorance of the time. Commenting on the chaotic state of opinion and practice relative to family government, Richter writes:—

"If the secret variances of a large class of ordinary fathers were brought to light, and laid down as a plan of studies, and reading catalogued for a moral education, they would run somewhat after this fashion:—In the first hour 'pure morality must be read to the child, either by myself or the tutor;' in the second, 'mixed morality, or that which may be applied to one's own advantage;' in the third, 'do you not see that your father does so and so?' in the fourth, 'you are little, and this is only fit for grown-up people;' in the fifth, 'the chief matter is that you should succeed in the world, and become something in the state;' in the sixth, 'not the temporary, but the eternal, determines the worth of a man;' in the seventh, 'therefore rather suffer injustice, and be kind;' in the eighth, 'but defend yourself bravely if any one attack you;' in the ninth, 'do not make a noise, dear child;' in the tenth, 'a boy must not sit so quiet;' in the eleventh, 'you must obey your parents better;' in the twelfth, 'and educate yourself.' So by the hourly change of his principles, the father conceals their untenableness and onesidedness. As for his wife, she is neither like him, nor yet like that harlequin who came on to the stage with a bundle of papers under each arm, and answered to the inquiry, what he had under his right arm, 'orders,' and to what he had under his left arm, 'counter-orders.' But the mother might be much better compared to a giant Briareus, who had a hundred arms, and a bundle of papers under each."

This state of things is not to be readily changed. Generations must pass before any great amelioration of it can be expected. Like political constitutions, educational systems are not made, but grow; and within brief periods growth is insensible. Slow, however, as must be any improvement, even that improvement implies the use of means; and among the means is discussion.

We are not among those who believe in Lord Palmerston's dogma, that "all children are born good." On the whole, the opposite dogma, untenable as it is, seems to us less wide of the truth. Nor do we agree with those who think that, by skilful discipline, children may be made altogether what they should be. Contrariwise, we are satisfied that though imperfections of nature may be diminished by wise management, they cannot be removed by it. The notion that an ideal humanity might be forthwith produced by a perfect system of education, is near akin to that shadowed forth in the poems of Shelley, that would mankind give up their old institutions, prejudices, and errors, all the evils in the world would at once disappear: neither notion being acceptable to such as have dispassionately studied human affairs.

Not that we are without sympathy with those who entertain these too sanguine hopes. Enthusiasm, pushed even to fanaticism, is a useful motive-power—perhaps an indispensable one. It is clear that the ardent politician would never undergo the labors and make the sacrifices he does, did he not believe that the reform he fights for is the one thing needful. But for his conviction that drunkenness is the root of almost all social evils, the teetotaler would agitate far less energetically.

cally. In philanthropy as in other things great advantage results from division of labor; and that there may be division of labor, each class of philanthropists must be more or less subordinated to its function—must have an exaggerated faith in its work. Hence, of those who regard education, intellectual or moral, as the panacea, their undue expectations are not without use; and that perhaps it is part of the beneficent order of things that their confidence cannot be shaken.

Even were it true, however, that by some possible system of moral government children could be moulded into the desired form; and even could every parent be duly indoctrinated with this system; we should still be far from achieving the object in view. It is forgotten that the carrying out of any such system, presupposes, on the part of adults, a degree of intelligence, of goodness, of self-control, possessed by no one. The great error made by those who discuss questions of juvenile discipline, is in ascribing all the faults and difficulties to the children, and none to the parents. The current assumption respecting family government, as respecting national government, is, that the virtues are with the rulers and the vices with the ruled. Judging by educational theories, men and women are entirely transfigured in the domestic relation. The citizens we do business with, the people we meet in the world, we all know to be very imperfect creatures. In the daily scandals, in the quarrels of friends, in bankruptcy disclosures, in lawsuits, in police reports, we have constantly thrust before us the pervading selfishness, dishonesty, brutality. Yet when we criticise nursery management, and canvass the misbehavior of juveniles, we habitually take for granted that these culpable men and women are free from moral delinquency in the treatment of their offspring! So far is this from the truth, that we do not hesitate to say that to parental misconduct is traceable a great part of the domestic disorder commonly ascribed to the perversity of children. We do not assert this of the more sympathetic and self-restrained, among whom we hope most of our readers may be classed, but we assert it of the mass. What kind of moral discipline is to be expected from a mother who, time after time, angrily shakes her infant because it will not suckle her, which we once saw a mother do? How much love of justice and generosity is likely to be instilled by a father who, on having his attention drawn by his child's scream to the fact that its finger is jammed between the window sash and the sill, forthwith begins to beat the child instead of releasing it? Yet that there are

such fathers is testified to us by an eye-witness. Or, to take a still stronger case, also vouched for by direct testimony—what are the educational prospects of the boy who, on being taken home with a dislocated thigh, is saluted with a castigation? It is true that these are extreme instances—instances exhibiting in human beings that blind instinct which impels brutes to destroy the weakly and injured of their own race. But extreme though they are, they typify feelings and conduct daily observable in many families. Who has not repeatedly seen a child slapped by nurse or parent for a fretfulness probably resulting from bodily derangement? Who, when watching a mother snatch up a fallen little one, has not often traced, both in the rough manner and in the sharply-uttered exclamation—"You stupid little thing!"—an irascibility foretelling endless future squabbles? Is there not in the harsh tones in which a father bids his children be quiet, evidence of a deficient fellow-feeling with them? Are not the constant, and often quite needless, thwartings that the young experience—the injunctions to sit still, which an active child cannot obey without suffering great nervous irritation, the commands not to look out of the window when travelling by railway, which on a child of any intelligence entails serious deprivation—are not these thwartings, we ask, signs of a terrible lack of sympathy? The truth is, that the difficulties of moral education are necessarily of dual origin—necessarily result from the combined faults of parents and children. If hereditary transmission is a law of nature, as every naturalist knows it to be, and as our daily remarks and current proverbs admit it to be; then on the average of cases, the defects of children mirror the defects of their parents;—on the average of cases, we say, because, complicated as the results are by the transmitted traits of remoter ancestors, the correspondence is not special but only general. And if, on the average of cases, this inheritance of defects exists, then the evil passions which parents have to check in their children imply like evil passions in themselves; hidden, it may be, from the public eye; or perhaps obscured by other feelings; but still there. Evidently, therefore, the general practice of any ideal system of discipline is hopeless: parents are not good enough.

Moreover, even were there methods by which the desired end could be at once effected, and even had fathers and mothers sufficient insight, sympathy, and self-command to employ these methods consistently, it might still be contended that it would be of

no use to reform family discipline faster than other things are reformed. What is it that we aim to do? Is it not that education of whatever kind has for its proximate end to prepare a child for the business of life—to produce a citizen who, at the same time that he is well conducted, is also able to make his way in the world? And does not making his way in the world (by which we mean, not the acquirement of wealth, but of the means requisite for properly bringing up a family)—does not this imply a certain fitness for the world as it now is? And if by any system of culture an ideal human being could be produced, is it not doubtful whether he would be fit for the world as it now is? May we not, on the contrary, suspect that his too keen sense of rectitude, and too elevated standard of conduct, would make life alike intolerable and impossible? And however admirable the results might be, considered individually, would it not be self-defeating in so far as society and posterity are concerned? It may, we think, be argued with much reason, that as in a nation so in a family, the kind of government is, on the whole, about as good as the general state of human nature permits it to be. It may be said that in the one case, as in the other, the average character of the people determines the quality of the control exercised. It may be inferred that in both cases amelioration of the average character leads to an amelioration of system; and further, that were it possible to ameliorate the system without the average character being first ameliorated, evil, rather than good, would follow. It may be urged that such degree of harshness as children now experience from their parents and teachers, is but a preparation for that greater harshness which they will meet with on entering the world; and that were it possible for parents and teachers to behave towards them with perfect equity and entire sympathy, it would but intensify the sufferings which the selfishness of men must, in after life, inflict on them.*

* This is the plea put in by some for the rough treatment experienced by boys at our public schools; where, as it is said, they are introduced to a miniature world whose imperfections and hardships prepare them for those of the real world; and it must be admitted that the plea has some force. But it is a very insufficient plea. For whereas domestic and school discipline, though they should not be very much better than the discipline of adult life, should at any rate be somewhat better; the discipline which boys meet with at Eton, Winchester, Harrow, etc., is much worse than that of adult life—much more unjust, cruel, brutal. Instead of being an aid to human progress, which all culture should be, the culture of our public schools, by accustoming boys to a despotic form of government and an intercourse regulated by brute force, tends to fit them for a lower state of society than that which

"But does not this prove too much?" some one will ask. "If no system of moral culture can forthwith make children altogether what they should be; if, even were there a system that would do this, existing parents are too imperfect to carry it out; and if even could such a system be successfully carried out, its results would be disastrously incongruous with the present state of society; does it not follow that a reform in the system now in use is neither practicable nor desirable?" No. It merely follows that reform in domestic government must go on, *pari passu* with other reforms. It merely follows that methods of discipline neither can be nor should be ameliorated, except by instalments. It merely follows that the dictates of abstract rectitude will, in practice, inevitably be subordinated by the present state of human nature—by the imperfections alike of children, of parents, and of society; and can only be better fulfilled as the general character becomes better.

"At any rate, then," may rejoin our critic, "it is clearly useless to set up any ideal standard of family discipline. There can be no advantage in elaborating and recommending methods that are in advance of the time." Again we must contend for the contrary. Just as in the case of political government, though pure rectitude may be at present impracticable, it is requisite to know where the right lies, so that the changes we make may be *towards* the right instead of *away* from it; so in the case of domestic government, an ideal must be upheld, that there may be gradual approximations to it. We need fear no evil consequences from the maintenance of such an ideal. On the average the constitutional conservatism of mankind is always strong enough to prevent a too rapid change. So admirable are the arrangements of things that until men have grown up to the level of a higher belief, they cannot receive it: nominally, they may hold it, but not virtually. And even when the truth gets recognized, the obstacles to conformity with it are so persistent as to outlive the patience of philanthropists and even philosophers. We may be quite sure, therefore, that the many difficulties standing in the way of a normal government of children, will always put an adequate check upon the efforts to realize it.

With these preliminary explanations, let us go on to consider the true aims and methods of moral education—moral education, strictly so called, we mean; for we do not propose to

exists. And chiefly recruited as our legislature is from among those who are brought up at these schools, this barbarizing influence becomes a serious hindrance to national progress.

enter upon the question of religious education as an aid to the education exclusively moral. This we omit as a topic better dealt with separately. After a few pages devoted to the settlement of general principles, during the perusal of which we bespeak the reader's patience, we shall aim by illustrations to make clear the right methods of parental behavior in the hourly occurring difficulties of family government.

When a child falls, or runs its head against the table, it suffers a pain, the remembrance of which tends to make it more careful for the future; and by an occasional repetition of like experiences, it is eventually disciplined into a proper guidance of its movements. If it lays hold of the fire-bars, thrusts its finger into the candle-flame, or spills boiling water on any part of its skin, the resulting burn or scald is a lesson not easily forgotten. So deep an impression is produced by one or two such events, that afterwards no persuasion will induce it again to disregard the laws of its constitution in these ways.

Now in these and like cases, Nature illustrates to us in the simplest way, the true theory and practice of moral discipline—a theory and practice which, however much they may seem to the superficial like those commonly received, we shall find on examination to differ from them very widely.

Observe, in the first place, that in bodily injuries and their penalties we have misconduct and its consequences reduced to their simplest forms. Though, according to their popular acceptations, *right* and *wrong* are words scarcely applicable to actions that have none but direct bodily effects; yet whoever considers the matter will see that such actions must be as much classifiable under these heads as any other actions. From whatever basis they start, all theories of morality agree in considering that conduct whose total results, immediate and remote, are beneficial, is good conduct; while conduct whose total results, immediate and remote, are injurious, is bad conduct. The happiness or misery caused by it are the *ultimate* standards by which all men judge of behavior. We consider drunkenness wrong because of the physical degeneracy and accompanying moral evils entailed on the transgressor and his dependents. Did theft uniformly give pleasure both to taker and looser, we should not find it in our catalogue of sins. Were it conceivable that benevolent actions multiplied human pains, we should condemn them—should not consider them benevolent. It needs but to

read the first newspaper leader, or listen to any conversation touching social affairs, to see that acts of parliament, political movements, philanthropic agitations, in common with the doings of individuals, are judged by their anticipated results in multiplying the pleasures or pains of men. And if on looking on all secondary superinduced ideas, we find these to be our ultimate tests of right and wrong, we cannot refuse to class purely physical actions as right or wrong according to the beneficial or detrimental results they produce.

Note, in the second place, the character of the punishments by which these physical transgressions are prevented. Punishments, we call them, in the absence of a better word; for they are not punishments in the literal sense. They are not artificial and unnecessary inflictions of pain; but are simply the beneficent checks to actions that are essentially at variance with bodily welfare—checks in the absence of which life would quickly be destroyed by bodily injuries. It is the peculiarity of these penalties, if we must so call them, that they are nothing more than the *unavoidable consequences* of the deeds which they follow: they are nothing more than the *inevitable reactions* entailed by the child's actions.

Let it be further borne in mind that these painful reactions are proportionate to the degree in which the organic laws have been transgressed. A slight accident brings a slight pain, a more serious one, a greater pain. When a child tumbles over the doorstep, it is not ordained that it shall suffer in excess of the amount necessary, with the view of making it still more cautious than the necessary suffering will make it. But from its daily experience it is left to learn the greater or less penalties of greater or less errors; and to behave accordingly.

And then mark, lastly, that these natural reactions which follow the child's wrong actions, are constant, direct, unhesitating, and not to be escaped. No threats: but a silent, rigorous performance. If a child runs a pin into its finger, pain follows. If it does it again, there is again the same result: and so on perpetually. In all its dealings with surrounding inorganic nature it finds this unswerving persistence, which listens to no excuse, and from which there is no appeal; and very soon recognizing this stern though beneficent discipline, it becomes extremely careful not to transgress.

Still more significant will these general truths appear, when we remember that they hold throughout adult life as well as through-

out infantine life. It is by an experimentally-gained knowledge of the natural consequences, that men and women are checked when they go wrong. After home education has ceased, and when there are no longer parents and teachers to forbid this or that kind of conduct, there comes into play a discipline like that by which the young child is taught its first lessons in self-guidance. If the youth entering upon the business of life idles away his time and fulfils slowly or unskilfully the duties entrusted to him, there by and by follows the natural penalty: he is discharged, and left to suffer for awhile the evils of relative poverty. On the unpunctual man, failing alike his appointments of business and pleasure, there continually fall the consequent inconveniences, losses, and deprivations. The avaricious tradesman who charges too high a rate of profit, loses his customers, and so is checked in his greediness. Diminishing practice teaches the inattentive doctor to bestow more trouble on his patients. The too credulous creditor and the over-sanguine speculator alike learn by the difficulties which rashness entails on them, the necessity of being more cautious in their engagements. And so throughout the life of every citizen. In the quotation so often made *à propos* of these cases—"The burnt child dreads the fire"—we see not only that the analogy between this social discipline and Nature's early discipline of infants is universally recognized; but we also see an implied conviction that this discipline is of the most efficient kind. Nay more, this conviction is not only implied, but distinctly stated. Every one has heard others confess that only by "dearly bought experience" had they been induced to give up some bad or foolish course of conduct formerly pursued. Every one has heard, in the criticisms passed on the doings of this spendthrift or the other speculator, the remark that advice was useless, and that nothing but "bitter experience" would produce any effect: nothing, that is, but suffering the unavoidable consequences. And if further proof be needed that the penalty of the natural reaction is not only the most efficient, but that no humanly-devised penalty can replace it, we have such further proof in the notorious ill-success of our various penal systems. Out of the many methods of criminal discipline that have been proposed and legally enforced, none have answered the expectations of their advocates. Not only have artificial punishments failed to produce reformation, but they have in many cases increased the criminality. The only successful reformatories are those privately-established ones which have approxi-

mated their *régime* to the method of Nature—which have done little more than administer the natural consequences of criminal conduct: the natural consequences being, that by imprisonment or other restraint, the criminal shall have his liberty of action diminished as much as is needful for the safety of society; and that he shall be made to maintain himself while living under this restraint. Thus we see not only that the discipline by which the young child is so successfully taught to regulate its movements is also the discipline by which the great mass of adults are kept in order, and more or less improved; but that the discipline humanly-devised for the worst adults, fails when it diverges from this divinely-ordained discipline, and begins to succeed when it approximates to it.

Have we not here, then, the guiding principle of moral education? Must we not infer that the system so beneficent in its effects, alike during infancy and maturity, will be equally beneficent throughout youth? Can any one believe that the method which answers so well in the first and the last divisions of life will not answer in the intermediate division? Is it not manifest that as "ministers and interpreters of Nature" it is the function of parents to see that their children habitually experience the true consequences of their conduct—the natural reactions: neither warding them off, nor intensifying them, nor putting artificial consequences in place of them? No unprejudiced reader will hesitate in his assent.

Probably, however, not a few will contend that already most parents do this—that the punishments they inflict are, in the majority of cases, the true consequences of ill-conduct—that parental anger, venting itself in harsh words and deeds, is the result of a child's transgression—and that, in the suffering, physical or moral, which the child is subject to, it experiences the natural reaction of its misbehavior. Along with much error this assertion, doubtless, contains some truth. It is unquestionable that the displeasure of fathers and mothers is a true consequence of juvenile delinquency; and that the manifestation of it is a normal check upon such delinquency. It is unquestionable that the scoldings, and threats, and blows, which a passionate parent visits on offending little ones, are effects actually produced in such a parent by their offences; and so are, in some sort, to be considered as among the natural reactions of their wrong actions. And we are by no means prepared to say that these modes of treatment are not relatively right—

right, that is in relation to the uncontrollable children of ill-controlled adults: and right in relation to a state of society in which such ill-controlled adults make up the mass of the people. As already suggested, educational systems, like political and other institutions, are generally as good as the state of human nature permits. The barbarous children of barbarous parents are probably only to be restrained by the barbarous methods which such parents spontaneously employ; while submission to these barbarous methods is perhaps the best preparation such children can have for the barbarous society in which they are presently to play a part. Conversely, the civilized members of a civilized society will spontaneously manifest their displeasure in less violent ways—will spontaneously use milder measures: measures strong enough for their better-natured children. Thus it is doubtless true that, in so far as the expression of parental feeling is concerned, the principle of the natural reaction is always more or less followed. The system of domestic government ever gravitates towards its right form.

But now observe two important facts. In the first place, observe that, in states of rapid transition like ours, which witness a long-drawn battle between old and new theories and old and new practices, the educational methods in use are apt to be considerably out of harmony with the times. In deference to dogmas fit only for the ages that uttered them, many parents inflict punishments that do violence to their own feelings, and so visit on their children unnatural reactions; while other parents, enthusiastic in their hopes of immediate perfection, rush to the opposite extreme. And then observe, in the second place, that the discipline on which we are insisting is not so much the experience of parental approbation, or disapprobation, which, in most cases, is only a secondary consequence of a child's conduct; but it is the experience of those results which would naturally flow from the conduct in the absence of parental opinion or interference. The truly instructive and salutary consequences are not those inflicted by parents when they take upon themselves to be Nature's proxies; but they are those inflicted by Nature herself. We will endeavor to make this distinction clear by a few illustrations, which, while they show what we mean by natural reactions as contrasted with artificial ones, will afford some directly practical suggestions.

In every family where there are young children there almost daily occur cases of what mothers and servants call "making a litter." A child has had out its box of toys,

and leaves them scattered about the floor. Or a handful of flowers, brought in from a morning walk, is presently seen dispersed over tables and chairs. Or a little girl, making doll's-clothes, disfigures the room with shreds. In most cases the trouble of rectifying this disorder falls anywhere but in the right place: if in the nursery, the nurse herself, with many grumblings about "tiresome little things," etc., undertakes the task; if below stairs, the task usually devolves either on one of the elder children or on the housemaid; the transgressor being visited with nothing more than a scolding. In this very simple case, however, there are many parents wise enough to follow out, more or less consistently, the normal course—that of making the child itself collect the toys or shreds. The labor of putting things in order is the true consequence of having put them in disorder. Every trader in his office, every wife in her household, has daily experience of this fact. And if education be a preparation for the business of life, then every child should also, from the beginning, have daily experience of this fact. If the natural penalty be met by any refractory behavior (which it may perhaps be where the general system of moral discipline previously pursued has been bad), then the proper course is to let the child feel the ulterior reaction consequent on its disobedience. Having refused or neglected to pick up and put away the things it has scattered about, and having thereby entailed the trouble of doing this on some one else, the child should, on subsequent occasions, be denied the means of giving this trouble. When next it petitions for its toy-box, the reply of its mamma should be—"The last time you had your toys you left them lying on the floor, and Jane had to pick them up. Jane is too busy to pick up every day the things you leave about; and I cannot do it myself. So that, as you will not put away your toys when you have done with them, I cannot let you have them." This is obviously a natural consequence, neither increased nor lessened; and must be so recognized by a child. The penalty comes, too, at the moment when it is most keenly felt. A new-born desire is balked at the moment of anticipated gratification; and the strong impression so produced can scarcely fail to have an effect on the future conduct; an effect which, by consistent repetition, will do whatever can be done in curing the fault. Add to which, that, by this method, a child is early taught the lesson which cannot be learnt too soon, that in this world of ours pleasures are rightly to be obtained only by labor.

Take another case. Not long since we had frequently to listen to the reprimands visited on a little girl who was scarcely ever ready in time for the daily walk. Of eager disposition, and apt to become thoroughly absorbed in the occupation of the moment, Constance never thought of putting on her things until the rest were ready. The governess and the other children had almost invariably to wait; and from the mamma there almost invariably came the same scolding. Utterly as this system failed it never occurred to the mamma to let Constance experience the natural penalty. Nor, indeed, would she try it when it was suggested to her. In the world the penalty of being behind time is the loss of some advantage that would else have been gained: the train is gone; or the steamboat is just leaving its moorings; or the best things in the market are sold; or all the good seats in the concert-room are filled. And every one, in cases perpetually occurring, may see that it is the prospective deprivations entailed by being too late which prevent people from being too late. Is not the inference obvious? Should not these prospective deprivations control the child's conduct also? If Constance is not ready at the appointed time, the natural result is that of being left behind, and losing her walk. And no one can, we think, doubt that after having once or twice remained at home while the rest were enjoying themselves in the fields, and after having felt that this loss of a much-prized gratification was solely due to want of promptitude, some amendment would take place. At any rate, the measure would be more effective than that perpetual scolding which ends only in producing callousness.

Again, when children, with more than usual carelessness, break or lose the things given to them, the natural penalty—the penalty which makes grown-up persons more careful—is the consequent inconvenience. The want of the lost or damaged article, and the cost of supplying its place, are the experiences by which men and women are disciplined in these matters; and the experience of children should be as much as possible assimilated to theirs. We do not refer to that early period at which toys are pulled to pieces in the process of learning their physical properties, and at which the results of carelessness cannot be understood; but to a later period, when the meaning and advantages of property are perceived. When a boy, old enough to possess a penknife, uses it so roughly as to snap the blade, or leaves it in the grass by some hedge-side, where he was cutting a stick, a thoughtless parent, or some indulgent relative, will

commonly forthwith buy him another; not seeing that, by doing this, a valuable lesson is lost. In such a case, a father may properly explain that penknives cost money, and that to get money requires labor; that he cannot afford to purchase new penknives for one who loses or breaks them; and that until he sees evidence of greater carefulness he must decline to make good the loss. A parallel discipline may be used as a means of checking extravagance.

These few familiar instances, here chosen because of the simplicity with which they illustrate our point, will make clear to every one the distinction between those natural penalties which we contend are the truly efficient ones, and those artificial penalties which parents commonly substitute for them. Before going on to exhibit the higher and subtler applications of this principle, let us note its many and great superiorities over the principle, or rather the empirical practice, which prevails in most families.

In the first place, right conceptions of cause and effect are early formed; and by frequent and consistent experience are eventually rendered definite and complete. Proper conduct in life is much better guaranteed when the good and evil consequences of actions are rationally understood, than when they are merely believed on authority. A child who finds that disorderliness entails the subsequent trouble of putting things in order, or who misses a gratification from dilatoriness, or whose want of care is followed by the loss or breakage of some much-prized possession, not only experiences a keenly-felt consequence, but gains a knowledge of causation: both the one and the other being just like those which adult life will bring. Whereas a child who in such cases receives some reprimand or some factitious penalty, not only experiences a consequence for which it often cares very little, but lacks that instruction respecting the essential natures of good and evil conduct, which it would else have gathered. It is a vice of the common system of artificial rewards and punishments, long since noticed by the clear-sighted, that by substituting for the natural results of misbehavior certain threatened tasks or castigations, it produces a radically wrong standard of moral guidance. Having throughout infancy and boyhood always regarded parental or tutorial displeasure as the result of a forbidden action, the youth has gained an established association of ideas between such action and such displeasure, as cause and effect; and consequently when parents and tutors have abdicated, and their displeasure is not to be

feared, the restraint on a forbidden action is in great measure removed: the true restraints, the natural reactions, having yet to be learnt by sad experience. As writes one who has had personal knowledge of this short-sighted system:—"Young men let loose from school, particularly those whose parents have neglected to exert their influence, plunge into every description of extravagance; they know no rule of action—they are ignorant of the reasons for moral conduct—they have no foundation to rest upon—and until they have been severely disciplined by the world are extremely dangerous members of society."

Another great advantage of this natural system of discipline is, that it is a system of pure justice; and will be recognized by every child as such. Whoso suffers nothing more than the evil which obviously follows naturally from his own misbehavior, is much less likely to think himself wrongly treated than if he suffers an evil artificially inflicted on him; and this will be true of children as of men. Take the case of a boy who is habitually reckless of his clothes—scrambles through hedges without caution, or is utterly regardless of mud. If he is beaten, or sent to bed, he is apt to regard himself as ill-used; and his mind is more likely to be occupied by thinking over his injuries than repenting of his transgressions. But suppose he is required to rectify as far as he can the harm he has done—to clean off the mud with which he has covered himself, or to mend the tear as well as he can. Will he not feel that the evil is one of his own producing? Will he not while paying this penalty be continuously conscious of the connection between it and its cause? And will he not, spite his irritation, recognize more or less clearly the justice of the arrangement? If several lessons of this kind fail to produce amendment—if suits of clothes are prematurely spoiled—if pursuing this same system of discipline a father declines to spend money for new ones until the ordinary time has elapsed—and if, meanwhile, there occur occasions on which, having no decent clothes to go in, the boy is debarred from joining the rest of the family on holiday excursions and *fête* days, it is manifest that while he will keenly feel the punishment, he can scarcely fail to trace the chain of causation, and to perceive that his own carelessness is the origin of it; and seeing this, he will not have that same sense of injustice as when there is no obvious connection between the transgression and its penalty.

Again, the tempers both of parents and children are much less liable to be ruffled under this system than under the ordinary

system. Instead of letting children experience the painful results which naturally follow from wrong conduct, the usual course pursued by parents is to inflict themselves certain other painful results. A double mischief arises from this. Making, as they do, multiplied family laws; and identifying their own supremacy and dignity with the maintenance of these laws; it happens that every transgression comes to be regarded as an offence against themselves, and a cause of anger on their part. Add to which the further irritations which result from taking upon themselves, in the shape of extra labor or cost, those evil consequences which should have been allowed to fall on the wrong-doers. Similarly with the children. Penalties which the necessary reaction of things brings round upon them—penalties which are inflicted by impersonal agency, produce an irritation that is comparatively slight and transient; whereas, penalties which are voluntarily inflicted by a parent, and are afterwards remembered as caused by him or her, produce an irritation both greater and more continued. Just consider how disastrous would be the result if this empirical method were pursued from the beginning. Suppose it were possible for parents to take upon themselves the physical sufferings entailed on their children by ignorance and awkwardness; and that while bearing these evil consequences they visited on their children certain other evil consequences, with the view of teaching them the impropriety of their conduct. Suppose that when a child, who had been forbidden to meddle with the kettle, spilt some boiling water on its foot, the mother vicariously assumed the scald and gave a blow in place of it; and similarly in all other cases. Would not the daily mishaps be sources of far more anger than now? Would not there be chronic ill-temper on both sides? Yet an exactly parallel policy is pursued in after years. A father who punishes his boy for carelessly or wilfully breaking a sister's toy, and then himself pays for a new toy, does substantially this same thing—inflicts an artificial penalty on the transgressor, and takes the natural penalty on himself: his own feelings and those of the transgressor being alike needlessly irritated. If he simply required restitution to be made, he would produce far less heartburning. If he told the boy that a new toy must be bought at his, the boy's cost, and that his supply of pocket-money must be withheld to the needful extent, there would be much less cause for ebullition of temper on either side; while in the deprivation afterwards felt, the boy would experience the equitable and salutary

consequence. In brief, the system of discipline by natural reactions is less injurious to temper, alike because it is perceived on both sides to be nothing more than pure justice, and because it more or less substitutes the impersonal agency of nature for the personal agency of parents.

Whence also follows the manifest corollary, that under this system the parental and filial relation will be a more friendly, and therefore a more influential one. Whether in parent or child, anger, however caused, and to whomsoever directed, is more or less detrimental. But anger in a parent towards a child, and in a child towards a parent, is especially detrimental; because it weakens that bond of sympathy which is essential to a beneficent control. In virtue of the general law of association of ideas, it inevitably results, both in young and old, that dislike is contracted towards things which in our experience are habitually connected with disagreeable feelings. Or where attachment originally existed, it is weakened, or destroyed, or turned into repugnance, according to the quantity of painful impressions received. Parental wrath, with its accompanying reprimands and castigations, cannot fail, if often repeated, to produce filial alienation; while the resentment and sulkiness of children cannot fail to weaken the affection felt for them, and may even end in destroying it. Hence the numerous cases in which parents (and especially fathers, who are commonly deputed to express the anger and inflict the punishment) are regarded with indifference, if not with aversion; and hence the equally numerous cases in which children are looked upon as inflictions. Seeing, then, as all must do, that estrangement of this kind is fatal to a salutary moral culture, it follows that parents cannot be too solicitous in avoiding occasions of direct antagonism with their children—occasions of personal resentment. And therefore they cannot too anxiously avail themselves of this discipline of natural consequences—this system of letting the penalty be inflicted by the laws of things; which, by saving the parent from the function of a penal agent, prevents these mutual exasperations and estrangements.

Thus we see that this method of moral culture by experience of the normal reactions which is the divinely-ordained method alike for infancy and for adult life, is equally applicable during the intermediate childhood and youth. And among the advantages of this method we see—First. That it gives that rational comprehension of right and wrong conduct which results from actual ex-

perience of the good and bad consequences caused by them. Second. That the child, suffering nothing more than the painful effects brought upon it by its own wrong actions, must recognize more or less clearly the justice of the penalties. Third. That, recognizing the justice of the penalties, and receiving those penalties through the working of things, rather than at the hands of an individual, its temper will be less disturbed; while the parent occupying the comparatively passive position of taking care that the natural penalties are felt, will preserve a comparative equanimity. And Fourth. That mutual exasperation being thus in great measure prevented, a much happier, and a more influential state of feeling, will exist between parent and child.

“But what is to be done with more serious misconduct?” some will ask. “How is this plan to be carried out when a petty theft has been committed? or when a lie has been told? or when some younger brother or sister has been ill-used?”

Before replying to these questions, let us consider the bearings of a few illustrative facts.

Living in the family of his brother-in-law, a friend of ours had undertaken the education of his little nephew and niece. This he had conducted, more perhaps from natural sympathy than from reasoned-out conclusions, in the spirit of the method above set forth. The two children were in doors his pupils and out of doors his companions. They daily joined him in walks and botanizing excursions, eagerly sought out plants for him, looked on while he examined and identified them, and in this and other ways were ever gaining both pleasure and instruction in his society. In short, morally considered, he stood to them much more in the position of parent than either their father or mother did. Describing to us the results of this policy, he gave, among other instances, the following. One evening, having need for some article lying in another part of the house, he asked his nephew to fetch it for him. Deeply interested as the boy was in some amusement of the moment, he, contrary to his wont, either exhibited great reluctance or refused, we forget which. His uncle, disapproving of a coercive course, fetched it himself; merely exhibiting by his manner the annoyance this ill-behavior gave him. And when, later in the evening, the boy made overtures for the usual play, they were gravely repelled—the uncle manifested just that coldness of feeling naturally produced in him, and so let the boy

experience the necessary consequences of his conduct. Next morning at the usual time for rising, our friend heard a new voice outside the door, and in walked his little nephew with the hot water; and then the boy, peering about the room to see what else could be done, exclaimed, "Oh! you want your boots," and forthwith rushed down stairs to fetch them. In this and other ways he showed a true penitence for his misconduct; he endeavored by unusual services to make up for the service he had refused; his higher feelings had of themselves conquered his lower ones, and acquired strength by the conquest; and he valued more than before the friendship he thus regained.

This gentleman is now himself a father; acts on the same system; and finds it answer completely. He makes himself thoroughly his children's friend. The evening is longed for by them because he will be at home; and they especially enjoy the Sunday because he is with them all day. Thus possessing their perfect confidence and affection, he finds that the simple display of his approbation or disapprobation gives him abundant power of control. If, on his return home, he hears that one of his boys has been naughty, he behaves towards him with that comparative coldness which the consciousness of the boy's misconduct naturally produces; and he finds this a most efficient punishment. The mere withholding of the usual caresses, is a source of the keenest distress—produces a much more prolonged fit of crying than a beating would do. And the dread of this purely moral penalty is, he says, ever present during his absence: so much so, that frequently during the day his children inquire of their mamma how they have behaved, and whether the report will be good. Recently, the eldest, an active urchin of five, in one of those bursts of animal spirits common in healthy children, committed sundry extravagances during his mamma's absence—cut off part of his brother's hair and wounded himself with a razor taken from his father's dressing-case. Hearing of these occurrences on his return, the father did not speak to the boy either that night or next morning. Not only was the tribulation great, but the subsequent effect was, that when, a few days after, the mamma was about to go out, she was earnestly entreated by the boy not to do so; and on inquiry, it appeared his fear was that he might again transgress in her absence.

We have introduced these facts before replying to the question—"What is to be done with the graver offences?" for the purpose of first exhibiting the relation that may and ought to

be established between parents and children; for on the existence of this relation depends the successful treatment of these graver offences. And as a further preliminary, we must now point out that the establishment of this relation will result from adopting the system we advocate. Already we have shown that by letting a child experience simply the painful reactions of its own wrong actions, a parent in great measure avoids assuming the attitude of an enemy, and escapes being regarded as one; but it still remains to be shown that where this course has been consistently pursued from the beginning, a strong feeling of active friendship will be generated.

At present, mothers and fathers are mostly considered by their offspring as friend-enemies. Determined as their impressions inevitably are by the treatment they receive; and oscillating as that treatment does between bribery and thwarting, between petting and scolding, between gentleness and castigation; children necessarily acquire conflicting beliefs respecting the parental character. A mother commonly thinks it quite sufficient to tell her little boy that she is his best friend; and assuming that he is in duty bound to believe her, concludes that he will forthwith do so. "It is all for your good;" "I know what is proper for you better than you do yourself;" "You are not old enough to understand it now, but when you grow up you will thank me for doing what I do;"—these, and like assertions, are daily reiterated. Meanwhile the boy is daily suffering positive penalties; and is hourly forbidden to do this, that, and the other, which he was anxious to do. By words he hears that his happiness is the end in view; but from the accompanying deeds he habitually receives more or less pain. Utterly incompetent as he is to understand that future which his mother has in view, or how this treatment conduces to the happiness of that future, he judges by such results as he feels; and finding these results anything but pleasurable, he becomes sceptical respecting these professions of friendship. And is it not folly to expect any other issue? Must not the child judge by such evidence as he has got? and does not this evidence seem to warrant his conclusion? The mother would reason in just the same way if similarly placed. If, in the circle of her acquaintance, she found some one who was constantly thwarting her wishes, uttering sharp reprimands, and occasionally inflicting actual penalties on her, she would pay but little attention to any professions of anxiety for her welfare which accompanied these acts. Why, then, does she suppose that her boy will conclude otherwise?

But now observe how different will be the results if the system we contend for be consistently pursued—if the mother not only avoids becoming the instrument of punishment, but plays the part of a friend, by warning her boy of the punishments which Nature will inflict. Take a case; and that it may illustrate the mode in which this policy is to be early initiated, let it be one of the simplest cases. Suppose that, prompted by the experimental spirit so conspicuous in children, whose proceedings instinctively conform to the inductive method of inquiry—suppose that so prompted the child is amusing himself by lighting pieces of paper in the candle and watching them burn. If his mother is of the ordinary unreflective stamp, she will either, on the plea of keeping the child “out of mischief,” or from fear that he will burn himself, command him to desist; and in case of non-compliance will snatch the paper from him. On the other hand, should he be so fortunate as to have a mother of sufficient rationality, who knows that this interest with which the child is watching the paper burn results from a healthy inquisitiveness, without which he would never have emerged out of infantine stupidity, and who is also wise enough to consider the moral results of interference, she will reason thus:—“If I put a stop to this I shall prevent the acquirement of a certain amount of knowledge. It is true that I may save the child from a burn; but what then? He is sure to burn himself sometime; and it is quite essential to his safety in life that he should learn by experience the properties of flame. Moreover, if I forbid him from running this present risk, he is sure hereafter to run the same or a greater risk when no one is present to prevent him; whereas, if he should have any accident now that I am by, I can save him from any great injury; add to which the advantage that he will have in future some dread of fire, and will be less likely to burn himself to death, or set the house in a flame when others are absent. Furthermore, were I to make him desist, I should thwart him in the pursuit of what is in itself a purely harmless, and indeed, instructive gratification; and he would be sure to regard me with more or less ill-feeling. Ignorant as he is of the pain from which I would save him, and feeling only the pain of a balked desire, he could not fail to look upon me as the cause of that pain. To save him from a hurt which he cannot conceive, and which has therefore no existence for him, I inflict upon him a hurt which he feels keenly enough; and so become, from his point of view, a minister of evil. My best course then, is

simply to warn him of the danger, and to be ready to prevent any serious damage.” And following out this conclusion, she says to the child—“I fear you will hurt yourself if you do that.” Suppose, now, that the child perseveres, as he will very probably do; and suppose that he ends by burning himself. What are the results? In the first place he has gained an experience which he must gain eventually, and which, for his own safety he cannot gain too soon. And in the second place, he has found that his mother’s disapproval or warning was meant for his welfare: he has a further positive experience of her benevolence—a further reason for placing confidence in her judgment and her kindness—a further reason for loving her.

Of course, in those occasional hazards where there is a risk of broken limbs or other serious bodily injury, forcible prevention is called for. But leaving out these extreme cases, the system pursued should be not that of guarding a child against the small dangers into which it daily runs, but that of advising and warning it against them. And by consistently pursuing this course, a much stronger filial affection will be generated than commonly exists. If here, as elsewhere, the discipline of the natural reactions is allowed to come into play—if in all those out-of-door scramblings and in-door experiments, by which children are liable to hurt themselves, they are allowed to persevere, subject only to dissuasion more or less earnest according to the risk, there cannot fail to arise an ever-increasing faith in the parental friendship and guidance. Not only, as before shown, does the adoption of this principle enable fathers and mothers to avoid the chief part of that odium which attaches to the infliction of positive punishment; but, as we here see, it enables them further to avoid the odium that attaches to constant thwartings; and even to turn each of those incidents which commonly cause squabbles, into a means of strengthening the mutual good feeling. Instead of being told in words, which deeds seem to contradict, that their parents are their best friends, children will learn this truth by a consistent daily experience; and so learning it, will acquire a degree of trust and attachment which nothing else can give.

And now having indicated the much more sympathetic relation which must result from the habitual use of this method, let us return to the question above put—How is this method to be applied to the graver offences?

Note, in the first place, that these graver offences are likely to be both less frequent and

less grave under the *régime* we have described than under the ordinary *régime*. The perpetual ill-behavior of many children is itself the consequence of that chronic irritation in which they are kept by bad management. The state of isolation and antagonism produced by frequent punishment, necessarily deadens the sympathies; necessarily, therefore, opens the way to those transgressions which the sympathies should check. That harsh treatment which children of the same family inflict on each other is often, in great measure, a reflex of the harsh treatment they receive from adults—partly suggested by direct example, and partly generated by the ill-temper and the tendency to vicarious retaliation, which follow chastisements and scoldings. It cannot be questioned that the greater activity of the affections and happier state of feeling, maintained in children by the discipline we have described, must prevent their sins against each other from being either so great or so frequent. Moreover, the still more reprehensible offences, as lies and petty thefts, will, by the same causes, be diminished. Domestic estrangement is a fruitful source of such transgressions. It is a law of human nature, visible enough to all who observe, that those who are debarred the higher gratifications fall back upon the lower; those who have no sympathetic pleasures seek selfish ones; and hence, conversely, the maintenance of happier relations between parents and children is calculated to diminish the number of those offences of which selfishness is the origin.

When, however, such offences are committed, as they will occasionally be even under the best system, the discipline of consequences may still be resorted to; and if there exist that bond of confidence and affection which we have described, this discipline will be found efficient. For what are the natural consequences, say, of a theft? They are of two kinds—direct and indirect. The direct consequence, as dictated by pure equity, is that of making restitution. An absolutely just ruler (and every parent should aim to be one) will demand that, wherever it is possible, a wrong act shall be undone by a right one: and in the case of theft this implies either the restoration of the thing stolen, or, if it is consumed, then the giving of an equivalent: which, in the case of a child, may be effected out of its pocket-money. The indirect and more serious consequence is the grave displeasure of parents—a consequence which inevitably follows among all peoples sufficiently civilized to regard theft as a crime; and the manifestation of this displeas-

ure is, in this instance, the most severe of the natural reactions produced by the wrong action. "But," it will be said, "the manifestation of parental displeasure, either in words or blows, is the ordinary course in these cases: the method leads here to nothing new." Very true. Already we have admitted that, in some directions, this method is spontaneously pursued. Already we have shown that there is a more or less manifest tendency for educational systems to gravitate towards the true system. And here we may remark, as before, that the intensity of this natural reaction will, in the beneficent order of things, adjust itself to the requirements—that this parental displeasure will vent itself in violent measures during comparatively barbarous times, when the children are also comparatively barbarous; and will express itself less cruelly in those more advanced social states in which, by implication, the children are amenable to milder treatment. But what it chiefly concerns us here to observe is, that the manifestation of strong parental displeasure, produced by one of these graver offences, will be potent for good just in proportion to the warmth of the attachment existing between parent and child. Just in proportion as the discipline of the natural consequences has been consistently pursued in other cases, will it be efficient in this case. Proof is within the experience of all, if they will look for it.

For does not every man know that when he has offended another person, the amount of genuine regret he feels (of course, leaving worldly considerations out of the question) varies with the degree of sympathy he has for that person. Is he not conscious that when the person offended stands to him in the position of an enemy, the having given him annoyance is apt to be a source rather of secret satisfaction than of sorrow? Does he not remember that where umbrage has been taken by some total stranger, he has felt much less concern than he would have done had such umbrage been taken by one with whom he was intimate? While, conversely, has not the anger of an admired and cherished friend been regarded by him as a serious misfortune, long and keenly regretted? Clearly, then, the effects of parental displeasure upon children must similarly depend upon the pre-existing relationship. Where there is an established alienation, the feeling of a child who has transgressed is a purely selfish fear of the evil consequences likely to fall upon it in the shape of physical penalties or deprivations; and after these evil consequences have been inflicted, there

are aroused an antagonism and dislike which are morally injurious, and tend further to increase the alienation. On the contrary, where there exists a warm filial affection produced by a consistent parental friendship—a friendship not dogmatically asserted as an excuse for punishments and denials, but daily exhibited in ways that a child can comprehend—a friendship which avoids needless thwartings, which warns against impending evil consequences, and which sympathizes with juvenile pursuits—there the state of mind caused by parental displeasure will not only be salutary as a check to future misconduct of like kind, but will also be intrinsically salutary. The moral pain consequent upon having, for the time being, lost so loved a friend, will stand in place of the physical pain usually inflicted; and where this attachment exists, will prove equally, if not more, efficient. While instead of the fear and vindictiveness excited by the one course, there will be excited by the other more or less of sympathy with parental sorrow, a genuine regret for having caused it, and a desire, by some atonement, to re-establish the habitual friendly relationship. Instead of bringing into play those purely egoistic feelings whose predominance is the cause of criminal acts, there will be brought into play those altruistic feelings which check criminal acts. Thus the discipline of the natural consequences is applicable to grave as well as trivial faults; and the practice of it conduces not simply to the repression, but to the eradication of such faults.

In brief, the truth is that savageness begets savageness, and gentleness begets gentleness. Children who are unsympathetically treated become relatively unsympathetic; whereas treating them with due fellow-feeling is a means of cultivating their fellow-feeling. With family governments as with political ones, a harsh despotism itself generates a great part of the crimes it has to repress; while conversely a mild and liberal rule not only avoids many causes of dissension, but so ameliorates the tone of feeling as to diminish the tendency to transgression. As John Locke long since remarked, "Great severity of punishment does but very little good, nay, great harm, in education; and I believe it will be found that, *ceteris paribus*, those children who have been most chastised seldom make the best men." In confirmation of which opinion we may cite the fact not long since made public by Mr. Rogers, Chaplain of the Pentonville Prison, that those juvenile criminals who have been whipped are those who most frequently return to prison.

On the other hand, as exhibiting the beneficial effects of a kinder treatment, we will instance the fact stated to us by a French lady, in whose house we recently staid in Paris. Apologizing for the disturbance daily caused by a little boy who was unmanageable both at home and at school, she expressed her fear that there was no remedy save that which had succeeded in the case of an elder brother; namely, sending him to an English school. She explained that at various schools in Paris this elder brother had proved utterly untractable; that in despair they had followed the advice to send him to England; and that on his return home he was as good as he had before been bad. And this remarkable change she ascribed entirely to the comparative mildness of the English discipline.

After this exposition of principles, our remaining space may best be occupied by a few of the chief maxims and rules deducible from them; and with a view to brevity we will put these in a more or less hortatory form.

Do not expect from a child any great amount of moral goodness. During early years every civilized man passes through that phase of character exhibited by the barbarous race from which he is descended. As the child's features—flat nose, forward-opening nostrils, large lips, wide-apart eyes, absent frontal sinus, etc.—resemble for a time those of the savage, so, too, do his instincts. Hence the tendencies to cruelty, to thieving, to lying, so general among children—tendencies which, even without the aid of discipline, will become more or less modified just as the features do. The popular idea that children are "innocent," while it may be true in so far as it refers to evil *knowledge*, is totally false in so far as it refers to evil *impulses*, as half an hour's observation in the nursery will prove to any one. Boys when left to themselves, as at a public school, treat each other far more brutally than men do; and were they left to themselves at an earlier age their brutality would be still more conspicuous.

Not only is it unwise to set up a high standard for juvenile good conduct, but it is even unwise to use very urgent incitements to such good conduct. Already most people recognize the detrimental results of intellectual precocity; but there remains to be recognized the truth that there is a *moral precocity* which is also detrimental. Our higher moral faculties, like our higher intellectual ones, are comparatively complex. By consequence they are both comparatively late in their evolution. And with the one as with the other, a very early activity produced by stimulation will be at the expense of the future character.

Hence the not uncommon fact that those who during childhood were instanced as models of juvenile goodness, by and by undergo some disastrous and seemingly inexplicable change, and end by being not above but below par; while relatively exemplary men are often the issue of a childhood by no means so promising.

Be content, therefore, with moderate measures and moderate results. Constantly bear in mind the fact that a higher morality, like a higher intelligence, must be reached by a slow growth; and you will then have more patience with those imperfections of nature which your child hourly displays. You will be less prone to that constant scolding, and threatening, and forbidding, by which many parents induce a chronic domestic irritation, in the foolish hope that they will thus make their children what they should be.

This comparatively liberal form of domestic government, which does not seek despotically to regulate all the details of a child's conduct, necessarily results from the system for which we have been contending. Satisfy yourself with seeing that your child always suffers the natural consequences of his actions, and you will avoid that excess of control in which so many parents err. Leave him wherever you can to the discipline of experience, and you will so save him from that hothouse virtue which over-regulation produces in yielding natures, or that demoralizing antagonism which it produces in independent ones.

By aiming in all cases to administer the natural reactions to your child's actions, you will put an advantageous check upon your own temper. The method of moral education pursued by many, we fear by most, parents, is little else than that of venting their anger in the way that first suggests itself. The slaps, and rough shakings, and sharp words, with which a mother commonly visits her offspring's small offences (many of them not offences considered intrinsically), are very generally but the manifestations of her own ill-controlled feelings—result much more from the promptings of those feelings than from a wish to benefit the offenders. While they are injurious to her own character, these outbursts tend, by alienating her children and by decreasing their respect for her, to diminish her influence over them. But by pausing in each case of transgression to consider what is the natural consequence, and how that natural consequence may best be brought home to the transgressor, some little time is necessarily obtained for the mastery of yourself; the mere blind anger first aroused in you settles down into a less vehe-

ment feeling, and one not so likely to mislead you.

Do not, however, seek to behave as an utterly passionless instrument. Remember that besides the natural consequences of your child's conduct which the working of things tends to bring round on him, your own approbation or disapprobation is also a natural consequence, and one of the ordained agencies for guiding him. The terror which we have been combating is that of *substituting* parental displeasure and its artificial penalties, for the penalties which nature has established. But while it should not be *substituted* for these natural penalties, it by no means follows that it should not, in some form, *accompany* them. The *secondary* kind of punishment should not usurp the place of the *primary* kind; but, in moderation, it may rightly supplement the primary kind. Such amount of disapproval, or sorrow, or indignation, as you feel, should be expressed in words or manner or otherwise; subject, of course, to the approval of your judgment. The degree and kind of feeling produced in you will necessarily depend upon your own character, and it is therefore useless to say it should be this or that. All that can be recommended is, that you should aim to modify the feeling into that which you believe ought to be entertained. Beware, however, of the two extremes; not only in respect of the intensity, but in respect of the duration of your displeasure. On the one hand, anxiously avoid that weak impulsiveness, so general among mothers, which scolds and forgives almost in the same breath. On the other hand, do not unduly continue to show estrangement of feeling, lest you accustom your child to do without your friendship and so lose your influence over him. The moral reactions called forth from you by your child's actions, you should as much as possible assimilate to those which you conceive would be called forth from a parent of perfect nature.

Be sparing of commands. Command only in those cases in which other means are inapplicable, or have failed. "In frequent orders the parents' advantage is more considered than the child's," says Richter. As in primitive societies a breach of law is punished, not so much because it is intrinsically wrong as because it is a disregard of the king's authority—a rebellion against him; so in many families, the penalty visited on a transgressor proceeds less from reprobation of the offence than from anger at the disobedience. Listen to the ordinary speeches—"How dare you disobey me?" "I tell you I'll make you do it,

sir." "I'll soon teach you who is *master*"—and then consider what the words, the tone, and the manner imply. A determination to subjugate is much more conspicuous in them than an anxiety for the child's welfare. For the time being the attitude of mind differs but little from that of the despot bent on punishing a recalcitrant subject. The right-feeling parent, however, like the philanthropic legislator, will not rejoice in coercion, but will rejoice in dispensing with coercion. He will do without law in all cases where other modes of regulating conduct can be successfully employed; and he will regret the having recourse to law when it is necessary. As Richter remarks—"The best rule in politics is said to be '*pas trop gouverner*;' it is also true in education." And in spontaneous conformity with this maxim, parents whose lust of dominion is restrained by a true sense of duty, will aim to make their children control themselves wherever it is possible, and will fall back upon absolutism only as a last resort.

But whenever you *do* command, command with decision and consistency. If the case is one which really cannot be otherwise dealt with, then issue your fiat, and having issued it, never afterwards swerve from it. Consider well beforehand what you are going to do; weigh all the consequences; think whether your firmness of purpose will be sufficient; and then, if you finally make the law, enforce it uniformly at whatever cost. Let your penalties be like the penalties inflicted by inanimate nature—inevitable. The hot cinder burns a child the first time he seizes it; it burns him the second time; it burns him the third time; it burns him every time; and he very soon learns not to touch the hot cinder. If you are equally consistent—if the consequences which you tell your child will follow certain acts, follow with like uniformity, he will soon come to respect your laws as he does those of Nature. And this respect once established will prevent endless domestic evils. Of errors in education one of the worst is that of inconsistency. As in a community, crimes multiply when there is no certain administration of justice; so in a family, an immense increase of transgressions results from a hesitating or irregular infliction of penalties. A weak mother, who perpetually threatens and rarely performs—who makes rules in haste and repents of them at leisure—who treats the same offence now with severity and now with leniency, according as the passing humor dictates, is laying up miseries both for herself and her children. She is making herself contemptible in their eyes; she is setting them an example of uncontrolled feelings;

she is encouraging them to transgress by the prospect of probable impunity; she is entailing endless squabbles and accompanying damage to her own temper and the tempers of her little ones; she is reducing their minds to a moral chaos, which after-years of bitter experience will with difficulty bring into order. Better even a barbarous form of domestic government carried out consistently, than a humane one inconsistently carried out. Again we say, avoid coercive measures whenever it is possible to do so; but when you find despotism really necessary, be despotic in good earnest.

Bear constantly in mind the truth that the aim of your discipline should be to produce a *self-governing* being; not to produce a being to be *governed by others*. Were your children fated to pass their lives as slaves, you could not too much accustom them to slavery during their childhood; but as they are by and by to be free men, with no one to control their daily conduct, you cannot too much accustom them to self-control while they are still under your eye. This it is which makes the system of discipline by natural consequences, so especially appropriate to the social state which we in England have now reached. Under early, tyrannical forms of society, when one of the chief evils the citizen had to fear was the anger of his superiors, it was well that during childhood parental vengeance should be a predominant means of government. But now that the citizen has little to fear from any one—now that the good or evil which he experiences throughout life is mainly that which in the nature of things results from his own conduct, it is desirable that from his first years he should begin to learn, experimentally, the good or evil consequences which naturally follow this or that conduct. Aim, therefore, to diminish the amount of parental government as fast as you can substitute for it in your child's mind that self-government arising from a foresight of results. In infancy a considerable amount of absolutism is necessary. A three-year-old urchin playing with an open razor, cannot be allowed to learn by this discipline of consequences; for the consequences may, in such a case, be too serious. But as intelligence increases, the number of instances calling for peremptory interference may be and should be, diminished; with the view of gradually ending them as maturity is approached. All periods of transition are dangerous; and the most dangerous is the transition from the restraint of the family circle to the non-restraint of the world. Hence the importance of pursuing the policy we advocate; which, alike by cultivating a child's

faculty of self-restraint, by continually increasing the degree in which it is left to its self-constraint, and by so bringing it, step by step, to a state of unaided self-restraint, obliterates the ordinary sudden and hazardous change from externally-governed youth to internally governed maturity. Let the history of your domestic rule typify, in little, the history of our political rule: at the outset, autocratic control, where control is really needful; by and by an incipient constitutionalism, in which the liberty of the subject gains some express recognition; successive extensions of this liberty of the subject; gradually ending in parental abdication.

Do not regret the exhibition of considerable self-will on the part of your children. It is the correlative of that diminished coerciveness so conspicuous in modern education. The greater tendency to assert freedom of action on the one side, corresponds to the smaller tendency to tyrannize on the other. They both indicate an approach to the system of discipline we contend for, under which children will be more and more led to rule themselves by the experience of natural consequences; and they are both the accompaniments of our more advanced social state. The independent English boy is the father of the independent English man; and you cannot have the last without the first. German teachers say that they had rather manage a dozen German boys than one English one. Shall we, therefore, wish that our boys had the manageableness of the German ones, and with it the submissiveness and political serfdom of adult Germans? Or shall we not rather tolerate in our boys those feelings which make them free men, and modify our methods accordingly?

Lastly, always remember that to educate rightly is not a simple and easy thing, but a complex and extremely difficult thing: the hardest task which devolves upon adult-life. The rough and ready style of domestic government is indeed practicable by the meanest and most uncultivated intellects. Slaps and sharp words are penalties that suggest themselves alike to the least reclaimed barbarian and the most stolid peasant. Even brutes can use this method of discipline; as you may see in the growl and half-bite with which a bitch will check a too-exigent puppy. But if you would carry out with success a rational and civilized system, you must be prepared for considerable mental exertion—for some study, some ingenuity, some patience, some self-control. You will have habitually to trace the consequences of conduct—to consider what are the results which in adult life

follow certain kind of acts; and then you will have to devise methods by which parallel results shall be entailed on the parallel acts of your children. You will daily be called upon to analyze the motives of juvenile conduct: you must distinguish between acts that are really good and those which, though externally simulating them, proceed from inferior impulses: while you must be ever on your guard against the cruel mistake not unfrequently made, of translating neutral acts into transgressions, or ascribing worse feelings than were entertained. You must more or less modify your method to suit the disposition of each child; and must be prepared to make further modifications as each child's disposition enters on a new phase. Your faith will often be taxed to maintain the requisite perseverance in a course which seems to produce little or no effect. Especially if you are dealing with children who have been wrongly treated, you must be prepared for a lengthened trial of patience before succeeding with better methods; seeing that that which is not easy even where a right state of feeling has been established from the beginning, becomes doubly difficult when a wrong state of feeling has to be set right. Not only will you have constantly to analyze the motives of your children, but you will have to analyze your own motives—to discriminate between those internal suggestions springing from a true paternal solicitude, and those which spring from your own selfishness, from your love of ease, from your lust of dominion. And then, more trying still, you will have not only to detect, but to curb these baser impulses. In brief, you will have to carry on your higher education at the same time that you are educating your children. Intellectually you must cultivate to good purpose that most complex of subjects—human nature and its laws, as exhibited in your children, in yourself, and in the world. Morally, you must keep in constant exercise your higher feelings, and restrain your lower. It is a truth yet remaining to be recognized, that the last stage in the mental development of each man and woman is to be reached only through the proper discharge of the parental duties. And when this truth is recognized, it will be seen how admirable is the ordination in virtue of which human beings are led by their strongest affections to subject themselves to a discipline which they would else elude.

While some will probably regard this conception of education as it should be, with doubt and discouragement, others will, we think, perceive in the exalted ideal which it

involves, evidence of its truth. That it cannot be realized by the impulsive, the unsympathetic, and the short-sighted, but demands the higher attributes of human nature, they will see to be evidence of its fitness for the more advanced states of humanity. Though it calls for much labor and self-sacrifice, they will see that it promises an abundant return of happiness, immediate and remote. They will see that while in its injurious effects on both parent and child a bad system is twice cursed, a good system is twice blessed—it blesses him that trains and him that's trained.

It will be seen that we have said nothing in this Chapter about the transcendental distinction between right and wrong, of which wise men know so little, and children nothing. All thinkers are agreed that we may find the criterion of right in the effect of actions, if we do not find the rule there; and that is sufficient for the purpose we have had in view. Nor have we introduced the religious element. We have confined our inquiries to a nearer, and a much more neglected field, though a very important one. Our readers may supplement our thoughts in any way they please; we are only concerned that they should be accepted as far as they go.

CHAPTER IV.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

EQUALLY at the squire's table after the withdrawal of the ladies, at the farmers' market-drawal, and at the village ale-house, the topic which, after the political question of the day, excites perhaps the most general interest, is the management of animals. Riding home from hunting, the conversation is pretty sure to gravitate towards horse-breeding, and pedigrees, and comments on this or that "good point;" while a day on the moors is very unlikely to pass without something being said on the treatment of dogs. When crossing the fields together from church, the tenants of adjacent farms are apt to pass from criticisms on the sermon to criticisms on the weather, the crops, and the stock; and thence to slide into discussions on the various kinds of fodder and their feeding qualities. Hodge and Giles, after comparing notes over their respective pig-styes, show by their remarks that they have been more or less observant of their masters' beasts and sheep; and of the effects produced on them by this or that kind of treatment. Nor is it only among the rural popu-

lation that the regulations of the kennel, the stable, the cow-shed, and the sheep-pen, are favorite subjects. In towns, too, the numerous artisans who keep dogs, the young men who are rich enough to now and then indulge their sporting tendencies, and their more staid seniors who talk over agricultural progress or read Mr. Mechi's annual reports and Mr. Caird's letters to the *Times*, form, when added together, a large portion of the inhabitants. Take the adult males throughout the kingdom, and a great majority will be found to show some interest in the breeding, rearing, or training of animals, of one kind or other.

But, during after-dinner conversations, or at other times of like intercourse, who hears anything said about the rearing of children? When the country gentleman has paid his daily visit to the stable, and personally inspected the condition and treatment of his horses; when he has glanced at his minor live stock, and given directions about them; how often does he go up to the nursery and examine into its dietary, its hours, its ventilation? On his library shelves may be found White's "Farriery," Stephen's "Book of the Farm," Nimrod "On the Condition of Hunters;" and with the contents of these he is more or less familiar; but how many books has he read on the management of infancy and childhood? The fattening properties of oil-cake, the relative values of hay and chopped straw, the dangers of unlimited clover, are points on which every landlord, farmer, and peasant has some knowledge; but what proportion of them know much about the qualities of the food they give their children, and its fitness to the constitutional needs of growing boys and girls? Perhaps the business interests of these classes will be assigned as accounting for this anomaly. The explanation is inadequate, however; see that the same contrast holds more or less among other classes. Of a score of townspeople few, if any, would prove ignorant of the fact that it is undesirable to work a horse soon after it has eaten; and yet, of this same score, supposing them all to be fathers, probably not one would be found who had considered whether the time elapsing between his children's dinner and their resumption of lessons was sufficient. Indeed, on cross-examination, nearly every man would disclose the latent opinion that the regimen of the nursery was no concern of his. "Oh, I leave all those things to the women," would probably be the reply. And in most cases the tone and manner of this reply would convey the implication, that such cares are not consistent with masculine dignity.

Consider the fact from any but the conventional point of view, and it will seem strange that while the raising of first-rate bullocks is an occupation on which men of education willingly bestow much time, inquiry, and thought, the bringing up of fine human beings is an occupation tacitly voted unworthy of their attention. Mammals who have been taught little but languages, music, and accomplishments, aided by nurses full of antiquated prejudices, are held competent regulators of the food, clothing, and exercise of children. Meanwhile the fathers read books and periodicals, attend agricultural meetings, try experiments, and engage in discussions, all with the view of discovering how to fatten prize pigs! Infinite pains will be taken to produce a racer that shall win the Derby: none to produce a modern athlete. Had Gulliver narrated of the Laputians that the men vied with each other in learning how best to rear the offspring of other creatures, and were careless of learning how best to rear their own offspring, he would have paralleled any of the other absurdities he ascribes to them.

The matter is a serious one, however. Ludicrous as is the antithesis, the fact it expresses is not less disastrous. As remarks a suggestive writer, the first requisite to success in life is "to be a good animal;" and to be a nation of good animals is the first condition to national prosperity. Not only is it that the event of a war often turns on the strength and hardiness of soldiers; but it is that the contests of commerce are in part determined by the bodily endurance of producers. Thus far we have found no reason to fear trials of strength with other races in either of these fields. But there are not wanting signs that our powers will presently be taxed to the uttermost. Already under the keen competition of modern life, the application required of almost every one is such as few can bear without more or less injury. Already thousands break down under the high pressure they are subject to. If this pressure continues to increase, as it seems likely to do, it will try severely all but the soundest constitution. Hence it is becoming of especial importance that the training of children should be so carried on, as not only to fit them mentally for the struggle before them, but also to make them physically fit to bear its excessive wear and tear.

Happily the matter is beginning to attract attention. The writings of Mr. Kingsley indicate a reaction against over-culture; carried, as reactions usually are, somewhat too far. Occasional letters and leaders in the newspapers have shown an awakening inter-

est in physical training. And the formation of a school, significantly nicknamed that of "muscular Christianity," implies a growing opinion that our present methods of bringing up children do not sufficiently regard the welfare of the body. The topic is evidently ripe for discussion.

To conform the regimen of the nursery and the school to the established truths of modern science—this is the desideratum. It is time that the benefits which our sheep and oxen have for years past derived from the investigations of the laboratory, should be participated in by our children. Without calling in question the great importance of horse-training and pig-feeding, we would suggest that, as the rearing of well-grown men and women is also of some moment, the conclusions indicated by theory, and endorsed by practice, ought to be acted on in the last case as in the first. Probably not a few will be startled—perhaps offended—by this collocation of ideas. But it is a fact not to be disputed, and to which we had best reconcile ourselves, that man is subject to the same organic laws as inferior creatures. No anatomist, no physiologist, no chemist, will for a moment hesitate to assert, that the general principles which rule over the vital processes in animals equally rule over the vital processes in man. And a candid admission of this fact is not without its reward: namely, that the truths established by observation and experiment on brutes, become more or less available for human guidance. Rudimentary as is the Science of Life, it has already attained to certain fundamental principles underlying the development of all organisms, the human included. That which has now to be done, and that which we shall endeavor in some measure to do, is to show the bearing of these fundamental principles upon the physical training of childhood and youth.

The rhythmical tendency which is traceable in all departments of social life—which is illustrated in the access of despotism after revolution, or, among ourselves, in the alternation of reforming epochs and conservative epochs—which, after a dissolute age, brings an age of asceticism, and conversely—which, in commerce, produces the regularly recurring inflations and panics—which carries the devotees of fashion from one absurd extreme to the opposite one;—this rhythmical tendency affects also our table-habits, and by implication, the dietary of the young. After a period distinguished by hard drinking and hard eating, has come a period of comparative sobriety, which, in teetotalism and vege-

tarianism, exhibits extreme forms of its protest against the riotous living of the past. And along with this change in the regimen of adults, has come a parallel change in the regimen for boys and girls. In past generations, the belief was, that the more a child could be induced to eat, the better; and even now, among farmers and in remote districts, where traditional ideas most linger, parents may be found who tempt their children to gorge themselves. But among the educated classes, who chiefly display this reaction towards abstemiousness, there may be seen a decided leaning to the under-feeding, rather than the over-feeding, of children. Indeed their disgust for bygone animalism is more clearly shown in the treatment of their offspring than in the treatment of themselves; seeing that while their disguised asceticism is, in so far as their personal conduct is concerned, kept in check by their appetites, it has full play in legislating for juveniles.

That over-feeding and under-feeding are both bad, is a truism. Of the two, however, the last is the worst. As writes a high authority, "the effects of casual repletion are less prejudicial, and more easily corrected, than those of inanition."* Add to which, that where there has been no injudicious interference, repletion will seldom occur. "Excess is the vice rather of adults than of the young, who are rarely either gourmands or epicures, unless through the fault of those who rear them."† This system of restriction which many parents think so necessary, is based upon very inadequate observation, and very erroneous reasoning. There is an over-legislation in the nursery, as well as an over-legislation in the State; and one of the most injurious forms of it is this limitation in the quantity of food.

"But are children to be allowed to surfeit themselves? Shall they be suffered to take their fill of dainties and make themselves ill, as they certainly will do?" As thus put, the question admits of but one reply. But as thus put, it assumes the point at issue. We contend that, as appetite is a good guide to all the lower creation—as it is a good guide to the infant—as it is a good guide to the invalid—as it is a good guide to the differently-placed races of men, and as it is a good guide for every adult who leads a healthful life; it may safely be inferred that it is a good guide for childhood. It would be strange indeed were it here alone untrustworthy.

Probably not a few will read this reply with some impatience; being able, as they think,

to cite facts totally at variance with it. It will appear absurd if we deny the relevancy of these facts; and yet the paradox is quite defensible. The truth is, that the instances of excess which such persons have in mind, are usually the *consequences* of the restrictive system they seem to justify. They are the sensual reactions caused by a more or less ascetic regimen. They illustrate on a small scale that commonly remarked fact, that those who during youth have been subject to the most rigorous discipline, are apt afterwards to rush into the wildest extravagances. They are analogous to those frightful phenomena, once not uncommon in convents, where nuns suddenly lapsed from the extremest austerities into an almost demoniac wickedness. They simply exhibit the uncontrollable vehemence of a long-denied desire. Consider the ordinary tastes and the ordinary treatment of children. The love of sweets is conspicuous and almost universal among them. Probably ninety-nine people in a hundred, presume that there is nothing more in this than gratification of the palate; and that, in common with other sensual desires, it should be discouraged. The physiologist, however, whose discoveries lead him to an ever-increasing reverence for the arrangements of things, will suspect that there is something more in this love of sweets than the current hypothesis supposes; and a little inquiry confirms the suspicion. Any work on organic chemistry shows that sugar plays an important part in the vital processes. Both saccharine and fatty matters are eventually oxidized in the body; and there is an accompanying evolution of heat. Sugar is the form to which sundry other compounds have to be reduced before they are available as heat-making food; and this *formation* of sugar is carried on in the body. Not only is starch changed into sugar in the course of digestion, but it has been proved by M. Claude Bernard that the liver is a factory in which other constituents of food are transformed into sugar. Now, when to the fact that children have a marked desire for this valuable heat-food, we join the fact that they have usually a marked dislike to that food which gives out the greatest amount of heat during its oxidation (namely, fat), we shall see strong reason for thinking that excess of the one compensates for defect of the other—that the organism demands more sugar because it cannot deal with much fat. Again, children are usually very fond of vegetable acids. Fruits of all kinds are their delight; and, in the absence of anything better, they will devour unripe gooseberries and the sourest of crabs. Now, not only are veg-

* "Cyclopaedia of Practical Medicine."

† *Ibid.*

etable acids, in common with mineral ones, very good tonics, and beneficial as such when taken in moderation; but they have, when administered in their natural forms, other advantages. "Ripe fruit," says Dr. Andrew Combe, "is more freely given on the Continent than in this country; and, particularly when the bowels act imperfectly, it is often very useful." See, then, the discord between the instinctive wants of children and their habitual treatment. Here are two dominant desires, which there is good reason to believe express certain needs of the juvenile constitution; and not only are they ignored in the nursery regimen, but there is a general tendency to forbid the gratification of them. Bread-and-milk in the morning, tea and bread-and-butter at night, or some dietary equally insipid, is rigidly adhered to; and any ministration to the palate is thought not only needless but wrong. What is the necessary consequence? When, on fête-days there is an unlimited access to good things—when a gift of pocket-money brings the contents of the confectioner's window within reach, or when by some accident the free run of a fruit-garden is obtained; then the long-denied, and therefore intense, desires lead to great excesses. There is an impromptu carnival, caused not only by the release from past restraints, but also by the consciousness that a long Lent will begin on the morrow. And then, when the evils of repletion display themselves, it is argued that children must not be left to the guidance of their appetites! These disastrous results of artificial restrictions, are themselves cited as proving the need for further restrictions! We contend, therefore, that the reasoning commonly used to justify this system of interference is vicious. We contend that, were children allowed daily to partake of these more sapid edibles, for which there is a physiological requirement, they would rarely exceed, as they now mostly do when they have the opportunity: were fruit, as Dr. Combe recommends, "to constitute a part of the regular food" (given, as he advises, not between meals, but along with them), there would be none of that craving which prompts the devouring of such fruits as crabs and sloes. And similarly in other cases.

Not only is it that the *a priori* reasons for trusting the appetites of children are so strong; and that the reasons assigned for distrusting them are invalid; but it is that no other guidance is worthy of any confidence. What is the value of this parental judgment, set up as an alternative regulator? When to "Oliver asking for more," the mamma or the governess replies in the negative, on what

data does she proceed? She *thinks* he has had enough. But where are her grounds for so thinking? Has she some secret understanding with the boy's stomach—some *clairvoyant* power enabling her to discern the needs of his body? If not, how can she safely decide? Does she not know that the demand of the system for food is determined by numerous and involved causes—varies with the temperature, with the hygrometric state of the air, with the electric state of the air—varies also according to the exercise taken, according to the kind and quality of food eaten at the last meal, and according to the rapidity with which the last meal was digested? How can she calculate the result of such a combination of causes? As we heard said by the father of a five-years-old boy who stands a head taller than most of his age, and is proportionately robust, rosy, and active:—"I can see no artificial standard by which to mete out his food. If I say, 'this much is enough,' it is a mere guess; and the guess is as likely to be wrong as right. Consequently, having no faith in guesses, I let him eat his fill." And certainly, any one judging of his policy by its effects, would be constrained to admit its wisdom. In truth, this confidence, with which most parents take upon themselves to legislate for the stomachs of their children, proves their unacquaintance with the principles of physiology: if they knew more, they would be more modest. "The pride of science is humble when compared with the pride of ignorance." If any one would learn how little faith is to be placed in human judgments, and how much in the pre-established arrangements of things, let him compare the rashness of the inexperienced physician with the caution of the most advanced; or let him dip into Sir John Forbes' work, "On Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease;" and he will then see that, in proportion as men gain a greater knowledge of the laws of life, they come to have less confidence in themselves, and more in Nature.

Turning from the question of *quantity* of food to that of *quality*, we may discern the same ascetic tendency. Not simply a more or less restricted diet, but a comparatively low diet, is thought proper for children. The current opinion is, that they should have but little animal food. Among the less wealthy classes, economy seems to have dictated this opinion—the wish has been father to the thought. Parents not affording to buy much meat, and liking meat themselves, answer the petitions of juveniles with—"Meat is not good for little boys and girls;" and this, at

first, probably nothing but a convenient excuse, has by repetition grown into an article of faith. While the classes with whom cost is not a consideration, have been swayed partly by the example of the majority, partly by the influence of nurses drawn from the lower classes, and in some measure by the reaction against past animalism.

If, however, we inquire for the basis of this opinion, we find little or none. It is a dogma repeated and received without proof, like that which, for thousands of years, insisted on the necessity of swaddling-clothes. It may indeed be true that, to the young child's stomach, not yet endowed with much muscular power, meat, which requires considerable trituration before it can be made into chyme, is an unfit aliment. But this objection does not tell against animal food from which the fibrous part has been extracted; nor does it apply when, after the lapse of two or three years, considerable muscular vigor has been acquired. And while the evidence in support of this dogma, partially valid in the case of very young children, is not valid in the case of older children, who are, nevertheless, ordinarily treated in conformity with the dogma, the adverse evidence is abundant and conclusive. The verdict of science is exactly opposite to the popular opinion. We have put the question to two of our leading physicians, and to several of the most distinguished physiologists, and they uniformly agree in the conclusion, that children should have a diet not *less* nutritive, but, if anything, *more* nutritive than that of adults.

The grounds for this conclusion are obvious, and the reasoning simple. It needs but to compare the vital processes of a man with those of a boy, to see at once that the demand for sustenance is relatively greater in the boy than in the man. What are the ends for which a man requires food? Each day his body undergoes more or less wear—wear through muscular exertion, wear of the nervous system through mental actions, wear of the viscera in carrying on the functions of life; and the tissue thus wasted has to be renewed. Each day, too, by perpetual radiation, his body loses a large amount of heat; and as, for the continuance of the vital actions, the temperature of the body must be maintained, this loss has to be compensated by a constant production of heat: to which end certain constituents of the food are unceasingly undergoing oxidation. To make up for the day's waste, and to supply fuel for the day's expenditure of heat, are, then, the sole purposes for which the adult requires food. Consider, now, the case of the boy. He, too,

wastes the substance of his body by action; and it needs but to note his restless activity to see that, in proportion to his bulk, he probably wastes as much as a man. He, too, loses heat by radiation; and, as his body exposes a greater surface in proportion to its mass than does that of a man, and therefore loses heat more rapidly, the quantity of heat-food he requires is, bulk for bulk, greater than that required by a man. So that even had the boy no other vital processes to carry on than the man has, he would need, relatively to his size, a somewhat larger supply of nutriment. But, besides repairing his body and maintaining its heat, the boy has to make new tissue—to grow. After waste and thermal loss have been provided for, such surplus of nutriment as remains, goes to the further building up of the frame; and only in virtue of this surplus is normal growth possible—the growth that sometimes takes place in the absence of such surplus, causing a manifest prostration consequent upon defective repair. How peremptory is the demand of the unfolding organism for materials is seen alike in that "school-boy hunger," which after-life rarely parallels in intensity, and in the comparatively quick return of appetite. And if there needs further evidence of this extra necessity for nutriment, we have it in the fact that, during the famines following shipwrecks and other disasters, the children are the first to die.

This relatively greater need for nutriment being admitted, as it must perforce be, the question that remains is—shall we meet it by giving an excessive quantity of what may be called dilute food, or a more moderate quantity of concentrated food? The nutriment obtainable from a given weight of meat is obtainable only from a larger weight of bread, or from a still larger weight of potatoes, and so on. To fulfil the requirement, the quantity must be increased as the nutritiveness is diminished. Shall we, then, respond to the extra wants of the growing child by giving an adequate quantity of food as good as that of adults? Or, regardless of the fact that its stomach has to dispose of a relatively larger quantity even of this good food, shall we further tax it by giving an inferior food in still greater quantity?

The answer is tolerably obvious. The more the labor of digestion can be economized, the more energy is left for the purposes of growth and action. The functions of the stomach and intestines cannot be performed without a large supply of blood and nervous power; and in the comparative lassitude that follows a hearty meal, every adult has proof that this

supply of blood and nervous power is at the expense of the system at large. If the requisite nutriment is furnished by a great quantity of innutritious food, more work is entailed on the viscera than when it is furnished by a moderate quantity of nutritious food. This extra work is so much sheer loss—a loss which in children shows itself either in diminished energy, or in smaller growth, or in both. The inference is, then, that they should have a diet which combines, as much as possible, nutritiveness and digestibility.

It is doubtless true that boys and girls may be brought up upon an exclusively, or almost exclusively, vegetable diet. Among the upper classes are to be found children to whom comparatively little meat is given; and who, nevertheless, grow and appear in good health. Animal food is scarcely tasted by the offspring of laboring people; and yet they reach a healthy maturity. But these seemingly adverse facts have by no means the weight commonly supposed. In the first place, it does not follow that those who in early years flourish on bread and potatoes, will eventually reach a fine development; and a comparison between the agricultural laborers and the gentry, in England, or between the middle and lower classes in France, is by no means in favor of vegetable feeders. In the second place, the question is not only a question of *bulk*, but also a question of *quality*. A soft, flabby flesh makes as good a show as a firm one; but though to the careless eye, a child of full, flaccid tissue may appear the equal of one whose fibres are well toned, a trial of strength will prove the difference. Obesity in adults is often a sign of feebleness. Men lose weight in training. And hence the appearance of these low-fed children is by no means conclusive. In the third place, not only *size*, but *energy* has to be considered. Between children of the meat-eating classes and those of the bread-and-potato-eating classes, there is a marked contrast in this respect. Both in mental and physical vivacity the low-fed peasant-boy is greatly inferior to the better-fed son of a gentleman.

If we compare different classes of animals, or different races of men, or the same animals or men when differently fed, we find still more distinct proof that *the degree of energy essentially depends on the nutritiveness of the food*.

In a cow, subsisting on so innutritive a food as grass, we see that the immense quantity required to be eaten necessitates an enormous digestive system; that the limbs, small in comparison with the body, are burdened by its weight; that in carrying about

this heavy body and digesting this excessive quantity of food, a great amount of force is expended; and that, having but little energy remaining, the creature is sluggish. Compare with the cow a horse—an animal of nearly allied structure, but adapted to a more concentrated food. Here we see that the body, and more especially its abdominal region, bears a much smaller ratio to the limbs; that the powers are not taxed by the support of such massive viscera, nor the digestion of so bulky a food; and that, as a consequence, there is great locomotive energy and considerable vivacity. If, again, we contrast the stolid inactivity of the graminivorous sheep with the liveliness of the dog, subsisting upon flesh or farinaceous food, or a mixture of the two, we see a difference similar in kind, but still greater in degree. And after walking through the Zoological Gardens, and noting the restlessness with which the carnivorous animals pace up and down their cages, it needs but to remember that none of the herbivorous animals habitually display this superfluous energy, to see how clear is the relation between concentration of food and degree of activity.

That these differences are not directly consequent upon differences of constitution, as some may argue; but are directly consequent upon differences in the food which the creatures are constituted to subsist on; is proved by the fact, that they are observable between different divisions of the same species. Take the case of mankind. The Australians, Bushmen, and others of the lowest savages who live on roots and berries, varied by larvæ of insects and the like meagre fare, are comparatively puny in stature, have large abdomens, soft and undeveloped muscles, and are quite unable to cope with Europeans, either in a struggle or in prolonged exertion. Count up the wild races who are well grown, strong and active, as the Kaffirs, North-American Indians, and Patagonians, and you find them large consumers of flesh. The ill-fed Hindoo goes down before the Englishman fed on more nutritive food; to whom he is as inferior in mental as in physical energy. And generally, we think, the history of the world shows that the well-fed races have been the energetic and dominant races.

Still stronger, however, becomes the argument, when we find that the same individual animal becomes capable of more or less exertion according as its food is more or less nutritive. This has been clearly demonstrated in the case of the horse. Though flesh may be gained by a grazing horse, strength is lost; as putting him to hard work proves. "The

consequence of turning horses out to grass is relaxation of the muscular system." "Grass is a very good preparation for a bullock for Smithfield market, but a very bad one for a hunter." It was well known of old that, after passing the summer months in the fields, hunters required some months of stable-feeding before becoming able to follow the hounds; and that they did not get into good condition until the beginning of the next spring. And the modern practice is that insisted on by Mr. Apperley—"Never to give a hunter what is called 'a summer's run at grass,' and, except under particular and very favorable circumstances, never to turn him out at all." That is to say, never give him poor food: great energy and endurance are to be obtained only by the continuous use of very nutritive food. So true is this that, as proved by Mr. Apperley, prolonged high-feeding will enable a middling horse to equal, in his performances, a first-rate horse fed in the ordinary way. To which various evidences add the familiar fact that, when a horse is required to do double duty, it is the practice to give him beans—a food containing a larger proportion of nitrogenous, or flesh-making material, than his habitual oats.

Once more, in the case of individual men the truth has been illustrated with equal, or still greater, clearness. We do not refer to men in training for feats of strength, whose regimen, however, thoroughly conforms to the doctrine. We refer to the experience of railway contractors and their laborers. It has been for years past a well-established fact that the English navy, eating largely of flesh, is far more efficient than a Continental navy living on a less nutritive food: so much more efficient, that English contractors for Continental railways have habitually taken their laborers with them. That difference of diet and not difference of race caused this superiority, has been of late distinctly shown. For it has turned out, that when the Continental navvies live in the same style as their English competitors, they presently rise, more or less nearly, to a par with them in efficiency. To which fact let us here add the converse one, to which we can give personal testimony based upon six months' experience of vegetarianism, that abstinence from meat entails diminished energy of both body and mind.

Do not these various evidences distinctly endorse our argument respecting the feeding of children? Do they not imply that, even supposing the same stature and bulk to be attained on an innutritive as on a nutritive diet, the quality of tissue is greatly inferior? Do they not establish the position that, where

energy as well as growth has to be maintained, it can only be done by high feeding? Do they not confirm the *a priori* conclusion that, though a child of whom little is expected in the way of bodily or mental activity, may thrive tolerably well on farinaceous substances, a child who is daily required, not only to form the due amount of new tissue, but to supply the waste consequent on great muscular action, and the further waste consequent on hard exercise of brain, must live on substances containing a larger ratio of nutritive matter? And is it not an obvious corollary, that denial of this better food will be at the expense either of growth, or of bodily activity, or of mental activity; as constitution and circumstances may determine? We believe no logical intellect will question it. To think otherwise is to entertain in a disguised form the old fallacy of the perpetual-motion schemers—that it is possible to get power out of nothing.

Before leaving the question of food, a few words must be said on another requisite—*variety*. In this respect the dietary of the young is very faulty. If not, like our soldiers, condemned to "twenty years of boiled beef," our children have mostly to bear a monotony which, though less extreme and less lasting, is quite as clearly at variance with the laws of health. At dinner, it is true, they usually have food that is more or less mixed, and that is changed day by day. But week after week, month after month, year after year, comes the same breakfast of bread-and-milk, or, it may be, oatmeal porridge. And with like persistence the day is closed, perhaps with a second edition of the bread-and-milk, perhaps with tea and bread-and-butter.

This practice is opposed to the dictates of physiology. The satiety produced by an often-repeated dish, and the gratification caused by one long a stranger to the palate, are *not* meaningless, as many carelessly assume; but they are the incentives to a wholesome diversity of diet. It is a fact, established by numerous experiments, that there is scarcely any one food, however good, which supplies in due proportions or right forms all the elements required for carrying on the vital processes in a normal manner: from whence it is to be inferred that frequent change of food is desirable to balance the supply of all the elements. It is a further fact, well known to physiologists, that the enjoyment given by a much-liked food is a nervous stimulus, which, by increasing the action of the heart and so propelling the blood with increased vigor, aids in the subsequent digestion. And these truths are in harmony with

the maxims of modern cattle-feeding, which dictate a rotation of diet.

Not only, however, is periodic change of food very desirable; but, for the same reasons, it is very desirable that a mixture of food should be taken at each meal. The better balance of ingredients, and the greater nervous stimulation, are advantages which hold here as before. If facts are asked for, we may name as one, the comparative ease with which the stomach disposes of a French dinner, enormous in quantity but extremely varied in material. Few will contend that an equal weight of one kind of food, however well cooked, could be digested with as much facility. If any desire further facts, they may find them in every modern book on the management of animals. Animals thrive best when each meal is made up of several things. And indeed, among men of science the truth has been long ago established. The experiments of Goss and Stark "afford the most decisive proof of the advantage, or rather the necessity, of a mixture of substances, in order to produce the compound which is the best adapted for the action of the stomach."*

Should any object, as probably many will, that a rotating dietary for children, and one which also requires a mixture of food at each meal, would entail too much trouble; we reply, that no trouble is thought too great which conduces to the mental development of children, and that for their future welfare, good bodily development is equally important. Moreover, it seems alike sad and strange that a trouble which is cheerfully taken in the fattening of pigs, should be thought too great in the rearing of children.

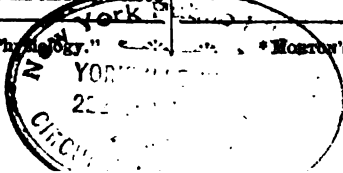
One more paragraph, with the view of warning those who may propose to adopt the regimen indicated. The change must not be made suddenly; for continued low-feeding so enfeebles the system, as to disable it from at once dealing with a high diet. Deficient nutrition is itself a cause of dyspepsia. This is true even of animals. "When calves are fed with skimmed milk, or whey, or other poor food, they are liable to indigestion."* Hence, therefore, where the energies are low, the transition to a generous diet must be gradual: each increment of strength gained, justifying a further increase of nutriment. Further, it should always be borne in mind that the concentration of nutriment may be carried too far. A bulk sufficient to fill the stomach is one requisite of a proper meal; and this requisite negatives a diet deficient in those matters

which give adequate mass. Though the size of the digestive organs is less in the well-fed civilized races than in the ill-fed savage ones; and, though their size may eventually diminish still further; yet, for the time being, the bulk of the ingesta must be determined by the existing capacity. But, paying due regard to these two qualifications our conclusions are—that the food of children should be highly nutritive; that it should be varied at each meal and at successive meals; and that it should be abundant.

With clothing as with food, the established tendency is towards an improper scantiness. Here, too, asceticism peeps out. There is a current theory, vaguely entertained, if not put into a definite formula, that the sensations are to be disregarded. They do not exist for our guidance, but to mislead us, seems to be the prevalent belief reduced to its naked form. It is a grave error: we are much more beneficently constituted. It is not obedience to the sensations, but disobedience to them, which is the habitual cause of bodily evils. It is not the eating when hungry, but the eating in the absence of appetite, which is bad. It is not the drinking when thirsty, but the continuing to drink when thirst has ceased, that is the vice. Harm results not from breathing that fresh air which every healthy person enjoys; but from continuing to breathe foul air, spite of the protest of the lungs. Harm results not from taking that active exercise which, as every child shows us, nature strongly prompts; but from a persistent disregard of nature's promptings. Not that mental activity which is spontaneous and enjoyable does the mischief; but that which is persevered in after a hot or aching head commands desistance. Not that bodily exertion which is pleasant or indifferent, does injury; but that which is continued when exhaustion forbids. It is true that, in those who have long led unhealthy lives, the sensations are not trustworthy guides. People who have for years been almost constantly indoors, who have exercised their brains very much, and their bodies scarcely at all, who in eating have obeyed their clocks without consulting their stomachs, may very likely be misled by their vitiated feelings. But their abnormal state is itself the result of transgressing their feelings. Had they from childhood up never disobeyed what we may term the physical conscience, it would not have been seared, but would have remained a faithful monitor.

* "Cyclopaedia of Anatomy and Physiology."

* "Morrison's Cyclopaedia of Agriculture."



Among the sensations serving for our guidance are those of heat and cold; and a clothing for children which does not carefully consult these sensations is to be condemned. The common notion about "hardening" is a grievous delusion. Children are not unfrequently "hardened" out of the world; and those who survive, permanently suffer either in growth or constitution. "Their delicate appearance furnishes ample indication of the mischief thus produced, and their frequent attacks of illness might prove a warning even to unreflecting parents," says Dr. Combe. The reasoning on which this hardening theory rests is extremely superficial. Wealthy parents, seeing little peasant boys and girls playing about in the open air only half-clothed, and joining with this fact the general healthiness of laboring people, draw the unwarrantable conclusion that the healthiness is the result of the exposure, and resolve to keep their own offspring scantily covered! It is forgotten that these urchins who gambol upon village-greens are in many respects favorably circumstanced—that their days are spent in almost perpetual play; that they are always breathing fresh air; and that their systems are not disturbed by over-taxed brains. For aught that appears to the contrary, their good health may be maintained, not in consequence of, but in spite of, their deficient clothing. This alternative conclusion we believe to be the true one; and that an inevitable detriment results from the needless loss of animal heat to which they are subject.

For when, the constitution being sound enough to bear it, exposure does produce hardness, it does so at the expense of growth. This truth is displayed alike in animals and in man. The Shetland pony bears greater inclemencies than the horses of the south, but is dwarfed. Highland sheep and cattle, living in a colder climate, are stunted in comparison with English breeds. In both the arctic and antarctic regions the human race falls much below its ordinary height: the Laplander and Esquimaux are very short; and the Terra del Fuegians, who go naked in a cold latitude, are described by Darwin as so stunted and hideous, that "one can hardly make one's self believe they are fellow-creatures."

Science clearly explains this dwarfishness produced by great abstraction of heat: showing that, food and other things being equal, it unavoidably results. For, as before pointed out, to make up for that cooling by radiation which the body is constantly undergoing, there must be a constant oxidation of certain

matters which form part of the food. And in proportion as the thermal loss is great, must the quantity of these matters required for oxidation be great. But the power of the digestive organs is limited. Hence it follows, that when they have to prepare a large quantity of this material needful for maintaining the temperature, they can prepare but a small quantity of the material which goes to build up the frame. Excessive expenditure for fuel entails diminished means for other purposes: wherefore there necessarily results a body small in size, or inferior in texture, or both.

Hence the great importance of clothing. As Liebig says:—"Our clothing is, in reference to the temperature of the body, merely an equivalent for a certain amount of food." By diminishing the loss of heat, it diminishes the amount of fuel needful for maintaining the heat; and when the stomach has less to do in preparing fuel, it can do more in preparing other materials. This deduction is entirely confirmed by the experience of those who manage animals. Cold can be borne by animals only at an expense of fat, or muscle, or growth, as the case may be. "If fattening cattle are exposed to a low temperature, either their progress must be retarded, or a great additional expenditure of food incurred."* Mr. Apperley insists strongly that, to bring hunters into good condition, it is necessary that the stable should be kept warm. And among those who rear racers, it is an established doctrine that exposure is to be avoided.

The scientific truth thus illustrated by ethnology, and recognized by agriculturists and sportsmen, applies with double force to children. In proportion to their smallness and the rapidity of their growth is the injury from cold great. In France, new-born infants often die in winter from being carried to the office of the *maire* for registration. "M. Quetelet has pointed out, that in Belgium two infants die in January for one that dies in July." And in Russia the infant mortality is something enormous. Even when near maturity, the undeveloped frame is comparatively unable to bear exposure: as witness the quickness with which young soldiers succumb in a trying campaign. The *rationale* is obvious. We have already adverted to the fact that, in consequence of the varying relation between surface and bulk, a child loses a relatively larger amount of heat than an adult; and here we must point out that the disadvantage under which the child thus labors is

* MORTON'S "Cyclopædia of Agriculture."

very great. Lehmann says:—"If the carbonic acid excreted by children or young animals is calculated for an equal bodily weight, it results that children produce nearly twice as much acid as adults." Now the quantity of carbonic acid given off varies with tolerable accuracy as the quantity of heat produced. And thus we see that in children the system, even when not placed at a disadvantage, is called upon to provide nearly double the proportion of material for generating heat.

See, then, the extreme folly of clothing the young scantily. What father, full-grown though he is, losing heat less rapidly as he does, and having no physiological necessity but to supply the waste of each day—what father, we ask, would think it salutary to go about with bare legs, bare arms, and bare neck? Yet this tax upon the system, from which he would shrink, he inflicts upon his little ones, who are so much less able to bear it! or, if he does not inflict it, sees it inflicted without protest. Let him remember that every ounce of nutriment needlessly expended for the maintenance of temperature, is so much deducted from the nutriment going to build up the frame and maintain the energies; and that even when colds, congestions, or other consequent disorders are escaped, diminished growth or less perfect structure is inevitable.

"The rule is, therefore, not to dress in an invariable way in all cases, but to put on clothing in kind and quantity *sufficient in the individual case to protect the body effectually from an abiding sensation of cold, however slight.*" This rule, the importance of which Dr. Combe indicates by the italics, is one in which men of science and practitioners agree. We have met with none competent to form a judgment on the matter, who do not strongly condemn the exposure of children's limbs. If there is one point above others in which "pestilent custom" should be ignored, it is this.

Lamentable, indeed, is it to see mothers seriously damaging the constitutions of their children out of compliance with an irrational fashion. It is bad enough that they should themselves conform to every folly which our Gallic neighbors please to initiate; but that they should clothe their children in any mountebank dress which *Le petit Courier des Dames* indicates, regardless of its insufficiency and unfitness, is monstrous. Discomfort more or less great, is inflicted; frequent disorders are entailed; growth is checked or stamina undermined; premature death not uncommonly caused; and all because it is thought needful to make frocks of a size and material dictated by French caprice. Not

only is it that for the sake of conformity, mothers thus punish and injure their little ones by scantiness of covering; but it is that from an allied motive they impose a style of dress which forbids healthful activity. To please the eye, colors and fabrics are chosen totally unfit to bear that rough usage which unrestrained play involves; and then to prevent damage the unrestrained play is interdicted. "Get up this moment: you will soil your clean frock," is the mandate issued to some urchin creeping about on the floor. "Come back: you will dirty your stockings," calls out the governess to one of her charges, who has left the footpath to scramble up a bank. Thus is the evil doubled. That they may come up to their mamma's standard of prettiness, and be admired by her visitors, children must have habiliments deficient in quantity and unfit in texture; and that these easily-damaged habiliments may be kept clean and uninjured, the restless activity, so natural and needful for the young, is more or less restrained. The exercise which becomes doubly requisite when the clothing is insufficient, is cut short, lest it should deface the clothing. Would that the terrible cruelty of this system could be seen by those who maintain it. We do not hesitate to say that, through enfeebled health, defective energies, and consequent non-success in life, thousands are annually doomed to unhappiness by this unscrupulous regard for appearances: even when they are not, by early death, literally sacrificed to the Moloch of maternal vanity. We are reluctant to counsel strong measures, but really the evils are so great as to justify, or even to demand, a peremptory interference on the part of fathers.

Our conclusions are, then—that, while the clothing of children should never be in such excess as to create oppressive warmth, it should always be sufficient to prevent any general feeling of cold;* that, instead of the flimsy cotton, linen, or mixed fabrics commonly used, it should be made of some good non-conductor, such as coarse woollen cloth; that it should be so strong as to receive little damage from the hard wear and tear which childish sports will give it; and that its colors should be such as will not soon suffer from use and exposure.

* It is needful to remark that children whose legs and arms have been from the beginning habitually without covering, cease to be conscious that the exposed surfaces are cold; just as by use we have all ceased to be conscious that our faces are cold, even when out of doors. But though in such children the sensations no longer protest, it does not follow that the system escapes injury; any more than it follows that the Fuegian is undamaged by exposure, because he bears with indifference the melting of the falling snow on his naked body.

To the importance of bodily exercise most people are in some degree awake. Perhaps less needs saying on this requisite of physical education than on most others: at any rate, in so far as boys are concerned. Public schools and private schools alike furnish tolerably adequate playgrounds; and there is usually a fair share of time for out-of-door games, and a recognition of them as needful. In this, if in no other direction, it seems admitted that the natural promptings of boyish instinct may advantageously be followed; and, indeed, in the modern practice of breaking the prolonged morning and afternoon's lessons by a few minutes' open-air recreation, we see an increasing tendency to conform school regulations to the bodily sensations of the pupils. Here, then, little needs to be said in the way of expostulation or suggestion.

But we have been obliged to qualify this admission by inserting the clause "in so far as boys are concerned." Unfortunately, the fact is quite otherwise in the case of girls. It chanced, somewhat strangely, that we have daily opportunity of drawing a comparison. We have both a boy's and a girl's school within view; and the contrast between them is remarkable. In the one case, nearly the whole of a large garden is turned into an open, gravelled space, affording ample scope for games, and supplied with poles and horizontal bars for gymnastic exercises. Every day before breakfast, again towards eleven o'clock, again at midday, again in the afternoon, and once more after school is over the neighborhood is awakened by a chorus of shouts and laughter as the boys rush out to play; and for as long as they remain, both eyes and ears give proof that they are absorbed in that enjoyable activity which makes the pulse bound and ensures the healthful activity of every organ. How unlike is the picture offered by the "Establishment for Young Ladies"! Until the fact was pointed out, we actually did not know that we had a girls' school as close to us as the school for boys. The garden, equally large with the other, affords no sign whatever of any provision for juvenile recreation; but is entirely laid out with prim grassplots, gravel-walks, shrubs, and flowers, after the usual suburban style. During five months we have not once had our attention drawn to the premises by a shout or a laugh. Occasionally girls may be observed sauntering along the paths with their lesson books in their hands, or else walking arm-in-arm. Once, indeed, we saw one chase another round the garden; but, with this exception, nothing like vigorous exertion has been visible.

Why this astonishing difference? Is it that the constitution of a girl differs so entirely from that of a boy as not to need these active exercises? Is it that a girl has none of the promptings to vociferous play by which boys are impelled? Or is it that, while in boys these promptings are to be regarded as securing that bodily activity without which there cannot be adequate development, to their sisters nature has given them for no purpose whatever—unless it be for the vexation of schoolmistresses? Perhaps, however, we mistake the aim of those who train the gentler sex. We have a vague suspicion that to produce a robust *physique* is thought undesirable; that rude health and abundant vigor are considered somewhat plebeian; that a certain delicacy, a strength not competent to more than a mile or two's walk, an appetite fastidious and easily satisfied, joined with that timidity which commonly accompanies feebleness are held more lady-like. We do not expect that any would distinctly avow this; but we fancy the governess-mind is haunted by an ideal young lady bearing not a little resemblance to this type. If so, it must be admitted that the established system is admirably calculated to realize this ideal. But to suppose that such is the ideal of the opposite sex is a profound mistake. That men are not commonly drawn towards masculine women, is doubtless true. That such relative weakness as calls for the protection of superior strength is an element of attraction, we quite admit. But the difference to which the feelings thus respond is the natural, pre-established difference, which will assert itself without artificial appliances. And when, by artificial appliances, the degree of this difference is increased, it becomes an element of repulsion rather than attraction.

"Then girls should be allowed to run wild—to become as rude as boys, and grow up into romps and hoydens!" exclaims some defender of the proprieties. This, we presume, is the ever-present dread of schoolmistresses. It appears, on inquiry, that at "Establishments for Young Ladies" noisy play like that daily indulged in by boys, is a punishable offence; and it is to be inferred that this noisy play is forbidden, lest unlady-like habits should be formed. The fear is quite groundless, however. For if the sportive activity allowed to boys does not prevent them from growing up into gentlemen; why should a like sportive activity allowed to girls prevent them from growing up into ladies? Rough as may have been their accustomed play-ground frolics, youths who have left school do not indulge in leapfrog in the street, or marbles

in the drawing-room. Abandoning their jackets, they abandon at the same time boyish games; and display an anxiety—often a ludicrous anxiety—to avoid whatever is not manly. If now, on arriving at the due age, this feeling of masculine dignity puts so efficient a restraint on the romping sports of boyhood, will not the feeling of feminine modesty, gradually strengthening as maturity is approached, but an efficient restraint on the like sports of girlhood? Have not women even a greater regard for appearances than men? and will there not consequently arise in them even a stronger check to whatever is rough or boisterous? How absurd is the supposition that the womanly instincts would not assert themselves but for the rigorous discipline of schoolmistresses!

In this, as in other cases, to remedy the evils of one artificiality, another artificiality has been introduced. The natural spontaneous exercise having been forbidden, and the bad consequences of no exercise having become conspicuous, there has been adopted a system of factitious exercise—gymnastics. That this is better than nothing we admit; but that it is an adequate substitute for play we deny. The defects are both positive and negative. In the first place, these formal, muscular motions, necessarily much less varied than those accompanying juvenile sports, do not secure so equable a distribution of action to all parts of the body; whence it results that the exertion, falling on special parts, produces fatigue sooner than it would else have done: add to which, that, if constantly repeated, this exertion of special parts leads to a disproportionate development. Again, the quantity of exercise thus taken will be deficient, not only in consequence of uneven distribution, but it will be further deficient in consequence of lack of interest. Even when not made repulsive, as they sometimes are, by assuming the shape of appointed lessons, these monotonous movements are sure to become wearisome, from the absence of amusement. Competition, it is true, serves as a stimulus; but it is not a lasting stimulus, like that enjoyment which accompanies varied play. Not only, however, are gymnastics inferior in respect of the *quantity* of muscular exertion which they secure; they are still more inferior in respect of the *quality*. This comparative want of enjoyment to which we have just referred as a cause of early desistance from artificial exercises, is also a cause of inferiority in the effects they produce on the system. The common assumption that so long as the amount of bodily action is the same, it matters not whether it be pleasurable

or otherwise, is a grave mistake. An agreeable mental excitement has a highly invigorating influence. See the effect produced upon an invalid by good news, or by the visit of an old friend. Mark how careful medical men are to recommend lively society to debilitated patients. Remember how beneficial to the health is the gratification produced by change of scene. The truth is that happiness is the most powerful of tonics. By accelerating the circulation of the blood, it facilitates the performance of every function; and so tends alike to increase health when it exists, and to restore it when it has been lost. Hence the essential superiority of play to gymnastics. The extreme interest felt by children in their games, and the riotous glee with which they carry on their rougher frolics, are of as much importance as the accompanying exertion. And as not supplying these mental stimuli, gymnastics must be fundamentally defective.

Granting then, as we do, that formal exercises of the limbs are better than nothing—granting, further, that they may be used with advantage as supplementary aids; we yet contend that such formal exercises can never supply the place of the exercises prompted by nature. For girls, as well as boys, the sportive activities to which the instincts impel, are essential to bodily welfare. Whoever forbids them, forbids the divinely-appointed means to physical development.

A topic still remains—one perhaps more urgently demanding consideration than any of the foregoing. It is asserted by not a few, that among the educated classes the younger adults and those who are verging upon maturity are, on the average, neither so well grown nor so strong as their seniors. When first we heard this assertion, we were inclined to disregard it as one of the many manifestations of the old tendency to exalt the past at the expense of the present. Calling to mind the facts that, as measured by ancient armor, modern men are proved to be larger than ancient men, and that the tables of mortality show no diminution, but rather an increase in the duration of life, we paid little attention to what seemed a groundless belief. Detailed observation, however, has greatly shaken our opinion. Omitting from the comparison the laboring classes, we have noticed a majority of cases in which the children do not reach the stature of their parents; and in massiveness, making due allowance for difference of age, there seems a like inferiority. In health, the contrast appears still greater.

Men of past generations, living riotously as they did, could bear much more than men of the present generation, who live soberly, can bear. Though they drank hard, kept irregular hours, were regardless of fresh air, and thought little of cleanliness, our recent ancestors were capable of prolonged application without injury, even to a ripe old age: witness the annals of the bench and the bar. Yet we who think much about our bodily welfare; who eat with moderation, and do not drink to excess; who attend to ventilation, and use frequent ablutions; who make annual excursions, and have the benefit of greater medical knowledge;—we are continually breaking down under our work. Paying considerable attention to the laws of health, we seem to be weaker than our grandfathers who, in many respects, defied the laws of health. And, judging from the appearance and frequent ailments of the rising generation, they are likely to be even less robust than ourselves.

What is the meaning of this? Is it that past over-feeding, alike of adults and juveniles, was less injurious than the under-feeding to which we have adverted as now so general? Is it that the deficient clothing which this delusive hardening theory has encouraged, is to blame? Is it that the greater or less discouragement of juvenile sports, in deference to a false refinement, is the cause? From our reasonings it may be inferred that each of these has probably had a share in producing the evil. But there has been yet another detrimental influence at work, perhaps more potent than any of the others: we mean—excess of mental application.

On old and young, the pressure of modern life puts a still-increasing strain. In all businesses and professions, intenser competition taxes the energies and abilities of every adult; and, with the view of better fitting the young to hold their place under this intenser competition, they are subject to a more severe discipline than heretofore. The damage is thus doubled. Fathers, who find not only that they are run hard by their multiplying competitors, but that, while laboring under this disadvantage, they have to maintain a more expensive style of living, are all the year round obliged to work early and late, taking little exercise and getting but short holidays. The constitutions, shaken by this long continued over-application, they bequeath to their children. And then these comparatively feeble children, predisposed as they are to break down even under an ordinary strain upon their energies, are required to go through a *curriculum* much more ex-

tended than that prescribed for the unenfeebled children of past generations.

That disastrous consequences must result from this cumulative transgression might be predicted with certainty; and that they do result, every observant person knows. Go where you will, and before long there come under your notice cases of children, or youths, of either sex, more or less injured by undue study. Here, to recover from a state of debility thus produced, a year's rustication has been found necessary. There you find a chronic congestion of the brain, that has already lasted many months, and threatens to last much longer. Now you hear of a fever that resulted from the over-excitement in some way brought on at school. And, again, the instance is that of a youth who has already had once to desist from his studies, and who, since he has returned to them, is frequently taken out of his class in a fainting fit. We state facts—facts that have not been sought for, but have been thrust upon our observation during the last two years; and that, too, within a very limited range. Nor have we by any means exhausted the list. Quite recently we had the opportunity of marking how the evil becomes hereditary: the case being that of a lady of robust parentage, whose system was so injured by the *régime* of a Scotch boarding-school, where she was under-fed and over-worked, that she invariably suffers from vertigo on rising in the morning; and whose children, inheriting this enfeebled brain, are several of them unable to bear even a moderate amount of study without headache or giddiness. At the present time we have daily under our eyes, a young lady whose system has been damaged for life by the college-course through which she has passed. Taxed as she was to such an extent that she had no energy left for exercise, she is, now that she has finished her education, a constant complainant. Appetite small and very capricious, mostly refusing meat; extremities perpetually cold, even when the weather is warm; a feebleness which forbids anything but the slowest walking, and that only for a short time; palpitation on going up stairs; greatly impaired vision—these, joined with checked growth and lax tissue, are among the results entailed. And to her case we may add that of her friend and fellow-student; who is similarly weak; who is liable to faint even under the excitement of a quiet party of friends; and who has at length been obliged by her medical attendant to desist from study entirely.

If injuries so conspicuous are thus frequent, how very general must be the smaller and inconspicuous injuries. To one case where pos-

itive illness is directly traceable to over-application, there are probably at least half-a-dozen cases where the evil is unobtrusive and slowly accumulating—cases where there is frequent derangement of the functions, attributed to this or that special cause, or to constitutional delicacy; cases where there is retardation and premature arrest of bodily growth; cases where a latent tendency to consumption is brought out and established; cases where a predisposition is given to that now common cerebral disorder brought on by the hard work of adult life. How commonly constitutions are thus undermined, will be clear to all who after noting the frequent ailments of hard-worked professional and mercantile men, will reflect on the disastrous effects which undue application must produce upon the undeveloped systems of the young. The young are competent to bear neither as much hardship, nor as much physical exertion, nor as much mental exertion, as the full grown. Judge, then, if the full grown so manifestly suffer from the excessive mental exertion required of them, how great must be the damage which a mental exertion, often equally excessive, inflicts upon the young!

Indeed, when we examine the merciless school drill to which many children are subjected, the wonder is, not that it does great injury, but that it can be borne at all. Take the instance given by Sir John Forbes from personal knowledge; and which he asserts, after much inquiry, to be an average sample of the middle-class girl's-school system throughout England. Omitting the detailed divisions of time, we quote the summary of the twenty-four hours.

In bed	9 hours (the younger 10)
In school, at their studies and tasks	9 "
In school, or in the house, the older at optional studies or the work, younger at play	8½ " (the younger 8½)
At meals	1½ "
Exercise in the open air, in the shape of a formal walk, often with lesson-books in hand, and even this only when the weather is fine at the appointed time	1 "
	<hr/> 24 <hr/>

And what are the results of this "astounding regimen," as Sir John Forbes terms it? Of course feebleness, pallor, want of spirits, general ill-health. But he describes something more. This utter disregard of physical welfare, out of extreme anxiety to cultivate the mind—this prolonged exercise of the brain and deficient exercise of the limbs,—he found to be habitually followed, not only by

disordered functions but by malformation. He says:—"We lately visited, in a large town, a boarding-school containing forty girls; and we learnt, on close and accurate inquiry, that there was *not one* of the girls who had been at the school two years (and the majority had been as long) that was not more or less *crooked*!"*

It may be that since 1833, when this was written, some improvement has taken place. We hope it has. But that the system is still common—nay, that it is in some cases carried even to a greater extreme than ever; we can personally testify. We recently went over a training college for young men: one of those instituted of late years for the purpose of supplying schools with well-disciplined teachers. Here under official supervision, where something better than the judgment of private schoolmistresses might have been looked for, we found the daily routine to be as follows:—

- At 6 o'clock the students are called,
- " 7 to 8 studies,
- " 8 to 9 scripture reading, prayers, and breakfast,
- " 9 to 12 studies,
- " 12 to 1½ leisure, nominally devoted to walk or other exercise, but often spent in study,
- " 1½ to 2 dinner, the meal commonly occupying twenty minutes,
- " 2 to 5 studies,
- " 5 to 6 tea and relaxation,
- " 6 to 8½ studies,
- " 8½ to 9½ private studies in preparing lessons for the next day,
- " 10 to bed.

Thus, out of the twenty-four hours, eight are devoted to sleep; four and a quarter are occupied in dressing, prayers, meals, and the brief periods of rest accompanying them; ten and a half are given to study; and one and a quarter to exercise, which is optional and often avoided. Not only, however, is it that the ten and a half hours of recognized study are frequently increased to eleven and a half by devoting to books the time set apart for exercise; but some of the students who are not quick in learning, get up at four o'clock in the morning to prepare their lessons; and are actually encouraged by their teachers to do this! The course to be passed through in a given time is so extensive; the teachers, whose credit is at stake in getting their pupils well through the examinations, are so urgent; and the difficulty of satisfying the requirements is so great; that pupils are not uncommonly induced to spend twelve and thirteen hours a day in mental labor!

It needs no prophet to see that the bodily injury inflicted must be great. As we were told by one of the inmates, those who arrive

* "Cyclopaedia of Practical Medicine," vol. i. pp. 607, 608.

with fresh complexions quickly become blanched. Illness is frequent: there are always some on the sick-list. Failure of appetite and indigestion are very common. Diarrhoea is a prevalent disorder: not uncommonly a third of the whole number of students suffering under it at the same time. Headache is generally complained of; and by some is borne almost daily for months. While a certain percentage break down entirely and go away.

That this should be the regimen of what is in some sort a model institution, established and superintended by the embodied enlightenment of the age, is a startling fact. That the severe examinations, joined with the short period assigned for preparation, should practically compel recourse to a system which inevitably undermines the health of all who pass through it, is proof, if not of cruelty, then of woful ignorance.

Doubtless the case is in a great degree exceptional—perhaps to be paralleled only in other institutions of the same class. But that cases so extreme should exist at all, indicates pretty clearly how great is the extent to which the minds of the rising generation are overtasked. Expressing as they do the ideas of the educated community, these training colleges, even in the absence of all other evidence, would conclusively imply a prevailing tendency to an unduly urgent system of culture.

It seems strange that there should be so little consciousness of the dangers of over-education during youth, when there is so general a consciousness of the dangers of over-education during childhood. Most parents are more or less aware of the evil consequences that follow infant precocity. In every society may be heard reprobation of those who too early stimulate the minds of their little ones. And the dread of this early stimulation is great in proportion as there is adequate knowledge of the effects: witness the implied opinion of one of our most distinguished professors of physiology, who told us that he did not intend his little boy to learn any lessons until he was eight years old. But while to all it is a familiar truth that a forced development of intelligence in childhood entails disastrous results—either physical feebleness, or ultimate stupidity, or early death—it appears not to be perceived that throughout youth the same truth holds. Yet it is certain that it must do so. There is a given order in which, and a given rate at which, the faculties unfold. If the course of education conforms itself to that order and rate, well. If not—if the higher faculties are

early taxed by presenting an order of knowledge more complex and abstract than can be readily assimilated; or if, by excess of culture, the intellect in general is developed to a degree beyond that which is natural to the age; the abnormal result so produced will inevitably be accompanied by some equivalent, or more than equivalent, evil.

For Nature is a strict accountant; and if you demand of her in one direction more than she is prepared to lay out, she balances the account by making a deduction elsewhere. If you will let her follow her own course, taking care to supply, in right quantities and kinds, the raw materials of bodily and mental growth required at each age, she will eventually produce an individual more or less evenly developed. If, however, you insist on premature or undue growth of any one part, she will, with more or less protest, concede the point; but that she may do your extra work, she must leave some of her more important work undone. Let it never be forgotten that the amount of vital energy which the body at any moment possesses is limited; and that, being limited, it is impossible to get from it more than a fixed quantity of results. In a child or youth the demands upon this vital energy are various and urgent. As before pointed out, the waste consequent on the day's bodily exercise has to be repaired; the wear of brain entailed by the day's study has to be made good; a certain additional growth of body has to be provided for; and also a certain additional growth of brain: add to which the amount of energy absorbed in the digestion of the large quantity of food required for meeting these many demands. Now, that to divert an excess of energy into any one of these channels is to abstract it from the others, is not only manifest *a priori*; but may be shown *a posteriori* from the experience of every one. Every one knows, for instance, that the digestion of a heavy meal makes such a demand on the system as to produce lassitude of mind and body, ending not unfrequently in sleep. Every one knows, too, that excess of bodily exercise diminishes the power of thought—that the temporary prostration following any sudden exertion, or the fatigue produced by a thirty miles' walk, is accompanied by a disinclination to mental effort; that, after a month's pedestrian tour, the mental inertia is such that some days are required to overcome it; and that in peasants who spend their lives in muscular labor the activity of mind is very small. Again, it is a truth familiar to all that during those fits of extreme rapid growth which sometimes occur in childhood, the great abstraction of en-

ergy is shown in the attendant prostration, bodily and mental. Once more, the facts that violent muscular exertion after eating will stop digestion, and that children who are early put to hard labor become stunted, similarly exhibit the antagonism—similarly imply that excess of activity in one direction involves deficiency of it in other directions. Now, the law which is thus manifest in extreme cases holds in all cases. These injurious abstractions of energy as certainly take place when the undue demands are slight and constant, as when they are great and sudden. Hence, if in youth, the expenditure in mental labor exceeds that which nature had provided for; the expenditure for other purposes falls below what it should have been: and evils of one kind or other are inevitably entailed. Let us briefly consider these evils.

Supposing the over-activity of brain not to be extreme, but to exceed the normal activity only in a moderate degree, there will be nothing more than some slight reaction on the development of the body: the stature falling a little below that which it would else have reached; or the bulk being less than it would have been; or the quality of tissue being not so good. One or more of these effects must necessarily occur. The extra quantity of blood supplied to the brain, not only during the period of mental exertion, but during the subsequent period in which the waste of cerebral substance is being made good, is blood that would else have been circulating through the limbs and viscera; and the amount of growth or repair for which that blood would have supplied materials, is lost. This physical reaction being certain, the question is, whether the gain resulting from the extra culture is equivalent to the loss?—whether defect of bodily growth, or the want of that structural perfection which gives high vigor and endurance, is compensated for by the additional knowledge gained?

When the excess of mental exertion is greater, there follow results far more serious; telling not only against bodily perfection, but against the perfection of the brain itself. It is a physiological law, first pointed out by M. Isidore St. Hilaire, and to which attention has been drawn by Mr. Lewes in his essay on "Dwarfs and Giants," that there is an antagonism between *growth* and *development*. By growth, as used in this antithetical sense, is to be understood *increase of size*; by development, *increase of structure*. And the law is, that great activity in either of these processes involves retardation or arrest of the other. A familiar illustration is furnished by

the cases of the caterpillar and the chrysalis. In the caterpillar there is extremely rapid augmentation of bulk; but the structure is scarcely at all more complex when the caterpillar is full-grown than when it is small. In the chrysalis the bulk does not increase; on the contrary, weight is lost during this stage of the creature's life; but the elaboration of a more complex structure goes on with great activity. The antagonism, here so clear, is less traceable in higher creatures, because the two processes are carried on together. But we see it pretty well illustrated among ourselves by contrasting the sexes. A girl develops in body and mind rapidly, and ceases to grow comparatively early. A boy's bodily and mental development is slower, and his growth greater. At the age when the one is mature, finished, and having all faculties in full play, the other, whose vital energies have been more directed towards increase of size, is relatively incomplete in structure; and shows it in a comparative awkwardness, bodily and mental. Now this law is true not only of the organism as a whole, but of each separate part. The abnormally rapid advance of any part in respect of structure involves premature arrest of its growth; and this happens with the organ of the mind as certainly as with any other organ. The brain, which during early years is relatively large in mass but imperfect in structure will, if required to perform its functions with undue activity, undergo a structural advance greater than is appropriate to the age; but the ultimate effect will be a falling short of the size and power that would else have been attained. And this is a part cause—probably the chief cause—why precocious children, and youths who up to a certain time were carrying all before them, so often stop short and disappoint the high hopes of their parents.

But these results of over-education, disastrous as they are, are perhaps less disastrous than the results produced upon the health—the undermined constitution, the enfeebled energies, the morbid feelings. Recent discoveries in physiology have shown how immense is the influence of the brain over the functions of the body. The digestion of the food, the circulation of the blood, and through these all other organic processes, are profoundly affected by cerebral excitement. Whoever has seen repeated, as we have, the experiment first performed by Weber, showing the consequence of irritating the *vagus* nerve which connects the brain with the viscera—whoever has seen the action of the heart suddenly arrested by the irritation of

this nerve; slowly recommencing when the irritation is suspended; and again arrested the moment it is renewed; will have a vivid conception of the depressing influence which an over-wrought brain exercises on the body. The effects thus physiologically explained, are indeed exemplified in ordinary experience. There is no one but has felt the palpitation accompanying hope, fear, anger, joy—no one but has observed how labored becomes the action of the heart when these feelings are very violent. And though there are many who have never themselves suffered that extreme emotional excitement which is followed by arrest of the heart's action and fainting; yet every one knows them to be cause and effect. It is a familiar fact, too, that disturbance of the stomach is entailed by mental excitement exceeding a certain intensity. Loss of appetite is a common result alike of very pleasurable and very painful states of mind. When the event producing a pleasurable or painful state of mind occurs shortly after a meal, it not unfrequently happens either that the stomach rejects what has been eaten, or digests it with great difficulty and under prolonged protest. And as every one who taxes his brain much can testify, even purely intellectual action will, when excessive, produce analogous effects. Now the relation between brain and body which is so manifest in these extreme cases, holds equally in ordinary, less-marked cases. Just as these violent but temporary cerebral excitements produce violent but temporary disturbances of the viscera; so do the less violent but chronic cerebral excitements, produce less violent but chronic visceral disturbances. This is not simply an inference—it is a truth to which every medical man can bear witness; and it is one to which a long and sad experience enables us to give personal testimony. Various degrees and forms of bodily derangement, often taking years of enforced idleness to set partially right, result from this prolonged over-exertion of mind. Sometimes the heart is chiefly affected: habitual palpitations; a pulse much enfeebled; and very generally a diminution in the number of beats from seventy-two to sixty, or even fewer. Sometimes the conspicuous disorder is of the stomach; a dyspepsia which makes life a burden; and is amenable to no remedy but time. In many cases both heart and stomach are implicated. Mostly the sleep is short and broken. And very generally there is more or less mental depression.

Consider, then, how great must be the damage inflicted by undue mental excitement on children and youths. More or less of this

constitutional disturbance will inevitably follow an exertion of brain beyond that which nature had provided for; and when not so excessive as to produce absolute illness, is sure to entail a slowly accumulating degeneracy of *physique*. With a small and fastidious appetite, an imperfect digestion, and an enfeebled circulation, how can the developing body flourish? The due performance of every vital process depends on the adequate supply of good blood. Without enough good blood, no gland can secrete properly, no viscus can fully discharge its office. Without enough good blood, no nerve, muscle, membrane, or other tissue can be efficiently repaired. Without enough good blood, growth will neither be sound nor sufficient. Judge then, how bad must be the consequences when to a growing body the weakened stomach supplies blood that is deficient in quantity and poor in quality; while the debilitated heart propels this poor and scanty blood with unnatural slowness.

And if, as all who candidly investigate the matter must admit, physical degeneracy is a consequence of excessive study, how grave is the condemnation to be passed upon this cramming system above exemplified. It is a terrible mistake, from whatever point of view regarded. It is a mistake in so far as the mere acquirement of knowledge is concerned: for it is notorious that the mind, like the body, cannot assimilate beyond a certain rate; and if you ply it with facts faster than it can assimilate them, they are very soon rejected again: they do not become permanently built into the intellectual fabric; but fall out of recollection after the passing of the examination for which they were got up. It is a mistake, too, because it tends to make study distasteful. Either through the painful associations produced by ceaseless mental toil, or through the abnormal state of brain it leaves behind, it often generates an aversion to books; and, instead of that subsequent self-culture induced by a rational education, there comes a continued retrogression. It is a mistake, also, inasmuch as it assumes that the acquisition of knowledge is everything; and forgets that a much more important matter is the organization of knowledge, for which time and spontaneous thinking are requisite. Just as Humboldt remarks respecting the progress of intelligence in general, that "the interpretation of nature is obscured when the description languishes under too great an accumulation of insulated facts;" so it may be remarked, respecting the progress of individual intelligence, that the mind is overburdened and hampered by an excess of ill-digested informa-

tion. It is not the knowledge stored up as intellectual fat which is of value; but that which is turned into intellectual muscle. But the mistake is still deeper. Even were the system good as a system of intellectual training, which it is not, it would still be bad, because, as we have shown, it is fatal to that vigor of *physique* which is needful to make intellectual training available in the struggle of life. Those who, in eagerness to cultivate their pupils' minds, are reckless of their bodies, do not remember that success in the world depends much more upon energy than upon information; and that a policy which in cramming with information undermines energy, is self-defeating. The strong will and untiring activity which result from abundant animal vigor, go far to compensate even for great defects of education; and when joined with that quite adequate education which may be obtained without sacrificing health, they ensure an easy victory over competitors enfeebled by excessive study: prodigies of learning though they may be. A comparatively small and ill-made engine, worked at high-pressure, will do more than a larger and well-finished one worked at low-pressure. What folly is it, then, while finishing the engine, so to damage the boiler that it will not generate steam! Once more, the system is a mistake, as involving a false estimate of welfare in life. Even supposing it were a means to worldly success, instead of a means to worldly failure, yet, in the entailed ill-health, it would inflict a more than equivalent curse. What boots it to have attained wealth, if the wealth is accompanied by ceaseless ailments? What is the worth of distinction, if it has brought hypochondria with it? Surely none needs telling that a good digestion, a bounding pulse, and high spirits are elements of happiness which no external advantages can outbalance. Chronic bodily disorder casts a gloom over the brightest prospects; while the vivacity of strong health gilds even misfortune. We contend, then, that this over-education is vicious in every way—vicious, as giving knowledge that will soon be forgotten; vicious, as producing a disgust for knowledge; vicious, as neglecting that organization of knowledge which is more important than its acquisition; vicious, as weakening or destroying that energy, without which a trained intellect is useless; vicious, as entailing that ill-health for which even success would not compensate, and which makes failure doubly bitter.

On women the effects of this forcing system are, if possible, even more injurious than on men. Being in great measure debarred from those vigorous and enjoyable exercises of body

by which boys mitigate the evils of excessive study, girls feed these evils in their full intensity. Hence, the much smaller proportion of them who grow up well made and healthy. In the pale, angular, flat-chested young ladies, so abundant in London drawing-rooms, we see the effect of merciless application, unrelieved by youthful sports; and this physical degeneracy exhibited by them, hinders their welfare far more than their many accomplishments aid it. Mammæ anxious to make their daughters attractive, could scarcely choose a course more fatal than this, which sacrifices the body to the mind. Either they disregard the tastes of the opposite sex, or else their conception of those tastes is erroneous. Men care comparatively little for erudition in women; but very much for physical beauty, and good-nature, and sound sense. How many conquests does the blue-stocking make through her extensive knowledge of history? What man ever fell in love with a woman because she understood Italian? Where is the Edwin who was brought to Angelina's feet by her German? But rosy cheeks and laughing eyes are great attractions. A finely rounded figure draws admiring glances. The liveliness and good humor that overflowing health produces, go a great way towards establishing attachments. Every one knows cases where bodily perfections, in the absence of all other recommendations, have incited a passion that carried all before it; but scarcely any one can point to a case where mere intellectual acquirements, apart from moral or physical attributes, have aroused such a feeling. The truth is that, out of the many elements uniting in various proportions to produce in a man's breast that complex emotion which we call love, the strongest are those produced by physical attractions; the next in order of strength are those produced by moral attractions; the weakest are those produced by intellectual attractions; and even these are dependent much less upon acquired knowledge than on natural faculty—quickness, wit, insight. If any think the assertion a derogatory one, and inveigh against the masculine character for being thus swayed; we reply that they little know what they say when they thus call in question the Divine ordinations. Even were there no obvious meaning in the arrangement, we might be sure that some important end was subserved. But the meaning is quite obvious to those who examine. It needs but to remember that one of Nature's ends, or rather her supreme end, is the welfare of posterity—it needs but to remember that, in so far as posterity are concerned, a cultivated intelligence based upon a bad *physique* is of little worth, seeing

that its descendants will die out in a generation or two—it needs but to bear in mind that a good *physique*, however poor the accompanying mental endowments, is worth preserving, because, throughout future generations, the mental endowments may be indefinitely developed—it needs but to contemplate these truths, to see how important is the balance of instincts above described. But, purpose apart, the instincts being thus balanced, it is a fatal folly to persist in a system which undermines a girl's constitution that it may overload her memory. Educate as highly as possible—the higher the better—providing no bodily injury is entailed (and we may remark, in passing, that a high standard might be so reached were the parrot-faculty cultivated less, and the human faculty more, and were the discipline extended over that now wasted period between leaving school and being married). But to educate in such manner, or to such extent, as to produce physical degeneracy, is to defeat the chief end for which the toil and cost and anxiety are submitted to. By subjecting their daughters to this high-pressure system, parents frequently ruin their prospects in life. Not only do they inflict on them enfeebled health, with all its pains and disabilities and gloom; but very often they actually doom them to celibacy.

Our general conclusion is, then, that the ordinary treatment of children is, in various ways, seriously prejudicial. It errs in deficient feeding; in deficient clothing; in deficient exercise (among girls at least); and in excessive mental application. Considering the *régime* as a whole, its tendency is too exacting: it asks too much and gives too little. In the extent to which it taxes the vital energies, it makes the juvenile life much more like the adult life than it should be. It overlooks the truth that, as in the foetus the entire vitality is expended in the direction of growth—as in the infant, the expenditure of vitality in growth is so great as to leave extremely little for either physical or mental action; so throughout childhood and youth growth is the dominant requirement to which all others must be subordinated: a requirement which dictates the giving of much and the taking away of little—a requirement which, therefore, restricts the exertion of body and mind to a degree proportionate to

the rapidity of growth—a requirement which permits the mental and physical activities to increase only as fast as the rate of growth diminishes.

Regarded from another point of view, this high-pressure education manifestly results from our passing phase of civilization. In primitive times, when aggression and defence were the leading social activities, bodily vigor with its accompanying courage were the desiderata; and then education was almost wholly physical: mental cultivation was little cared for, and indeed, as in our own feudal ages, was often treated with contempt. But now that our state is relatively peaceful—now that muscular power is of use for little else than manual labor, while social success of nearly every kind depends very much on mental power; our education has become almost exclusively mental. Instead of respecting the body and ignoring the mind, we now respect the mind and ignore the body. Both these attitudes are wrong. We do not yet sufficiently realize the truth that as, in this life of ours, the physical underlies the mental, the mental must not be developed at the expense of the physical. The ancient and modern conceptions must be combined.

Perhaps nothing will so much hasten the time when body and mind will both be adequately cared for, as a diffusion of the belief that the preservation of health is a *duty*. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality. Men's habitual words and acts imply the idea that they are at liberty to treat their bodies as they please. Disorders entailed by disobedience to Nature's dictates, they regard simply as grievances: not as the effects of a conduct more or less flagitious. Though the evil consequences inflicted on their dependents, and on future generations, are often as great as those caused by crime; yet they do not think themselves in any degree criminal. It is true, that, in the case of drunkenness, the viciousness of a purely bodily transgression is recognized; but none appear to infer that, if this bodily transgression is vicious, so too is every bodily transgression. The fact is, that all breaches of the laws of health are *physical sins*. When this is generally seen, then, and perhaps not till then, will the physical training of the young receive all the attention it deserves.

GREAT THOUGHTS FROM GREEK AUTHORS.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

ON this new edition I have endeavored to bring all my previous knowledge to bear, in order that it might be rendered more in keeping with my other works. The poetical translations have been thrown aside, and in every case I have given the passage in prose.

I have taken advantage of Duport's parallelisms from the Holy Scriptures to show the wonderful resemblance that the language of Homer bears more particularly to the sentiments found in the Old Testament. In the other Greek Authors I have also attempted to show the similarity between them and the Sacred Writers.

The volume has been nearly doubled by the addition of new passages, and extracts from many writers have been given, which did not appear in the former edition.

WALLACE HALL, 1st May, 1873.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

THE Editor is encouraged by the unexpected favor with which his former work has been received to bring forward a companion volume from "Greek Authors," which he ventures to hope will be found equally interesting. While many new topics have been introduced, the reader will here have an opportunity of tracing the original source, from which the master-spirits of Rome derived many of their finest thoughts. So true is the observation of Horace—

*"Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes
Intulit agresti Latio."*

To show how closely the Romans imitated their Greek masters, the Editor has introduced copious illustrations from his former work, and has also taken advantage of Mr. Grocott's valuable volume of "Index of Quotations, Ancient and Modern," to point out how much the English classic authors are indebted to the ancients for many of those gems that are scattered so profusely through their writings. Their bold flights of imagination, and the volumes of wisdom compressed into a phrase, are often but loans derived from the classical au-

thors of Greece and Rome. It has been, therefore, an agreeable task to award to those pure and thoughtful spirits of the olden times, their due meed of praise, by trying to ascertain the exact contributions which each has made to the intellectual riches of the world.

Another peculiar feature in the present work is the numerous references to the Holy Scriptures for points of resemblance. It is impossible, indeed, to examine the heathen doctrines of religion and ethics without being struck with their wonderful likeness to those which are sometimes considered to be peculiar to Christianity; here may be found many of the moral doctrines and sublime sayings of the Gospel, but there is always something wanting to give them life, and bring them home to the heart and feelings of human beings. Noble truths have always been taught by both Eastern and Western sages; yet they want that clear and perfect ring, which they possess when they are known to issue from Divine lips. The Editor has selected much from the writings of Plato, to show how far this resemblance extends; and, no doubt, he has omitted many passages which would have borne equally strong testimony that it is not without good reason that Plato has been called the "Atticising Moses."

It has been well observed, that nothing can be more useful to young minds having capacity and high aspirations than such selections as the Editor has brought together from the works of great men. Each quotation is a separate bait, a temptation to feel greatly, and to do greatly; and a friend, whose delicate health has obliged him to retire from the busy haunts of men, very beautifully remarks that their charm for the old and infirm is scarcely less: to such "it is nothing short of delightful to have a book at hand which will suit itself either to the exigencies or the deficiencies of the minute with an elastic power of adaptability which no living friend can possess." It was for those of lofty aspirations among the young, and for men of cultivated minds among the old, that the Editor has attempted to make a selection from a treasure that has continued to accumulate from the earliest times, till it now comprehends a brief abstract of the wisdom of all ages.

CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE.

WALLACE HALL, 1st October, 1864.

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GREAT THOUGHTS

FROM

GREEK AUTHORS.

ÆSCHINES.

BORN B.C. 389—DIED B.C. 314.

ÆSCHINES, one of the most celebrated of the Athenian orators, was the son of Tromes, the slave of a schoolmaster, Elpias, and Glaucia, who gained her livelihood by playing and singing at the sacred festivals. His father succeeded to the school of Elpias, and Æschines, in his youth, was employed by his father to clean his schoolroom. When he was somewhat older he assisted his mother in her theatrical performances, being remarkable for a strong and sonorous voice; but in this he does not seem to have been successful, as on one occasion, when he was performing in the character of CEnomäus, he was hissed off the stage. We then find him entering the military service, gaining great distinction at the battle of Mantinea, B.C. 362. It was, however, as an orator that he acquired the reputation which has handed down his name to posterity. At the commencement of his political career he took an active part against Philip of Macedon, though he became convinced, ere long, that nothing but peace with Philip would avert utter ruin from his country. His opponents accused him of having been bribed by the king to support his measures; but there does not appear any reason to believe that he acted treacherously towards his country. He was the opponent of Demosthenes; and though he failed in his attacks, it was to him that we owe the celebrated speech of Demosthenes on the crown, which is considered one of the finest bursts of eloquence which the world has ever produced. The three great speeches of Æschines which still remain were called by the ancients the Graces. They are distinguished by great felicity of diction, wonderful boldness and vigor of description, so that it is generally allowed that he was only second to Demosthenes.

DUTIES OF A JUDGE IN A FREE STATE.

For you ought to be well aware that there are three different forms of government established in the world—monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy. In the two former the government is conducted at the will of the ruling powers, while in

the latter it proceeds according to established laws. Let none of you, therefore, be ignorant, but let it be deeply engraven on the minds of all, that when he enters the tribunal to give judgment on a case where the law has been violated, he is that day giving sentence on his own liberties.

THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CHARACTER OF A STATESMAN.

He who hates his own children, he who is a bad parent, cannot be a good leader of the people. He who is insensible to the duties which he owes to those who are nearest, and who ought to be dearest, to him, will never feel a higher regard for your welfare, who are strangers to him. He who acts wickedly in private life can never be expected to show himself noble in his public conduct. He who is base at home will not acquit himself with honor when sent to a foreign country in a public capacity: for it is not the man, but the place merely, that is changed.

A DEFEAT IS NOT THE GREATEST OF CALAMITIES.

For a defeat in war is not the greatest of all evils; but when the defeat has been inflicted by enemies who are unworthy of you, then the calamity is doubled.

CHARACTER OF BOASTERS.

For other boasters, when they lie, try not to speak too particularly or plainly, from fear of being disproved afterwards.

INTEGRITY.

Integrity is to be preferred to eloquence.

A PRODIGAL.

For no wealth can enrich a vicious prodigal.

AMNESTY.

Amnesty, that noble word, the genuine dictate of wisdom.

A MERE CRAFTSMAN OF WORDS.

A fellow, whose tongue is his sole merit, and without it, like a flute, all that there is of him besides, were good for nothing.

THE POWER OF A PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL IN A REPUBLIC.

For in a republican state every private individual shares regal power by means of the laws and his vote; but when he surrenders these to another, he annuls his own sovereignty.

VAUNTING.

For men of real merit, and whose noble and glorious deeds we are ready to acknowledge, are yet not to be endured when they vaunt their own actions.

EDUCATION BY EXAMPLE.

For you are well aware that it is not only by bodily exercises, by educational institutions, or by lessons in music, that our youth are trained, but much more effectually by public examples.

ÆSCHYLUS.

BORN B.C. 525—DIED B.C. 456.

ÆSCHYLUS, the son of Euphorion, a native of Eleusis, in Attica, was the father of the Athenian drama. He was present at the battle of Marathon, B.C. 490, in which he was greatly distinguished along with his brothers; and in a picture representing this battle he was placed in the foreground, and was thus associated in the honors which were paid to Miltiades. Six years afterwards, B.C. 484, the same year in which Herodotus was born, Æschylus gained his first victory as a competitor for the prize of tragedy; and he was successful thirteen times during an interval of sixteen years. He visited the court of Hiero, king of Syracuse, who was a distinguished patron of the learned, and who had induced such men as Pindar and Simonides to reside with him. There is a power in the language, a sublimity in the imagery, with which the poet bodies forth the creations of his genius, that makes him rank among the master spirits of the world.

TIES OF KINDRED ARE STRONG.

Strong are the ties of kindred and long converse.

ALL HAVE THEIR LOT APPOINTED.

Everything has been accomplished except for the other gods to rule; for no one is free save Jove.

WAVES.

And countless dimpling of the waves of the deep.

So Milton ("Paradise Lost," iv. 166)—

"Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles."

Lord Byron (opening of the "Glaour")—

"There mildly dimpling ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak,
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
Those Edens of the eastern wave."

NECESSITY NOT TO BE RESISTED.

But I must endure my doom as easily as may be, knowing, as I do, that the power of necessity is irresistible.

So Shakespeare ("Richard II.," act v. sc. 1)—

"I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death."

A TYRANT DISTRUSTS.

For somehow, there is this disease in tyranny, not to put confidence in friends.

So Shakespeare ("Pericles," act i. sc. 3)—

"Tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster with their years."

EASY TO GIVE ADVICE TO THE AFFLICTED.

'Tis easy for any man who has his foot unentangled by sufferings both to exhort and to admonish him that is in difficulties.

AFFLICTION.

Hence in the same way does affliction, roaming to and fro, settle down on different individuals.

TRUTH.

And thou shalt know that these words are sincere, and not the false glossings of a flattering tongue.

TO KICK AGAINST THE PRICKS.

If thou takest me for thy instructor, thou wilt not kick against the pricks.

PETULANT TONGUE.

What! knowest thou not as certain, highly intelligent though thou art, that punishment is inflicted on a petulant tongue?

SOFT SPEECH TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

Oc. Knowest thou not this, then, Prometheus, that words are the physicians of a distempered mind?

Prom. True, if one soften properly the heart, and do not with rude violence exasperate the troubled mind.

So Milton ("Samson Agonistes")—

"Apt words have power to suage
The tumors of a troubled mind."

And Proverbs (xv. 1)—"A soft answer turneth away wrath but grievous words stir up anger."

THE WISE.

Since it is of the highest advantage for one that is wise not to seem to be wise.

MAN IN A BARBAROUS STATE.

But as to the ills of men, hear how I made those, who were before senseless as children, intelligent and possessed of wisdom. I shall tell you, not with the view of throwing blame upon them, but to show my kindly feelings from what I gave them; who at first seeing, saw not, and hearing, heard not. But like to the baseless fabric of a dream,

for a long time they used to huddle together all things at random: naught they knew about brick-built houses, sun-ward, nor the raftered roof; but, like tiny ants, they dwelt in the excavated earth, in sunless depths of caves. They had no certain sign of winter, or flower-perfumed spring, or fruitful summer; but they did everything without judgment till I instructed them to mark the rising of the stars and their setting, a harder science yet. And verily I discovered for them numbers, the most surprising of all inventions, and the union of letters, and memory, the active mother of all wisdom. I also first taught the patient steer to bear the yoke; and in order with their bodies they might assist mortals in their severest toils, I taught steeds to whirl cars obedient to the reins, to grace the pride of wealth. And no one else than I invented the canvas-winged chariots of mariners that roam over the ocean.

So Matthew (xiii. 14)—"And in them is fulfilled the prophecy of Esaias, which saith, By hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and shall not perceive."

NECESSITY.

Necessity is stronger far than art.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

It is pleasant to lengthen out a long life with confident hopes, making the spirits swell with bright merriment.

FEEBLENESS OF MORTALS.

Sawest thou not the powerless weakness, like a dream, in which the blind race of men is entangled? Never at any time shall the plans of mortals get the better of the harmonious system of Jove.

REWARD OF SYMPATHY.

Since to weep and lament over misfortunes, when it draws the sympathizing tear, brings no light recompense.

So Shakespeare (Poems)—

"Companionship in woe, doth woe assuage."

THE SICK.

To the sick, indeed, some gleam of hope flows from a clear knowledge beforehand of the result of their pains.

MARRY IN YOUR OWN RANK.

Wise was the man, ay, wise indeed, who first weighed well this maxim, and with his tongue published it abroad, that to marry in one's own class is best by far, and that a peasant should woo the hand neither of any that have waxed wanton by riches, nor of such as pride themselves in high-traced lineage.

THE WISH IS FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

Thou indeed art predicting against Jove the things thou wishest.

Shakespeare ("Henry IV.," Pt. II. act iv. sc. 4) says—

"Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought."

DEAF AS THE BILLOWS.

Thou troublest me with thy advice as vainly as thou wouldst do the billows.

Shakespeare ("Merchant of Venice," act iv. sc. 1) says—

"You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height."

And Milton ("Samson Agonistes")—

"*Dalilah.* I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers than winds or seas."

OBSTINACY.

For obstinacy in a man that is not gifted with wisdom, itself by itself, is worth less than nothing.

GOD KNOWS NOT TO BE FALSE.

The mouth of God knows not to utter falsehood, but brings everything to pass.

So Numbers (xxiii. 19)—"God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent; hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?" And 2 Corinthians (i. 20)—"For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us."

THE WISE.

For it is base for the wise to err.

THE LOWLY.

For it is unbecoming in inferiors to assume boldness of speech.

VARIOUS ILLS OF MEN.

King of the Pelasgians, various are the ills of men: nowhere canst thou behold the same wing of trouble.

GOD REGARDS THE AFFLICTED.

Look up to him that beholds from on high, the protector of suffering mortals, who address their kindred in suppliant tones, but obtain not what justice demands. Therefore the wrath of Jove, guardian of the suppliant, waits on the groans of the sufferers, and is not to be appeased.

SLANDER.

But every one bears a ready evil tongue against a stranger, and to speak slander is an easy thing.

DANGERS OF BEAUTY.

But I charge you not to disgrace me, as thou art in the bloom of youth that excitest desire. It is not easy to guard the tender ripe fruit; for beasts and men injure it in some way, and winged insects and four-footed animals. Venus proclaims their opening bloom. I say that rapine is their fate, however much they try to avoid it. And on the fair-formed beauty of virgins every one that passes sends forth a melting dart from his eye, overcome by desire.

A PROSPEROUS STATE.

For a state that is prosperous honors the gods.

WOMAN.

Neither in adversity nor in the joys of prosperity may I be associated with womankind; for when

woman is joyous, her licence is not to be endured; and when she is in terror, she is a still greater plague to her home and city.

OBEDIENCE.

For obedience, woman, is the mother of success, bringing safety; so says the proverb.

DUTIES OF MEN AND WOMEN IN WAR.

It is for men to present victims and offerings to appease the gods, when the enemy are at the gates; 'tis thine, woman, to hold thy peace, and keep within doors.

THE NOBLE AND BRAVE.

Nobly born and honoring the throne of modesty, hating vaunting language—such an one is wont to be slow at base deeds, and no coward.

TO BE, NOT TO SEEM.

For he does not wish to seem, but to be, the noblest, reaping a rich harvest from a deep furrow in his mind, from which sprout forth excellent counsels. Against such an one I charge thee to send wise and prudent champions. Dreadful is the foe that fears the gods.

IMPIOUS FELLOWSHIP.

Alas! it is a bad omen for the just to be associated with the impious. Indeed in everything naught is worse than wicked fellowship, the fruit of which is fraught with death. For whether a good man happens to have embarked with sailors, whose hearts are hot and full of villany, he perishes with the race abhorred of Heaven, or whether, being righteous, he has fixed his seat amidst citizens inhospitably bent and regardless of the gods, he is struck down by the scourge of the Deity, which falls on all alike, having rightly fallen into the same nets with his countrymen.

AN OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

In manhood's vig'rous prime
He bears the providence of age.

THE STARS.

I pray the gods that I may be released from these toils, slave of a year-long sentry, during which, lying on my elbows on the roofs of the Atridae, like a dog, I have contemplated the choir of nightly stars, radiant rulers that bring winter and summer, stars shining conspicuously in the firmament, both when they set and when they rise.

WHAT IS FATED.

Things are as they are and will be brought to the issue doomed.

TOTTERING OLD AGE.

But we with our aged frame were left inglorious behind the expedition of those days, propping on staff our steps like children; for both the marrow of youth, while it is springing up in our breasts, is weak as age, and the vigor for war is not yet attained; very advanced age, too, when its foliage

is withered, totters along its three-footed path, and in no way superior to a child, flits like a day-dream.

GOD CHASTENS MAN FOR HIS GOOD.

The man who cheerfully celebrates Jove in triumphal hymns shall ever be crowned with success—him that guides mortals to wisdom, teaching them by suffering to remain firm. But even in slumber the pangs from the memory of ills keep dripping before the heart, and thus wisdom comes to the unwilling. 'Tis a gracious gift of the gods, compulsory as fate, who sit severely on the awful bench.

BE NOT ANXIOUS FOR THE FUTURE.

To those that suffer justice brings wisdom; but for futurity, since it will come, farewell to it. 'Tis but the same with sorrowing beforehand; for the event will come dawning clearly with the morning rays.

GOD PUNISHES THE WICKED.

They feel the stroke of Jove; we may say this, and trace it out exactly; they have fared as they deserved. Some one denied that the gods deigned to care for mortals, who trampled on their laws. Not holy was he who said so; it has come upon the descendants of those who were breathing forth more violently than just a war which they ought not to have dared, while their dwellings were teeming beyond all measure with rich spoils. But may such calm of soul be mine, so as to meet the force of circumstances.

THE IMPIOUS SEEN THROUGH THEIR DISGUISE.

For riches is no bulwark against destruction to the man who has wantonly spurned the great altar of Justice; but wretched Persuasion, preparing intolerable evils for posterity, urges him on, and there is no remedy. Guilt is never hidden, but is seen through her disguise, a light of lurid glare; and like adulterated brass, when proved, is found black by wear and rubbing, fond as a boy to chase the bird light-flitting round. And not a god lends an ear to his prayers, but sweeps away the unrighteous that hath concerned himself with these doings.

THE FATE OF THE WARRIOR.

And Mars, bartering for gold their bodies, and holding the balance in the tug of war, sends to their friends a small fragment of scorched dust from Troy, to be wept with many tears, filling the urns with light ashes instead of the man. And they sigh while they sing the praises of one as renowned in arms, and another as having fallen gloriously amid the carnage in defence of another's wife. Some one mutters these words in silence, and jealous vexation creeps upon the chieftain sons of Atreus.

MURMURS OF THE PEOPLE.

Dreadful are the murmurs of the people if they be accompanied with hate; but this is the tribute greatness pays for its exalted station.

THE OPPRESSOR.

For the gods are not forgetful of those who cause great slaughter. The black Furies in one short hour hurl to perdition the man who is lucky without righteousness by a sad reverse of fortune, nor does he receive aid from his citizens. For a man to be raised aloft is dangerous, as the thunderbolt of Jove is sure to be launched against him.

NONE BUT THE GODS HAVE UNMIXED HAPPINESS.

Yea, the conflict is well o'er; in the passage of so long a time one might say that some things fall out well, while others are open to complaint; for who save the gods can claim through life's whole course an unmixed happiness?

A FOND WIFE.

For what day is more delightful to woman than that when she opens the gate to her husband returning gloriously from war, preserved by the gods? Bear this message to my husband, that he hasten his long-desired return. May he come speedily, where he will find a faithful wife in his house, such as he left her, a watch-dog of his home, to his enemies irreconcilable, and in all other points alike, not having effaced one single seal in the long course of years. I have known no delight with other men, nor has there been any slanderous report against my character, any more than brass can be tinged with dyes.

So Shakespeare ("Much Ado about Nothing," act iv. sc. 1) says—

"If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy."

And "Winter's Tale," (act iii. sc. 3)—

"If one jot beyond
The bound of honor, or in act or will
That way inclining, hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie! upon my grave."

HAPPY ARE THOSE WHO DIE NOT CHILDLESS.

There is among mankind an old adage, uttered in ancient times, "that it is great happiness to see our children rise around us, not dying childless; but from good fortune often sprouts the bitter fruit of woe to man."

ONE BASE DEED PRODUCES ANOTHER.

For one base deed engenders more like to its own race; but to those swayed by unbending justice a beauteous race still flourishes.

Shelley, in his "Hellas," says—

"Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind,
The foul evils like their parents are."

JUSTICE.

But justice shines in smoky cottages, and honors the pious. Leaving with averted eyes the gorgeous glare of gold obtained by polluted hands, she is wont to draw nigh to holiness, not reverencing wealth when falsely stamped with praise, and assigning each deed its righteous doom.

THE HYPOCRITE.

Many are desirous to seem good while they do not what is right. Some are ready to weep with those who weep, though the pang of sorrow reaches not the heart; others join in the joys of others, dressing in forced smiles their unwilling face. But when a man is able to discern character, then it is not possible that the eyes of a man, that only seem with sympathetic tear to show a kindly feeling, should deceive him.

ENVY.

Few men have strength of mind to honor a friend's success without a touch of envy; for that malignant passion clinging to the heart doubles the burden of the man infected by it; he is weighed down by the weight of his own woes, and sighs to see the happiness of others. I speak from experience,—for well do I know, that those who bore in public the semblance of my firmest friends, were but the looking-glass of friendship, the shadow of a shade.

THINGS THAT ARE WELCOME.

I would call my husband a watch-dog of the fold, a saving mainstay of the ship, a foundation pillar of the lofty roof, an only child to a fond parent, welcome as land to the mariner which he has desied beyond his hopes, welcome as day after a night of storms, a gushing rill to a thirsty wayfarer. 'Tis pleasant to escape from all constraint.

The following beautiful paraphrase is given in the *Quarterly Review*:—

"Faithful—as dog, the lonely shepherd's pride,
True—as the helm, the bark's protecting guide,
Firm—as the shaft that props the towering dome,
Sweet—as to shipwrecked seaman land and home,
Lovely—as child, a parent's sole delight,
Radiant—as morn that breaks a stormy night,
Grateful—as stream that in some deep recess
With rills unhoped the panting traveller bless,
Is he that links with mine his chain of life,
Names himself lord, and deigns to call me wife."

TO BE FREE FROM EVIL THOUGHTS.

To be without evil thoughts is God's best gift; but we must call him happy who has ended life in prosperity.

THE POPULAR VOICE.

Yet has the popular voice much potency.

THE UNENVIED.

But the unenvied is not of the happy.

BE NOT ELATED.

God from afar looks graciously on him that is mild in victory; for no one willingly submits to the yoke of slavery.

MISERY IS THE LOT OF MANKIND.

For there is a limit to the best of health; disease creeps upon it as a close-adjointing neighbor: and a man's destiny holding on a straight course is apt to dash upon a hidden reef. If timidity fling away a part of his wealth with a well-measured cast of

the sling, the whole fabric sinks not, though teeming with woe, nor founders the bark beneath the sea. For often, by Jove's gracious goodness, the yearly furrows quell the pangs of hunger.

WHO CAN RECALL LIFE?

But who can recall by charms man's purple streaming blood, when it has once fallen on the ground before his feet? Otherwise Jove would not have put an end to the leech (Æsculapius) who could raise the dead. And if fate fixed irrevocably by the gods did not prevent another fate from bringing assistance, I would bring it, and my heart, outstripping my tongue, would have poured forth the tale.

CONTRAST OF AN OLD FAMILY AND AN UPSTART.

If slavery be a man's fate, great is the advantage of having masters of long-established opulence. For they who have reaped a rich harvest unexpectedly are harsh to their slaves in all things, and go beyond the line of right.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

Alas for the fate of men! Even in the midst of the highest prosperity a shadow may overturn them; but if they be in adverse fortune, a moistened sponge can blot out the picture.

PROSPEROUS FORTUNE.

All men have boundless wishes for prosperous fortune; none will banish and keep it from their dwelling, saying, "Enter thou no more."

TO KNOW AND TO CONJECTURE ARE NOT THE SAME.

To know and to conjecture differ widely.

TO CIRCUMVENT A FOE UNDER THE FORM OF FRIENDSHIP.

For how could one, conceiving thoughts of vengeance on a foe, achieve the deed more surely than to bear the form of friendship, encircling him with wiles difficult to overleap?

QUALITIES OF WOMAN.

Wiles and deceit are female qualities.

EXILES.

An exile, I well know, feeds on vain hopes.

SUCCESS WORSHIPPED AS A GOD.

Success! to thee,
As to a god, men bend the knee.

JUSTICE.

The swift stroke of Justice comes down upon some in the noonday light; pain waits on others slowly in the midst of darkness, and the gloom of night overshadows them.

ONE FATE ALIKE TO BOND AND FREE.

For destiny awaits alike the free man and him that trembles at the tyrannous hand of a lord,

DOER MUST SUFFER.

But O ye mighty Fates! grant that, by the will of Jove, it may end as justice requires—"In return for a hostile speech, let a hostile speech be paid back," cries Justice, loudly, as she exacts the debt; "and in return for a murderous blow, let him suffer a murderous blow." "Doer must suffer," thus saith the thrice-old proverb.

THE SOUL LIVES.

My child, the consuming fire of the funeral pile quells not the spirit of the dead, but in after times he shows his wrath. The dead is bewailed, and he who wronged him is discovered.

Shakespeare ("Hamlet," act i. sc. 2) says—

"Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to man's eyes."

WORDS ARE DAGGERS.

This pierced quite through my ears, like a dart.

Shakespeare ("Hamlet," act. iii. sc. 8) says—

"Oh speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!"

BLOOD FOR BLOOD.

But it is a law that drops of gore poured upon the ground call for other bloodshed in addition.

So Genesis (ix. 6): "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

WHAT IS FOREDOOMED.

That which is foredoomed remains from the olden time, and will come to those who pray for it.

CHILDREN.

For children preserve the fame of the dead with surviving glory, and are like corks that buoy the net, saving the flaxen line from sinking to the bottom.

MURDER CANNOT BE EXPIATED.

For though one were to pour out every kind of libation for a single murder, vain is the labor; so runs the proverb.

THE DARING SPIRIT OF MAN.

One may describe creatures that fly and those that crawl, and the fierce rage of hurricanes, but who can describe the arrogant daring of man and of woman of hardened spirit, and their loves, leading them to endure everything, even the utmost woes of mortals. Unholy love, lording it in female heart, overcomes the conjugal union of brutes and of men.

MISERY OF MAN.

None of mortals can hope to live unscathed a life through its whole course, free from misfortunes. Alas! alas! of troubles one is just upon us, and another will come.

FURIES.

Away! I bid you off with speed from these abodes; out from the oracular shrines, lest, having received the winged swift snake (arrow) hurled

from the golden-twisted string, you disgorge with pain the black gore you sucked from men, vomiting the clots of blood which you have drawn from them. It is in every way unbecoming to enter these abodes of mine; go where heads are wrenched from the body and eyes are gouged, to revengeful deeds and slaughters, maiming of boys and stonings, and where those impaled by the spine groan with loud yellings. Ye hags abhorred, these are the feasts in which you delight; your execrable form is proof of this. It is right that such should inhabit the dens of the blood-ravaging lion, but not to tarry in these prophetic shrines with impure tread. Of such a herd the gods disdain to take the charge.

THE INNOCENT AND THE IMPIOUS.

No vindictive rage from us (the Furies) comes stealthily on him whose hands are free from guilt, but he passes through life without harm. Whereas whoever, like this man, commits crimes and hides his ruffian hands, we are close at hand as witnesses of the deed, appearing as avengers of blood.

THE MURDERER.

For avenging Fate has assigned us (the Furies) this office, saying, "Let those guilty of murders without provocation be pursued till they find refuge in the realms below;" even when dead they are not quite free. But over the victims let this be the song, bringing madness, distracting, mind-destroying, the hymn of the Furies, that charms minds without the lyre, causing shrivelling to mortals.

HEAR BOTH PARTIES.

He hears but half that hears one party only.

SORROW.

It is good to grow wise under sorrow.

THE INIQUITIES OF THE FATHERS VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.

For the Fates have assigned them (the Furies) a despotic sway over men in all things; he who feels their terrors, knows not whence come the ills of life; for the sire's long-passed crimes bring chastening on their sons, and amidst his thoughts of greatness silent ruin with hostile wrath crushes him.

THE MASTER THE EYE OF THE HOUSE.

For I deem the presence of the master to be the eye of the house.

MEN ARE A SUFFICIENT BULWARK.

For while there are men, there is a sure bulwark.

THE AFFLICTED FEAR ALL THINGS.

My friends, whoever has experienced misfortune knows that when a mountain-wave of ills comes upon mortals, they are wont to fear all things; but when the gale of fortune blows smoothly, they are confident that the same deity will constantly propel their bark with a favorable breeze.

THE LOT OF MEN MUST BE BORNE.

Human misfortunes must befall mankind. For afflictions rise, many from sea, and many from land, if life be measured through a lengthened course.

So Job (v. 7)—"Yet man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward."

THE DOOMED.

But when a man is rushing on the road to destruction, God also lends a hand.

OPPRESSION.

How unbecoming it is for one that is mortal to entertain proud aspiring thoughts; for presumption, when it has put forth the blade, is wont to produce for fruit an all-mournful harvest of woe.

VOICELESS LAW.

Thou seest voiceless law, which is not seen by thee while thou sleepest, walkest, and sittest, but which accompanies thee now sideways, now behind. For the darkness of night does not conceal thy evil deeds, but whatsoever crime thou hast committed, doubt not some one has seen it.

THE MIGHTY POWER OF GOD.

O Jupiter! father Jupiter! thine is the mighty power of heaven; thou lookest on the villanous and lawless acts of the celestials and of men; it belongs to thee to watch the violence of, and pass sentence on, the deeds of savage beasts.

A PROSPEROUS FOOL.

A senseless fool in prosperity is certainly a heavy burden.

So Proverbs (xxx. 22)—"A fool, when he is filled with meat."

THE RESULT OF INDULGENCE IN WINE.

Bronze is the mirror to reflect the face, wine to reflect the mind.

WORDS.

Words are the cause of senseless wrath.

So Proverbs (xv. 1)—"A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger."

OATHS.

Oaths are not the cause why a man is believed, but the character of the man is the cause why the oath is believed.

THE DISTRESSED.

God loves to assist those in distress.

So Psalms (xlii. 1)—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

THE WICKED IN PROSPERITY.

The wicked in prosperity are not to be borne.

So Psalms (x. 2)—"The wicked in his pride doth persecute the poor: let them be taken in the devices that they have imagined."

THE RACE OF MAN.

For the race of man has thoughts that last merely for a day, and are no more real than the shadows of a smoke.

So Psalms (ciii. 3)—"For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as an hearth."

FORTUNE.

Fortune, thou beginning and end of mortals! it is thou that bestowest the glory of wisdom on human works; and the good more than the bad spring from thee. Beauty and grace shine around thy golden wing; and whatever is weighed by thy scales is most blessed. In the midst of distresses thou pointest the way out of difficulties; thou sheddest a bright light in darkness, thou most excellent of divinities.

MAN DIES ONLY AT HIS FATAL MOMENT.

But neither does any one, however many wounds he may have received, die, unless he has run his allotted term of life; nor does any man, though he sits quietly by the fireside under his own roof, escape the more his fated doom.

So Job (vii. 1)—"Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his days also like the days of an hireling?"

HATE OF DEATH NOT JUST.

Men do not with justice hate death, which is a mighty remedy for many woes.

THE INDUSTRIOUS.

Glory, begotten of labor, is a debt owed by the gods to the man who works laboriously.

So Proverbs (xiii. 11)—"He that gathers by labor shall increase."

POWER AND JUSTICE.

When power and justice unite, what stronger pair is there than this?

DEATH TO BE PREFERRED TO A LIFE OF WICKEDNESS.

Death is more desirable than a wicked life. And not to be born is better than to lead a disgraceful life.

DEATH SPURNS GIFTS.

Death alone of the gods cares not for gifts, nor wilt thou accept sacrifices nor libations. No altar is erected to thee, nor is any hymn sung to thy praise. Persuasion stands aloof from thee alone of the gods.

DEATH THE PHYSICIAN.

O thou savior Death! do not despise me coming to thee, for thou alone art the physician of incurable woes; no sorrow reaches the dead.

JUSTICE WATCHES OVER THE DEAD.

If thou wishest to do good or ill to the dead, thou hast in both ways those who have neither joy nor sorrow; yet recollect that there is an avenging goddess superior to us, and justice feels a jealousy over the character of the dead.

ALCÆUS.

ALCÆUS, of Mitylene, one of the greatest lyric poets of Greece, flourished about the beginning of the 6th century B.C.

BRAVE MEN THE BEST BULWARK OF A CITY.

It is not the stones of a city, well built in, but brave men, that are the bulwark of a city.

ALEXIS.

FLOURISHED B.C. 356.

ALEXIS, a native of Thurii, in Italy, was the uncle of the celebrated Menander, and one of the principal writers of the middle comedy. He flourished B.C. 356, and continued to exhibit till B.C. 306, being upwards of one hundred years old when he died. He wrote 245 plays, of which Athenæus gives the titles of 113.

SEEK AND WE SHALL FIND.

All that thou seekest may be found, if thou shrinkest not nor fliest from labor. For since some have discovered things in heaven, though they are far removed, such as the rising and setting of the stars, the solstices and eclipses of the sun, what common things that are connected with man here below, should be able to escape his search?

THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

This life is like a game played with dice—the same figures do not always turn up: so, too, life has not always the same shape, but is ever changing.

MAN RESEMBLES WINE.

The nature of man is in some respects very much resembling wine. For, like new wine, the youthful mind requires to have its fermentation thrown off, and its roughness skimmed; but when its excessive violence has abated, and the fury, which swam on the top, has disappeared, then it becomes drinkable, and settles down, continuing pleasant to all future time.

TRUST DEEDS, NOT OATHS.

The wise ought not to trust the oaths of men, but always their deeds.

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

For now my life is approaching its evening.

SLEEP.

Neither mortal nor immortal, but having a certain composite nature, so as to live neither the life of man nor of the gods, but to be always springing up anew, and again perishing, invisible to the eye, but known to all.—*B.* Thou always lovest, O woman, to speak in riddles.—*A.* Nay, I speak plainly, and in the utmost simplicity.—*B.* Who, then, can this youngster be with such a nature?—*A.* Sleep, my good girl, the soother of the labor of man.

"RICHES TAKE UNTO THEMSELVES WINGS."

Regard riches as the last of the good things of this life, for they are the least certain of the things we possess: other things remain with those who possess them in a moderate degree.

WOMAN DIFFICULT TO BE GUARDED.

Neither walls nor goods nor anything is more difficult to be guarded than woman.

PLEASURE.

Fly pleasure, which at last brings loss.

THE DREGS OF LIFE ARE LIKE VINEGAR.

Our life has great resemblance to wine; when little of it remains, it becomes vinegar: for all human ills proceed to old age as to a workshop.

AMPHIS.

FOURISHED ABOUT B.C. 332.

AMPHIS, a poet of the middle comedy, flourished about B.C. 332. We have the titles of twenty-six of his plays.

ART.

There is no sweeter consolation in misfortune than the pursuit of art; for the mind employed in acquiring it sails secretly past its mishaps.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY.

Drink, be merry! life is mortal, the time on earth is short; death is immortal when we are once dead.

A MAN IN DISTRESS.

Apollo, how ill to please is man in distress and annoyed by everything.

SILENCE.

There is nothing more powerful than silence.

ANACREON.

FOURISHED B.C. 550-525.

ANACREON, one of the most celebrated of the Greek lyric poets, was a native of Teos, in Asia Minor, respecting whom we have few facts on which we can depend. He was the contemporary of Cyrus, Cambyzes, and Polycrates of Samos, at whose court we find him, B.C. 531, enjoying high favor, and singing the praises of the tyrant. We next hear of him at the court of Hipparchus at Athens, B.C. 525, where he met the poet Simonides. He died at the age of eighty-five, being choked, as the story goes, by a cherry-stone. Except that he was a voluptuary, and spent his time in singing the praises of love, we know little else respecting his private history. There were five books of Anacreon's poems in the time of Suidas, who is supposed to have lived in the eleventh century, but of these only a few extracts have been preserved. We have given a few extracts from his

odes, though it is supposed that they may be of a later date than the time of Anacreon.

THE BEAUTY OF WOMEN.

Nature has given horns to bulls, hoofs to horses, swiftness to hares, the power of swimming to fishes, of flying to birds, understanding to men. She had nothing more for women. What then does she give? Beauty, which can resist shields and spears. She who is beautiful, is stronger than iron and fire.

LIFE PASSES SWIFTLY AWAY.

For like the chariot's wheel life runs fast away. A little dust we lie, when our body has sunk in dissolution.

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

Since I was born a mortal, to pass over the beaten track of life, the road I have often passed, I know; what I have to run over, of that I am unacquainted. Teasing cares, leave me alone! What have I to do with you? Before my last hour shall come, I shall play, I shall laugh, I shall dance with the fair *Lycæus*.

So *Luke* (xii. 19)—"Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry;" and (xv. 23)—"Let us eat and be merry."

ADVANTAGES OF WINE.

When I quaff wine, my cares are lulled to rest. What have I to do with labors, woes, or cares? Die I must, whether I will or no. Why should I wander through life? Let us then quaff the wine of fair *Lycæus*. With it our cares are forgotten.

GOLD.

In consequence of gold there are no brothers, no parents, but wars and murders arise from it. And what is worse, for it we lovers are bought and sold.

OLD AGE.

Now we have gray temples, and a white head; no longer is graceful youth present, but decayed teeth; no longer is there remaining much time of pleasant life. Therefore, often do I drop the tear, dreading *Tartarus*. The gulf of *Hades* is terrific, and the way to it painful, for it is not for man, once down, to reascend.

ANAXANDRIDES.

FOURISHED B.C. 376.

ANAXANDRIDES, a writer of the middle comedy, was a native of the city *Camirus*, in *Rhodes*, or, according to others, of *Colophon*, in *Ionia*. He flourished B.C. 376, and was exhibiting his dramatic pieces till B.C. 347, when he was present at the celebration of the *Olympia* at *Dium* by *Philip*, king of *Macedon*. He is said to have been the first to lay the foundation of a vicious stage by the introduction of love scenes and intrigues. If his play was unsuccessful, he used to consign it as waste paper to the performers, and never deigned to retouch it, as other authors were in the habit

of doing (Athen. ix. 374, a.). His death is said to have been caused by the following circumstance: Euripides had said in one of his tragedies, "Nature has wished it so, who regards not laws." Anaxandrides parodied the verse by substituting "the city" instead of "nature." The Athenians condemned him to die by starvation (Suidas). Athenæus mentions the names of twenty-two of his comedies.

OLD AGE.

Old age is not, father, the heaviest of burdens, as thou thinkest; but whoever bears it unwisely, he is the party who makes it so; if he bears it without grumbling, he sometimes in this way lulls it asleep, dexterously changing its character, taking away pain and substituting pleasure, but making it pain if he is peevish.

A BLABBER.

Whoever receiving a statement in confidence proceeds to repeat it, is a scoundrel, or very leaky. If he does it for personal gain, he is a scoundrel; and if he does so without a personal object, he is leaky: both characters are equally bad.

PLEASURE.

Don't make thyself a slave to pleasure. That is the act of a lewd woman, not of a man.

DEATH.

It is good to die before a man has done anything worthy of death.

ANONYMOUS.

GOOD SPIRITS.

Round thy fiery throne stand labor-loving angels, whose business it is that all things be accomplished for men.

EVIL SPIRITS.

(God) whom the devils fear, and the multitude of gods regard with awe.

"CAST YOUR CARE UPON GOD."

Cast all thy care upon the gods: they often raise men from misfortunes, who are lying on the dark earth: and again, often overthrow those who are enjoying the height of prosperity.

So 1 Peter (v. 7)—"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."

GOD IS ALL-WISE.

God always directs all things and lives in himself, since he is wisdom itself.

GOD IS HOLY.

God differs from the good man this much, that God is virtue pure and uncorrupted, free from all human weakness.

So Revelation (xv. 4)—"For thou only art holy."

GOD IS ALL-WISE.

God always directs all things and lives in himself, since he is wisdom itself.

So Romans (xvi. 27)—"To God, only wise, be glory."

GOD.

God is mind and spirit; and the ruler of the whole mass of the universe. God can neither be seen nor perceived by any sense, but is only comprehended by words and the mind's eye. But his works and what he does are evident, and perceived by all men.

So Corinthians (ii. 14)—"Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God. Neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Dionysius Cato says—"If God be a spirit, as our poets say, he is to be specially worshipped with a pure mind."

St. John (iv. 24)—"God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

We must treat our friend kindly, that he may be still more a friend, but make our enemy our friend.

So Romans (xii. 20)—"Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

ONE GOD.

There is one self-existing being; everything that is generated is produced by him alive, and there is no one that rules except the Almighty king.

So Ephesians (iv. 6)—"One God and father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

"He who enters within the precincts of the temple full of incense ought to be holy: holiness is to have holy thoughts." This is the inscription in the Temple at Epidaurus.

GOD SEEN BY NONE.

No mortal sees God, but he sees all.

So Exodus (xx. 21)—"But Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was."

CONSCIENCE IS A GOD.

Conscience is a God to all men.

Seneca (Ep. 41), says much to the same effect:—"There is a sacred spirit seated within us, the over-observer and guardian of what is good and bad to us; he, according as he is treated by us, so he treats us."

So Romans (ix. 1)—"I lie not; my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost."

ANGER.

Anger often has revealed the concealed thoughts of men much more effectually than madmen.

FORCE WITHOUT PRUDENCE.

Force attended by wisdom is very advantageous, but ruinous apart; it brings calamity.

CHILDREN.

A child is either a cause of fear or grief during the whole of life.

INEXORABLE NECESSITY.

For inexorable necessity has power over man; it has no dread of the immortals, who have houses in Olympus away from sad grief.

OLD AGE.

When thou hast got past the sixtieth sun, O Gryllus, die and become ashes; how dark is the angel of life after that! for now the light of life is dimmed.

NO ONE ALWAYS HAPPY.

It is best for mortals not to be born, nor to see the light of the sun. No one is fortunate all his life.

OLD AGE AND MARRIAGE.

Old age and marriage have a great resemblance to each other, for we are in a hurry to obtain both; and when we have obtained them, then we are grieved.

HEALTH.

Health! thou most august of the blessed good-nesses, with thee may I spend the remainder of my life; mayest thou benignly dwell with me; for if there be any pleasure to be derived from riches, or children, or royal power making men equal to the gods, or longing desire, which we hunt after with the secret nets of Venus, or if there be any other delight bestowed on men by the gods, or respite from pains, with thee, blessed Health, all these flourish and beam effulgent like the spring arising from the graces: without thee, no one is happy.

GOD IS SLOW IN PUNISHING.

Such is the way that God punishes, not on every occasion a mortal man, who is quick in temper. Whoever commits transgression is not altogether forgotten, but in every case is found out at last. He punishes one immediately, another at a later period; if they escape, and approaching fate does not come hastily upon them, it comes in every case at last; either their children or their distant posterity suffer for their deeds, though themselves guiltless.

So Sirach (v. 5)—"Say not, I have sinned, and what harm happened to me? for the Lord is long-suffering, He will in no way let thee go."

ANTIPHANES.

BORN ABOUT B.C. 404—DIED ABOUT B.C. 380.

ANTIPHANES, the most highly esteemed writer of the middle comedy, of whose personal history we know nothing. We still possess the titles of about 130 of his plays; but in all they are said to have been 365, or at least 260, as some of the plays ascribed to him were by other writers.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

We should lament in moderation the loss of our friends, for they are not dead, but have gone before the same road which we must all necessarily pass; then we also will hereafter come to the same place with them, spending eternity in their company.

This idea is often referred to by Seneca—

(Con. Marc., 30).—"Let us think that they are absent, and let us deceive ourselves. . . . We have sent them away, nay, we have sent them before, about to follow them." Again (Epist. 90)—"He has been sent before, whom those think to have perished." Again (Con. Polyb., 38)—"Thou art mistaken, etc. Why do we bemoan what is fated? He has not left us, but gone before." Again (Epist. 68)—"And perhaps, if only the idea of the wise is true, and some place receive us after death, he whom we think to have perished has been sent before us."

So E. Elliot ("The Excursion")—

"The buried are not lost, but gone before."

"THIS NIGHT THY SOUL SHALL BE REQUIRED OF THEE."

No one, master, has ever died who was ready to die; but Charon draws by the legs to his ferry-boat those who are desirous to live, and carries them off in the midst of their banquetings, and with everything around them richly to enjoy. It is hunger that is the medicine for immortality.

OLD AGE.

O old age! how desired thou art by all, how happy thou art thought to be! then, when thou comest, how sad, how full of sorrow; no one speaks well of thee, every one ill of thee, if he speaks with wisdom.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

Riches are a cloak for ills, O mother; poverty is transparent and abject.

THE UPRIGHT.

He who commits no crime requires no law.

UNRIGHTEOUS GAINS.

Unjust gains give short-lived pleasures, but afterwards lengthened griefs.

So Proverbs (xvi. 8)—"Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right."

THE ACQUISITION OF WEALTH DEADENS THE SENSE OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

How unhappy thou art, to whom the base appears preferable to the honorable for the sake of gain; for the acquiring of riches darkens the sense of right and wrong!

MORTALITY OF MAN.

My best of friends, if thou art mortal, think of thy mortality.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

To be conscious to one's self of having committed no unjust act throughout life is the cause of much pleasure.

DILIGENCE.

All things are subservient to diligence.

HABITS OF HONOR.

Habits of justice are a most valuable possession.

A SLAVE.

To a slave deprived of his country, I think a good master is his country.

PLEASURES OF LOVE.

If any one says that those in love have no sense, he is certainly stupid and good for nothing; for if we take away the pleasures of love from life, there is nothing left but to die.

WOMAN TO BE TRUSTED ONLY IN ONE THING.

One thing only do I believe in a woman, that she will not come to life again after she is dead; in everything else I distrust her till she is dead.

MIND AND BODY.

Think not about decking thy body with ornaments, but thy heart with pure thoughts and habits.

HONEST POVERTY AND UNJUST GAIN.

It is better to be poor with honor than to be rich through unjust means; the one brings pity, the other censure.

GRIEF.

Grief seems to be next neighbor to madness.

OLD AGE.

Old age is, as it were, the altar of ills; we may see them all taking refuge in it.

MARCUS ANTONINUS, OR AURELIUS.

BORN A.D. 121—DIED A.D. 180.

MARCUS ANTONINUS, OR MARCUS AURELIUS, the sixteenth Emperor of Rome in succession from Augustus, was descended from a family which pretended to trace its origin to Numa, and to be connected with a king of the Salentini, in the south of Italy, called Malennius, who had founded the city Lupiae, now *Lecce*. His more immediate ancestors, however, had come from the small municipal town Succubo, in Spain, and had by their industry and abilities reached the highest dignities in Rome. His father was Annius Verus, the friend of the Emperor Adrian, and his mother was Domitia Calvilla, daughter of Calvisius Tullus, who had been twice consul. Marcus Antoninus was born at Rome, 20th April A.D. 121, in the fifth year of Adrian's reign. He was placed by his grandfather under the ablest masters which Rome could supply, and he seems to have been of a disposition which led him to take pleasure in every intellectual pursuit. Philosophy, in all her various ramifications, was his delight from his earliest years; and while he was scarcely twelve years old, he was so earnest in its pursuit that he began to practice some of those foolish austerities which the Stoics were in the habit of recommend-

ing. He insisted on being allowed to sleep on the ground; and it required all the authority of his mother to make him forego his boyish freak. He received instruction from Herodes Atticus, Com. Fronto, Sextus of Chæroneia the grandson of Plutarch, Apollonius, the friend of Antoninus Pius; and even after he had ascended the throne he did not consider it beneath his dignity to attend the public lectures of the philosophers. From the connection of his father with Adrian, he attracted at an early period the attention of the emperor. Adrian adopted Antoninus Pius, A.D. 138, only on condition that he should admit into his family his young friend, Annius Verus, and Lucius Verus, the son of that Ælius Verus who had been selected by Adrian to succeed him. He was at this time only eighteen, and seems, by his respectful conduct, soon to have won the heart of his adopted father, who gave him the name of Marcus Aurelius, by which he is generally known in history. As soon as Antoninus succeeded to the throne, he raised Aurelius to the dignity of Cæsar; and though he had been betrothed to the daughter of L. Cejonius Commodus, he prevailed on him to forego his engagement, and marry his youngest daughter, Annia Faustina, who became soon equally profligate as her mother. During the whole of the reign of Antoninus, Aurelius lived in the most complete state of harmony with his father-in-law, and on his deathbed was appointed to succeed him. He ascended the throne, A.D. 161, in the fortieth year of his age. On his accession to the throne his history is merged in that of the Roman Empire, which was then beginning to be attacked on all sides by the neighboring nations. The Parthians, in the East, first attracted his attention; and no sooner were they compelled to submit, than a still more formidable war broke out on the side of Germany. Though his time was much occupied with state affairs, his greatest pleasure was derived from philosophy and literature. Music, poetry, and painting were not forgotten; and the severer sciences of mathematics and law engaged no small part of his attention. With the exception of a few letters which were found in the recently-discovered remains of Fronto, the only work of Marcus which has come down to us is a volume composed in Greek,—a kind of commonplace book, in which he put down from time to time his thoughts and feelings upon moral and religious subjects, together with remarkable maxims which he had culled from writers distinguished for wisdom and virtue. The greatest blot on his memory is the severity with which he treated the Christians; and it is the more difficult to understand the reason of his conduct, as it is altogether at variance with his general principles as laid down in his "Meditations."

MAN FORMED OF BODY, SOUL, AND SPIRIT.

Whatever I am, I am formed of body, breath, and spirit; wherefore, as if thou wast now dying, abstain from fleshly lusts.

So 1 Peter (II. 11).—"Abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul."

THE PRESENT IS THE TIME FOR REFORMATION OF CHARACTER.

Thou must now at last perceive of what universe thou formest a part, and of what ruler of the universe thou art an efflux; and that a term of time is allotted to thee, which if thou dost not use for clearing away the clouds from thy mind, it will go and thou wilt go, and it will not again return.

So 2 Corinthians (vi. 2).—"Behold now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

DO EVERYTHING AS IF IT WERE THE LAST ACT OF THY LIFE.

See that thou devote thyself zealously, as a Roman and a man of energy, to every work that thou mayest have on hand, with scrupulous and unfeigned dignity of character, with love of the human race, independence, and a strict adherence to justice, and withdraw thyself from all other thoughts. Thou wilt give thyself relief if thou doest every act of this life as if it were the last.

LIVE THE SAME TO ALL.

Though thou wert about to live three thousand years, and as many myriads, yet thou oughtest never to forget that no man loses any other portion of life than that which he is living at the moment, nor does he live any other than that which he now loses. Therefore the longest life comes to the same point with the shortest, since the present time is equal to all, and therefore what is lost is equal to all. For a man cannot lose either the past or the future.

EVERYTHING IS MERE OPINION.

Everything is mere opinion.

LIFE A WARFARE.

And to say everything in the shortest compass, everything which belongs to the body is a stream, and what belongs to the soul is a dream and vapor; life is a warfare, and a stranger's sojourn, and after-fame is oblivion. What is that, then, which is able to conduct a man? One thing, and only one, philosophy.

So James (iv. 14).—"For what is your life? It is even a vapor."

MAN SHOULD STAND ERECT.

Be cheerful also, and seek not external help, nor the tranquillity which others give. A man then must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.

AN UPRIGHT MAN NEVER UNPREPARED TO LEAVE LIFE.

In the mind of a man that is chastened and purified thou wilt find nothing foul, impure, or any sore skinned over; nor will fate ever overtake him in a state of being that is imperfect, just as one may say of a tragic actor who leaves the stage before he has finished his part.

THE LONGEST POSTHUMOUS FAME IS SHORT.

Short, too, the longest posthumous fame, and even this only continued by a succession of poor

human beings, who will very soon die, and who know not even themselves, much less him who died long ago.

THE VANITY OF ALL THINGS.

But perhaps the love of fame may torment thee. Consider how soon all things will be buried in forgetfulness, and what a bottomless chaos exists on both sides of thee; how vain is the applause of the world, how changeable the opinions of the mob of mankind, and how utterly devoid of judgment they are; in short, within how narrow a space this fame, of which thou art so greedy, is circumscribed. For the whole earth is a point, and how small a nook in it is thy dwelling, and how few are there in it, and what kind of people are they who will praise thee?

DEATH AND BIRTH EQUALLY A MYSTERY.

Death is something like the birth of man, equally a mystery of nature, a composition out of the same elements, and a decomposition into the same; and nothing at all of which any one need be ashamed, for it is not contrary to the nature of a reasonable animal, and not contrary to the reason of our constitution.

DEATH IS ALWAYS IMPENDING.

Do not act as if thou wert about to live ten thousand years. Death is impending. While thou enjoyest life, and while thou mayest, be good and upright.

PREDESTINATION.

Has any good fortune befallen thee? It has been predestinated to thee from the beginning of the world, and whatever happens has been so fated.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

Consider, for example, and thou wilt find that almost all the transactions in the time of Vespasian differed little from those of the present day. Thou there findest marrying and giving in marriage, educating children, sickness, death, war, joyous holidays, traffic, agriculture, flatterers, insolent pride, suspicions, laying of plots, longing for the death of others, newsmongers, lovers, misers, men canvassing for the consulship and for the kingdom;—yet all these passed away, and are nowhere.

So Ecclesiastes (i. 9).—"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

WHAT IS AN ETERNAL REMEMBRANCE?

And what is even an eternal remembrance? A mere empty nothing. What is it, then, about which we ought to employ our serious thoughts? This one thing, thoughts just and acts social, words that never are false, a disposition that gladly submits to whatever happens, as necessary, as usual, as flowing from a principle and source of the same kind.

DESCRIPTION OF TIME.

Time is like a river, made up of the things which happen, and a torrent; for as soon as a

thing has been seen, then it is carried off and another comes in its place, and this will be carried away also.

RISE CONTENTED FROM THE FEAST OF LIFE.

To conclude, see how ephemeral and worthless human things are, and what was yesterday a little mucus, to-morrow will be a mummy or ashes. Pass, then, through this little space of time suitably to nature, and end thy journey in content, just as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing nature who produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew.

So Philippians (iv. 11)—"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

NOTHING PERISHES UTTERLY.

I consist of figure and matter: neither of these will be annihilated, as neither of them were created from nothing. Therefore, every part of me, when a change shall take place, will go into something else in the world, and this again will be changed into some other thing, and so on *ad infinitum*.

MAN IS AS HIS MIND.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts.

THE REAL WORTH OF MAN.

Be aware, therefore, that every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.

OBLIVION OF ALL THINGS.

The time is at hand when thou wilt forget and be forgotten by all.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

It is the duty of men to love even those who injure them.

EVERYTHING IN CHANGE.

Nature, which rules the universe, will soon change all things which thou seest, and out of their substance will make other things, and again other things from the substance of them, that the world may ever be fresh.

OBEY GOD AND LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.

Be simple and modest in deportment, and treat with indifference whatever lies between virtue and vice. Love the human race; obey God.

WHAT HAS BEEN WILL BE.

Look at the past—at the innumerable changes of governments. Thou mayest thus conjecture with safety as to the future, for they will be altogether alike, and it will not be possible for them to deviate from the order of the things which are at present. Wherefore, to contemplate human life for forty years is the same as to have contemplated it for ten thousand years. For what more wilt thou see?

GOD IS MERCIFUL.

The gods, being immortal, are not annoyed, because during so long a time they are obliged to endure men such as they are, and so many of them bad; and, besides this, they also take care of them in all ways.

So Psalm (ciii. 8)—"The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."

THE LIAR.

He, too, who transgresses her will (i.e., who lies) is clearly guilty of impiety to the eldest of goddesses, for the universal nature is the nature of things that are, and things that are have an intimate relation to all things that come into existence. Moreover, that universal nature is called truth, and is the first cause of all things that are true. He, therefore, who lies intentionally, acts with impiety, inasmuch as he acts unjustly by deceiving, and he also who lies unintentionally, inasmuch as he is at variance with universal nature, fighting against the nature of the universe; for he fights against it who is borne of himself to that which is contrary to truth, for he had received powers from nature, through the neglect of which he is not able to distinguish falsehood from truth.

DEATH.

Do not despise death, but receive it with gladness, as one of those things which nature wills. For as it is to be young and to grow old, to increase in size and reach maturity, to have teeth, a beard, and gray hairs, and to beget and to be pregnant, and to bring forth, and all other operations which the seasons of thy life bring, such also is thy dissolution.

DEATH.

O death! mayest thou approach quickly, lest perchance I too should forget myself.

THE WRONG-DOER.

He who does wrong, does wrong against himself; he who acts unjustly, acts unjustly to himself by making himself bad.

So John (viii. 34)—"Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin."

FORGIVENESS.

If thou art able, correct by teaching those who sin; but if thou art unable, remember that indulgence is given to thee for this purpose; the gods, too, are indulgent to such.

So Matthew (vi. 14)—"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you."

ALL THINGS ARE THE SAME.

All things are the same, familiar in experience, ephemeral in time, and worthless in matter. Everything now is just as it was in the time of those whom we have buried.

ALL THINGS ARE CHANGING.

All things are changing; and thou thyself art in continuous mutation, and in a manner in constant wasting away; so also is the whole universe.

CHANGES COME LIKE WAVE UPON WAVE.

Soon will the earth cover us all; then, too, the earth will change; and so on things will change forever and ever; for when a man reflects on the changes and transformations which follow one another, like wave upon wave, and their rapidity, he will despise everything that is mortal.

THE VALUE OF A POSTHUMOUS NAME AND REPUTATION.

Look down from above on the countless herds of men and their countless solemnities, their various voyagings in storms and calms, and the contests among those who are born, who live together and die. And consider also the life lived by others in the olden times, and the life of those who will live after thee, and the life now lived among barbarous nations, and how many know not even thy name, and how many will soon forget it, and how they who are now praising thee will very soon blame thee, and that neither a posthumous name is of any value, nor reputation, nor anything else.

MEN CONSTANTLY PASSING AWAY.

All things which thou seest will soon perish, and those who have looked on them, as they pass away, will themselves soon perish; and he who dies at the extreme old age will be brought into the same condition with him who died prematurely.

WHAT HAPPENS IS PREPARED FROM ALL ETERNITY.

Whatever may happen to thee has been prepared to thee from all eternity; and the concatenation of causes was from eternity spinning the thread of thy being and of that which is incident to it.

WHAT TIME IS.

Let the idea of the whole of time and of the whole of substance be constantly before thy thoughts, and thou wilt find that all individual things as to substance are a grain of fig, and as to time, the turning of a gimlet.

WHAT MEN ARE IN REALITY.

Consider what men are when they are eating, sleeping, generating, easing themselves, and so forth; then what kind of men they are when they bear themselves haughtily, or are angry and scold from their lofty place. And then consider to whom they were slaves a short time ago, and for what things; and then think in what condition they will be after a little time.

THE DRAMAS OF LIFE.

Consider, in a word, how all things, such as they are now, were so formerly, and consider that they will be so again; and place before thy eyes whole dramas and stages of the same kind, whatever thou hast become acquainted with from thy own experience or from the history of olden times—such as the whole court of Hadrian, and the whole court of Antoninus, and the whole court of Philip, Alexander, and Croesus, for all these were such dramas as we see at present, only with different actors.

The following passages, which speak of the drama of life, may serve as parallels to the sentiments of Antoninus (Demophilus, *Similitudines*, *Moralia*, l. 10, Orelli opera):—

"Youth is the first part of life, like that of a drama; wherefore all attach themselves to it."

And again Aristonynus, in Stobæus, cap. cvl. 14 (ed. Meineke, 1855)—

"Life is like a theatre, for the worst often occupy the best place in it."

And again one of the epigrams of Palladas (Anthol. Græc. x. 73)—

Life is a scene, and we are players; either learn to play, forgetting the labors, or suffer the pain of losing."

Augustus, on his deathbed (Sueton. Aug. c. 99), said—"Whether did they think that he had acted the drama of life in a becoming manner."

MEN ARE LIKE LEAVES.

Thy children are like leaves. Leaves, too, are they who bawl out as if they were worthy of credit, and give praise, or, in the opposite way, curse, or secretly find fault and sneer; and leaves, likewise, are those who shall receive and transmit a man's fame to aftertimes. For all such things as these "are produced in the season of spring;" then the wind throws them down; then the forest produces others in their stead. But a brief existence is common to all things, yet thou avoidest and formest all things as if they would be eternal. But a little while and thou shalt close thy eyes, and him who has attended thee to thy grave another soon will lament.

SOME ARE ALWAYS GLAD AT THE DEATH OF ANOTHER.

There is no one so fortunate to whom at his death there are not some who are pleased at the calamity that has happened.

BE PREPARED TO DIE AT ANY MOMENT.

What a soul that is which is ready, if at any moment it must be separated from the body, and ready either to be extinguished or dispersed or continue to exist! but so that this readiness comes from a man's own judgment, not from mere obstinacy, as with the Christians, but considerately and with dignity, and in a way to persuade another, without tragic show.

THE VOICE TO BE WRITTEN ON THE FOREHEAD.

The voice ought to be clearly written on the forehead; according as a man's character is, he shows it forthwith in his eyes, just as he who is beloved reads everything in the eyes of the lover. So, also, ought the upright and good man to be like the strong-smelling goat, so that the bystander, as soon as he comes near, should perceive him, whether he wills it or not. But the affectation of honesty is like a crooked stick. Nothing is more disgraceful than a wolfish friendship. Avoid this most of all. The good, simple, and benevolent, show these feelings in the eyes, and there is no concealment of them.

EVERYTHING LIES NAKED BEFORE GOD.

God sees the minds of all stripped bare of their bodily coverings and pollutions.

MAN'S SELF-LOVE.

I have often wondered how every man loves himself more than all the rest of men, yet sets less value on his own opinion of himself than on the opinion of others.

WHERE ARE NOW MEN OF THE GREATEST FAME?

Bring always to thy remembrance that those who have made great complaints about anything, those who have been most remarkable by the greatest fame, or misfortunes, or enmities, or fortunes of any kind; then consider, where are they all now? Smoke and ash and a tale, or not even a tale.

APOLLODORUS.

FLOURISHED B.C. 290.

APOLLODORUS, a native of Gela, in Sicily, flourished between B.C. 300-290. He was a celebrated comic poet, of whose poetry some fragments have been preserved.

A PLEASANT LIFE.

It is pleasant to lead an idle life; it is a happy and delightful life if it be with other idle people: with beasts and apes one ought to be an ape. O *the misery of life!

WHEN NIGHT APPEARS TO BE LONG.

For to those overwhelmed in sorrow and grief every night is sure to appear long.

HOW DEATH APPEARS IN DIFFERENT STAGES OF LIFE.

When I was a young man, I pitied those who were carried off prematurely; but now when I see the funeral of the old, I weep, for this is my concern, the other was not.

THE HABITS OF THE OLD.

Do not despise, Philinus, the habits of the old, to which, if thou reachest old age, thou wilt be subject. But we, fathers, are greatly inferior in this. If a father does not act kindly, you reproach him in some such language as this—"Hast thou never been young?" And it is not possible for the old to say to his son, if he acts imprudently, "Hast thou never been old?"

FELLOW-SUFFERERS.

This is according to nature; every one in misfortune grieves most pleasantly in company with those who are suffering in the same way.

NEVER DESPAIR.

Men, it is not right for him who is in misfortune to despair, but always to expect better fortune.

WHO IS HAPPY?

For it is not right to call the man who possesses much riches happy, but the man who is not in grief.

FORTUNE.

Fortune is a sore, sore thing; but we must bear it in a certain way, as a burden.

TIME.

For if thou takest time into thy affairs, it will ally and arrange all things.

ARATUS.

FLOURISHED B.C. 270.

ARATUS, a Greek poet, of Soli, in Cilicia, flourished B.C. 270, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and was the contemporary of Theocritus, by whom he is spoken of in honorable terms (vi. 1-45). Aratus spent much of his time at the court of Antigonus Gonatas, B.C. 282-239. He was the author of a work entitled "Phænomena," which has been preserved, and which is a description of the heavens in hexameter verse. It is a poem of 782 lines, and contains rather a poetical than scientific account of the appearances in the heavens. It seems to have been a great favorite with the Romans, as it was frequently translated into Latin verse. Cicero, in his youth, employed himself in translating it, but it adds little to the reputation of the orator. Another work of Aratus which we possess is entitled "Diosemeia," prognostics of the weather, which was also translated by Cicero.

WE ARE THE OFFSPRING OF GOD.

Let us begin our song from Jupiter; let us never leave his name unuttered; all paths, all haunts of men are full of Jove, the sea and heavens; we all everywhere require the aid of Jove, for we are his offspring. Benevolent, he warns mankind to good; urges them to toil with hope of food.

GOD PLACED SIGNS IN THE HEAVENS.

For God himself placed these signs in the heaven, having set apart the stars.

So Genesis (i. 14)—"And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven, to divide the day from the night, and let them be for signs."

THE GOLDEN AGE.

They were not then acquainted with miserable strife, nor dissensions, with complaints without end, nor tumults; thus they lived in simplicity. The boisterous sea lay aside, no ships brought food from afar, but oxen and ploughs supplied it; and Justice herself, the bountiful giver of good, furnished boundless gifts to nations; so it was so long as the earth fed a golden race.

ARCHILOCHUS.

ARCHILOCHUS of Paros, in Lydia, flourished about 714-676 B.C. and is regarded as the first of the lyric poets.

SPEAK NOT ILL OF THE DEAD.

For it is not good to jeer at the dead.

ARCHIPPUS.

FLOURISHED B.C. 415.

ARCHIPPUS, an Athenian comic poet of the old comedy, gained a single prize, B.C. 415.

THE SEA.

How sweet it is, mother, to see the sea from the land, when we are not sailing!

ARISTOPHANES.

BORN B.C. 444—DIED ABOUT B.C. 380.

ARISTOPHANES, the only writer of the old comedy of whom any entire works are left, was son of Euphion, an Athenian. Of his private history we know nothing, except that he was fond of pleasure, and spent much of his time in drinking and the society of the witty. There are eleven of his plays still remaining. The period during which he exhibited his plays was one of the most brilliant, and at the same time the most unfortunate, that Athens ever witnessed. It was in the fourth year of the Peloponnesian War, B.C. 427, that he brought on the stage his first play, and for the long period of thirty years he continued to produce a series of caricatures on the leading men of the day, which give us more insight into the private history of the times than we could have got from any other source. The evils of war, the folly of his countrymen in being led by loud-mouthed demagogues, the danger of an education in which scepticism took the place of religion, and the excessive love for litigation, to which the Athenians were addicted, are the subjects against which he inveighs, with a power and a boldness which show him to have been an honest, though not always a wise, patriot. Plato called the soul of Aristophanes a temple for the Graces, and has introduced him into his "Symposium." His lyrical powers were of a high order, as may be seen in many of his choruses, where his fancy takes the widest range: frogs chant choruses, and the grunt of a pig is formed into an iambic verse. The coarseness and indecency which are mixed up with some of his finest passages must be referred more to the age in which he lived than to his own mind.

A ROGUE.

If I get clear of my debts, I care not though men call me bold, glib of tongue, audacious, impudent, shameless, a fabricator of falsehoods, inventor of words, practised in lawsuits, a law tablet, a rattle, a fox, a sharper, a slippery knave, a dissembler, a slippery fellow, an impostor, a rogue that deserves the cat-o'-nine-tails, a black-guard, a twister, a troublesome fellow, a licker-up of hashes. If they call me all this, when they meet me, they may do so if they please.

So that I may but fob my creditors,
Let the world talk; I care not though it call me
A bold-faced, loud-tongued, overbearing bully;
A shameless, vile, prevaricating cheat;

A tricking, quibbling, double-dealing knave;
A prating, pettifogging limb-o'-th'-law;
A sly old fox, a perjurer, a hang-dog,
A ragamuffin made of shreds and patches,
The leavings of a dunghill. Let 'em rail,
Yea, marry, let 'em turn my guts to fiddle-strings,
May my bread be my poison, if I care!

MEMORY OF TWO SORTS.

Oh! as for that,
My memory is of two sorts, long and short:
With them who owe me ought it never fails;
My creditors, indeed, complain of it
As mainly apt to leak and lose its reckoning.

OLD AGE A SECOND CHILDHOOD.

But I would say, in reply, that old men are boys twice over.
And grant they were, the proverb's in your teeth,
Which says old age is but a second childhood.

WE ARE THE CAUSE OF MISFORTUNES TO OURSELVES.

Nay, rather, thou art thyself the cause of these things to thyself, having had recourse to wicked courses.

Evil events from evil causes spring,
And what you suffer flows from what you've done.

EVERYTHING SUBSERVIENT TO RICHES.

And by Jove, if there be anything grand, beautiful, or pleasing to men, it is through thee (riches); for all things are subservient to riches.

SELFISHNESS OF MANKIND.

But to me it is a prodigy, that a man, who hath any good luck, should send for his friends to share it. Surely he hath done a very unfashionable thing.

NO MAN RIGHTEOUS.

I know . . . that there is no man truly honest; we are none of us above the influence of gain.

ADVANTAGE OF POVERTY TO THE HUMAN RACE.

Should this which you long for be accomplished, I say it would not be conducive to your happiness; for should Plutus recover his sight, and distribute his favors equally, no man would trouble himself with the theory of any art, nor with the exercise of any craft; and if these two should once disappear, who afterwards will become a brasier, a shipwright, a tailor, a wheelwright, a shoemaker, a brickmaker, a dyer, or a skinner? Or who will plough up the bowels of the earth, in order to reap the fruits of Ceres, if it was once possible for you to live with the neglect of all these things?

POVERTY IS SISTER OF BEGGARY.

Therefore we say, certainly, that poverty is sister of beggary.

THE EFFECT OF POVERTY AND RICHES ON MAN.

And knowing that I (Poverty) furnish men better than Plutus (Riches) both in mind and body;

for with him they are gouty in feet, pot-bellied, thick-legged, and extravagantly fat; but with me they are thin and wasp-like, and annoying to their enemies.

TO CONVINCE AGAINST OUR WILL.

For thou shalt not convince me, even if thou shouldst convince me.

Gay says—

"Convince a man against his will,
He's of the same opinion still."

A MAN'S COUNTRY WHERE HE LIVES BEST.

That is every man's country, where he lives best.

ELYSIUM.

After that the breath of flutes shall encompass thee, and thou shalt see a most beautiful light, as here, and myrtle groves, and happy bands of men and women, and much clapping of hands.

Onward the dulcet harmony of flutes
Shall breathe around thee, while thou shalt behold
Light's gayest beams, such as we here enjoy,
And myrtle groves, and troops of either sex
Moving in mystic choruses, and marking
With plausive hands their holy ecstasy.

DEBARRING THE PROFANE FROM THE SACRED MYSTERIES.

It is right that he should abstain from ill-omened words, and retire from our choirs, whoever is unskilled in such words, or is not pure in mind, and has neither seen nor cultivated with dances the orgies of the noble Muses, and has not been initiated in the Bacchanalian orgies of the tongue of Cratinus, the bull-eater, or takes pleasure in buffoonish verses, exciting buffoonery at an improper time, or does not repress hateful sedition, and is not kind to the citizens, but, desirous of his private advantage, excites and blows it up; or, when the commonwealth is tempest-tossed, being a magistrate, yields to bribes, or betrays a garrison, or ships or imports from Ægina forbidden goods, being another Thorycion, a vile collector of tolls, sending across to Epidaurus oar-paddings, sail-cloth and pitch, or who persuades any one to supply money for the ships of the enemy.

Hushed be each lawless tongue, and, ye profane,
Ye uninitiated, from our mysteries
Far off retire! Whoe'er a bosom boasts not
Pure and unsullied, nor has ever learned
To worship at the Muses' hallowed shrine,
Or lead in sportive dance their votaries,
Nor in Cratinus' lofty sounding style
Has formed his tongue to Bacchus' praise;—who-

e'er
Delights in flattery's unseemly language;—
Who strives not to allay the rising storm
That threatens the public weal, nor cultivates
The sweets of private friendship, but fomenta
Intestine discord, blows the rancorous flame
Of enmity 'twixt man and man, to serve
Some sordid purpose of his narrow soul;—
Whoe'er intrusted with the government

Of a divided city, by corruption
Is led away from th' even path of justice;—
Whoe'er betrays the fortress he commands,
Gives up his ship, or from Ægina sends
Forbidden stores, as late that vile collector,
Shameless Thorycio, did to Epidaurus;
Whoe'er persuades another to supply
The enemy with money for their fleet.

TORTURE.

In every way, by tying him to a ladder, by hanging, by scourging with a whip, by faying, by racking, and besides by pouring vinegar into his nostrils, by heaping bricks upon him, and in every other way; only don't beat him with leek or young onion.

By every method—

Tie him upon the ladder,—hang him up,—
Give him the bristly strap,—flog, torture him,—
Pour vinegar up his nostrils,—t' his feet
Apply the tiles; question him as thou wilt,
So 'tis not with a rod of leeks and onions.

GOOD FOLKS ARE SCARCE.

Good folks are scarce; and so it is with us.

THE AIM OF POETS.

For it becomes poets to practise this. For see how useful noble poets have been from of old. For Orpheus made known to us noble mysteries and to abstain from bloodshed; Musæus, complete cures of diseases and oracular responses; Hesiod, agriculture, seed-time, and harvest; and by what did the divine Homer gain honor and glory except in this way, that he taught what was useful, military skill, and all the various use of arms?

POETS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

Yet it is right for a poet to throw a veil over evil deeds, not to bring them unto the light of day, or produce them on the stage; for he who directs little children is their teacher, while poets are to those who are grown up. In truth it is our province, above everything, to instruct men in virtue and truth.

But horrible facts
Should be buried in silence, not bruited abroad,
Nor brought forth on the stage, nor emblazoned
in poetry.

Children and boys have a teacher assigned them—
The bard is a master for manhood and youth,
Bound to instruct them in virtue and truth.

FREE.

NOBLE THOUGHTS PRODUCE NOBLE DICTION.

But you, wretch, it is necessary also to produce words that may correspond with great thoughts and noble sentiments; and besides, it is natural that demigods should employ language grander than ours, for they use a more magnificent attire.

Elevated thoughts and noble sentiments,
Of course, produce a corresponding diction;
Heroes, besides, with much propriety,
May use a language raised above the vulgar,

Just as they wear a more superb attire;—
Which, when I showed thee, thou hast done most
foully.

DEATH SCORNS GIFTS.

The only power that scorns our gifts is death.

LIFE IS DEATH.

Who knows but life is death, to breathe a feast,
To sleep naught else but a warm coverlet?

THE NIGHTINGALE.

O King Jove! the voice of the bird! how has it
filled with melody the whole grove!

O Jupiter! the dear, delicious bird!

With what a lovely tone she swells and falls,
Sweetening the wilderness with delicate air.

FRERE.

WE LEARN FROM OUR ENEMIES.

You're mistaken; men of sense often learn from
their enemies. Prudence is the best safeguard.
This principle cannot be learned from a friend, but
an enemy extorts it immediately. It is from their
foes, not their friends, that cities learn the lesson
of building high walls and ships of war. And this
lesson saves their children, their homes, and their
properties.

"WHAT EYE HATH NOT SEEN NOR EAR HEARD."

He speaks of a mighty bliss, which cannot be
expressed in words nor believed to be possible;
for he will convince you by arguments that all
these things are yours, both what is here and there
and everywhere.

So St. Paul (1 Cor. II. 9)—

"But as it is written, Eye hath not seen nor ear heard,
neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which
God hath prepared for them that love Him."

SLY AS A FOX.

He's as sly as a fox; he's contrivance, adroit-
ness, subtilty itself; he's so cunning that he'd
slip through your fingers like wild-fire.

MORTALS AND IMMORTALS CONTRASTED.

Mortals, that are condemned to live in darkness
—mortals, that fade like the leaves, emblems of
imbecility, images of clay, a race lightsome and
without substance, creatures of a day without
wings—miserable mortals, men that flit away as
dreams! give ear to us who know no decay, to us
who live forever, to us who dwell on high, who
flourish in immortal youth, who harbor thoughts
which perish not; that having received all accurate
information from us on the subject of sublimity,
having learnt correctly the nature of birds, the
birth of the gods, of rivers, of Erebus, and of
Chaos, ye may tell Prodicus, with his philosophy,
to go hang.

PEACE BE UPON THIS PLACE.

Peace be upon this place.

So Luke (x. 5)—"Peace be to this house."

THE ADVANTAGES OF WINE.

Dost thou dare to find fault with wine as merely
giving birth to ideas? Why, canst thou point out
anything more fully engaged in the practical
affairs of life? Consider for a moment: when
men drink, then they are rich, they traffic, are suc-
cessful in lawsuits, are happy, give aid to their
friends. Come, bring out quickly a stoup of
wine, that I may moisten my brain, and say some-
thing clever.

REQUISITE QUALITIES FOR A DEMAGOGUE.

The other qualities requisite for a demagogue
are thine—foul-mouthed, base-born, a low mean
fellow. Thou possessest every quality necessary
to make thy way with the mob.

A PALTRY ORATOR.

"To speak," indeed! No doubt thou wouldst
cleverly take up some case that had fallen to thee,
and handle it properly, tearing it in pieces like a
piece of raw flesh. But knowest thou in what
way thou seemest to me to be placed? Thou art
like the rest of them. If thou hast anywhere
pleaded some paltry suit well against a resident-
alien, babbling the livelong night, and talking to
thyself in the streets, and drinking water, and
showing thyself off, and boring thy friends, thou
thoughtst thyself a dab at oratory—thou silly
coxcomb!

You're like the rest of 'em—the swarm of paltry,
weak pretenders.

You've made your pretty speech, perhaps, and
gained a little lawsuit

Against a merchant-foreigner, by dint of water-
drinking,

And lying long awake o' nights, composing and re-
peating,

And studying as you walked the streets, and wear-
ing out the patience

Of all your friends and intimates with practising
beforehand:

And now you wonder at yourself, elated and de-
lighted

At your own talent for debate—you silly, saucy
coxcomb.—FRERE.

"TO BUILD THE LOFTY RHYME."

Builders of ingenious songs.

Milton, in "Lycidas" (v. 10), says—

"Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme."

AN AGED BARD.

But now, when you see him in his dotage, you
do not pity him, since the pegs fall out and the
tone is no longer there, and the harmony is dissonant.

Scott in his "Minstrel," says—

"His withered cheek and tresses gray
Seemed to have known a better day."

A DEMAGOGUE FISHING IN TROUBLED WATERS.

For thou art like those who fish for eels. When
the loch is tranquil, they catch nothing; but if

they stir the mud up and down, they take. Thou, too, catchest, if thou disturb the city.

HEAR BOTH SIDES OF A QUESTION.

Of a truth he was a wise man who said, "Thou shouldst not decide till thou hast heard what both have to say."

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE BY.

O we! who once in days of old were active in dances, brave in battle, and, on this very account alone, most warlike men. This was of old; but now all that is gone, and these hairs now blossom whiter than the swan.

O we! who once were ardent in the dance, And brave in fight, of all men most courageous; But this is of old date—'tis past—and now These hairs of ours are whiter than the swan.

WHEELWRIGHT.

See Percy's "Reliques," vol. II. p. 162—

"His reverend locks
In comely curls did wave;
And on his aged temples grew
The blossoms of the grave."

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE BY.

Truly then I was terrible so as to fear nothing; and I subdued my foes, sailing thither with the triremes; for we thought not how we should speak rightly nor how we should slander any one, but how we should be the best steersman.

Oh the days that are gone by, oh the days that are no more,

When my eye was bold and fearless, and my hand was on the oar!

Merrily then, oh merrily, I beat the brine to lath, And the sea once crossed, sacked cities were the foot-tracks of my path.

Oh the days that are gone by!
Then with none was care to find
Dainty words and speech refined;
Reasoning much on taste and tact,—
Quick of tongue, but slow to act.—MITCHELL.

THE RESULTS OF DRINKING.

Drinking is bad; for it is from wine that spring the breaking of doors, and the dealing of blows, and the throwing of stones; and then the paying of money after your drunken bout.

So Shakespeare ("Othello," act II. sc. 3)—

"Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil."

WOMAN'S TIME FOR MARRIAGE IS SHORT.

For man, though he be gray-headed when he comes back, soon gets a young wife. But a woman's time is short within which she can expect to obtain a husband. If she allows it to slip away, no one cares to marry her. She sits at home speculating on the probabilities of her marriage.

THE DECEIT OF WOMEN.

A woman is most ingenious in providing money; and when she is at the head of a house, can never

be deceived, for they themselves are accustomed to deceive.

Then, for the ways and means, say who're more skilled

Than women? They, too, are such arch-deceivers, That, when in power, they ne'er will be deceived.—SMITH.

AGRICULTURE.

A. The faithful nurse, housewife, helper, guardian, daughter, sister of beloved, peace to all men, all these epithets are applicable to me.—B. But what is your name, pray?—A. What, Agriculture.—B. O day desired by the just and husbandmen! having seen thee with pleasure, I wish to address the vines.

DEATH.

To fear death is very great folly, for it is fated to all men to die.

ARISTOPHON.

ARISTOPHON, a comic poet, who is supposed to have belonged to the middle comedy, but nothing is known of his life or age. We know the titles of nine of his plays.

POVERTY.

The storm is evident; poverty, like a lamp, shows everything bad and annoying.

ARISTOTLE.

BORN B.C. 384—DIED B.C. 322.

ARISTOTLE, the celebrated philosopher, was a native of Stageira, a seaport town of the district of Chalcidice, which became subject to Philip of Macedon. He was son of Nicomachus, physician to Amyntas II., King of Macedon. He lost his father at an early age, and was intrusted to the guardianship of Proxenus of Atarneus in Mysia, who seems to have performed his duties in a way to entitle him to the grateful acknowledgments of his pupil. Aristotle was attracted by his love of learning to Athens, where Plato was in the zenith of his fame, and that master soon discovered the abilities of his ardent disciple. On account of his industry and unwearied efforts in search of the truth, Plato used to call him the "intellect of his school," and say "that he needed a curb, while Xenocrates needed the spur." For twenty years he continued to be on intimate terms with Plato, though he had himself assembled around him a circle of admiring followers; but at the death of Plato, B.C. 347, he left Athens, and joined his former pupil, Hermias, who had become ruler of Atarneus and Assos. When Hermias was destroyed by the Persians. Aristotle fled to Mitylene, and two years after, B.C. 342, we find him invited by Philip, King of Macedon, to undertake the instruction and education of his son, Alexander, then thirteen years of age. The young prince became so strongly attached to him that he valued

his instructor above his own father. Aristotle spent seven years in Macedon. In the year B.C. 355, soon after Alexander succeeded to the throne, Aristotle returned to Athens, where he collected a large number of pupils from the cities of Europe and Asia. There he continued for thirteen years to teach his doctrines to those who afterwards became distinguished as philosophers, historians, statesmen, and orators. On the death of Alexander, he was accused of impiety, which was the usual prelude to an unjust condemnation. To deprive the Athenians, as he said, of sinning a second time against philosophy, he left Athens, and spent the remainder of his life at Chalcis, in Eubœa, where the Macedonian influence afforded him protection and security. Out of four hundred treatises which he is said to have composed, only forty-eight have been transmitted to the present age:

HAPPINESS.

But concerning happiness, men cannot agree as to its true nature, and the vulgar by no means hold the same opinion respecting it with the educated; for some are inclined to apply it only to what is distinct and marked in its essence, such as pleasure, wealth, or honor; each man thinking differently of it from his neighbors, and often the same person entertains different opinions respecting it at different times. For, when he is ill, he thinks it to be health; when poor to be riches; but, being conscious of their own ignorance, men are apt to be struck with admiration at those who say that it is something great and above them.

ONE SWALLOW DOES NOT MAKE SPRING.

For one swallow does not make spring, nor yet one fine day; so, also, neither does one day, nor a short time, make a man blessed and happy.

THE PRINCIPLE HALF OF THE WHOLE QUESTION.

For the principle seems to be more than the half of the whole question.

THE THREE QUALITIES INCLUDED IN HAPPINESS.

Happiness is the best, most honorable, and most pleasant of all things; nor are these qualities to be disjoined, as in the inscription at Delos, where it maintains "that the most just is the most honorable, that health is what is most to be desired, and the most pleasant thing is to obtain what we love:" for all these qualities exist in the best energies, and we say that these, or the best one if them, is happiness.

HAPPINESS A DIVINE GIFT.

If, then, there is anything that is a gift of the gods to men, it is surely reasonable to suppose that happiness is a divine gift, and more than anything else of human things, as it is the best.

IMPORTANCE OF EARLY EDUCATION.

Therefore it is necessary to be in a certain degree trained from our very childhood, as Plato says, to feel pleasure and pain at what we ought; for this is education in its true sense.

WHAT CONSTITUTES AN ACTION VIRTUOUS.

Then, again, it is not the same in regard to the arts and the virtues, for works of art have their excellence in themselves; it is sufficient, therefore, that they should themselves possess such a character. Whereas virtuous deeds are just and temperate, not if the deeds themselves have this character, but if the agent, who does them, has in himself this character; first, if he does them knowingly; then, if with deliberate choice, and deliberate choice on their own account; thirdly, if he does them on a fixed and unchangeable principle. Now, with regard to all other arts these ideas are not taken into account, with the exception of knowledge; whereas, with regard to virtues, mere knowledge has little or no weight, while the other qualifications are not of small but of infinite importance, since they spring from the habit of just and temperate actions.

TO HIT THE MEAN IS DIFFICULT.

Virtue, then, is a kind of mean state, being at least apt to strike the mean. Again, it is possible to go wrong in many ways (for evil, as the Pythagoreans imagined, is of the nature of the infinite, but good of the finite), whereas we can go right only in one way; therefore the former is easy, the latter is difficult; it is easy to miss a mark, difficult to hit it; and for these reasons the excess and defect belong to vice, but the mean to virtue; "for we are good in one way only, but bad in all kinds of ways."

DEATH IS A LIMIT.

Death is the most terrible of all things; for it is a limit, and it is thought that there is nothing good or bad beyond to the dead.

THE CHARACTER OF THE CELTIC RACE.

If he fear nothing, neither earthquake nor the waves, as they say of the Celts.

SUICIDE AN ACT OF COWARDICE.

To die in order to avoid the pains of poverty, love, or anything that is disagreeable, is not the part of a brave man, but of a coward; for it is cowardice to shun the trials and crosses of life, not undergoing death because it is honorable, but to avoid evil.

THE CONDUCT OF REGULAR TROOPS AND MILITIA CONTRASTED.

Regular troops lose their courage when they see the danger greater than they expected, and when they find themselves surpassed in numbers and equipments. For they are the first to turn their backs. But the militia of a country die at their posts, as happened at Hermœum. For in their eyes it is disgraceful to fly, and death is regarded as preferable to safety procured at such a cost. The others only expose themselves to danger while they think themselves superior, but when they find that they are mistaken, they at once run away, fearing death more than dishonor. This certainly is not the character of the brave man.

BELLY-GODS.

For to eat or drink till a man is surfeited is going beyond the natural desire in quantity; for the object of natural desire is the satisfying our wants. Therefore these are called belly-gods, as they satisfy their wants more than they ought; people of excessively slavish dispositions are apt to do this.

So Philippians (III. 19)—“Whose god is their belly, and glory in shame.”

THE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE MAGNANIMOUS MAN.

It is the characteristic of a magnanimous man to ask no favor, or scarcely any, but to be ready to do kindness to others, to be haughty in demeanor towards men of rank and fortune, kindly towards those of the middle classes, for to rise superior to the former is difficult and honorable, over the latter it is easy; among the former there is nothing ungenerous in showing pride, among those of humble rank it is bad taste, just like making a show of strength to the weak.

FLATTERERS.

All flatterers are mercenary; and low-minded men are flatterers.

MEN-PLEASERS AND THE CROSS-GRAINED CONTRASTED.

In the intercourse of society and life, in conversation and the affairs of the world, some men appear to be parasites, who praise everything, for the sake of giving pleasure, and never contradict an opinion, but think that they ought to give no opinion to those with whom they happen to be; others, the very opposite characters to these, who oppose everything, and are altogether regardless of the feelings of their neighbor, are called cross-grained and quarrelsome.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Falsehood is bad and blamable; truth honorable and praiseworthy.

THE REFINED AND GENTLEMANLY MAN.

Now the refined and gentlemanly man will so act, being as it were a law unto himself; and such is he who is in the mean, whether he be called a man of tact or of graceful wit.

A RULER IS NOT A TERROR TO GOOD WORKS.

Wherefore we do not allow man to rule but reason, because man rules for himself, and becomes a tyrant. A ruler is the protector of the just, and, if of the just, then, also, of what is equitable to all.

RIGOR OF LAW.

From this it is evident what is the character of the equitable man; for he who is disposed to do such things, and is active in their performance, who does not assert his rights to the uttermost, but is willing to take something less, even though he may have law on his side, is a man of equity: this habit is equity, being a kind of justice, and not a different habit from justice.

THE PAST.

Therefore well does Agathon say, “Of this alone is even God deprived, the power of making that which is past never to have been.”

FRIENDSHIP.

In poverty and the other misfortunes of life, men think friends to be their only refuge. The young they keep out of mischief, to the old they are a comfort and aid in their weakness, and those in the prime of life they incite to noble deeds.

FRIENDS.

When men are friends, there is no need of justice; but when they are just, they still need friendship.

FRIENDSHIP REQUIRES TIME.

According to the proverb, it is impossible for friends to know each other till they have eaten a certain quantity of salt with each other. Nor can they be on friendly and familiar terms till they appear worthy of each other's friendship and confidence.

THE WICKED.

The wicked have no stability, for they do not remain in consistency with themselves; they continue friends only for a short time, rejoicing in each other's wickedness.

TYRANNY.

The defection of monarchy is tyranny; for both are monarchies, but the difference between them is very marked: for a tyrant thinks only of his own interests, while a king attends to those of his subjects. For he is not a king who is not uncontrolled, and who is not possessed of all kinds of goods, for such a one stands in need of nothing more; therefore he does not require to be looking after his own interests, but devotes himself to his subjects.

A TYRANT.

For a tyrant pursues his own peculiar good, and it is more manifest for this very reason, that it is the worst form of government, for that is worst which is opposite to the best.

BE JUST BEFORE YOU ARE GENEROUS.

We ought rather to pay a debt to a creditor than give to a companion.

GIVE EVERY ONE HIS DUE.

But, since we owe different services to parents, brothers, companions, and benefactors, we ought to take care to pay every one his due, and that which is suitable to his character.

THE INTELLECTUAL PART CONSTITUTES EACH MAN'S SELF.

For the good man agrees in opinion with himself, and desires the same things with all his soul; therefore he wishes what is good for himself, and what appears so, practising it: for it is the part of a good man to labor for what is good, and for his

own sake; for it is for the sake of his intellectual part, which is considered to be a man's own self.

MIND IS THE MAN.

And the thinking principle—or, at least, that rather than any other—must be considered to be each man's self.

A GOOD MAN IS WITHOUT REPENTANCE.

Besides, the good man has abundant subjects for reflection; he sympathizes most with himself in joys and sorrows; for the same always gives to him the same pain or sorrow, and not sometimes one thing and sometimes another. For he is, if we may be allowed to say so, without repentance.

THE COUNSELS OF GOOD MEN.

For the counsels of good men remain fixed, and do not ebb and flow like the Euripus; they desire what is just and proper.

WHY MOTHERS ARE FOND OF THEIR CHILDREN.

For this reason, also, mothers are more fond of their children than fathers are; for the bringing them forth is more painful, and they have a more certain knowledge that they are their own.

THE MASSES LED BY FEAR.

(Treatises) have no power to persuade the multitude to do what is virtuous and honorable. For the masses are formed by nature to obey, not a sense of shame, but fear; nor do they refrain from vicious things on account of disgrace, but of punishment; for they live in obedience to passion, pursuing their own pleasures and the means of gratifying them; they fly also from the contrary pains; but of what is honorable and really delightful, they have not the slightest idea, inasmuch as they never had a taste for them. What power of reasoning, then, could bring about a change on such men as these? For it is not possible, or at least not easy to change what has been impressed for a long time upon the moral character.

EDUCATION THE DUTY OF THE STATE.

It would therefore be best that the state should pay attention to education, and on right principles, and that it should have the power to enforce it; but if it be neglected as a public measure, then it would seem to be the duty of every individual to contribute to the virtue of his children and friends, or at least to make this his deliberate purpose.

St Thomas More ("Utopia," page 21) says—"If you suffer your people to be ill educated, and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education disposed them,—you first make thieves, and then punish them."

SOME COMMAND AND SOME OBEY.

By nature some command and some obey, that all may enjoy safety; for the being that is able to foresee coming events is a ruler of nature's own appointment; whereas he who is only able to assist by bodily service, is a subordinate and natural

slave. Hence the interest of master and slave is identical.

THE DOMESTIC TIE IS THE FIRST.

Hesiod is right when he says, "First house, then wife, then oxen for the plough;" for the ox stands in place of slave to the poor.

MAN ALONE HAS PERCEPTION OF GOOD AND EVIL.

For this is the distinguishing mark between man and the lower animals, that he alone is endowed with the power of knowing good and evil, justice and injustice. It is a participation in these that constitutes a family and a city.

THE FREEMAN AND THE SLAVE.

Some think that the power of one man over another is contrary to nature; for they maintain that it is only human law that makes one man a slave and another a free man. But in nature there is no such distinction; wherefore it is an unjust arrangement, for it is the result of force and compulsion.

See Milton, "Paradise Lost," xii,—

"But man over men
He made not lord: such title to Himself
Reserving—human left from human free."

WORSE SERVED BY MANY SERVANTS THAN BY FEW.

As in a family we are often served worse when we have many servants than a few.

AFFECTION FOR ONE'S SELF IS NATURAL.

And also in regard to pleasure it is not to be expressed what a difference it makes for a man to think that he has something his own. For possibly it may not be in vain that each person has an affection for himself, for this is natural, but selfishness is justly blamed. This is not merely to love one's self, but to love one's self more than we ought.

MORAL UNITY OF A STATE TO BE PRODUCED BY MORAL MEANS.

But a state consisting of a multitude of beings, as we have before said, ought to be brought to unity and community by education; and he who is about to introduce education, and expects thereby to make the state excellent, will act absurdly if he thinks to fashion it by any other means than by manners, philosophy, and laws.

DIFFERENT SPECIES OF MEN.

For that golden particle, which God has mixed up in the soul of man, flies not from one to the other, but always continues with the same; for he says that some of our species have gold, and others silver, blended in their composition from the moment of their birth.

WHAT IS THE DEFINITION OF A CITIZEN?

The truest definition of a complete citizen that can be given is probably this, that he shares in the judicial and executive part of the government.

TO COMMAND AND OBEY.

But it is a matter of high commendation to know how to command as well as to obey; to do both these things well is the peculiar quality of a distinguished citizen.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The domestic employment of husband and wife differs in this, that the former tries to acquire subsistence, and the latter to keep it.

WHEN A STATE IS WELL GOVERNED.

The supreme power must necessarily be in the hands of one person, or of a few, or of the many. When the one, the few, or the many direct their whole efforts for the common good, such states must be well governed; but when the advantage of the one, the few, or the many is alone regarded, a change for the worse must be expected.

WHAT LAW IS A PLEDGE OF.

For the law is an agreement, and, as Lycophron says, a pledge given that citizens will do justice to each other; but yet the law is not able to make all the citizens good and just.

WHAT IS A STATE?

Then it is evident that a state is not a mere community of place; nor is it established that men may be safe from injury, and maintain an interchange of good offices. All these things, indeed, must take place where there is a state, and yet they may all exist and there be no state. A state, then, may be defined to be a society of people joining together by their families and children to live happily, enjoying a life of thorough independence.

AN UNION OF THE MANY WITH THE FEW DESIRABLE.

For the multitude, when they are collected together, have sufficient understanding for this purpose (of electing magistrates), and mingling with those of higher rank, are serviceable to the state; as some kinds of food, which would be poisonous by itself, by being mixed with the wholesome, makes the whole good; in the same way, separately, each individual is unfit to form a judgment by himself.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

A pretension to offices of state ought to be founded on those qualifications, which are part of itself. And for this reason, men of birth, independence, and fortune are right in contending with each other for office; for those who hold offices of state ought to be persons of independence and property. A state should no more consist entirely of poor men than it ought entirely of slaves. But though such persons are requisite, it is evident that there must also be justice and military valor; for without justice and valor no state can be maintained; just as without the former class a state cannot exist, and without the latter it cannot be well governed.

HONORABLE DESCENT OF GREAT ESTEEM.

The free-born and men of high birth will dispute the point with each other as being nearly on an equality; for citizens that are well born have a right to more respect than the ignoble. Honorable descent is in all nations greatly esteemed; besides, it is to be expected that the children of men of worth will be like their fathers, for nobility is the virtue of a family.

LAW OUGHT TO BE SUPREME.

He, then, who orders the reasoning principle of man to be supreme, seems to make God and the laws to be supreme, but he who gives the power to man gives it to a wild beast. For passion may be so called, and it is passion that brings ruin on rulers, even though they be the very best of men: wherefore the law is reason free from passion.

THE MORAL LAW IS SUPERIOR TO WRITTEN LAW.

The moral law is much superior to the written law, and treats of matters of greater weight; for the supreme ruler is more to be trusted than the written law, though he be inferior to the moral.

WHAT FORMS A GOOD MAN.

So that education and morals will be found to be almost the whole that goes to make a good man; and the same things will make a good statesman and good king.

THE CORRUPTION OF THE BEST IS THE WORST.

The corruption of the best and most divine form of government must be the worst.

A DEMOCRACY.

For when a democracy is controlled by fixed laws, a demagogue has no power, but the best citizens fill the offices of state: when the laws are not supreme, there demagogues are found. For the people act like a king, being one body; for the many are supreme, not as individuals, but as a whole.

THERE IS NO FREE STATE WHERE THE LAWS ARE NOT SUPREME.

For there is no free state where the laws do not rule supreme; for the law ought to be above all.

PEOPLE LOVE THEIR ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

For people do not change at once, but love their ancient customs, making gradual changes; so that ancient laws remain in force, while the power continues with those who bring about a revolution in the state.

THE MIDDLE STATE TO BE PREFERRED.

In every state the people are divided into three kinds: the very rich, the very poor, and, thirdly, those who are between them. Since, then, it is universally acknowledged that the mean is best, it is evident that even in respect to fortune, a middle state is to be preferred; for that state is most likely to submit to reason. For those who are very handsome, or very strong, or very noble,

or, on the hand, those who are very poor, or very weak, or very mean, are with difficulty induced to obey reason. And this because the one class is supercilious, and "sin as it were with a cart-ropes," the other rascally and mean; and the crimes of each arise respectively from insolence and villany.

THE BEST STATE WHERE THE MEAN OUTNUMBERS THE EXTREMES.

It is evident, then, that the most perfect political community is that which is administered by the middle classes, and that those states are best carried on in which these are the majority and outweigh both the other classes; and if that cannot be, at least when they overbalance each separate. For, being thrown into the balance, it will prevent either excess from predominating. Wherefore it is the greatest happiness to possess a moderate and competent fortune; since, where some possess too much, and others nothing at all, the government must be either an extreme democracy or else a pure oligarchy, or, from the excesses of both, a tyranny; for this springs from a headstrong democracy or oligarchy, but far more seldom when the members of the community are nearly on an equality with each other.

WHERE THE MIDDLE CLASS IS LARGE LESS SEDITION.

But it is clear that the state where the middle ranks predominate is the best, for it alone is free from seditious movements. Where such a state is large, there are fewer seditions and insurrections to disturb the peace; and for this reason extensive states are more peaceful internally, as the middle ranks are numerous. In small states it is easy to pass to the two extremes, so as to have scarcely any middle ranks remaining; but all are either very poor or very rich.

THE RULE OF HUSBANDMEN AND MECHANICS CONTRASTED.

Should the number of husbandmen be excessive, it will be of the best kind; if of mechanics and those who work for pay, of the worst.

NOBILITY AND MERIT ARE ONLY AMONGST A FEW.

For nobility and worth are to be found only amongst a few, but their opposite amongst the many; for there is not one man of merit and high spirit in a hundred, while there are many destitute of both to be found everywhere.

THE BEGINNING IS THE HALF OF THE BUSINESS.

For the mischief lies in the beginning; for the beginning is said to be "half of the whole."

WHENCE SEDITIONS ARISE IN A DEMOCRACY.

Democracies are chiefly subject to revolutions from the dishonest conduct of demagogues. For partly by lodging informations against men of property, and partly by rousing the common people against them, they induce them to unite; for a common fear will make the greatest enemies to join together.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

For a government in a constant state of turmoil is weak.

A FIRM STATE.

The only stable state is that where every one possesses an equality in the eye of the law, according to his merit, and enjoys his own unmolested.

TAKE CARE THAT NOTHING BE DONE CONTRARY TO LAW.

For in states that are well blended particular care ought, above all things, to be taken that nothing be done contrary to law; and this should be chiefly looked to in matters of small moment: for small violations of law advance by stealthy steps, in the same way as, in a domestic establishment, trifling expenses, if often repeated, consume a man's whole estate.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A STATESMAN.

There are three qualifications which ought to be possessed by a man who aspires to fill the high offices of state; first, he must be well disposed, and prepared to support the established constitution of his country; next, he ought to have a special aptitude for the office which he fills; and, thirdly, he should have the kind of virtue and love of justice which suits the particular state in which he lives.

THE GOOD NEVER FLATTER.

On this account tyrants are fond of bad men; for they like to be flattered. No man of high and generous spirit is ever willing to indulge in this habit; the good may feel affection for others, but will not flatter them. Besides, bad men assist them in their evil deeds: "Like to like," as the proverb says.

TYRANTS ARE AT ENMITY WITH MEN OF MERIT.

For which reason they are always at variance with men of merit as disaffected to their government, not only because they are unwilling to be governed despotically, but because they are faithful to their own principles and to their friends, refusing to inform against themselves or others.

DEFINITION OF DEMOCRACY.

On the contrary, a democracy is a government in the hands of men of low birth, poverty, and vulgar employments.

ORIGINAL SIN.

For the power of doing whatever a man pleases is not able to check that evil particle which is in every man.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

The last and worst form of democracy is where every citizen has a share in the administration: few states can endure such a form, nor can it exist for any length of time unless it is well supported by laws and purity of manners.

PENALTIES NECESSARY TO KEEP TOGETHER HUMAN SOCIETY.

For if human society cannot be carried on without actions at law, it is impossible that it should exist without the infliction of penalties.

HAPPINESS DEPENDS ON VIRTUE AND WISDOM.

Let us be well persuaded that every one of us possesses happiness in proportion to his virtue and wisdom, and according as he acts in obedience to their suggestion, taking God himself as our example, who is completely happy and blessed, not from any external good, but in Himself, and because He is such by nature.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD WATER.

Since every attention should be given to the health of the inhabitants, it is of great importance that the city should have a good situation, and, next, that the inhabitants should have good water to drink; and this must not be regarded as a matter of secondary moment. For what is used chiefly and in great quantities for the support of the body must, above all, contribute to its health. And this is the influence which the air and the water exercise over the body. Wherefore, in all wise governments the water ought to be apportioned to different purposes, if all is not equally good, and if there is not abundance of both kinds, that for drinking should be separated from that which is used for other purposes.

INFLUENCE OF NATURE, HABIT, AND REASON ON MANKIND.

Men are made good and honorable in three ways,—by nature, by custom, and by reason. For, in the first place, each individual ought to be a man, and not any other animal; that is, that he should possess a particular character both of body and soul. In some things, however, it is of no consequence to be born with them, for custom makes great changes, there being some things in nature capable of change either for the better or the worse. Now, other animals live chiefly a life of mere nature, and in very few things according to custom, but man lives also according to reason, with which he alone is endowed, wherefore he ought to make all these accord with each other; for, if they are persuaded that it is best to follow some other way, men often act contrary to nature and custom.

A MASTER SHOULD SUPERINTEND ALL THINGS.

The saying of the Persian and of the African are both to be highly commended; for the former being asked what was best for fattening a horse, said, "The eye of the master;" and the African being asked what was the best manure, answered, "The footsteps of the master."

EARLY TO RISE.

It is also well to be up before daybreak, for such habits contribute to health, wealth, and wisdom.

A DISCREET WIFE.

But the prudent and discreet wife will very properly regard the behavior of her husband as the pattern which she ought to follow and the law of her life, invested with a divine sanction from the marriage tie; for if she can induce herself to submit patiently to her husband's mode of life, she will have no difficulty to manage her household affairs; but if not, she will not find it so easy.

PARENTS SHOULD SET A GOOD EXAMPLE TO THEIR CHILDREN.

For unless parents set a good example to their children, they will furnish a plain reason to be used by them against themselves. And this is to be feared, that, if they have not lived an honorable life, their sons will despise them and abandon them in their old age.

MAN AN IMITATIVE ANIMAL.

For imitation is natural to man from his infancy. Man differs from other animals particularly in this, that he is imitative, and acquires his rudiments of knowledge in this way; besides, the delight in it is universal.

THE RIDICULOUS.

For the ridiculous is produced by any defect that is unattended by pain or by fatal consequences; thus an ugly and deformed countenance does not fail to cause laughter, if it is not occasioned by pain.

HAPPINESS SPRINGS FROM ACTION.

But the principal of these parts is the combination of the incidents; for tragedy is imitation not of individuals but of actions in general, of human life, of good and bad fortune, for happiness springs from action; the main purpose of life is action and not quality, and though the manners of men spring from their qualities, their happiness or misery depends on their actions.

NO VERY SMALL OR VERY LARGE ANIMALS CAN BE VERY BEAUTIFUL.

Then as to size, an animal, or any other thing that has constituent parts, in order that it may be beautiful, must not only have those justly connected, but should also have a certain proportion; for beauty depends on size as well as symmetry, for which reason no very small animal can be beautiful, for the view being made in almost an imperceptible space of time, will be confused; nor could a very large one, for, as the whole view cannot be taken in at once, the unity and completeness that should result from it will escape the spectator.

MAN EASILY AFFECTED TO GRIEF OR JOY.

As far as it is possible, the poet should enter into the spirit of the subject while he is composing; for those who are roused by passions are most likely to express those passions with force. He who is really agitated by storms, and he who is really angry upbraids most naturally.

MORAL CHARACTER.

Moral character nearly, so to say, carries with it the highest power of causing a thing to be believed.

A DEMOCRACY.

Thus a democracy, not only when relaxed, but if overstrained, becomes weaker, till at last it will pass into an oligarchy in the same way as hookedness or flatness of the nose not only when they relax approach the mean, but also when they become excessively hooked or flat dispose the nostrils in such a way as no longer to resemble the nasal organ.

DEFINITION OF HAPPINESS.

Let happiness be defined to be good fortune in union with virtue—or independency of life—or the life that is most agreeable attended with security—or plenty of property and slaves, with the power to preserve and augment it; for all mankind agree that one or more of these things amount nearly to happiness.

EVILS BRING MEN TOGETHER.

Whence it is said that misery brings men together, when the same thing happens to be hurtful to both.

So Shakespeare ("Tempest," act II. sc. 2)—

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows."

"A SOFT ANSWER."

Towards such as acknowledge themselves to be justly punished we cease from our wrath.

So Proverbs (xv. 1)—"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

"NO FEAR IN LOVE."

For no one loves the man whom he fears.

So 1 John (iv. 18)—"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear."

SIGNS OF ARROGANCE.

Again, to talk about one's self, and to be one's own trumpeter, and to assert that to be one's own which belongs to another, these are proofs of arrogance.

ALL THINGS FULL OF GOD.

All things are full of the gods.

So Psalms (lxxxii. 19)—"Let the whole earth be full of His glory."

ALL MEN HAVE AN IDEA OF GOD.

All men have some knowledge of the gods.

So Ephesians (iv. 6)—"One God and Father of all."

THE WORLD WAS CREATED.

All say that the world was created.

THE UNIVERSE.

The Power that extends over everything has arranged the whole universe, compelling the most opposite natures to harmonize, and by these ensuring safety to all.

GOD IS A SPIRIT.

In regard to the Deity we must consider Him as (a spirit) the most powerful, immortal, and perfection itself; wherefore, being invisible to mortal eyes, He is seen by his works.

So 1 Timothy (I. 17)—"Now, unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever."

GOD FROM ETERNITY TO ETERNITY.

God extends from eternity to eternity.

So Psalms (xc. 2)—"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God."

GOD IS HAPPY AND BLESSED.

God is happy and blessed from nothing external to Himself, but Himself from Himself.

So 1 Timothy (vi. 15)—"Who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords."

GOD IS SELF-SUFFICIENT.

It is evident that God stands in need of nothing.

So Psalms (l. 2, 10)—"I will take no bullock out of thy house, . . . for every beast of the forest is mine."

ONE GOD WITH VARIOUS NAMES.

Though he be one Being, God has many names, being called according to the variety of outward conditions of things, which he is always changing.

So 1 Corinthians (viii. 4)—"There is none other God but one."

ARRIANUS.

FOURISHED A.D. 136.

FLAVIUS ARRIANUS, a native of Nicomedia in Bithynia, flourished in the reign of Adrian, when we find him, A.D. 136, governor of Cappadocia. He was one of the most celebrated pupils of the philosopher Epictetus, under whom he studied at Nicopolis in Epirus. The first work which he published was called "Encheiridion" (The Manual), and contains the moral doctrines of his master, being still preserved. He also wrote a work entitled "The Philosophical Disquisitions of Epictetus," of which four books still remain. But the work by which he is best known to us is the "History of Alexander's Campaigns in Asia," in seven books, for which he derived the materials chiefly from the histories of Ptolemy, son of Lagus, and Aristobulus, who both accompanied Alexander. As a continuation to his history, he wrote a little work, still extant, entitled "On India." Another treatise ascribed to him is, "The Periplus of the Erythraean Sea."

THE WISH FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

When men are doubtful of the true state of things, their wishes lead them to believe in what is most agreeable.

A VIRTUOUS LIFE.

To lead a virtuous life is pleasant, and to die is by no means bitter to these who look forward to immortal fame.

THE EVENTS OF FORTUNE ARE UNEXPECTED.

The events of fortune are unexpected, and therefore can never be guarded against by men.

AXIONICUS.

AXIONICUS, an Athenian poet of the middle comedy, of whom some fragments have been preserved.

LENDING MONEY TO THE WICKED.

When a man lends money to the wicked, he justly gets pain for his interest.

BATON.

FLOURISHED ABOUT B.C. 280.

BATON, an Athenian comic poet of the new comedy, flourished about B.C. 280, of whom we have some fragments.

TO ERR IS HUMAN.

Being a man, thou hast erred; but in life it is a wonder if a man has been prosperous through life.

BION.

FLOURISHED ABOUT B.C. 280.

BION, a bucolic poet, was born at Phlossæ, on the river Meles, near Smyrna, but little is known of his history except what is told us in the third Idyll of Moschus, who laments his untimely death by poison. Some of his poems are extant entire, but of others we have only fragments.

"THE KING OF TERRORS."

Thou fliest far, O Adonis, and comest to Acheron and its gloomy and cruel king, but I live in misery, and am a goddess, and cannot follow thee.

Virgil (Georg. iv. 469) says—"And he approached the Manes and their fearful king, hearts not to be softened by the prayers of men."

In Job (xviii. 14) we find—"His confidence shall be rooted out of his tabernacle; and it shall bring him to the King of Terrors."

Spenser, in his "Faërie Queen," says—

"O what avails it of immortal seed
To been ybred, and never born to die;
For better I it deem to die with speed,
Than waste with woe and wailful miserie."

"HE SHALL FLEE AWAY AS A DREAM."

Art thou dying, O thrice-regretted? Away my love did fly, even as a dream; and widowed is Cytherea, and idle are the Loves along my halls.

Thus Job (xx. 8)—"He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found, yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night."

A LUXURIOUS LIFE.

Lay him down on those soft vestments, in which he slept the livelong night with thee, on a golden couch. Long thou for Adonis, a sad sight though he be; and lay him amid chaplets of flowers; all with him, since he is dead, ay, all flowers have become withered.

In St. Luke (vii. 35) we find—"Behold, they which are gorgeously apparelled, and live delicately, are in king's courts." Milton in his "Comus," near the end, says—

"Beds of hyacinths and roses
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound,
In slumber soft; and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen."

SIGN OF MOURNING.

Around him the weeping Loves set up the wall, having their locks shorn for Adonis; and one was trampling on his arrows, another on his bow, and another was breaking his well-feathered quiver.

In Ezekiel (xxvii. 31) we find the same customs—"They shall make themselves utterly bald for thee." And in Ovid (Amor. iii. 9, 7)—"Behold the son of Venus bears his upturned quiver, and broken bow and quenched torch."

"DANCE TURNED INTO MOURNING."

Hymenæus has quenched every torch at the door-posts, shredded and flung the marriage-wreath away; and no more is Hymen, no more is sung Hymen the song, but alas! alas! is chanted: alas, alas! for Adonis wail the Graces far more than Hymenæus.

In Lamentations (v. 15) we find—"The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning."

THE OLD.

But the old man, smiling, shook his head, and answered the boy.

In Ecclesiasticus (xii. 18) we find—"He will shake his head and clap his hands and whisper much and change his countenance."

BRIEFNESS OF TIME.

For if Saturn's son or Fate had assigned us a two-fold lifetime, so that one portion might be passed in joys and pleasures, and one in woes, it might be possible that he who had his woes first should have his joys at last. But since the gods have allotted but one life to man, and this a brief one—too brief for all we have to do—why should we, ah! wretched men, toil and moil over never-ending labors? To what end should we waste our health on gains and arts, sighing always for more wealth? We surely all forget our mortal state—how brief the life allotted us by Fate.

Job (xiv. 1) says—"Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble." And in the Epistle of James (iv. 13)—"Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow: for what is life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

THE DROP.

From the frequent drop, as the proverb says, ever falling, even the stone is worn at last into a hollow.

BEAUTY AND GRACE.

Beauty is good for women, firmness for men.

CALLIMACHUS.

FLOURISHED FROM B.C. 280 TO B.C. 240.

CALLIMACHUS was a member of the powerful house at Cyrene, named from its founder Battus, the Battiadæ. Born probably at Cyrene, he was a pupil of the grammarian Hermocrates, and flourished in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, dying a that of Euergetes, his son and successor. He was chief librarian of the celebrated library at Alexandria, being contemporary of Theocritus and Crætus. Callimachi quæ supersunt recensuit et cum notarum delectu, edidit C. J. Blomfield, London, 1815.

"LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, YE GATES."

Now ye bolts of your own accord fall back, and ye bars, for the god is at hand.

So Isaiah (vi. 4)—"And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke." And Psalm (xlii. 7)—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

THE GOOD SHALL SEE GOD.

Apollo is seen by none except the just; whoso sees him, great is he; little is the man who hath not seen him.

So Matthew (v. 8)—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"HEALING IN HIS WINGS."

The tresses of Apollo drop not mere oil, but healing itself.

So Malachi (iv. 2)—"But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

CRATES.

FLOURISHED ABOUT B.C. 450.

CRATES, a comic poet of Athens, of the old comedy, flourished B.C. 450, being originally an actor in the plays of Cratinus. He is highly praised by Aristophanes for wit and abilities. He excelled chiefly in mirth and fun.

TIME.

For time has bent me, a wise workman no doubt, but making all things weaker.

CRATINUS.

BORN B.C. 519—DIED B.C. 422.

CRATINUS, one of the most celebrated of the Athenian poets belonging to the old comedy, was the son of Callimedes. He was born B.C. 519, being six years younger than Æschylus, and died at the age of ninety-seven, B.C. 422 (Lucian. Macrob.

25). He is accused of having been much addicted to wine, and in other respects his private character was by no means reputable (Hor. Ep. i. 20, 21; Sch. Aristoph. Pax. 700). He wrote twenty-one plays, and of these he gained the prize nine times (Suid.) Athenæus gives the titles and some fragments of eighteen plays.

THE FOOL.

The fool goes like the sheep, saying, bah, bah!

DEMOSTHENES.

BORN B.C. 382—DIED B.C. 322.

DEMOSTHENES, the most celebrated of the Greek orators, was a native of Athens, being the son of Demosthenes and of Cleobulæ, who was of Scythian extraction. His father died when he was only seven years of age, and left to him a considerable property, which he had amassed by the manufacture of warlike implements. He tells us (Demosth. Cor. 312-22) that his education was such as his fortune entitled him to; though Plutarch states that it was much neglected through the foolish indulgence of his mother. His property was, at all events, greatly mismanaged by his guardians, and he found himself obliged, as soon as he had reached the age of manhood, to call them to account. It is said that he was first excited to devote himself to the study of eloquence by listening to the speech of Callistratus in defence of the city Oropus, and by observing his triumphant reception by the people. He studied under Isæus the art of oratory, though Isocrates was at this time the most eminent in his profession. His first attempt was in the cause against his guardians, B.C. 366; and though he gained it after some difficulty, he found that his property was so much diminished that it would be necessary to apply his talents to business. In the profession which he had chosen he had great difficulties to surmount; his constitution was weak, his manner awkward, and he had besides a very defective utterance. In his first attempts he was repeatedly laughed at; but, by unflinching perseverance, he completely got the better of all his defects, and shone forth the most perfect orator the world ever produced. It was in his twenty-seventh year, B.C. 355, that he made his first appearance in a political cause. Leptines had got a law passed forbidding any citizen, except the descendants of Harmodius and Aristogelton, to be exempted from certain magistracies which entailed very heavy expenses. Demosthenes attacked the justice of this law in the case of Ctesippus, who considered the merits of his father, Chabrias, to confer on him a right of exemption. The same year he composed the speech against Androtion, which he did not deliver. It would appear that Demosthenes was in the habit of writing speeches for citizens, who themselves pronounced them. In one case he actually composed both the accusation and the defence. The fierce and impetuous character of Demosthenes fitted him more pecu-

liar for the part of an accuser; and it has been accordingly remarked that, of the numerous speeches that have come down to us, scarcely any of them are written for the defendant. In the year B.C. 353 he delivered his speech in favor of Megalopolis, a colony protected by the Thebans, but which the Spartans, the allies of Athens, wished to destroy. It is one of the most striking examples not so much of his eloquence as of his art, in which he did not less excel. The great leading idea which seems, from the moment he entered public life, to have directed his whole conduct, was opposition to Philip and his objects of aggrandizement. Eleven speeches, delivered within the space of fifteen years, under the name of "Philippics" and "Olynthiacs," show the unwearied spirit with which he maintained what he considered to be the interest of his country. He was one of the ambassadors who proceeded to Macedon to negotiate a peace with Philip; and he was so dissatisfied with the conduct of his colleague, Æschines, that he brought the matter B.C. 343, before the people in one of his most able and powerful speeches. Æschines defended himself with equal ability, and was so ably supported by the party of Eubulus, that he was acquitted. The battle of Chæronea followed soon afterwards, B.C. 338, which placed Greece at the mercy of Philip; but though the orator had not distinguished himself by his bravery in the field, he did not despair of the cause of his country. Philip fell by the dagger of an assassin, B.C. 336, and Demosthenes again conceived hopes of the entire independence of his country. The destruction, however, of Thebes by Alexander soon dispelled that illusion, and he found himself one of those ten orators whom that prince required the Athenians to deliver up to him. This demand Athens would have found no means of resisting, if Demades, the friend of Alexander, had not succeeded in procuring its remission. During this period of Grecian servitude the energies of Demosthenes were called forth in his own defence. Even after the fatal battle of Chæronea the war party at Athens still continued powerful, and it was no doubt of importance to them that they should show it to the public by some decisive act. With this view Ctesiphon, one of the party, proposed the decree for crowning Demosthenes on account of his services; but as those had reference chiefly to the late unsuccessful war, in was in fact an approval of all that had been done. This was felt by Æschines, who was at the head of the opposite party, and finding that the law had not been observed in every particular, he took advantage of this circumstance to bring the matter before the people; but though the suit was commenced against Ctesiphon the same year, it was not till B.C. 330 that it was tried. It was then that Demosthenes made that celebrated speech, *περὶ Στεφάνου*, which is considered as one of his finest specimens of eloquence. Æschines failed in proving his case, and as a heavy fine would have been the consequence, he preferred to leave his country. When Harpalus fled to Athens with the treasures of Alexander, Demosthenes was accused of accepting a bribe from him, and though he denied the accu-

sation with much vehemence, he was found guilty, and fined fifty talents. He escaped the payment of this fine by retiring to the island Ægina, B.C. 325; but he does not appear to have endured his banishment with the equanimity worthy of his character and high name. On the death of Alexander he was recalled, and proceeded to organize a new league of opposition to the Macedonian power. Antipater, however, soon put an end to it, and the death of Demosthenes was pronounced by his own citizens at the instance of Demades. Demosthenes, with some of his friends who were involved in the same sentence, escaped from Athens by the connivance even of his enemies, and he took refuge in the small island of Calauria in the temple of Neptune. He was followed by some of the friends of Antipater, and, as he saw no means of escape, he placed a poisoned pen in his mouth, and died a short time afterwards.

THE ACTIVE AND INTREPID CONTRASTED WITH THE SLUGGISH.

The dominions of the absent stand naturally to those in the field; the property of the lazy and inactive to those who are willing to undergo labor and danger.

MEN WILLING TO UNITE THEMSELVES WITH THE BRAVE.

For all are willing to unite and to take part with those whom they see ready and willing to put forth their strength as they ought.

CURIOSITY OF THE ATHENIANS.

Or is it your greatest pleasure, tell me, wandering through the public squares to inquire of each other, "What news?"

So Acts (xvii. 21)—"For all the Athenians, and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing."

ALLIANCES WITH DESPOTS DANGEROUS TO FREE STATES.

For those close and intimate alliances with despots are never safe to free states.

DISTRUST OF DESPOTS THE GREATEST SECURITY OF FREE STATES.

Various are the devices for the defence and security of cities, as palisades, walls, ditches, and other such kinds of fortification, all which are the result of the labors of the hand, and maintained at great expense. But there is one common bulwark, which men of prudence possess within themselves—the protection and guard of all people, especially of free states, against the attacks of tyrants. What is this? Distrust.

A TYRANT.

For every king and tyrant is an enemy to freedom, and an opposer of equal laws.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SOCIETY SHOULD BE SHARED BY ALL ITS MEMBERS.

For, Athenians, all ranks of citizens should have an equal share in the advantages of society: the

rich ought to feel secure, and have no dread of the confiscation of their property, thus being willing and ready to contribute of their wealth to the defence of their country; the rest of the citizens should look upon public property to belong to all, and be satisfied with their just share, but all private fortunes as the inalienable right of the possessors. Thus a small state may expect to rise to eminence, and a great one to maintain its high place in the world.

THE BOND THAT UNITES CONFEDERATE POWERS.

For I am well convinced that, when confederate powers are united by affection and identical interests, their agreement may be expected to last; whereas, if the alliance has been formed to carry out fraudulent and rapacious objects, accompanied by deceit and violence (as has been the case on this occasion), any slight pretext or accident will serve to give it a shock, from which it will not easily recover.

SUCCESS VEILS MEN'S EVIL DEEDS.

For success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the evil deeds of men.

RESULT OF A REVERSE OF FORTUNE IN GOVERNMENTS.

It happens as in our bodies: when a man is in sound and vigorous health, none of the weak parts of his body are felt; but when he is laid up by illness, every ailment is made worse, whether it be a fracture, or a dislocation, or any other member that has been injured. So in kingdoms and governments: as long as they are favored by victory, little notice is paid to the disorders in the state by the mass of the people; but when a reverse of fortune takes place, what is unsound becomes palpable to every eye.

ABSOLUTE MONARCHIES DANGEROUS TO FREE STATES.

In short free states, in my opinion, ought to have a wholesome dread of absolute monarchies, especially if they are situated in their immediate neighborhood.

THE ULTIMATE EVENT DETERMINES MAN'S JUDGMENT.

If a man succeeds in preserving what he has acquired, he is willing enough to acknowledge the kindness of fortune; but if he squanders it foolishly, in parting with it he parts with any feeling of gratitude. So also in political affairs, those who do not make a good use of their opportunities forget the favors which they may have received from the gods. For it is the end which generally determines man's judgment of what has gone before.

TO FIND FAULT IS EASY.

To find fault, some one may say, is easy, and in every man's power; but to point out the proper course to be pursued in the present circumstances, that is the proof of a wise counsellor.

RESULT OF UNEXPECTED SUCCESS.

For great and unexpected successes are often the cause of the foolish rushing into acts of extravagance.

POWER CANNOT BE FOUNDED UPON INJUSTICE.

For it is not, O Athenians—it is not, I assure you, possible for lasting power to be founded upon injustice, perjury, and treachery. These may, indeed, succeed for once, and for a short time, putting on the gay and gaudy appearance of hope; but they are at last found out, and bring to ruin all who trust in them. For as in buildings of every kind the foundation ought to be the strongest, so the bases and principles of actions should be true and just.

THREATS WITHOUT CORRESPONDENT ACTIONS ARE CONTEMPTIBLE.

For words and threats, if they are not accompanied by action, cannot but appear vain and contemptible.

HELP YOURSELF AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL HELP YOU.

No man, who will not make an effort for himself, need apply for aid to his friends, and much less to the gods.

MAN IS APT TO BLAME EVERY ONE BUT HIMSELF.

For in the emergencies of war no one of those who fly ever think of accusing himself; he will rather blame the general, or his fellow-soldiers, or anything else; yet the defeat was certainly occasioned by the cowardice of each individual. For he who accuses others might have maintained his own post, and if each had done so, success must have been the result.

WE READILY BELIEVE WHAT WE WISH.

So that nothing is so easy as to deceive one's self; for what we wish, that we readily believe; but such expectations are often inconsistent with the real state of things.

We find the same idea in "Achilles Tatius de Leucippes et Clitophonis Amoris" (lib. vi. 17)—"For the words which show the hope of obtaining the wished-for object are readily believed; which arises from this, that the simple desire aiding the wishes excites the hope."

And again, in "Heliodorus" (lib. viii.), we find—

"For what the mind wishes, that it also believes."

LOW PURSUITS ENGENDER LOW SENTIMENTS.

It is impossible for those who are engaged in low and grovelling pursuits to entertain noble and generous sentiments. No; their thoughts must always necessarily be somewhat similar to their employments.

LET THE PROSPEROUS SHOW KINDNESS TO THE UNHAPPY.

Those enjoying prosperity should always be ready to assist the unfortunate, for no one can say what the future may bring forth.

IN POLITICAL TRANSACTIONS THE POWERFUL PRESCRIBE TO THE WEAK.

For in civil society the rights of individuals, without reference to their power or weakness in the state, are determined by the laws. But in national concerns the powerful always prescribe to the weaker.

THE PRAISING OF A MAN'S SELF IS BURDENSOME.

It is the natural disposition of all men to listen with pleasure to abuse and slander of their neighbor, and to hear with impatience those who utter praises of themselves.

So Proverbs (xxvii. 2)—"Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

THE TRUE BOND OF FRIENDSHIP.

For it is not words that give strength to friendship, but a similarity of interests.

So Proverbs (xvii. 34)—"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

A TRAITOR.

It is not the benefit of the traitor that is looked to by the man who bribes him, nor, after he has obtained what he bargained for, is he ever afterwards taken into confidence. If it were so, no one would be happier than a traitor. How should it be so? It is impossible. For when the ambitious man has once succeeded in gaining his object, then knowing the utter baseness of the man, he holds him in detestation, distrusts, and treats him with supreme contempt.

ON WHAT MEN'S CONDUCT SHOULD BE MODELLED.

Private individuals and public bodies should take as their pattern those actions by which they have acquired their fame.

THE TRULY BRAVE.

For death is the inevitable close of every man's life, however much he may try to save it by skulking in some obscure corners; but the truly brave should not hesitate to draw the sword on all honorable occasions, armed with fair hopes of success, and, whatever may be the result, to bear with resignation the will of Providence.

A STATESMAN.

And, doing this, you proceed to draw the portrait of a statesman, as if having given a model for a statue, you found that the artist had not attended to your directions, forgetting that the character of a statesman is to be shadowed forth not by words but by actions, and the success of his administration.

THE SOWER OF MISCHIEF.

For the sower of the seed is assuredly the author of the whole harvest of mischief.

So Proverbs (vi. 14)—"Frowardness is in his heart, he deviseth mischief continually; he soweth discord."

THE TRUE COUNSELLOR AND THE SYCOPHANT.

For the true counsellor and the flattering sycophant differ from each other particularly in this.

The former openly declares his opinion on the proper course to be pursued before the event, and makes himself responsible for his advice to fortune, to the times, and to those whom he has influenced. The latter is silent when he ought to speak; but if anything unfortunate takes place, he dwells on it with invidious earnestness.

MISFORTUNES.

Misfortunes are the lot of all men, whenever it may please Heaven to inflict them.

OUR FATHERLAND COMPREHENDS EVERY ENDEAVOUR.

Each of them was firmly convinced that a man was born not merely for his parents but also for his country. You may ask what is the difference. It is very clear, for he who thinks himself born only for his parents awaits the fated hour with calm submission, whereas the other will boldly meet his fate that he may not see his country enslaved, and will consider those insults and disgraces which he must endure in a state of slavery as much more to be dreaded than death itself.

MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES.

Whatever was the duty of brave men, they were all ready to perform, but the sovereign Lord of the universe decided the fate of each.

AN ACCUSER.

A false accuser is a monster, a dangerous monster, ever and in every way malignant and ready to seek causes of complaint.

A MINISTER OF STATE.

What, then, are the duties of a minister of state?—to watch the rise of every event, to look into the future and forewarn his fellow-citizens of what may happen. This is precisely what I have done. And then, again, to confine within the narrowest limits the fatal results that naturally arise from irresolution, lukewarmness, prejudices, and party spirit; and, on the other hand, to lead men's minds to peace, good understanding, and to rouse them to a vigorous defence of their just rights.

BRIBES.

By resisting his bribes, I conquered Philip; for as the purchaser conquers when a man sells himself, so the man who refuses to be sold, and disdains to be corrupted, conquers the purchaser.

WE KNOW NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH.

The man who is in the highest state of prosperity, and who thinks his fortune most secure, knows not if it will remain unchanged till the evening.

So Proverbs (xxvii. 1)—"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

TO REMIND OF KINDNESS IS TO REPROACH.

For it is in accordance with my principles to believe that he who receives a favor must retain it

recollection of it for all time to come, but that he who confers should at once forget it, if he is not to show a sordid and ungenerous spirit. To remind a man of a kindness conferred on him, and to talk of it, is little different from reproach.

THE LOYAL STATESMAN.

It is not the language, it is not the tone of voice of a public speaker that is to be considered, but such an approximation of feelings and interests with his fellow-citizens, that both his enemies and friends are the same with those of his country. For he who is thus animated, he it is who will speak his sentiments with an honest zeal. But he who pays court to those who threaten danger to the state, is not embarked in the same vessel with his fellow-citizens, and therefore does not look forward to the same results for his safety.

THE GODS.

Chance to despise, and fortune to control,
Doth to the immortal gods alone pertain;
Their joys unchanged, in endless currents roll;
But mortals combat with their fate in vain.

THE VIRTUOUS CITIZEN.

There are two qualities which ought always to distinguish a virtuous citizen: he ought, in the high offices of state, to maintain the honor and pre-eminence of his country, and in all times and circumstances to show kindly feelings; these are dependent upon nature, but abilities and success are the gifts of another power.

DIOGENES LAËRTIUS.

DIOGENES surnamed Laërtius, from the town of Laerta in Cilicia wrote the "Lives of the Philosophers." When he lived is unknown, but probably he belonged to the second century of our era.

GOD IS OUR FATHER AND CREATOR.

God is the creator of the universe, and also the father of all things, in common with all, and a part of him penetrating all thing

CHAOS.

There was once a time when all things were huddled together.

So Genesis (I. 1).—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

GRANDEUR OF THE WORLD.

The world is perfectly beautiful, for it is a work of God.

THE WAY TO THE GRAVE.

The way to the world below is easy, for men go to it with shut eyes.

So I Samuel (xx. 3).—"There is but a step between thee and death."

THE WICKED.

The impure souls are bound by the Furies in chains that cannot be broken.

So Matthew (xxii. 18).—"Blind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outward darkness."

HEAVEN OUR FATHERLAND.

To one who said to Anaxagoras, "Hast thou no regard for thy fatherland?" "Softly," said he, "I have great regard for my fatherland," pointing to heaven.

So John (xiv. 2).—"In my father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

CURSE NOT YOUR ENEMY.

Speak not ill of your friend, and curse not your enemy.

LAW OF GOD.

He (Plato) regarded justice as God's law. There are two divisions of law, the one written, the other unwritten: the one arising from nature and habit is called unwritten.

This is referred to by Seneca (Controv. 1).—"Laws not written, but more certain in their influence than laws that are written."

So Romans (ii. 14, 15).—"For when the gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another."

WHAT IS GOOD IN THEE IS OF GOD.

Most men are bad; whatever good thing thou doest, ascribe to God.

So Philippians (ii. 13).—"For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure;" and Sirach (vi. 37).—"Let thy mind meditate continually on God's commandments: He shall establish thine heart, and give thee wisdom at thine own desire."

DIONYSIUS OF HALICARNASSUS.

FLOURISHED FROM B.C. 29 TO B.C. 7.

DIONYSIUS, a celebrated writer on Latin antiquities, was a native of Halicarnassus, and came to Rome about B.C. 29, at the close of the civil wars. Here he continued for twenty-two years, making himself acquainted with the customs and transactions of the Romans. His work is entitled "Roman Antiquities," and goes back to the origin of the nations of Italy. It closed with the year B.C. 285, the year before the first Punic war, when the history of Polybius properly begins. It contains many details on the laws and customs of Rome, which are valuable, as they are nowhere else to be found. It was contained in twenty books, of which eleven only have come down to us, with some fragments of the others. They bring the history of Rome down to B.C. 440.

THE WORKS OF AN AUTHOR ARE THE IMAGE OF HIS MIND.

For the general observation is strictly correct, that the works of an author may be considered the representation of his mind.

only in what is necessary, and not add to it by thy folly.

GOOD FORTUNE IS ONLY FOR A DAY.

No misery is unlooked for by men, for we find good fortune lasting only for a day.

TIME.

My friend, time is the workman of the state; it rejoices to mould all things to the worse.

DEATH RELEASES MAN FROM TROUBLES.

There is no life that has not evils, griefs, sorrows, annoyances, torments, diseases; death, appearing as the physician of these, proceeds to release these who are thus affected, making them to cease by sleep.

A SORDID LOVE OF MONEY.

A sordid love of money is certainly a very senseless thing, for the mind much occupied with it is blind to everything else.

CONSCIENCE.

For whosoever is not ashamed when he is conscious to himself of having committed some base act, how will he be ashamed before him who is ignorant of it?

TO BLUSH.

Whoever does not know to blush or be afraid, has the first principles of every kind of baseness.

DIFFICULT TO GATHER, EASY TO SQUANDER.

It is difficult to gather a heap in a long time, but it is easy to squander the whole in a day.

THE POOR.

There is no one more happy than the poor man: he expects no change for the worse.

POVERTY AND BAD CONDUCT.

Poverty united to bad conduct utterly destroys and upturns the life of man.

MAN BORN TO TROUBLE.

I am a mortal; this very thing is the greatest cause of sorrow in life.

THE BLESSINGS AND EVILS OF LIFE.

As fortune, sometimes, when it is bringing up one blessing for us, in pouring out discharges three evils.

NOTHING FIXED IN LIFE.

There is nothing fixed in the life of man; for no one lives steadily in the way that he has chosen.

SHAMELESSNESS.

There is no animal more bold than shamelessness.

MAN.

If thou knowest what man is, thou wilt be more happy.

PRUDENCE.

How completely blessed is prudence in a good disposition!

MORTALITY.

Being born mortal, be not always watching the approach of death; time is the physician of every sorrow.

LIFE IS EVER CHANGING.

The life of man is ever changing.

EUPHRON.

EUPHRON, an Athenian comic poet of the middle comedy, some fragments of whose works have come down to us.

THE FOOL.

For he who manages his own life badly, how is he likely to take proper care of what is external to himself?

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

Pray, Jupiter, when thou hast granted to us only a short span of life, why dost thou not allow us to pass it without sorrow?

EURIPIDES.

BORN B.C. 481—DIED B.C. 406.

EURIPIDES, the celebrated tragic writer of Athens, son of Mnesarchus and Cleito, is said to have been born on the very day of the battle of Salamis, to which island his parents had been compelled to fly at the time that Athens was threatened by Xerxes. He was a pupil of Prodicus of Chios, and took lessons from the philosopher Anaxagoras. The persecutions which Anaxagoras underwent warned Euripides of the dangerous path he was pursuing, inducing him to renounce the study of philosophy, and direct his attention to the stage. This took place, it is said, in his eighteenth year, and in 455 B.C. he succeeded in gaining the third prize. Of all the plays which he wrote, only five, according to Varro, were reckoned worthy of being crowned; but this fact may be explained by the violent spirit of rivalry and jealousy which seems to have prevailed at Athens at this time. In his domestic affairs he was by no means fortunate; both his wives disgraced him by the irregularity of their lives; and from this circumstance probably arose his violent hatred of the sex, the weakness of which he took every opportunity of ridiculing and exposing. His private grief became the butt of the comic writers of the day, and Aristophanes more particularly held him up to the ridicule of the public. It was no doubt in consequence of these incessant attacks that Euripides determined to leave Athens. He removed first to Magnesia, and thence to the court of Archelaus, King of Mace-

donia, who reigned from 413 to 399 B.C., and was then the beneficent patron of literature and science. By him he was received with all that respect to which his distinguished talents entitled him, and some say that he was appointed one of his principal ministers. Here he resided till his death (406 B.C.), which was as full of tragic circumstances as any story ever exhibited upon the stage. As he was strolling through a wood, a pack of the royal hounds attacked the poet, and tore him in pieces. His remains were removed to Pella by the king, and every honor was shown to his memory. The Athenians were now anxious to procure his ashes, but Archelaus refused to gratify those who had neglected the poet in his lifetime.

THE WORDS OF THE WISE.

When a wise man chooses a fit subject for his discourse, there is no difficulty in speaking well; thou hast indeed a fluent tongue; as if thou wert wisdom itself; but thy words have not her power. A mighty man, when bold and able to speak, is a bad citizen if he lack discretion.

THE TWO BEST THINGS AMONG MEN.

For, young man, there are two things of prime importance among men. Ceres, the goddess, she is the Earth, call her by what name thou wilt: she nourishes mortals with dry food. But he who is come is a match for her, the son of Semele: he has discovered the liquid drink of the grape, introducing it among mortals, causing the wretched to forget their sorrows, when they are filled with the stream of the vine, giving balmy sleep as an oblivion of the anxieties that beset man day by day, nor is there any other medicine that can cure the troubles of life.

GLORY NOT IN THY WISDOM.

But, Pentheus, be persuaded by me, boast not that thy imperial power has rule over men, nor even, if thou thinkest so, glory not in thy wisdom, for thy glorying is vain.

So Jeremiah (ix. 23)—"Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches."

THE FOOL.

For the fool speaks foolish things.

PRIDE BEFORE A FALL.

Misery is the end of unbridled mouths and lawless folly, but a quiet life accompanied by wisdom remains unmoved, and knits together families; for though the heavenly powers dwell in the far distance, inhabiting the air, they behold the deeds of men. But cleverness is not wisdom, nor yet the musing on things that belong not to this world. Life is short, and who pursuing great things in it would not enjoy the present? These are the manners of madmen and of the ill-disposed in my opinion.

So Matthew (v. 9)—"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

THE IGNORANT.

A person may seem to be ignorant, even though he speak with wisdom, to be foolish.

BE ANGRY AND SIN NOT.

For it is the part of a wise man to practise moderation in passion.

So Ephesians (iv. 26)—"Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

WINE AND LOVE.

For where there is not wine, love fails, and everything else pleasant to man.

THE DELIGHTS OF LIBERTY.

Shall "I trip it on the light fantastic toe" the livelong night in honor of Bacchus, exposing my neck to the dewy air, frisking like a fawn in the delights of the green meadow, when it has escaped a fearful chase away from the well-woven nets (and the huntsman cheers and hurries on his dogs), and toilfully, like the swift storm, speeds along the plain that skirts the river, rejoicing in the solitude, away from men, and in the thickets of the dark foliaged wood?

CRIME FOLLOWED BY PUNISHMENT.

The power of the divinity is called forth slowly, but then it is unerring, chastising those who insanely pay honor to folly, and show not respect to the gods. The gods cunningly conceal the long step of time, and hunt after the impious. For it is wrong to determine or plan anything contrary to their laws. It is surely a slight matter to regard what is divine as exercising this power, and that what has been law for a long time is eternal, and the dictate of nature.

THE TRULY HAPPY.

Happy the man who has escaped the tempest-tossed sea, and reached the port. Happy he who has got to the end of the labors of life. Men surpass each other in riches and power. Myriads of hopes gay-smiling rise before them. Some continue with them to the close of life, some vanish away. The man who enjoys the smiles of fortune day by day I pronounce to be happy.

REVERENCE OF THE GODS.

To be modest and pay reverence to the gods, this, I think, to be the most honorable and wisest thing for mortals.

DIFFERENT FATES OF MEN.

Various are the fates sent by the gods, and much comes to us that is unexpected; on the one hand, what we look for is not accomplished; and on the other, God finds a way to bring about what we least expected. Such, too, is the end of this awful day.

DIGNITY IN THOSE OF NOBLE BIRTH.

Nobleness is thine, and thy form, lady, is the reflection of thy nature, whoever thou art. For

by looking at external appearance one is generally able to learn whether man is noble by nature.

THINGS AGAINST THE WILL OF THE GODS.

For such things as we strive after against the will of the gods, we possess not as real goods, O lady; but what they give us willingly, by these we are benefited.

EVILS OF LIFE.

Countless are the woes of mortals, and various are their forms; but one single blessing for a lengthened period one will scarcely find in the life of men.

A WIFE.

For woman's condition among men is full of ills; for the good women being mixed up with the bad, we are objects of hatred, so wretched are we by nature.

THE BASE PUNISHED BY THE GODS.

For whosoever of mortals is of a base nature, him the gods chastise.

THE CHILDLESS AND THOSE WITH CHILDREN CONTRASTED.

For there is a constant spring of surpassing happiness to mortals when handsome youths flourish in the paternal hall, with wealth to transmit in succession from sires to children; for they are an ever-present aid in troubles, a joy in good fortune, and in war they bring help to their country with their spear. May the nurturing care of kind children be mine in preference to riches and alliances with kings. Childless life I abhor, and I blame him who approves of it. But with a competency of this world's goods may I have a noble offspring.

THINGS NEAR APPEAR DIFFERENT FROM THOSE AT A DISTANCE.

The appearance of things does not appear the same when seen far off and close at hand.

RIVALS IN POLITICAL HONORS.

The good and wise lead a quiet life, and aim not at the honors of the state; with them I shall incur ridicule, not living tranquilly in the midst of a city full of turmoil. Again, if I aspire to the dignity of those who direct the affairs of the nation, I shall be watched more closely, and subject to hostile votes; for such is usual, my father; those who possess influence are most inimical to those who are their rivals.

ROYAL AND HUMBLE LIFE CONTRASTED.

The outward aspect of vainly-praised sovereignty is indeed delightful, but its inward state is misery. For who can be happy, who can be blessed, dragging on a life full of terrors, and every moment in dread of violence? I would rather live happy in humble life than be a tyrant, forced to choose my friends from the wicked, and hating the good

from fear of death. Thou wilt say, no doubt, that gold has sovereign power over such things, and that it is pleasant to be rich. I love not to hear reproach while watching over my riches, and to be subject to toils. What I wish for is a competency, unattended by pains. Now hear, my father, the advantages I have enjoyed in this place. First, indeed, leisure, which is most beloved by men, and no bustling crowd around; nor am I jostled from the path by a knave, for it is intolerable to be obliged to give way to some insolent wretch. I was ever employed in the worship of the gods or in the service of men, who were surrounded by the happy and not by the mourning. Some, indeed, I sent away, while other strangers came in their place, so that I was always joyful, being new with new faces. That which men should pray for, even if it be against their will, to be just before the gods, custom and nature together brought about in me. Taking these things into consideration, my father, I deem my lot better here than there. Suffer me, then, to live here, for there is equal pleasure to be got in humble life as in the palaces of the great.

A FRIEND.

For it is pleasant to enjoy good fortune with one's friends; but (avert it, Heaven!) if any ill befall, a friend's kind eye beams comfort.

THE DESIGNING AND THE SIMPLE.

Alas! how I always hate ill-designing men, who, devising evil deeds, gild them over with artificial ornament. I would rather have an honest, simple friend, than one whose quicker wit is trained to evil.

THE SLAVE.

For one thing brings shame to slaves—the name. In everything else the slave is nothing worse than the free-born, if he be virtuous.

A STEP-MOTHER.

Thou hast rightly judged; for it is a proverb that step-mothers bear hatred to their step-children.

AID OF HEAVEN.

Slow, indeed, at times, is the aid of the gods, but in the end not weak.

THE GOOD.

But him whose house is threatened with calamities it becomes to worship the gods and be of good cheer; for in the end the good obtain their due, but the wicked, as they are naturally so, will never fare well.

A STEP-MOTHER.

For a step-mother is enemy to the children of the former marriage, no milder than a viper.

THE DEAD.

Time will soften thy grief; he that is dead is nothing.

WISDOM IN THE GOOD.

In the good there is all kind of wisdom.

So John (vii. 17)—"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

THE PIOUS.

My heart is confident that the man who reveres the gods will fare prosperously.

So Psalms (cxl. 10)—"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

OLD MAN.

It is vain for old men praying for death, complaining of age and the length of life, since if death come near, not one is willing to die; then old age is no longer burdensome to them.

TO-MORROW UNCERTAIN.

Knowest thou of what nature mortal things are? I think not; how shouldst thou? Death is a debt that all mortals must pay, and there is not one of them who knows whether he shall see the coming morrow; for what depends on fortune is uncertain how it will turn out, and is not to be learned, neither is it to be caught by art. Having, therefore, heard and learned these things from me, be merry, drink, and regard the life granted to thee day by day as thine own, but the rest to be Fortune's.

EFFECT OF WINE.

And well do I know that the trickling of the cup down thy throat will change thee from thy present gloomy and pent state of mind. Being mortals, we should think as mortals; since to all those who are morose and of sad countenance, if they take me as judge at least, life is not truly life, but misery.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

This is the surest tie of conjugal happiness, when the wife is not estranged from the husband. But everything here is at variance, and the dearest ties are weakened.

YOUTH.

For youth holds no society with grief.

EVERY ONE LOVES HIMSELF MORE THAN HIS NEIGHBOR.

Dost thou only now know this, that every one loves himself more than his neighbor, some, indeed, with justice, but others for the sake of gain?

ROYAL AND HUMBLE LIFE.

The acts of tyrants are terrible; being seldom controlled, in most things acting despotically, they lay aside with difficulty their passion. To be accustomed to humble life is far better; may it be my lot then to grow old, not in gorgeous state, but without danger. There is a protection in the very name of moderation, and to enjoy it is far the best for man. Towering greatness remains not long to mortals, and has often brought the greatest woes on families when the Deity is enraged.

MUSIC.

Thou wouldst not err in calling men of the olden time silly and in no way wise who invented songs for festivals, banquets, and suppers, delights that charm the ear; but no one has found out how to soothe with music and sweet symphony those bitter pangs by which death and sad misfortunes destroy families. And yet to assuage such griefs by music were wisdom. For when the banquet is spread, why raise the song? When the table is richly piled, it brings of itself a cheerfulness that wakes the heart to joy.

WOMAN.

Of all beings who have life and sense, we women are most wretched. First of all, we must buy a husband with money, and receive in him a lord; for this is a still greater ill than the former. And then the question is whether we receive a bad or good one. For divorces are not honorable to women, nor is it right to repudiate our husband. For coming to new tempers and new laws, we must be endowed with powers of prophecy if we can know what sort of yoke-fellow we shall have. But should a husband dwell with us, diligently engaged in the performance of our duties, who treats us with kindness, our lot is deserving of envy; if not, death is to be preferred. If a man find aught displeasing in his house, going abroad, he seeks relief among his compeers or friends. We must look for happiness to one only. Men say of us that we live a life of ease at home, while they are fighting with the spear. Misjudging men! thrice would I engage in fierce conflict than once suffer the pangs of childbirth.

A FIERY IS BETTER THAN A SULLEN SPIRIT.

For a woman that is quick in anger, and a man too, can be more easily guarded against than one that is crafty and keeps silence.

EXILE.

Exile draws many evils in its train.

IMPUDENCE.

The worst of all diseases among men is impudence.

THE WICKED.

O Jove! why hast thou given us certain proofs to know adulterate gold, but stamped no mark, where it is most needed, on man's base metal?

THE POWER OF THE RHETORICIAN.

For in my opinion, the unjust man, whose tongue is full of glozing rhetoric, merits the heaviest punishment. Vaunting that he can with his tongue gloze over injustice, he dares to act wickedly, yet he is not over-wise.

GIFTS OF A BAD MAN.

The gifts
Of a bad man can bring no good with them.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance, the noblest gift of Heaven.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

The saying is that gifts gain over even the gods; gold has greater power over men than ten thousand arguments.

THE EVILS OF LIFE MUST BE BORNE.

A mortal must bear calamities with meekness.

So Philippians (i. 28)—"For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you."

"THE EVIL THAT I WOULD NOT, THAT I DO."

I know, indeed, the ills I am about to commit, but my inclination gets the better of me.

So Romans (vii. 14)—"For we know that the law is spiritual; but I am carnal, sold under sin."

THE BACHELOR.

I maintain that those entirely free from wedlock, and who claim no title to a father's name, surpass in happiness those who have families; those who are childless, not knowing whether children give delight or anguish, are relieved of much misery. But those who have a sweet blooming offspring of children in their house, I see worn out with care the whole time; first of all, how they shall bring them up honorably, and how they shall leave what may sustain them; and besides, they know not whether they are toiling for good or bad children. But one ill to mortals, the worst of all, I now shall mention. For let us suppose that they have got together a sufficient fortune, and that their children have reached manhood, behaving honorably, yet if this should happen, that death, bearing away their sons, vanishes with them to the shades of darkness, I ask, why do the gods heap on mortals this grief in addition, the most bitter of all, to drop the tears on the lost son's untimely bier?

NO MORTAL MAN IS HAPPY.

But what belongs to mortals I do not now for the first time deem to be a mere shadow, nor would I fear to say that those who boast most of their wisdom and acquired knowledge, stray widest in the paths of folly. No mortal is happy; if the tide of wealth flow in upon him, one may be more fortunate than another, more happy he cannot be.

THE RESTLESSNESS OF THE LOVE-SICK.

Alas! the evils of mortals and their hateful diseases! What shall I do for thee? what not? Here is the bright light of day, here the clear air; and now thy couch on which thou liest sick is out of the house; for every word thou spakest was to bring thee hither; but soon thou wilt be in a hurry to return back to thy chamber; thou art soon changed, and rejoice in nothing; nothing present pleases, thou reckonest what is not present as more agreeable. It is better to be sick than to tend the sick: the one is a simple ill, but with

the other is joined both pain of mind and toil of body. The whole life of men is full of pain and trouble, knows no rest. But whatever else there is more precious than life, darkness hangs round it, concealing it in clouds; hence we appear to dote on this present state, because it gilds the earth, for we know nothing of our future life, and cannot discover aught of the realms below; but all is wrapped in perplexing fables.

A plague on the whimsies of sickly folk:

What am I to do? what not?

Why, here's the fair sky,

And here you lie,

With your couch in a sunny spot.

For this you were pulling, whenever you spoke,

Craving to lie outside,

And now you'll be sure not to bide;

You won't be here for an hour—

You'll want to be back to your bower;

Longing and never enjoying,

Shifting from yea to nay;

For all that you taste is cloying,

And sweet is the far away.

'Tis bad to be sick but worse

To have to sit by and nurse;

For that is single, but this is double,—

The mind in pain, and the hands in trouble.

The life men live is a weary coil;

There is no rest from woe and toil;

And if there's aught, elsewhere, more dear

Than drawing breath as we do here,

That darkness holds

In black inextricable folds.

Love-sick it seems are we

Of this, whate'er it be,

That gleams upon the earth,

Because that second birth,

That other life, no man hath tried;

What lies below

No god will show,

And we, because the truth's denied,

Drift upon idle fables to and fro.

—FROM THACKERAY'S "Anthologia Græc., Fr. 2."

SICKNESS OF THE HEART.

The cares of life, they say, if carried too far, bring more of pain than pleasure, and war against the health. Thus I praise less what is in extreme than the sentiment of "Nothing in excess," and the wise will agree with me.

PURE HANDS BUT IMPURE THOUGHTS.

My hands are clean, but my heart has somewhat of impurity.

So Romans (xiii. 9)—"Thou shalt not covet."

WE KNOW THE GOOD BUT DO IT NOT.

What is good we understand and know, but practise not, some from sloth, and others preferring some other pleasure to what is right. For there are many pleasures in life—lengthened hours of frivolous conversation, indolence, a pleasing ill, and shame; but there are two, the one indeed not base, but the other, the weight that pulls down houses; but if the occasion in which each is used

were clear, the two things would not have the same letters.

THE INFLUENCE OF HIGH RANK.

For when base deeds appear right to those of highest rank, all below them esteem them as objects of honest imitation.

A PARENT'S MISDEEDS.

For it enslaves a man, though he be valiant-hearted, when he is conscious of a mother's or a father's misdeeds. This alone, an honest and good name, to whomsoever it belongs, possesses a worth exceeding life; it is time, when it so chances, that shows the bad, as a mirror reflects a virgin's fair face; never among such may I be seen.

PRIDE.

For this is nothing else than pride to wish to be superior, to be gods.

So Proverbs (xvi. 3)—"Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord."

FLATTERY.

It is this that ruins many a well-built city and houses—this glowing speech. We want not words that charm the ear, but what excites to virtuous deeds.

DECEIT RECOMMENDED.

My tongue indeed hath sworn, but not my mind.

WOMAN.

By this, too, it is evident that woman is a great evil; for the father, who begot and brought her up, gives her a dowry and sends her away, to be rid of her evil. But the husband, on the other hand, when he has received the bane into his house, rejoices, and puts splendid ornaments on the vile wretch, tricking her out with robes, unhappy man! exhausting all the riches of his house upon her. But he makes a virtue of necessity, for, having lied himself to noble kinsmen, he retains with seeming joy his uneasy bed, or, if he has received a good bride, but worthless parents-in-law, he forgets the evil in consideration of the good. Happier is he who leads to his house a plain, gentle-hearted, simple wife. I hate the knowing dame; nay there not be in my house one more wise than woman ought to be. For Venus with ease engenders wiles in these knowing dames; but a woman of simple capacity, by reason of her small understanding, is removed from folly.

WE JUDGE BY THE EVENT.

If I had been successful, I would have assuredly been ranked among the wise; for our reputation and wisdom depends much on our success.

THE FOOL.

O men erring in many things! why do ye teach a thousand arts, contriving and inventing everything? but one thing you know not, nor yet have reached out, to teach that man wisdom who is void of sense.

THE DEMAGOGUE.

For those who are worthless among the wise are best fitted to charm the rabble.

EXILE.

For a speedy death is best to the wretched; but wandering an exile from thy fatherland, thou shalt drag out a life of bitterness; for this is the reward for the impious.

THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE GUILTY.

For gods rejoice not when the pious die; the wicked, however, with their children and houses, we utterly destroy.

THE GREAT.

For the sad stories of the great make a deep impression.

THE ENMITY OF RELATIONS IS DREADFUL.

How dreadful, mother, is the enmity of relations, and how difficult a reconciliation.

BEAR WITH PATIENCE THE CALAMITIES OF LIFE.

We ought to submit to the inflictions of the gods.

So 2 Corinthians (vi. 4)—"But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience."

RICH HAVINGS WIN RESPECT.

It is a proverb long ago sung, but which I shall nevertheless repeat, "Wealth is most honored among men, and brings to them the greatest power."

PRECIPITATE HASTE.

Precipitate haste leads to injustice, but slowly-matured counsels bring forth deeds of wisdom.

HOW A RECONCILIATION OUGHT TO BE BROUGHT ABOUT.

When a friend is angry with his friend, let him meet him face to face, and fix his eyes on his friend's eyes, remembering only the object for which he is come, and forgetting all former grievances.

IF ALL JUDGED ALIKE, THERE WOULD BE NO DISPUTES.

If the same thing were judged honorable alike by all, and also wise, no contest or debate would arise among men; but now nothing is the same or like except the names; each gives his own meaning to them.

AMBITION.

Why, my child, dost thou court ambition, the most baneful of deities? Do it not, she is an unjust goddess. For often hath she entered into houses and flourishing cities, and issued forth again, bringing destruction on those who welcomed her. Of such an one thou art madly enamored. My child, it is nobler to pay honor to equality, which ever knits friends to friends, states to states,

and allies to allies; for equality is sanctioned both by nature and by human laws. Whereas the less is always at enmity with the greater, and hence springs the day of hatred. For it was equality that established measures among men, and weights and numbers. The dark eye of night and the light of the sun equally walk their yearly round, and neither of them being inferior, envies the other. Thus the sun and the night equally serve mortals, and wilt thou not brook equality and give up his share to him? Then, where is justice? Why dost thou honor so extravagantly the royal state—a prosperous injustice—and think so highly of her? To be conspicuous?—a mere empty glory. Or wouldst thou labor to have thy house full of riches? And what is this abundance? 'tis nothing but a name, since what is sufficient is abundance to the wise. Man enjoys his stores, not as his own, but as the gifts of the gods, who, when they choose, again resume them.

So Proverbs (xxiii. 5)—“Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven.”

THE NECESSITY OF FATE.

For a mortal must endure the necessity of fate proceeding from the gods.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

It is good for the prosperous to cast their eye on the poor, and for the poor to look upward to the rich with a feeling of rivalry, that the desire of wealth may spur on the one, and the high fortune of the other may fear a sad change.

THE BENEFICENCE OF THE DEITY.

With others, indeed, I have disputed the question: for some assert that the ills of life outweigh the good to man. But my opinion is the opposite, I believe that blessings are more abundant; for, if it were not so, we should not enjoy the light of life. The Being who called us forth from foul and savage life I thank, enduing us with reason, and then giving us the tongue as the messenger of words, so as to distinguish speech; the growth of fruits he gave, and for that growth the heaven-descending rain, that it might nourish the fruits of the earth and sustain the stomach; besides, he invented coverings against the cold of winter, and to ward off the burning heat of the sun, and the sailing over the sea, that we might exchange with each other the fruits which each wants.

See St. Paul's speech at Lystra (Acts xiv. 17)—“He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.” See also Psalm civ. throughout.

THE INNOCENT INVOLVED WITH THE GUILTY.

For the Deity, deeming fortune the same to all, is wont to involve with him that is guilty the man that is innocent and has done no evil.

THERE ARE THREE CLASSES IN EACH STATE.

There are three classes of citizens; some are rich, listless, and yet ever craving for more; oth-

ers, having nothing, and short of the means of life, are clamorous, much addicted to envy, aiming their bitter shafts against the rich, and led away by the tongues of evil leaders. Betwixt these extremes there are those who save the state, guarding the laws which the state may appoint.

NO ONE HAPPY TO THE END OF LIFE.

For in regard to the affairs of mortals, there is nothing happy throughout.

THE DUTY OF A SON TO HIS PARENTS.

Unhappy the child who does not help his parents, a most honorable service; for he receives back from his children what he has bestowed on his parents.

THE DEMAGOGUE.

We have not there the inflated demagogue, who puffing the people up with words, turns them as interest prompts him. For he that is pleasant, and winds himself into their hearts to-day, offends to-morrow; then, with fresh calumnies cloaking his former errors, he escapes from justice. And the how can a people rightly guide a city who do not examine minutely the reasons that are brought forward? For time gives wisdom superior to imprudent haste. But a poor laborer of the soil, even if he were not unschooled in knowledge, cannot from his very employment, be able to look to the common weal. Surely ill fares it with the better ranks when those of low degree hold dignity “wielding at will the fierce democracy,” rising from base obscurity.

“THE LAND WHERE, GIRT WITH FRIENDS OR FOR A MAN MAY SPEAK THE THING HE WILL.”

There is no greater evil to a state than a tyrant when in the first and chiefest place the laws hold not one common tenor, but one man, lording over the laws, keeps it to himself; here is no equality. Where the laws are written, the weak and powerful have equal justice, and the low ranks, when wronged, can answer the higher bold words; the weaker, with justice on its side, triumphs over the great. This is to be free. There a man fraught with good counsel, useful to the state? He speaks it, and becomes illustrious else, if he chooses, he holds his peace. What can there be more just than this? And then, when the people are sovereigns of the land, it glories in its valiant youth; while a tyrant hates such state of things, and slays the best men, who think are wise, fearing for his power. He then, can a state become strong, when ruthless power cuts off each brave spirit, and mows down each opening floweret, like the crops in the vernal meadow?

DISCRETION IS VALOR.

A wise man's love streams first to his children then to his parents and country, which he should desire to raise to glory and not to crush. Daring is a daring pilot and sailor in a ship; wis-

he who knows his time to moor it in safety. To my mind discretion is valor.

Shakespeare makes Falstaff ("King Henry IV." part I. act v. scene 4) say—

"The better part of valor is discretion."

And "Othello" (act II. scene 3)—

"Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion."

WAR NOT WITH THE DEAD.

I deem it right to bury the dead, from no desire to injure the city or bring on man-slaying contests, but preserving the common law of Greece. What is there wrong in this? For suppose you have suffered from the Argives, they are now dead; ye have driven them away with credit to yourselves and disgrace to them, and thus justice has been done. Allow the dead to be entombed in the earth; for each part that forms the frame of man, must return whence it came, the soul to the ethereal sky, the body to the earth. For we do not possess this body as our own save to dwell in during this breathing space of life, and then we must give it back to the earth that sustained it. Dost thou think to do injury to Argos only by not burying the dead? By no means; this is a question common to all Greece, if any deprive the dead of their right, keeping them unburied; for it would be a disgrace to the brave if such a law were allowed to hold good.

LIFE IS A STRUGGLE.

But, ye silly men, learn the state of man; our life is a struggle: some gain the prize early, some hereafter, some now; for fortune plays the wanton. By the wretched she is greatly honored, that she may favor him, while the prosperous hold her in high honor, dreading the veering gale.

COURAGE VAIN.

Courage profits men naught, if God denies His aid.

VANITY OF MEN.

Vain mortals! stretching the bow beyond what is fitting, and justly suffering many ills, ye yield not to the advice of friends, but learn only from circumstances.

THE BRAVE MAN.

For when a man is brought up honorably, he feels ashamed to act basely; every one trained to noble deeds blushes to be found recreant; valor may be taught, as we teach a child to speak, to hear those things which he knows not; such love as the child learns he retains with fondness to old age—strong incitements to train your children well.

TO BE TWICE YOUNG.

Alas! why is it not permitted to mortals twice to be young, and thence return once more to old age? For in our domestic affairs, if aught be ill-conducted, we put it right by after thoughts, but we have not this power over life. If we could be

twice young, twice old, when we made a mistake, having this twofold life, we could correct it.

MOURNING FOR THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

Be it so. What must I, wretched, do? Go home, and there see the sad desolation of my home, and loneliness of my life? Or shall I go to the dwelling of this Capanus? Most pleasant, indeed, it was to me before, when my daughter was yet living, but she lives no longer; then she used to caress my beard and stroke this head with her hand. Nothing is dearer to an aged sire than a daughter; sons have spirits of higher pitch, but are less inclined to endearing fondness. Will you not speedily lead me to my house, and give me up to darkness, when I may perish, wasting away my aged frame with fastings? What will it avail me to touch the bones of my child? O age! difficult to be contended with, how I hate thee when I have reached thee, and hate all who are anxious to lengthen out existence with food, drink, and spells, turning aside the stream of life so as not to die! It is more fitting for thee, naught but a use less burden upon earth, to pass away in death and make room for the young.

AFFLICTION FOR DEATH OF CHILDREN.

For what greater grief canst thou find out for mortals than to see their children dead?

HOPE ALWAYS.

That is the noble man, who is full of confident hopes; the abject soul despairs.

THE GOOD.

Are not the good, though slow to speak, oft provoked to give vent to their feelings?

SEDITION.

For a city does not prosper that shakes with sedition and is rent by evil counsels.

FATE.

For whosoever strives against heaven-sent calamities, his striving is folly. What must be, no one will ever make so that it be not.

INCONSTANCY OF HUMAN THINGS.

But ye old men, brief is the space of life allotted to you; pass it as pleasantly as ye can, not grieving from morn till eve. Since time knows not how to preserve our hopes, but, attentive to its own concerns, flies away.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Youth is dear to me, but age ever lies upon my head a heavier burden than the rocks of Ætna, dimming mine eyelids with sober veil. I would not have the riches of Asia's throne, nor that my house should shine with gold, in preference to youth, which is fairest in wealth and fairest in poverty. Sad and funereal age I abhor. Hence may it perish in the billows, and never enter the houses and cities of men, but be borne on wings through the air. But if the gods had understood and been wise in the affairs of men, they would

have bestowed a twofold youth, as an undoubted mark of virtue, upon such as shared it; and after death they would have returned a second time to the light of the sun, whereas baseness would have had a single term of life, and in this way would the bad and good have been distinguished, in the same way as amidst the clouds the stars are a guide to the sailors. Whereas now there is no certain mark given by the gods to distinguish the good and bad, but time, as it revolves, is studious of wealth alone.

DESCRIPTION OF MADNESS.

Iris. The wife of Jove did not surely send thee hither, to show thy wisdom.

Madness. I swear by the sun that I am doing what I desire not to do. But if I must needs be subservient to Juno and thee, I must follow swiftly and with a rush, as dogs follow the hunter. On I go; not the sea raging with billows, nor the rocking earthquake, nor the thunder's rage inflicting pangs, is so furious as I when I rush with racing speed against the breast of Hercules. And I shall break down these walls and desolate his house, having first caused him to slay his children; but he that kills them shall not know that they are his sons who fall beneath his hands, till he has respite from my madness. See even now he shakes his head, standing at the barriers, and rolls in silence his distorted gorgon eyes. And he has no command over his breathing; like a bull prepared for the onslaught, he bellows dreadfully, invoking the Furies from Tartarus. Quickly shall I rouse thee to the dance, and give forth music rife with terror. Away, Iris, to Olympus, raising thy noble foot; but we shall enter unseen the abode of Hercules.

INGRATITUDE.

I abhor the gratitude of friends that grows old, and those, too, who wish to share the prosperous gale, but forsake the bark in adverse storms.

GOD IS ALL-SUFFICIENT.

For God, if he be really God, wants nothing. These are but the miserable tales of poets.

THE VIRTUOUS.

For among the virtuous disgrace is considered before life.

So Revelation (II. 10).—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

TWO TO ONE IS ODDS.

Weak the conflict of one hand.

WOMAN.

For silence and modesty are the best ornaments of a woman, and to remain quietly within the house.

So 1 Corinthians (xiv. 34).—"Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak."

NO ONE HAPPY BEFORE HIS DEATH.

By his present fortune he proclaims aloud to all this truth, not to envy the man who seems prosperous, ere we see his death, as fortune is but for a day.

THE HIGH-BORN OUGHT TO BE TRUTHFUL.

In such noble people as you the mouth ought to be truthful.

HIGH AND HUMBLE LIFE.

I envy the man who has passed through life without danger, to the world, to fame unknown, not those raised to greatness.

THE WILY TONGUE.

The tongue cunning to excite envy is an evil.

THE WAVERER.

The wavering mind is a base possession, not to be trusted by friends.

THE CUNNING CANDIDATE FOR POWER.

Thou knowest when thou wast striving to gain the leadership of the Greeks against Troy—in appearance careless of the honor, but secretly desirous of it—how humble thou wast, shaking every one by the hand, and keeping open door to all who wished to enter; giving audience to all in turn, even if he wished it not, seeking by affability to buy popularity among the multitude. And then when thou wert successful, changing thy mode of acting, thou wast no longer the same to thy old friends, difficult of access, and seldom within doors. Ill does it become an honest man when prosperous to change his manners, but rather then to be staunch to his friends, when by his changed position he can serve them.

THE RULER OF A STATE.

I would not make any one ruler of a state or general of an army on account of his wealth: the leader should have wisdom: every man sage in counsel is a leader.

THE NOBLE AND IGNOBLE.

What advantages attend ignoble birth! Such persons are at liberty to weep and bemoan themselves, but to the noble this is denied. We have pride as the guide of our life, and are slaves to the people.

LOVE.

Blest are they who enjoy the nuptial couch of Aphrodite, the temperate and modest goddess, obtaining a calm from those maddening stings, when Love with golden locks bends both his bows of graces, one for a prosperous fate, the other for life's wild tumult. I deprecate, O fairest Venus, the latter; but mine be love's temperate stings, the holy flame of chaste desire; mine be mild Venus and not ungoverned passion.

THE POWERFUL.

To th' inferior ranks of life
The powerful and the wealthy are as gods.

A DAUGHTER.

It is good that a daughter leave her home, but yet it pains a father's heart when he delivers a child to another house, the object of his tender care.

A WIFE.

A wise man should have a useful and good wife in his house, or not marry at all.

A MOTHER.

Childbirth is painful, and yet a child is a matter of great endearment; 'tis common to the whole human race to toil on behalf of children.

LEAN NOT TO YOUR OWN UNDERSTANDING.

There is a time when it is pleasant not to build too much on our own wisdom; but then, again, there is a time when it is useful to exert our judgment.

So Proverbs (III. 5).—"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding."

TO TOUCH WITH THE TIP OF THE FINGER.

King Agamemnon will not touch thy daughter even with the tip of his finger, so as to lay hold of her garment.

Our Saviour (Luke xi. 45) says of the Pharisees, that they "will not touch with one of their fingers" the burthens which they lay on others; and Cicero (*pro Coel.* 12) says—"To touch, so to speak, with the finger-tips."

EXCESS OF PRAISE.

The noble, if praised, hate in a certain degree those who praise them, if they praise too much.

THE DISTRESSED.

But, in fact, the good man, even though he be a stranger, has good reason to assist the distressed.

So Burns ("Winter Night")—

"Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss."

SILENCE GIVES CONSENT.

E'en thy silence and thy sighs
Confess it.

DUTY OF A WIFE.

When I was reconciled to thee and thy house, thou wilt thyself bear witness how irreproachable a wife I was, modest and adding to the splendor of thy house, so that both going in and going out thou wast blest. A wife like this is a rare prize; the worthless are not rare.

LIFE.

To enjoy the light of heaven is most sweet to mortals; things below are nothing; mad is he who prays for death; to live in misery is better than anything there is of good in death.

THE MULTITUDE.

The many are, indeed,
A dreadful ill.

THE GODS SAVE WHOM THEY LOVE.

The gods dispense to men what is unlooked for, and those whom they love they save.

ENDURE DEATH WITH PATIENCE.

I esteem not him to be wise who, when he sees death near, tries to overcome its terrors with wallings, being without hope of safety, since he thus has two ills instead of one, and makes his folly known, dying none the less. But one must needs let fortune have its way.

WOMAN QUICK TO FORM DEVICES.

To form devices quick is woman's wit.

WOMEN A FAITHLESS RACE.

See how faithless is the female race! and ye are partners in what has been done.

TO FIGHT AGAINST THE GODS.

What benefit is there to fight against the powerful gods?

THE COWARD IS VALIANT IN THE DARK.

In darkness a runaway has mighty strength.

MEN HAVE DIFFERENT NATURES.

Nature grants to none to know all things; one gift belongs to one, another to another; to thee, indeed, to fight,—but to others, to give good counsel.

A GLORIOUS DEATH.

To die, if a man must die, is no doubt painful to him that dies: for how should it not be so? but if with glory to the living, it is a pride and renown for one's family.

A STATE IN ADVERSITY.

For when sad calamity befalls a state the gods are neglected, and there is no desire to honor them.

AFFLICTION.

Yet there is good reason to invoke the gods when we fall into affliction.

THE DEAD.

The tearless dead forgets his sorrows.

TEARS.

How sweet are tears to those who have fared ill, and strains of lamentation and the Muse, who tunes her notes to woe!

THE DEAD.

My child, to die is not the same as to behold the light of day; for the one is nothing, while in the other there are hopes.

TO FALL FROM HIGH FORTUNE.

Not to be born and to die I deem to be the same; but to die is far better than to live in misery, for he knows no grief who does not feel his misery. But to fall from high fortune to abject wretched-

ness distracts the soul with the feeling of former happiness.

A WIFE.

With silence of the tongue and cheerfulness of look I entertained my husband. I knew in what things I ought to command my husband, and how to yield obedience in what it behooved me.

A SECOND MARRIAGE.

And yet they say that short time changes a woman's unwillingness to a new love. I abhor her who, discarding from her thoughts a former husband, loves another. For not even the mare, which has been separated from its fellow, will easily draw the yoke; and yet the race of beasts is without articulate voice, and fails in reason, being less excellent by nature.

GOD RULES WITH JUSTICE.

O Jove, who rulest this revolving globe, and hast thy throne above it, whoever thou art, hard to be known even by conjecture, whether the necessity of nature or the ruling mind, I adore thee; for, proceeding by a noiseless track, thou guidest with justice all mortal affairs.

So Psalms (cxlv. 17)—"The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all His works."

LAMENT OF HECUBA OVER ASTYANAX.

O wretched one! how miserably have thy ancestral walls, the towers by Phœbus raised, rent the crisped ringlets from thy head, which thy mother fondly cherished with kisses, whence, amidst the crushed bones, murder grins out, to abstain from words more shocking! O hands! which once bore the dear image of thy father's, but now lie with loosened joints. O thou dear mouth! which utterdest many a pleasantry, thou hast perished; thou hast deceived me, when, flinging thyself on my couch, thou wouldst exclaim, "O mother! I shall cut off these clustering locks for thee, and to thy tomb shall lead bands of compeers, hailing thee with dear address." Thou dost not bury me, but I, old, left of my children, of my country, bury thee, dead in thy early bloom, a wretched corpse. Alas! those fond embraces, those nursing cares, those lullabies, have all vanished. And on thy tomb what verse shall the bard inscribe?—"This boy who lies here the Greeks once slew, for they feared him,"—a verse recording the disgrace of Greece.

FORTUNE.

Foolish I deem him who, thinking that his state is blest, rejoices in security; for fortune, like a man distempered in his senses, leaps now this way, now that, and no man is always fortunate.

THE DEAD.

I deem that it is of little importance to the dead whether he obtain costly obsequies; this is the vain affectation of the living.

TO DIE IS BETTER.

But death, a better fate, has befallen me.
So Philippians (i. 21)—"To die is gain."

THE DEMAGOGUE.

A thankless race you are, who try to gain honor from the mob by oratory; would that you were not known to me, who reck not of injuries done to friends if your fine speech wins you favor with the people.

WEIGHT OF COUNSEL.

It is not the counsel but the speaker's worth that gives weight to his eloquence.

NOBILITY.

To be born of noble parents is a great and distinguishing badge among men, and the name of nobility among the illustrious advances from great to greater still.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

To all eternity the bad can never be but bad, the good but good; nor in misfortune does man degenerate from his nature, but he is always good. Is this difference from parents or from education? To be brought up well instils, indeed, the principles of honor; and he that is thus taught knows, by the law of honor, what is base.

THE SAILOR.

In a large army the rabble are riotous, and the sailors' insolence runs like wildfire; not to join in wickedness is a crime.

THE GODS.

The gods are strong, and powerful is their law; for by the law we judge that there are gods, and form our lives, having right and wrong strictly defined.

PERSUASION.

Wretch that I am, why should we poor mortals strive after sciences of all kinds as matter of duty, diving into them, while we slight, as nothing worth, Persuasion, the sole mistress o'er the minds of men, refusing to pay money for that by which we might persuade and gain what we wish?

THE EVENTS OF LIFE.

How strange the events of human life! laws control even the Fates, changing the sternest foe to a kind friend, and making enemies of those who before were on good terms.

THE BOASTED LIBERTY OF MAN.

There is no man free; for he is a slave either to wealth or fortune, or else the populace of the city or the laws prevent him from acting according to the dictates of his will.

THE WICKED.

For this is for the general good of all—individuals and states, that punishment should overtake the wicked, and that the virtuous should enjoy happiness.

WOMEN.

To be brief, if any one in past times has reviled women, if any one now does, or hereafter shall revile them, in one brief sentence I shall comprise the whole: it is a breed which neither sea nor earth produces the like; he who is always with them knows them best.

FRIENDSHIP.

In adversity the friendship of the good shines most clearly; prosperity never fails in friends.

MAN'S EVIL MANNERS.

Would that the Greeks had forgotten the evil fortune which I now endure, but preserved the good in memory as they preserve my bad.

Shakespeare ("Henry VIII.," act iv. sc. 4) says—

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."

A RUDE HUSBAND.

When a husband treats a woman roughly, it is better to die.

NOTHING STRONGER THAN NECESSITY.

Not mine

This saying, but the sentence of the sage,
Nothing is stronger than necessity.

DIFFERENT FORTUNES TO DIFFERENT MEN.

My daughter, how God assigns to different men fortunes different and inscrutable! But well I ween He turns affairs upside down, bearing them hither and thither: one toils, another knows not toil, but ruin overwhelms him, having no firm hold on fortune.

PRUDENCE.

No one ever grew rich on hallowed flames by idly gazing: discernment and prudence are the best of prophets.

LIGHT LIES THE EARTH ON THE BRAVE.

For, if the gods be wise, they will lay the earth lightly on the grave of the brave, but cast the craven beneath a hard mound of earth.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS.

No one that is unrighteous has ever prospered, but hopes of safety never forsake the just.

"WHO HATH KNOWN THE MIND OF THE LORD?"

Whether it was a god, or not a god, or something between, who of mortals by searching to the end can find out?

THE LABORER.

It is pleasant for a laborer returning from a distance to find things in his house aright.

THE NOBLE TO BE JUDGED BY MANNERS AND BY DEEDS.

There is no outward mark to note the noble, for the inward qualities of man are never clearly to be distinguished. I have often seen a man of no worth spring from a noble sire, and worthy chil-

dren arise from vile parents, meanness grovelling in the rich man's mind and generous feelings in the poor. How, then, shall we discern and judge aright? By wealth? we shall make use of a bad criterion. By poverty? poverty has this disadvantage: it prompts a man to evil deeds. Shall it be by arms? But who, by looking to the spear, could thereby discern the dauntless heart? It is best to leave these things to be decided as they may. For this man, neither great among the Argives nor puffed up by the honors of his house, being plebeian, has proved his nobility by nature. Will ye not, then, learn wisdom, ye who wander in the paths of vanity? Will ye not learn to judge the noble by manners and by deeds? For such men as these discharge their duties with honor to the state and to their house. Mere flesh without a spirit is nothing more than statues in the Forum. For the strong arm does not abide the shock of battle better than the weak: this depends on nature and an intrepid mind:

JUDGE NOT BY OUTWARD APPEARANCE.

They are noble in appearance, but this is mere outside; for many noble-born are base.

MARRY YOUR EQUAL.

And among all the Argives thou didst hear such words as these—"The man obeys the wife, and not the wife her husband." This is shameful for the woman, that the man should not rule the household; and I hate those children who are spoken of as sprung from the mother, not the father. For he who weds a wife of higher rank and nobler blood sinks into nothing, lost in her superior splendor.

UNJUST WEALTH.

Nature is immovable, not riches; she remains forever and uplifts her head: but wealth unjustly acquired, and in the possession of the base, is wont to flit from the house, having flourished for some short space.

A WOMAN.

When a wrong idea possesses a woman, much bitterness flows from her tongue.

WOMAN.

The woman who, in her husband's absence, seeks to set her beauty forth, mark her as a wanton; she would not adorn her person to appear abroad unless she was inclined to ill.

VICE HOLDS A MIRROR TO THE GOOD.

Evil deeds hold up an example and mirror to the good.

WED NOT A VICIOUS WOMAN.

Whoever, allured by riches or high rank, marries a vicious woman is a fool; for an humble yet modest partner is better in our house than a noble one.

WOMAN.

Fortune rules in nuptials; for some I see to be a source of joy to mortals, others turn out badly.

THE HAPPY.

Whoever is able to pass through life calmly, and labors not under affliction, we deem to be blest.

AN UNBRIDLED TONGUE.

He had an unbridled tongue, the worst of diseases.

NATURE.

O nature, how great an ill thou art among the bad, but in the virtuous a safeguard.

SLEEP.

O precious balm of sleep, thou that soothest disease, how pleasant thou camest to me in the time of need! O divine oblivion of my sufferings, how wise thou art, and a goddess to be invited by all in distress!

Shakespeare ("Henry IV.," part II. act III. sc. 1)—

"O sleep, O gentle sleep!

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness."

MAN THAT IS FORTUNATE IN HIS CHILDREN.

Happy the man who is blest in his children, and hath not in them experienced grievous calamities.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

Life is blest to those whose connubial state is well arranged; but to those to whom it falls not out well, their affairs are unfortunate at home and abroad.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Friends should assist friends in misfortunes; when fortune smiles, what need of friends? For God himself sufficeth, being willing to assist.

AN EXCITED MOB.

When the excited populace is in full fury, it is as difficult to control them as it is to extinguish a rolling flame; but if we yield to their violence as it is spreading, watching our opportunity, they may perhaps exhaust their rage, and, as their fury abates, thou may then turn them as thou pleassest. Their passions vary, now melting to pity, now rough with rage, affording an excellent advantage to one who watches carefully his opportunity.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

In distress a friend comes like a calm to the tempest-tossed mariner.

SYMPATHY.

Since the man who melts with social sympathy, though not allied in blood, is more valuable as a friend than ten thousand kinsmen.

THE SMOOTH TONGUE.

After him rises up a man of licentious tongue, intemperate, an Argive, yet not an Argive, forced

upon us, trusting to thoughtless tumult, and prompt to lead with empty words the populace to mischief. For the smooth tongue that charms to ill brings great evil on the city. Whereas those who give good advice with forethought, though not immediately, yet eventually are of use to the state; but the far-seeing ruler ought to look to this.

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY AND PRUDENCE.

But another rose altogether different, not made to please the eye, but of manly form, one who rarely joined the city circles, a yeoman. which class of men alone preserve the country, prudent, wishing his conduct to be in harmony with his words, passing a pure and blameless life.

THE WISE FRIEND.

There is no blessing like a prudent friend, neither riches nor the power of monarchs: popular applause is of little value in exchange for a generous friend.

LIFE IS SWEET.

To every man, even though he be a slave, the light of heaven is sweet.

WOMEN.

For women are formed by nature to feel some consolation in present troubles, by having them always in their mouth and on their tongue.

WOMAN BROOKS NOT A RIVAL.

Woman is prone by nature to jealousy, and brooks not a rival in the nuptial bed.

THE HIGH-BORN.

For those who are puffed up with pride will brook the speech of their inferiors though urged with reason.

A BAD WOMAN.

Strange that one of the gods should have given healing medicines against the venom of savage serpents, yet none have found a cure against a bad woman, more noxious than the viper or fire itself; so pestilent an ill are we to men.

GLORY.

Glory, O glory! thou hast uplifted high in life countless mortals who were naught: those I deem to be happy who have acquired glory truthfully; but those who have it falsely I consider to have it not; it is the mere wantonness of fortune that has given it to them.

THE SEMBLANCE OF POWER.

Those who only wear the semblance of worth have splendid outsides, but within are found like other men, unless they gain some eminence for wealth; this, indeed, hath mighty power.

THE DAUGHTER OF A BAD MOTHER.

Before his nuptials, I warned my son not to form alliance with thee, nor receive within his

house the foal of a bad mother, for such bring with them their mother's faults; wherefore remember this, ye woovers, make your brides daughters of a virtuous mother.

THE TONGUE.

From a small beginning the tongue excites mighty strife among men; but the prudent guard against contention with their friends.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

Social intercourse is the teacher of all things to mortals.

OLD AGE.

The race of old men is by nature hasty and impatient of control, through choler.

THE PASSIONATE.

If he be passionate, he will meet with passion, and shall receive deeds in return for deeds.

So Matt. (v. 31)—"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment."

A VOICE AND NOTHING MORE.

What thou sayest I bear unmoved; for thou hast a voice void of power, like a shadow: thou canst do naught but talk.

CALAMITIES SOONER OR LATER.

Calamities sent by the gods come to all mortals sooner or later.

So Proverbs (xvi. 33)—"The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

FEMALE BUSYBODIES.

But never, never (for I shall repeat it more than once), should the wise allow females to frequent their house; they are instructors to evil deeds. One corrupts the wife to make gain by it; another, who has fallen from virtue, wishes to make her vile like herself; and many do this from mere wantonness; hence the homes of men are ruined. Against such let him guard well his gates with bolts and bars; for these visits of women from without do no good, but abundant ill.

FATES OF MEN.

Seekest thou not what various fates the Divinity makes man to pass through, changing and turning them from day to day.

TIME.

Time will discover everything to posterity: it is a babbler, and speaks even when no question is put.

FATHERLAND.

What is more dear to a man than his fatherland?

DEATH.

The debt of nature must be paid; even by the man who remains at home, away from all dangers.

VIRTUOUS LIFE.

Virtuous and noble deeds are better than high descent.

THE TONGUE.

If thou wilt not restrain thy tongue, it will bring evil upon thee.

RICH AND POOR.

Do you think that a land can prosper where the whole government is in the hand of the poor, without any admixture of the rich? The rich and poor should not be separate; but there should be a mixture, that the country may prosper. For the rich supply what the poor have not; and what we rich men do not possess, we can obtain by employing the poor.

WICKED ACTIONS OF MEN.

Do you think that the evil deeds of men fly on wings to heaven, and are there registered in the books of Jove, and that he, examining each, inflicts punishment on men? If it were so, the whole expanse of heaven would not be sufficient to contain the sins of mankind, nor could Jove have time to read and punish each. Yet Vengeance, if we only carefully watch, dwells always near us. O woman, the gods send this to take vengeance on those men whom they hate, for no bad man is beloved by them.

VENGEANCE OVERTAKES THE WICKED.

Whoever thinks that he can go on committing sin without the knowledge of the gods, acts foolishly; he will be overtaken, when Vengeance finds leisure, and will suffer for all his former misdeeds.

VENGEANCE SLOW OF FOOT.

Vengeance comes not openly, either upon you or any wicked man, but steals silently and imperceptibly, placing his foot on the bad.

FORTUNE ATTENDS ON THE WISE.

Experience has shown that whoever first uttered the proverb was right when he said "that Fortune is the constant attendant on the wise and prudent."

VARIOUS INCLINATIONS OF MEN.

Various are the inclinations of man: one desires to be considered noble; another cares nothing for high birth, but wishes to be possessed of much wealth. Others, long for eloquence to persuade their audience to anything, however audacious. Others, again, prefer gain to honor; so dissimilar are men. For my own part, I care for none of these, but pray for a good name and reputation.

A BAD BEGINNING BRINGS A BAD ENDING.

A bad ending follows a bad beginning.

DEATH THE FATE OF ALL.

All must die; it is wisdom to submit with patience to the common lot.

CHILDREN LIKE THEIR FATHER.

Son of Creon, how true is the observation, that noble children spring from noble fathers; and that the children of the bad are like in nature to their parents.

NEVER DESPAIR.

The wise should possess their lives in hope.

GOD DEPRIVES OF REASON HIM WHOM HE WISHES TO DESTROY.

When God is contriving misfortunes for man, He first deprives him of his reason.

PLEASANT TO REMEMBER PAST LABORS.

How pleasant it is for him who is saved to remember his danger.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

In the first place, thou must have a gentle disposition: pay respect to all, giving the rich not more than an equal portion: be not opinionative when one of two things must be determined: get not riches by unjust means, if thou wishest them to continue in thy family, for riches unjustly acquired quickly vanish; yet try to get them, for riches and high descent enable a man to marry well: in poverty there is dishonor, even though a man be wise, and also disgrace: get friends who are not willing to yield to thy wishes, and shut the bars of thy doors against the wicked, who are anxious to gratify thy desires: love the conversation of those who are older than thyself, and hate those of intemperate habits, only pleasant to joke with; the enjoyment of unholy pleasure is of short duration.

ENVY.

Who was the mother or father that produced ill-omened envy, such a great ill to mortals? Where does she dwell, and in what part of the body? Is she in our hands, or heart, or eyes? What a dreadful labor for physicians to remove this greatest of all diseases in men, whether by the knife, by potions, or drugs!

PEACE.

Peace, thou richest and most beautiful of the happy gods, the envy of all, why dost thou loiter? I fear lest old age overtake me with its ailments before I behold thy delightful produce, songs with the dance and garland-crowned revellings. Thou benignant goddess, visit my city, and drive off from my house bloody sedition and frantic contention, delighting in the sharp-pointed sword.

GOD HELPS THEM THAT HELP THEMSELVES.

Call in self-help, then ask the gods to aid,
For the gods aid the man who helps himself.

HERODOTUS.

BORN B.C. 484—WAS ALIVE B.C. 408.

HERODOTUS, the father of history, was a native of Halicarnassus, a town of Caria, in Asia Minor.

Of his private history very little information, on which reliance can be put, has come down to us. He was the son of Lyxes and Dryo, being descended from a family not less distinguished for its wealth and political influence than for its love of literature. His uncle, Panyasis, was highly esteemed as an epic poet. The tyranny of Lygdamis drove him from his native town, and though he assisted in delivering his country, the disputes among the citizens after their liberation were so little to his taste that he withdrew again, and settled at Thurii, in the south of Italy, where he spent the remainder of his life, and wrote, according to Pliny, his work in his old age. According to Lucian, Herodotus read his work to the assembled Greeks at Olympia, B.C. 456, with the great applause of the audience, in consequence of which the nine books of the work have been honored with the name of the Nine Muses. He also states that Thucydides, then about fifteen or sixteen years of age, was present at this recitation, and was moved to tears. To this work we are indebted for our knowledge of the origin and progress of the Persian monarchy; of that of the Medes and Assyrians.

SEEING BETTER THAN HEARING.

I am satisfied that we are less convinced by what we hear than by what we see.

ATTEND TO OUR OWN AFFAIRS.

Many are the precepts recorded by the sages for our instruction, but we ought to listen to none with more attention than that, "It becomes a man to give heed to those things only which regard himself."

LIFE IS NOTHING BUT MISERY.

Thus, Croesus, does our nature appear an uninterrupted series of misfortunes.

So Ecclesiastes (I. 14)—"I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR CONTRASTED.

The man of affluence is not, in fact, more happy than the possessor of a bare competency; unless, in addition to his wealth, the end of his life be fortunate. We often see misery dwelling in the midst of splendor, whilst real happiness is found in humbler stations.

THE HAPPY MAN

The rich man, indeed, is better able to indulge his passions, and to bear up against any harm that may befall him. The poor man's condition prevents him from enjoying such advantages; but then, as a set-off, he may possess strength of body, freedom from disease, a mind relieved from many of the ills of life, is blessed in his children, and active in his limbs. If he shall, besides, end his life well, then, O Croesus, this is the happy man, about whom thou art curiously inquiring. Call no man happy till thou knowest the end of his life; up till that moment he can only be called fortunate.

LOOK TO THE EVENT.

It is the part of wisdom to wait to see the final result of things; for God often tears up by the roots the prosperous, and overwhelms with misery those who have reached the highest pinnacle of worldly happiness.

HEAVY PUNISHMENTS FOR GREAT CRIMES.

The gods inflict heavy punishment on great crimes.

So Psalms (xlv. 18)—“Come, behold the works of the Lord what desolations He hath made in the earth. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire. Be still, and know that I am God.”

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES JACK A DULL BOY.

They who are skilled in archery bend their bow only when they are preparing to use it; when they do not require it, they allow it to remain unbent, for otherwise it would be unserviceable when the time for using it arrived. So it is with man. If he were to devote himself unceasingly to a dull round of business, without breaking the monotony by cheerful amusements, he would fall imperceptibly into idiocy, or be struck by paralysis. It is the conviction of this truth that leads to the proper division of my time.

CUSTOM.

Such is the force of custom; and Pindar seems to me to have spoken with peculiar propriety when he observed that custom was the universal sovereign.

UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

It is no doubt pleasant to hear of the prosperity of a friend and ally; but, as I know the envious nature of Fortune, and how jealous she is of our success, thou must not be surprised that I feel some apprehensions respecting thee. In fact, if I could be allowed to choose for myself, and for those dear to me, I should prefer that the gale blew sometimes favorable and sometimes adverse. I would rather that my life was checkered with good and evil than that I should enjoy an uninterrupted course of good fortune. I do not remember of having ever heard of a man remarkable for a long run of good luck who did not in the end close his life with some extraordinary calamity. If, then, thou wilt attend to my advice, thou wilt provide the following remedy against the excess of thy prosperity. Consider in thy own mind on what thou placest the highest value, and the loss of which thou wouldst most deplore; cast this from thee, so that there may be no possibility of its return. If thy good fortune still continue, thou wilt do well to repeat the remedy.

BETTER TO BE ENVIED THAN PITIED.

Thou hast learned by experience how much better it is to be envied than pitied.

POWER IS PRECARIOUS.

Power, which many so assiduously court, is in its nature precarious.

CHARACTER OF TYRANTS.

For insolence is the natural result of great prosperity, while envy and jealousy are innate qualities in the mind of man. When these two vices are combined, they lead to the most enormous crimes: some atrocities are committed from insolence, and others from envy. Princes ought to be superior to all such feelings; but, alas! we know that this is not the case. The noble and the worthiest are the object of their jealousy, merely because they feel that their lives are a reproach to them; with the most abandoned they rejoice to spend their time. Calumny they drink in with greedy ears. But what is the most paradoxical of all, if thou showest them merely respectful homage, they take umbrage because thou art not sufficiently humble; whereas, if thou bend the knee with the most submissive looks, thou art kicked away as a flatterer.

ENVY.

Envy is implanted by nature in man.

So Proverbs (xiv. 30)—“Envy is the rottenness of the bones.”

FORCE OF LITTLE AVAIL.

For where wisdom is required, force is of little avail.

POWERS OF MIND STRENGTHEN AND GROW WEAK WITH THE BODY.

For the powers of the mind gather strength with those of the body; and in the same way, as old age creeps on, they get weaker and weaker, till they are finally insensible to everything.

BENEFITS OF DISCUSSION.

Unless a variety of opinions are laid before us, we have no opportunity of selection, but are bound of necessity to adopt the particular view which may have been brought forward. The purity of gold cannot be ascertained by a single specimen; but when we have carefully compared it with others, we are able to fix upon the finest ore.

So Thomson (“Liberty,” Part II.)—

“Friendly free discussion calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.

DELIBERATION AND FORETHOUGHT.

For my own part, I have found from experience that the greatest good is to be got from forethought and deliberation; even if the result is not such as we expected, at all events we have the feeling that we have done all in our power to merit success, and therefore the blame must be attached to fortune alone. The man who is foolish and inconsiderate, even when fortune shines upon him, is not the less to be censured for his want of sense. Dost thou not see how the thunderbolts of heaven lay prostrate the mightiest animals, while they pass over the weak and insignificant? The most splendid palaces and the loftiest trees fall before these weapons of the gods. For God loves to humble the mighty. So also we often see a powerful army melt away before the more contemptible force. For when God in His wrath sends His terrors

among them, they perish in a way that is little worthy of their former glory. The Supreme Being allows no one to be infinite in wisdom but Himself.

So Psalms (cxlvii. 5, 6)—"Great is our Lord, and of great power; His understanding is infinite. The Lord lifteth up the meek; He casteth the wicked down to the ground." And Mark (x. 27)—"With God all things are possible."

CALUMNY.

Calumny is a monstrous vice; for, where parties indulge in it, there are always two that are actively engaged in doing wrong, and one who is subject to injury. The calumniator inflicts wrong by slandering the absent; he who gives credit to the calumny, before he has investigated the truth, is equally implicated. The person traduced is doubly injured—first by him who propagates, and secondly by him who credits, the calumny.

DREAMS.

Dreams, in general, take their rise from those incidents which have most occupied the thoughts during the day.

DEATH IS THE REFUGE OF THE UNFORTUNATE.

Brief as this life is, there is no one in the multitude, nor yet in the whole universe, that has been so happy at all times as not repeatedly to have prayed for death rather than life. Heavy trials in worldly affairs, the pangs of disease, render the short span of life of too long duration. Thus death, when life becomes a burden, is a delightful hiding-place for wearied man; and the Divinity, by giving us pleasures, and thereby inducing us to wish for length of days, may in reality be considered as doing us an injury.

CIRCUMSTANCES COMMAND MEN.

Remember that men are dependent on circumstances, and not circumstances on men.

GREAT RESULTS FROM GREAT DANGERS.

Great results usually arise from great dangers.

So Acts (xiv. 22)—"That we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

"WE KNOW IN PART."

Can one who is mortal be infallible? I believe that he cannot.

So 1 Corinthians (xiii. 9)—"For we know in part and we prophecy in part."

INACTIVITY CONDEMNED.

It is better by a noble boldness to run the risk of being subject to half of the evils which we anticipate, than to remain in cowardly listlessness for fear of what may happen.

So 1 Thessalonians (i. 6)—"Having received the Word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost."

A WISE MAN RECEIVES A KINDNESS.

Wherefore it is not to be supposed that a wise man should refuse a kindness that is offered to him, but rather be anxious to embrace it.

So Luke (vi. 38)—"And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same."

ENVY.

One man envies the success in life of another, and hates him in secret; nor is he willing to give him good advice when he is consulted, except it be by some wonderful effort of good feeling, and there are, alas! few such men in the world. A real friend, on the other hand, exults in his friend's happiness, rejoices in all his joys, and is ready to afford him his best advice.

So James (iii. 16)—"Where envying is, there is confusion and every evil work."

PRUDENCE AND RASHNESS.

Those who are guided by reason are generally successful in their plans; those who are rash and precipitate seldom enjoy the favor of the gods.

So Ecclesiastes (v. 2)—"Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God: for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few."

KINGS HAVE LONG ARMS.

For the power of a king is superhuman, and his hand is very long.

THE WILL OF PROVIDENCE CANNOT BE RESISTED.

My friend, it is vain for man to contend with the will of Providence; though the words of the wise are seldom listened to. Many of the Persians think as I do, but, forced by necessity, they yield to what they find it impossible to avoid. This is one of the saddest evils to which mankind is subject, that the advice of the wise is little attended to.

So Hebrews (xii. 5)—"My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him."

CHARACTER OF MEN DEPENDS ON THE NATURE AND CLIMATE OF THE COUNTRY.

It is a law of Nature that faint-hearted men should be the fruit of luxurious countries, for we never find that the same soil produces delicacies and heroes.

HESIOD.

FLOURISHED PROBABLY ABOUT B.C. 850.

HESIOD, a celebrated poet, was a native of Ascra, in Boeotia, whither his father had emigrated from the Æolian Cuma, in Asia Minor. The early years of the poet were spent in the mountains of Boeotia, in the humble capacity of a shepherd; but his circumstances seem to have improved, as we find him engaged on the death of his father, in a lawsuit with his brothers, respecting the property left by his father. The judges of Ascra gave judgment against him, and in consequence of this he left his native city, and retired to Orchomenos, where he spent the remainder of his life. The ancients attributed to Hesiod a variety of works, but few of them have come down to us. The "Works and

Days" is considered the most valuable, not so much from its own intrinsic worth as for having suggested to Virgil the idea of the Georgics. Its style is plain and homely, without much poetical imagery or ornament; but it must be looked upon as the most ancient specimen of didactic poetry.

WISE KING.

The people all look up to him as he administers justice with impartial judgment; with wise words quickly he calms even the wildest tumult, for kings are endued with wisdom that they may easily quell factious deeds when the people are misled by demagogues, soothing them with soft words; as he goes through the city all hail him as a god, with gentlest awe, and he stands conspicuous midst the assembled council.

THE BARD.

Blessed is he whom the Muses love! sweetly do his words flow from his lips. Is there one afflicted with fresh sorrow, pining away with deep grief? then if the minstrel, servant of the Muses, sings the glorious deeds of men of yore, the praise of the blessed gods who dwell in Olympus, quickly does he forget his sorrows, nor remembers aught of all his griefs; for the gifts of these goddesses swiftly turn his woes away.

THE DRONES.

As when bees in close-roofed hives feed the drones, partners in evil deeds, the former all day long, to the setting sun, their murmuring labors ply, filling the pure combs; while the drones, remaining within, reap the labors of others for their own maws.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

There dwell Sleep and Death, dread gods, the progeny of gloomy Night; the sun never looks upon them with its bright rays, neither when he mounts the vault of heaven nor when he descends; the former in silence passes over the earth and the wide expanse of sea, giving pleasure to mortals; of the other, iron is the heart, and his brazen breast is merciless; whomsoever of men he first seizes he holds, and is hostile even to the immortal gods.

FATE OF MAN DETERMINED BY GOD.

By whom mortal men are raised to fame or live obscurely, noble or ignoble, by the will of Jove; with ease he lifts or brings low, with ease he dims the brightest name and ennoble the meanest; with ease high-thundering Jove, who dwells on high, makes the crooked straight and unnerves the strong.

So 1 Samuel (ii. 7, 8)—"The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich: He bringeth low, and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory: for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and He hath set the world upon them." And Psalms (cxlii. 7, 8)—"He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that He may set him with princes, even with the princes of His people." And Luke (i. 51-53)—"He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath

scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away."

EMULATION IS GOOD.

Emulation is good for mankind.

THE ENVIOUS.

The potter envies the potter, the carpenter the carpenter, the poor is jealous of the poor, and the bard of the bard.

HALF BETTER THAN THE WHOLE.

Fools that, they are, they know not how much the half is better than the whole, nor how great pleasure there is in wholesome herbs—the mallow and the asphodel.

GOD LAUGHS AT VAIN DESIGNS.

Thus he spoke; and the sire of men and gods out-laughed.

So Psalms (li. 4)—"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision." And Milton, "Paradise Lost" (Bk. v. 785)—

"Mighty Father, thou my foe
Justly hast in derision, and secure,
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain."

THE WORLD FULL OF ILLS.

For the earth is full of woes, and also the sea; diseases go about noiselessly, bearing of themselves sorrows to mortals night and day, since Jove has taken from them the power of speech; so impossible is it to avoid the will of Jove.

EASY DEATH.

They died as if overcome with sleep.

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

These are the aerial spirits of great Jove, beneficent, walking over the earth, guardians of mankind; they watch our actions, good and bad, passing everywhere over the earth, invisible to mortal eyes; such royal privilege they possess.

So Psalms (xcii. 11)—"For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

JUSTICE AND RIGHT PREVAIL.

For insolence is unsuited to wretched mortals, often even the high and powerful allow themselves to be carried away by arrogance, and, yielding to this feeling, subject themselves to misery and losses. On the other hand, the road leading to justice is the safer; justice at last gets the better over wrong: this truth even the fool knows by experience.

THE UPRIGHT GOVERNOR.

Those who administer the laws with justice to strangers and natives, never transgressing what is right, by these the city flourishes in peace, and the people prosper. Peace is a good nursing-mother

to the land, nor does far-seeing Jove send among them troublous war.

A SINNER.

Of a whole state suffers for the acts of a bad man, who breaks the laws of heaven and devises evil. On them Jove brings great calamity, both famine and pestilence, and the people perish.

THE WICKED BRING EVIL ON THEMSELVES.

What calamities does a man contriving evil for his neighbor bring upon himself! An evil design is worst for the contriver. The eye of Jove, that sees and knows all things, looks upon these things if he wills it, nor is it concealed from him what kind of justice a state administers.

ROAD TO WICKEDNESS EASILY FOUND.

It is easy for thee to get associates in wickedness; the road is smooth, and the dwellers are all around thee. But the immortal gods have placed the sweat of the brow before virtue: long and steep is the path that leads to it, and rough at first; but when the summit is reached, then it is easy, however difficult it may have been. That man is by far the wisest who is able of himself, to determine what is best both for the present moment and for the future: next, he is wise who yields to good advice; but he that is not wise himself, nor can hearken to wisdom, is a good-for-nothing man.

Milton, in his "Essay on Education," seems to have imitated this passage—"I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hill-side, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but also so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

THE SLUGGARD.

Both gods and men are indignant with him who lives a sluggard's life like to the stingless drones, who lazily consume the labors of the bees.

LABOR NO DISGRACE.

Work is no disgrace, but idleness is a disgrace.

SHAME.

It is not well for false shame to accompany the needy, shame that both injures greatly and aids mankind; false shame leads to poverty, but confidence to wealth; wealth should not be got by plunder: what is given by God is far better.

So Ecclesiasticus (iv. 21)—"For there is a shame that bringeth sin; and there is a shame which is glory and grace."

A BAD NEIGHBOR.

A bad neighbor is as great a misfortune as a good one is a blessing.

RETURN LOVE FOR LOVE.

Return love for love, and assist him who assists thee; give to him who gives to thee, and give not to him who gives not.

EVIL GAINS EQUAL TO A LOSS.

Do not make unjust gains; they are equal to a loss.

EVERY LITTLE ADDS TO THE HEAP.

For if thou addest little to little, and doest so often, soon it will become a great help to him who gathers, and he will thus keep off keen hunger.

"ONE SOWETH AND ANOTHER REAPETH."

They reap the labors of others, for their own belly.

Callimachus, the poet of Alexandria (circ. 300 B.C.), has a line in his "Hymn to Ceres" (137)—

"And those who ploughed the field shall reap the corn." Thomas Fuller, an excellent quoter of and commentator on proverbs, better than any moralist we know, purveys an antidote to bitterness at seeing others reap what we ourselves have sown, in his "Holy State." "The preacher of the Word," he says, "is in some places like the planting of woods, where, though no profit is received for twenty years together, it comes afterwards. And grant that God honoreth not thee to build His temple in thy parish, yet thou mayest with David provide metals and materials for Solomon thy successor to build it with."

MONEY IS LIFE.

Money is life to us wretched mortals.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

In the spring-time of life, neither much above nor below thirty, lead home thy wife. Marriage at this age is seasonable. Thy wife should be in her nineteenth year. Marry a virgin, that thou mayest teach her discreet manners, and be sure to marry thy neighbor's daughter, acting with all prudence, lest thou marry one who may prove a source of pleasure to thy neighbors. For there is nothing better than a good wife, and nothing worse than a bad one, who is fond of gadding about. Such a one roasts her husband, stout-hearted though he may be, without a fire, and hands him over to a premature old age.

A SPARING TONGUE.

The best treasure among men is a frugal tongue, and that which moves measurably is hung with most grace.

So Proverbs (xv. 23)—"A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

AN EVIL REPORT.

There is also an evil report; light, indeed, and easy to raise, but difficult to bear, and still more difficult to get rid of.

HIPPARCHUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT B.C. 320.

HIPPARCHUS, an Athenian comic poet of the new comedy, was a contemporary of Diphilus and Menander.

SKILL.

By far the most valuable possession of all to all men for life is skill. Both war and the chances of fortune destroy other things, but skill is preserved.

HIPPONAX.

HIPPONAX of Ephesus flourished in the 6th century B.C. He is placed third, after Archilochus and Simonides, among the classic iambic poets of Greece.

THE TWO PLEASANTEST DAYS OF WOMEN.

The two pleasantest days of a woman are her marriage day and the day of her funeral.

HOMER.

HOMER, the greatest epic poet of Greece, lived at so remote a period that his existence is considered by some as a myth. At all events, he lived beyond what may be regarded the strictly historical epoch of Greek literature, the date of the period when he flourished varying no less than 500 years (from B.C. 1184-684). Many towns claimed to be his birth-place, but Smyrna seems to have established the best claim: he is said to have died at Ios, one of the Cyclades.

ANGER.

O goddess! sing of the deadly wrath of Achilles, son of Peleus, which brought unnumbered woes upon the Greeks, and hurled untimely many valiant heroes to the viewless shades.

So Proverbs (xxvii. 4)—"Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous."

"THE COUNSEL OF THE LORD."

And yet the will of Jove was being accomplished.

So Psalms (xxxiii. 11)—"The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of His heart to all generations."

A PESTILENCE.

For Apollo, enraged at the king, sent throughout the host a deadly pestilence, and the people died.

So 2 Samuel (xxiv. 15)—"So the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel, from the morning even to the time appointed, and there died of the people, from Dan even to Beersheba, seventy thousand men."

A DREAM.

Come now let us consult some prophet or priest, or some vision-seer, since even visions are from Jove.

So Numbers (xii. 6)—"And he said, Hear now my words: if there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream."

TO KNOW THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Who knew the present, the future, and the past.

In Isaiah (xli. 25) we have—"Shew the things that are to come hereafter, that we may know that ye are gods."

THE ANGER OF A KING.

For a king is the more powerful of the two when he is enraged with a man of low degree; for though he may veil his wrath for awhile, yet in

his heart it still is nursed till the time arrive for his revenge.

A PROPHET OF ILL.

Thou prophet of ill, thou never speakest what is pleasing; ever dost thou take delight to augur ill.

So also in 1 Kings (xxii. 8)—"And the King of Israel said unto Jehoshaphat, There is yet one man, Micaiah the son of Imlah, by whom we may inquire of the Lord: but I hate him; for he doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil."

"NO PLEASURE IN THE DEATH OF THE WICKED."

I wish rather my people's safety, than that they should perish.

So Ezekiel (xxxiii. 11)—"Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live;" and 2 Peter (iii. 9)—"The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness: but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance;" and 1 Timothy (ii. 4)—"Who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth."

"GLORY NOT IN THY WISDOM."

If thou art stronger, some deity, I believe, has bestowed this gift on thee.

The idea is found in Jeremiah (ix. 23)—"Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches;" and in 1 Corinthians (iv. 7)—"For who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?"

THE GODS.

Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless.

So Proverbs (xv. 29)—"The Lord is far from the wicked; but He heareth the prayer of the righteous;" and John (ix. 31)—"Now we know that God heareth not sinners; but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth His will, him He heareth."

THE SCEPTRE OF THE KING.

Yea, by this sceptre, which shall never again put forth leaves and branches, since first it left its parent trunk upon the mountain-side, nor will it blossom more, since all around, in very truth, has the axe lopped both leaf and bark; and now 'tis borne emblem of justice by the sons of the Greeks, those who watch over the laws received from Jove.

WORDS SWEETER THAN HONEY.

From whose tongue, also, flowed the stream of speech sweeter than honey.

So Psalms (cxix. 103)—"How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!"

THINE ENEMIES WILL REJOICE.

In very truth, what joy for Priam, and the sons of Priam, and what exultation for the men of Troy, if they should hear of feuds between you!

So Psalms (lxxxix. 48)—"Thou hast set up the right hand of his adversaries; thou hast made all his enemies to rejoice;" and 2 Samuel (i. 30)—"Publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."

"YE YOUNGER, SUBMIT YOURSELVES TO THE ELDER."

But obey, for ye are both younger than I am.

So 1 Peter (v. 5)—"Likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder."

SUBMIT TO THE KING.

Do not, son of Peleus, feel inclined to fight with the monarch, since never to sceptred king has Jove given such glory as to Atreides.

So 1 Peter (ii. 13)—"Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the king, as supreme."

NOD OF JUPITER.

The son of Saturn spoke, and nodded with his dark eyebrows; thereupon the ambrosial locks streamed down from the head of the immortal king, and he caused the mighty Olympus to tremble to its base.

GOD NOT TO BE RESISTED.

For the Olympian king is difficult to be opposed.

So Romans (ix. 19)—"Thou wilt then say unto me, Why doth He yet find fault? For who hath resisted His will?"—and 1 Corinthians (x. 29)—"Do we provoke the Lord to jealousy? are we stronger than He?"

THE LEADER OUGHT TO BE AWAKE.

It is not right for a statesman to sleep to whom nations are intrusted, and the public weal.

"THE POOR MAN'S WISDOM IS DESPISED."

If any other of the Greeks had related to us this vision, we should in all likelihood have deemed it false, and laughed to scorn the idle tale; but now he who is the noblest of the Greeks has seen it.

So Ecclesiastes (ix. 16)—"Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard."

BEES.

Even as go swarms of closely-thronging bees, always issuing in fresh numbers from the hollow rock: they fly in clusters to the vernal flowers; some have sped their flight in crowds here, others there.

THE POWER OF GOD.

Such, I suppose, now appears the sovereign will of Jove, who oft has destroyed, and again will pull down, lofty cities: for his power is omnipotent.

So Ezekiel (xxxv. 4)—"I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord."

THE WRATH OF A KING.

Great is the wrath of a king under the protection of Jove; his high office, too, is from Jove, and counselling Jove loves him.

So Proverbs (xvi. 14)—"The wrath of a king is as messengers of death: but a wise man will pacify it;" and (viii. 15)—"By me kings reign and princes decree justice;" and Daniel (ii. 21)—"And He changeth the times and the seasons: He removeth kings and setteth up kings: He giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding;" and Romans (xiii. 1)—"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God."

THE MOB.

The government of the multitude is not good: let there be one lord, one sole monarch, to whom wise Saturn's son commits the sway and ministry of law, in token of sovereign power.

So Judges (ix. 13)—"Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou and reign over us;" and 1 Samuel (viii. 5)—"Now make us a king to judge us like all the nations;" and Proverbs (xxviii. 9)—"For the transgression of a land many are the princes thereof; but by a man of understanding and knowledge the state thereof shall be prolonged;" and James (iii. 1)—"My brethren, be not many masters, knowing that we shall receive the greater condemnation."

CHARACTER OF A DEMAGOGUE.

But Thersites alone with unmeasured words, kept still clamoring among the throng, for he had store of them, to rate the chiefs; not over-seemly, controlled by no respect, but, with witty malice, uttering what might move the Greeks to laughter. He was, moreover, the ugliest man that came beneath the walls of Troy: bandy-legged, and lame in one foot; shoulders crooked, and drawn together toward his breast; his head pointed upwards, while thin woolly hair bestrewed it; he was specially hateful to Achilles and Ulysses, for he was ever reviling them.

"THE PRINCE THAT WANTETH UNDERSTANDING."

It is not proper for a ruler to bring evils on the sons of the Greeks.

So Proverbs (xxviii. 16)—"The prince that wanteth understanding is also a great oppressor."

"BE WISE, O YE KINGS!"

But, O king, be well-advised thyself, and yield to wholesome advice.

So Psalms (ii. 10)—"Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth."

"WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO."

No longer let us be talking here, nor put off the work which God has trusted to our hands.

So Ecclesiastes (ix. 10)—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

FLOCKS OF BIRDS.

Just as a numerous flock of winged fowl—of geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans—in the Asian mead, beside the streams of the Cayster, fly about, making a loud flapping with their wings, then settle down with clamorous noise, while all the mead resounds.

INSECTS.

As the thickly-swarming flies which gather round some shepherd's pen in spring-tide, while the milk is frothing in the pails.

DIVERSITY OF TONGUES.

The widespread nations spoke a variety of languages.

So Genesis (xi. 9)—"Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth;" and Acts (ii. 4)—"They began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

A SON SLAIN FOR DISOBEDIENCE TO HIS FATHER.

The two sons of the Perceosean Merops, who was killed above all in prophetic lore, nor would give permission to his sons to be present in the life-destroying war; but they refused to listen to him, his fate led them on to gloomy death.

So Samuel (ii. 35)—"Notwithstanding they hearkened not unto the voice of their father, because the Lord would slay him."

PROPHETIC LORE SAVES NOT A MAN.

But he did not ward off black death by his knowledge of future events.

So Isaiah (xviii. 18)—"Let now the astrologers, the stargazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee."

THE THIEF IN THE NIGHT.

As when the south wind spreads a mist on the peaks of the mountain, in no way a friend to the shepherd, but better to the thief than even the light.

So Job (xxiv. 14)—"The murderer rising with the light seeketh the poor and needy, and in the night is as a thief;" and 1 Thessalonians (v. 2)—"For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night."

THE GIFTS OF GOD NOT TO BE DESPISED.

The glorious gifts of the gods are not to be despised which they may have bestowed on thee, for we cannot select them ourselves.

So Ecclesiastes (iii. 13)—"And also that every man should eat and drink and enjoy the fruit of all his labor; it is the gift of God;" and 1 Timothy (iv. 4)—"For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving."

SWEAR NOT FALSELY.

Let no one violate what is ratified by oath by vain violence.

So Leviticus (xix. 12)—"And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, neither shall you profane the name of thy God; I am the Lord;" and Matthew (v. 33)—"Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths."

THE AGED.

For the spirits of the young are too quickly stirred; but in what things the old take a part, he looks before and after, that due provision be made for all interests.

So Ecclesiastes (xi. 10)—"Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity;" and Titus (ii. 6)—"Young men likewise be sober-minded."

A MAN OF FEW WORDS.

Few words, but in very clear and musical tones, since he was not a babbler nor a random talker, though young in years.

So Proverbs (x. 19)—"In the multitude of words there is much sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise."

THE SUN.

And thou, O sun! thou seest all things and hearst all things in thy daily course.

So Psalm (xix. 6)—"His going forth is from the end of the heavens, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

YIELDING PACIFIETH GREAT OFFENCES.

But we shall give way to each other in these matters, I to thee and thou to me; and the other immortal gods will follow us.

So Ecclesiastes (x. 4)—"If the spirit of the ruler rise up against thee, leave not thy place; for yielding pacifieth great offences."

A METEOR.

Like to a bright meteor which the son of deep-designing Saturn sends, a portent to sailors or the broad army of the people scattering fiery sparks around.

Shakespeare ("Henry VI.," part I, act I, sc. 1) says—

"Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death."

"THE BATTLE IS THE LORD'S."

Jove, who dispenses peace and war to men.

So 1 Samuel (xvii. 47)—"And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands;" and Proverbs (xxi. 31)—"The horse is prepared against the day of battle: but safety is of the Lord."

"GOD SHALL AVENGE."

For though Olympian Jove does not avenge at once, he will avenge, though it may be after many days, and that severely,—with their own lives, and the lives of their wives and children.

So Habakkuk (i. 8)—"Why dost thou show me iniquity, and cause me to behold grievance? for spoiling and violence are before me: and there are that raise up strife and contention;" and Luke (xviii. 7)—"And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him, though He bear long with them? I tell you that He will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless when the son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"

THE LIAR.

For Jove shall not assist the liar.

So Proverbs (xix. 9)—"False witness shall not be unpunished; and he that speaketh lies shall perish."

"YEARS TEACH WISDOM."

But I shall still go forth with the chariots and give counsel and commands, for this is the privilege of the old, while the younger shall fight in the ranks.

So Job (xxxii. 7)—"I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom."

LYING.

Son of Atreus, what kind of words has escaped from thy lips?

So Colossians (iii. 9)—"Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds."

THE ROAR OF THE SEA.

As when the ocean waves dash forward on the far-resounding shore, driven by the west wind, wave upon wave; first it curls with whitening crests; but anon it breaks upon the beach with thundering roar, and, recoiling, flings in great curves its head aloft, and tosses high the spray of the sea.

SILENT MARCH OF AN ARMY.

The rest in silence marched, nor couldst thou have said that all that moving host had voice in their breast: awe for their leaders wrought silence deep; while round all flashed the varied armor with which they were girt.

DISCORD.

Discord, restless without ceasing, sister and companion of man-slaying Mars, small at her birth, but afterwards with her head reaching heaven, while she stalks upon earth; then she rouses dire fury, rushing into the midst of the crowd, adding woe to mortals.

So Proverbs (xvii. 4)—"A wicked doer giveth heed to false lips; and a liar giveth ear to a naughty tongue;" and James (iii. 5)—"Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

As when wintry torrents rushing down the mountains join together their furious waters from mighty springs within some deep ravine, while from afar the shepherd hears the roar on the far mountain's top.

AN UNSTABLE MAN.

As for Diomedes, thou couldst not know on which side he was.

So James (i. 8)—"A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways."

"LET US NOT FIGHT AGAINST GOD."

Fight not against the other immortal gods.

So Acts (xxiii. 9)—"And there arose a great cry: and the scribes that were of the Pharisees' part arose, and strove, saying, We find no evil in this man; but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to Him, let us not fight against God."

THE WRATH OF GOD.

The wrath of God is difficult to be withstood.

So Psalms (li. 12)—"Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him;" and (xc. 11)—"Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear so is thy wrath;" and Revelations (vi. 17)—"For the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

BLOOD OF THE GODS.

An immortal stream flowed from the god, ichor, such as flows from the blessed gods; for they do not feed on bread nor drink sparkling wine, therefore they are bloodless, and become immortal.

AFFLICTION AT THE DEATH OF A FATHER.

No children shall any longer, clinging to his knees, call him sire, returning safe from the war and fields of death.

CONTENT NOT WITH THE GODS.

Be advised, son of Tydeus; retire, and esteem not thyself a god, since not alike is the race of immortal gods and men, mere reptiles of the earth.

So Isaiah (xli. 8)—"Hearken unto me, O house of Jacob and all the remnant of the house of Israel, which are borne

by me from the belly, which are carried from the womb and Acts (v. 39)—"But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

THE HOURS.

Heaven's gates spontaneous open, guarded by the Hours, to whom great heaven and Olympus is given in charge, either to roll aside or draw the veil of thick clouds.

STENTORIAN VOICE.

Likening herself to strong Stentor, endued with brazen lungs, whose shout surpassed the force of fifty tongues.

QUIT YOU LIKE MEN.

My friends, quit ye like men, and be firm in the battle.

So 1 Samuel (iv. 9)—"Be strong, and quit yourselves like men, O ye Philistines! that ye be not servants unto the Hebrews as they have been to you: quit yourselves like men and fight;" and 1 Corinthians (xvi. 13)—"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

RACE SUCCEEDS RACE LIKE LEAVES.

As is the race of leaves, such is man: the wind scatters some on the ground, others the wood-budding puts forth, and the season of spring brings out; so also the race of men, one generation flourishes, another decays.

So Sirach (xiv. 18, 19); and Ecclesiastes (i. 4)—"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth for ever."

FIRST IN WORTH AS IN COMMAND.

He sent me to Troy, and enjoined me oft to stand the first in worth as in command, nor bring discredit on my father's race, who had always held the foremost rank in Ephyre and Lycia's wide domain.

So 1 Corinthians (xii. 31)—"But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet show I unto you a more excellent way;" and (xiv. 12)—"Even so ye, for as much as ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the Church."

THE ADVANTAGE OF WINE.

Wine gives much strength to wearied man.

So 1 Timothy (v. 23)—"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities."

WINE.

Mine honored mother, bring me not luscious wine, lest thou unnerve my limbs, and make me lose my wonted prowess and strength.

TO OFFER SACRIFICES WITH POLLUTED HANDS.

I fear to offer a libation of rosy wine with unwashed hands.

So Isaiah (i. 15)—"And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood;" and Psalms (cxvi. 6)—"I will wash mine hands in innocence: will I compass thine altar, O Lord."

MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES.

Victory changes oft her side.

AN EXAMPLE OF A LOVING WIFE.

Hector, thou art my father and honored mother, and brother; thou, too, my blooming husband.

Lord Derby thus translates it:

"But, Hector, thou to me art all in one,
Sire, mother, brethren; thou, my wedded love!

FRIGHTENED CHILD.

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast, scared at the sight of his father, startled by the brazen helm and horse-hair plume, seeing it nodding fearfully on the warrior's crest: but his affectionate father and honored mother laughed fondly.

THE FATE OF ALL IS FIXED.

For no man can antedate my doom; though I am aware that no one can escape his fate, neither the coward nor the brave, as it has been determined at his birth.

So John (vii. 30)—"Then they sought to take him: but no man laid hands on Him, because His hour was not yet come."

A LADY'S WORK.

But going to thy house, attend to thy household cares, thy web and thy spindle, and assign thy maidens their several tasks.

So Proverbs (xxxix. 19)—"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff."

MAN IN THE HANDS OF GOD.

But the decision of the victory is placed in the hands of the immortal gods.

So Proverbs (xxi. 30)—"There is no wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel, against the Lord;" and 1 Corinthians (i. 27)—"But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE BRAVE MAN.

And think not to contend with a man mightier than thou.

So Ecclesiastes (vi. 10)—"That which hath been is named already, and it is known that it is man: neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he."

NIGHT APPROACHETH.

Now the night is at hand; it is wise to obey the night.

So Judges (xix. 9)—"Behold, now the day draweth toward evening, I pray you tarry all night: behold, the day groweth to an end; lodge here, that thine heart may be merry; and to-morrow get you early on your way, that thou mayest go home;" and Luke (xxiv. 29)—"But they constrained Him, saying, Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them."

THE WISDOM OF THE GODS.

Father Jove, is there any of mortals on the wide-spread earth who will rival us in wisdom and understanding?

So Isaiah (xl. 15)—"Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being His counsellor, hath taught Him?"—and Romans (xi. 34)—"For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been His counsellor?"

GLOOMY TARTARUS.

Be assured that I shall seize and hurl him into gloomy Tartarus deep down, where is the lowest

abyss beneath the earth, where are iron gates and brazen floors, as far below Hades as heaven is from the earth.

So 2 Peter (ii. 4)—"For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment."

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

Having suspended a golden chain from heaven, do you, gods and goddesses, all of you lay hold of it: yet would you fail to drag the mighty and all-wise Jove from heaven to earth, strive as you may.

So Isaiah (xl. 15)—"Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold. He taketh up the isles as a very little thing."

STRENGTH OF GOD IRRESISTIBLE.

Our father, son of Saturn, mightiest of kings, we all know well that thy strength is not to be resisted.

So Job (xiii. 9)—"I know that Thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from Thee."

"GOD WEIGHS ACTIONS."

And then the father of heaven hung out his golden scales.

So 1 Samuel (ii. 3)—"By Him actions are weighed;" and Proverbs (xvi. 3)—"But the Lord weigheth the spirits;" and Isaiah (xl. 12)—"Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?"

THE IRRESISTIBLE POWER OF GOD.

No man can withstand the will of Jove, however powerful he be, for he is much mightier.

So Job (ix. 12)—"Behold, He taketh away, who can hinder Him? who will say unto Him, What dost Thou?"—and 1 Corinthians (i. 25)—"Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

THE FIXEDNESS OF FATE.

For such is the unalterable decree of fate; but I reckon not of thy wrath, nor should I care even though thou wert thrust beneath the lowest depths of earth and sea, where Jäpetus and Saturn dwell, uncheered by rays of sun and fanned by no cool breeze, encompassed by the profound abyss of Tartarus,—not even, I say, though thou wert there consigned to banishment, do I care, but hear thy reproaches unheeded, since nothing is more vile than thou.

LOVELY NIGHT.

As when in heaven the stars around the glittering moon beam loveliest amid the breathless air, and in clear outline appear every hill, sharp peak, and woody dell; deep upon deep the sky breaks open, and each star shines forth, while joy fills the shepherd's heart.

A KING DESTITUTE OF BRAVERY.

The son of deep-designing Saturn bestows his gifts in differing measure; he has granted to thee to be honored for thy royal command, but valor

he has got granted thee, which is the noblest boon of heaven.

THE MAN DELIGHTING IN WAR.

That man is bound by no social, religious, and domestic tie who would court civil war with all its horrors.

THE MAN FAVORED BY GOD.

The man whom Jove loves is a match for many.

So Joshua (xxiii. 10)—"One man of you shall chase a thousand: for the Lord your God, He it is that fighteth for you, as he hath promised you;" and 2 Samuel (xviii. 3)—"But now thou art worth ten thousand of us."

PLUTO.

Pluto, the merciless and inexorable, and therefore the most hatefull of all the gods to mortals.

NO REMEDY TO AN EVIL ONCE ENDURED.

There will be grief to thee thyself hereafter, nor will there be found a remedy to the evil that is done.

RESTRAIN THY PASSION.

Do thou restrain thy haughty spirit in thy breast, for better far is gentle courtesy.

So Proverbs (xvi. 32)—"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty: and he that ruleth his spirit than he that aketh a city."

"LEAVE OFF FROM CONTENTION."

And cease from angry strife.

So Proverbs (xvii. 14)—"The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention, before it be meddled with."

THE HYPOCRITE.

For that man is detested by me as the gates of hell whose outward words conceal his inmost thoughts.

So Psalms (lv. 31)—"The words of his mouth were smother than butter, but war was in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords;" and (cxix. 168)—"I hate and abhor lying."

THE BRAVE AND THE COWARD DIE ALIKE.

The same fate awaits him that fights or fights not. The coward and the brave are held in equal honor. The man who yields ignobly and he who exerts himself die alike.

So Ecclesiastes (ix. 2)—"All things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous, and to the wicked; to the good, and to the clean, and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not: as is the good, so is the sinner; and he that sweareth, as he that feareth an oath."

Seneca (Ep. 91) says: "Æquat omnes cinis: impares nascimur, pares morimur." "The dust levels all; we are born in unequal conditions, but die equal."

WHAT ADVANTAGE HAVE I BY EXPOSING MYSELF TO DANGER.

There is no profit to me after all my labors, though I am always setting my life at stake.

So Job (xxxv. 3)—"For thou saidst, What advantage will it be unto thee? and, What profit shall I have if I be cleansed from my sin?"—and Psalms (lxxiii. 18)—"Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency:" and Ecclesiastes (vi. 8)—"For what hath the wise more than the fool?"

A WIFE.

Every wise and sensible man loves the wife of his choice; so I too loved her in my heart's core, slave though she was, taken by my spear.

So Colossians (iii. 19)—"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord."

LIFE NOT TO BE BOUGHT.

Life is not to be weighed against all the treasures which they say Troy, that well-inhabited city, possessed formerly in peaceful times, ere the sons of the Greeks came, nor yet by all that is contained within the stone-built temple of the archer Apollo in rocky Pytho. For oxen and goodly sheep may be provided by successful forays, tripods and chestnut mares; but the soul of man can never more be recalled when the spark of life has passed his lips.

So Job (ii. 4)—"Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life;" and Matthew (xvi. 26)—"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—and Job (xiv. 13)—"So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep. If a man die, shall he live again. All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

"THEY SAY, AND DO NOT."

To be a speaker of words, and also a doer of deeds.

So Matthew (vii. 21)—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven:" and (xxiii. 3)—"For they say, and do not;" and 2 Corinthians (x. 11)—"Let such an one think this, that such as we are in word by letters when we are absent, such will we be also in deed when we are present."

PRAYERS ARE DAUGHTERS OF HEAVEN.

But, Achilles, curb thy furious rage: thou shouldst not cherish an implacable heart, for the gods themselves, excelling in virtue, honor, and strength, may yet be mollified, for they may be soothed by incense, humble suit, libations, and sacrifices, when they may have transgressed and gone astray. For Prayers are the daughters of mighty Jove,—lame, indeed, of foot, looking askance,—who, coming after the Temptress, are heedful of their course. But the Temptress is bold, swift of foot, for she far outruns them, and gets before them over all the earth, bringing sad disaster on mankind. But Prayers behind her heal the wrongs she has done to him who bows in reverence to these daughters of Jove as they approach: such an one they greatly aid, and listen to his entreaties; but whosoever rejects, and boldly refuses their assistance, Prayers, approaching their father, Jupiter, beg that the Temptress may follow him, that he may suffer and pay a due penalty.

So Genesis (viii. 21)—"And Noah offered burnt-offerings on the altar: and the Lord smelled a sweet savor;" and 1 Kings (viii. 28, 39)—"What prayer and supplication soever be made by any man, or by all Thy people Israel, which shall know every man the plague of his own heart, and spread forth his hands toward this house; then hear Thou in heaven Thy

swelling-place, and forgive, and do, and give to every man according to his ways, whose heart Thou knowest; (for Thou even Thou only, knowest the hearts of all the children of men)."

A FRIEND.

It is right that my friend should honor him who honors me.

PRUDENT COUNSEL.

Godlike Menelaus, both I and you have need of greatest counsels to guard and protect us.

So Proverbs (xx. 18)—"Every purpose is established by counsel; and with good advice make war;" and (xxiv. 6)—"Far by wise counsel thou shalt make war: and in multitude of counselors there is safety."

WATCH CAREFULLY.

Dear children, now guard carefully; let not sleep come upon you, lest we be a laughing-stock to our enemies.

So Nehemiah (vii. 8)—"Appoint watches . . . every one in watch and every one to be over against his house;" and Jeremiah (li. 12)—"Make the watch strong, set up the watchmen;" and Mark (xiii. 37)—"And what I say unto you I say to all, Watch."

HOW GREAT DEEDS ARE DONE.

When two go together, the one may perceive before the other how an enterprise may be best accomplished; and even though a man by himself discover the better course, yet his judgment is weaker, and his resolution less firm.

So Genesis (ii. 18)—"It is not good that the man should be alone;" and Ecclesiastes (iv. 9, 10)—"Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up."

THE ADVANTAGES OF PRUDENCE.

Should he attend us, we shall both return safe from the midst of burning fire, since he is wonderfully wise.

So Psalms (lxvi. 12)—"We went through fire and through water; but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place;" and Isaiah (xliii. 2)—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not swallow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

IMPUTING THE INIQUITY OF THE FATHERS UPON THE CHILDREN.

Now in truth you shall pay for the heavy sins of your father.

So Exodus (xx. 5)—"I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, punishing the iniquity of the fathers upon the children;" and Isaiah (lxviii. 3)—"The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge."

GOD SHALL PROTECT THEE.

Jove withdrew Hector from darts, dust, slaughter, blood, and turmoil.

So Psalms (xci. 7)—"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and a thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

THE LORD SHALL DELIVER THEE INTO MY HAND.

Assuredly I shall end thee if I shall hereafter meet thee, at least if any of the gods assist me.

So 1 Samuel (xvii. 46)—"This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee."

THE COWARD AND THE BRAVE.

A worthless coward's weapon has no point: that from my hand is not so, even if it slightly touch; it is sharp, and when it strikes it slays; his widow's cheeks are disfigured with scars of grief, and his children orphans; but he, reddening the ground with blood, rots, while his funeral rites are paid by carrion birds, and not by women.

So Judges (viii. 21)—"For as the man is, so is the strength."

THE BRAVE MAN.

For I know that cowards fly from battle; but the warrior distinguished in fight must, above all, stand undaunted, wounded or wounding.

A WOUNDED STAG.

As spotted lynxes pursue in the mountains a wounded stag with bushy antlers, whom a hunter has wounded with an arrow from his bow; flying, it has escaped by its swiftness, while its blood ran warm and its limbs yet served. But when the swift arrow has drained its strength, the ravenous lynxes, tearing, devour it in the shady wood, till chance brings a furious lion; then the lynxes fly in terror, while the lion feeds on the prey.

AN INUNDATION.

As when an overflowing river descends to the plain, rushing from the mountains, swollen by the storms of heaven, it carries off many blighted oaks and many pines, throwing much mud into the ocean.

THE LION.

As a furious lion is driven from the cattle-fold by dogs and rustics, who, watching all night, balk him of his prey. Eager for food, he renews the attempt; but still in vain, for numerous darts are hurled from vigorous hands, and blazing torches, from which he retires, though maddened. In the morning he slinks off with saddened heart.

THE ASS.

As when a stubborn ass entering the corn-field overpowers the boys, on whose back many clubs are broken: going in, it crops the rich corn, while the boys ply their cudgels; but their strength is puny, yet they drive him out with ease when he is satisfied with food.

THE ADVICE OF A FRIEND.

The advice of a friend is good.

So Proverbs (xxvii. 9)—"Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart: so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel."

"SHALL THE SWORD DEVOUR FOREVER?"

A slight breathing-time from war is pleasant.

So 2 Samuel (ii. 36)—"Shall the sword devour forever?"

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF."

I think that a physician, being wounded, also requires a leech's aid.

So Luke (iv. 23)—"Physician, heal thyself."

AGAINST THE WILL OF GOD.

It was done against the will of the immortal gods; wherefore it did not long endure.

So Acts (v. 38)—"And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught."

OAKS.

They stood as oaks raise their high heads on the mountain-side, which many a day have borne the wind and rain, firm rifted by their strong, far-extending roots.

LET US OBEY GOD.

Let us obey the will of mighty Jove, who rules over mortals and immortals.

So Acts (v. 39)—"We ought to obey God rather than men."

THE BRAVE.

Let the best omen be our country's cause.

So 2 Samuel (x. 12)—"Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God; and the Lord do that which seemeth Him good."

ALL ARE NECESSARY.

My friends, whoever of the Greeks is of noble spirit, of moderate or inferior strength, since all men are not with equal powers, here is work for all.

So 1 Corinthians (xii. 21, 22)—"And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary."

THE SNOW-STORM.

As thick as the snow-flakes on a winter's day, when all-wise Jove has begun to snow, showing his power to mortals. Stilling the winds, he pours snow down on the ground, so that the tops of the lofty mountains, the sharp peaks, the lotus-plains, and man's productive labors are buried deep. It is scattered over the hoary sea, lakes, and shores; but the wave, as it approaches, controls it: everything else is wrapped up beneath, when the storm of Jove rages with fury.

THE FORCE OF UNION.

The force of powerful union conquers all.

GOD IS EASILY KNOWN.

'Tis easy to discern the outward signs of a god.

So Psalms (lx. 16)—"The Lord is known by the judgment which He executeth;" and (lxxvi. 1)—"In Judah is God known."

THE INCLINATIONS OF THE GOOD.

A brave man's spirit its vigor soon regains.

So Proverbs (xxi. 11)—"When the scorner is punished, the simple is made wise;" and (xxiv. 16)—"For a just man falleth seven times and riseth up again."

"TO WHOM MUCH IS GIVEN."

All who are the best and bravest of the host should not desist from the battle: I might not

blame them, if meaner men should shrink; but I am highly indignant with you.

So Matthew (xxv. 15)—"And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability;" and Luke (xii. 48)—"For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required."

SLOTHFULNESS.

Dear friends, you will certainly sustain some heavier misfortune by this dastardly remissness: let each of you reflect on the shame of your conduct and feel keen remorse.

So Ecclesiastes (x. 18)—"By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through."

A HUGE BOULDER.

As some huge boulder detached from a rock, which the wintry torrent has hurled down the cliff's steep face, having undermined the firm hold of the massive rock by constant rains: with giant bounds it flies, and the wood crashes beneath it still it hurries on, until it reaches the level plain, and then it no longer rolls, however much impelled.

UNITED STRENGTH.

The strength even of weak men when united avails much.

So Ecclesiastes (iv. 12)—"And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken."

A DAUGHTER WHO EXCELS ALL.

The father and revered mother loved her with deep affection; for she surpassed all of her own age in beauty, in skill, and mind: therefore the noblest man of wide Troy married her.

So Proverbs (xxxii. 29)—"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

SATIETY OF EVERYTHING.

With everything men are sated: sleep, love, sweet singing, and the joyous dance—of all these man gets sooner tired than of war; the Trojans are insatiable in fight.

So Proverbs (xxv. 16)—"Hast thou found honey? eat so much as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith, and vomit it."

MEN HAVE DIFFERENT TALENTS.

But thou alone canst not engross all gifts of heaven: to one man God has granted the knowledge of what belongs to the affairs of war, to another the power of dancing, to another song and music; but in the breast of another loud-thundering Jove places the spirit of wisdom, of which many enjoy the fruit, for by him cities are preserved, and he himself specially feels the value of the precious gift.

So 1 Corinthians (xii. 4-6)—"Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all;" and (vii. 7)—"But every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, and another after that."

ACCORDING TO THAT A MAN HATH.

Beyond his power the bravest cannot fight.

So 2 Corinthians (viii. 12)—"For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

AVOID EVILS.

For a man is not to be blamed if he flies from an impending evil, though by night; he will act more wisely who by flying escapes, than he who is overtaken by the threatened danger.

So Butler ("Hudibras," Part III., c. 3, l. 948) says:

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

So Matthew (x. 23)—"But when they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another."

WHAT IS THY PETITION?

Tell me thy wish; my inclination urges me to grant it if my power may aught avail, and if it can be done.

So Esther (v. 6)—"And the king said unto Esther at the banquet of wine, What is thy petition? and it shall be granted thee: and what is thy request? even to the half of the kingdom it shall be performed."

THE CHARMS OF LOVE.

She said, and unloosed from her breast her zone embroidered with various colors, wrought with every charm to win the heart; there dwelt love, amorous desire, fond discourse, persuasion, which often steals away the senses even of wisest men.

So Proverbs (vii. 31)—"With her much fair speech she caused him to yield, with the flattering of her lips she forced him."

SLEEP THE BROTHER OF DEATH.

There he met with Sleep, twin-born with Death.

So John (xi. 11-13)—"Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep. Then said his disciples, Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well. Howbeit Jesus spake of his death: but they thought that He had spoken of taking of rest in sleep."

LOVE SEIZED HIM.

When he saw her, suddenly love overshadowed his mind.

So Genesis (iii. 6)—"And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat;" and (vi. 1)—"The sons of men saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose."

WINE MAKETH MERRY.

And Semele brought forth Bacchus, causing joy to mortals.

So Judges (ix. 18)—"Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man?"—and Psalms (civ. 15)—"And wine that maketh glad the heart of man;" and Ecclesiastes (x. 19)—"And wine maketh merry."

DREADFUL TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE LIVING GOD.

The lightning of mighty Jove is fearful.

So Hebrews (x. 31)—"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

THE POWER OF RECOLLECTION.

As when the mind of man wanders in thought over the many lands which he hath traversed, and thinks "Here was I such a day, or here," thinking of his numerous adventures.

"THEY HAVE EARS, BUT HEAR NOT."

Madman, void of reason, thou art lost; surely thou hast ears in vain, thy mind and sense of reverence are utterly destroyed.

So Psalms (cxv. 6)—"They have ears, but they hear not;" and Matthew (xi. 15)—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

"A FAITHFUL AMBASSADOR."

Tell all these things, and be not a false messenger.

So Proverbs (xiii. 17)—"A faithful messenger is health;" and Acts (xx. 30)—"And how I kept back nothing . . . but have shown you;" and (xx. 37)—"For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

ALL THINGS DIVIDED INTO THREE.

Threefold was our partition, and each enjoys his meed of honor.

So 1 John (v. 7)—"For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one."

THE NOBLE.

Noblest minds are easiest bent.

So Psalms (xlv. 19)—"They have no changes, therefore they fear not God;" and Ezekiel (xxxiii. 11)—"Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?"

HONOR THE HOARY HEAD.

Thou knowest that the Furies always watch to avenge the aged.

So Leviticus (xix. 32)—"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man."

THE STALL-FED HORSE.

As when a stall-fed horse, fattened on barley, having broken his halter, scours the plain, stamping with his feet, accustomed to bathe in the beautiful-flowing stream, exulting; he tosses his head aloft, while his mane streams o'er his shoulders; in conscious pride, his limbs bear him with ease to the accustomed pastures of the mares.

A CHILD PLAYING ON THE SEA-SHORE.

As when a child heaps up sand near the sea, making playthings with infantine folly; again in wanton play he scatters it with hands and feet.

TO DIE FOR ONE'S COUNTRY.

A glorious death is his who dies fighting for his country, while his wife is safe, children and home and heritage unimpaired.

So 2 Samuel (x. 18)—"Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, . . . and the Lord do that which seemeth Him good."

THE COWARD.

For more of the brave are saved than die; but to the coward there is neither glory nor safety.

STORM AT SEA.

As when a wave descends heavily on the swift ship, raised rapidly by the wind bursting from the clouds; the deck is drenched with spray, while the fierce blast howls in the shrouds; the affrighted sailors tremble, but little way removed from death.

So Jonah (i. 5)—"Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his god, and cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea, to lighten it of them: but Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship."

A GOOD SON FROM A WICKED FATHER.

A son distinguished for his many virtues was born from a wicked father.

So Ezekiel (xviii. 14, 17)—"Lo, if he beget a son, that seeth all his father's sins which he hath done, and doeth not such like, . . . he shall not die for the iniquity of his father, he shall surely live."

A SKILFUL RIDER.

As a man skilled in feats of horsemanship, having selected four from a troop of horses, drives swiftly from the plains to the great city, along the public road, while many men and women gaze in wonder at him: leaping always without missing, he springs from horse to horse as on they fly.

ON WHAT VICTORY DEPENDS.

There is safety in vigor of hand and not in giving way in the battle.

So Isaiah (ix. 15)—"For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood."

ONE CALAMITY UPON ANOTHER.

Everywhere one calamity is heaped upon another.

So Job (i. 17, etc.)—"While he was yet speaking, there came also another," etc.; and Isaiah (xxx. 1)—"That they may add sin to sin;" and Job (v. 19)—"He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee."

RICHES, BUT NO ENJOYMENT.

Father Jove has granted half his prayer, and half denied.

So Ecclesiastes (vi. 1)—"There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men: a man to whom God hath given riches, wealth, and honor, so that he wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof, but a stranger eateth it: this is vanity, and it is an evil disease."

A PILLAR IN HONOR OF THE DEAD.

A tomb and a pillar: the fitting tribute to the mighty dead.

So 2 Samuel (xviii. 18)—"Absalom had reared up for himself a pillar, for he had said, This shall be a memorial of my name."

DEEDS AND NOT WORDS.

Hands are meet for battle, but words for council; wherefore now we must use not words, but fight.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

Sleep and death twin-born.

So Matthew (ix. 24)—"The maid is not dead, but sleepeth."

THE POWER OF JOVE.

But Jove's will is always mightier than the will of man: who strikes panic into the bravest, and

easily robs him of victory, and anon urges to battle.

So Ecclesiastes (ix. 11)—"I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

"THIS NIGHT THY SOUL SHALL BE REQUIRED OF THEE."

Thou shalt not long survive me, but death and irresistible doom now hang over thee.

So Luke (xii. 20)—"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"—and 2 Timothy (iv. 6)—"The time of my departure is at hand."

WHY BOASTEST THOU THYSELF?

It ill beseems a man to vaunt arrogantly.

So Psalms (lxxi. 1)—"Why boastest thou thyself?"—and Romans (xi. 18)—"Boast not against the branches;" and 1 Corinthians (v. 6)—"Your glorying is not good;" and James (iv. 16)—"All such rejoicing is evil."

FOOLS.

Even the fool is wise after the event.

So Proverbs (xxii. 3)—"A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished."

THE LION.

As when a lion, bred in the mountains, in pride of strength, has carried off a heifer amid the pasturing herd—the choicest; he breaks her neck, first seizing her with strong teeth, then gorging on her entrails, laps the blood; though dogs and shepherds roar loudly from afar, yet none venture to come near, but pale fear seizes them.

"HE THAT HATH LABORED FOR THE WIND."

Thou indeed so runnest, pursuing what cannot be reached.

So Ecclesiastes (v. 16)—"And what profit hath he that hath labored for the wind?"—and Galatians (ii. 2)—"Lost by any means I should run, or had run, in vain."

TO FIGHT AGAINST A MAN HONORED BY GOD.

When a man strives, against the Divine will, with one beloved of heaven, a bitter doom comes quickly upon him.

So Exodus (xiv. 25)—"The Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel, for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians;" and Isaiah (xli. 11-13)—"Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded: they shall be as nothing; and they that strive with thee shall perish. Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them, even them that contended with thee: they that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of naught. For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."

OF EVILS THIS IS THE LEAST.

Of evils this would be the best to be chosen.

So 2 Samuel (xxiv. 14)—"And David said unto Gad, I am in a great strait; let us fall now into the hand of the Lord (for His mercies are great), and let me not fall into the hand of man."

GOD OMNIPOTENT.

But the will of ægis-bearing Jove is uncontrollable, who confounds the strong, and easily robs him of victory, and anon excites to war.

"THE SWORD DEVORETH ONE AS WELL AS ANOTHER."

Wherefore let each, rushing boldly onward, either perish or escape safe; for such is the chance of war.

So 2 Samuel (xi. 25)—"For the sword devoureth one as well as another."

"HONOR THY PARENTS."

Neither had he an opportunity of paying back their early care to his dear parents, for short was his term of life.

So Exodus (xx. 12)—"Honor thy father and thy mother;" and 1 Timothy (v. 4)—"Let them learn to show piety at home, and to requite their parents."

KIND WORDS AND THREATS.

He addressed many honeyed words and many curses.

So Deuteronomy (xxx. 19)—"I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing."

NOTHING MORE WRETCHED THAN MAN.

For there is naught of all that breathe and creep upon the earth more wretched than man.

So Job (xiv. 1)—"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble;" and (xxv. 6)—"How much less man, that is a worm; and the son of man, which is a worm?"

MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES.

For I shall hurl the spear, but Jove directs the blow.

So James (iv. 15)—"Ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this and that;" and 1 Kings (xxii. 34)—"And a certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the King of Israel between the joints of the harness."

SAD NEWS.

Assuredly thou shalt hear woful tidings, which would to Heaven, I had not to impart: Patroclus lies in death.

Pliny (Ep. iv. 11) says—"Herennius Senecio said, in defence of the absent Licinianus, some such thing as, 'Patroclus is gone.'"

So 1 Kings (xiv. 6)—"I am sent to thee with heavy tidings."

"A FOOL'S MOUTH."

In sooth, my son, thou wilt be short-lived if thou talkest thus.

So Proverbs (xviii. 7)—"A fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul."

STRIFE AND RAGE.

Would that strife were far removed from gods and men, and anger, which impels even the wisest to violence, which mounts in the breast of man like smoke, and is sweeter to the taste than honey.

So Romans (xiii. 13)—"Not in strife and envying;" and Philippians (ii. 3)—"Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory;" and Ecclesiastes (vii. 9)—"Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

DEATH WHEN GOD WILLS IT.

I shall then meet death when it is the will of Jove and the other gods.

So Job (xv. 14)—"All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

DEATH.

I shall lie a senseless clod when I die; but now is the time to win glory.

So Ecclesiastes (ix. 10)—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

FATE OF MAN IN WAR.

The fortune of war is common to all, and oft slays the slayer.

So 2 Samuel (xi. 25)—"For the sword devoureth one as well as another."

DESIGNS OF MAN CUT SHORT.

But Jove does not accomplish all that man designs.

ANGER.

Now indeed I here abjure my wrath, for it is not right that it should burn forever unappeased.

So Jeremiah (iii. 12)—"I will not keep mine anger forever;" and Ephesians (iv. 26)—"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

A NOISY MEETING.

'Tis meet to listen in silence without interruption, for it is difficult for a man even skilled in speaking to deliver his sentiments amidst interruptions. In a great tumult who can hear or speak? Even the best of orators in injured in such a case.

So 1 Corinthians (xiv. 31-33)—"If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace. For ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn, and all may be comforted. And the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets. For God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the saints."

"WHY DO YOU STAND HERE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

For it is not meet to stand here wasting our time, or idly loitering, for there is still a great work to be done.

So Matthew (xx. 6)—"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

FOOD NECESSARY FOR THE WARRIOR.

For no man all day till set of sun may fight without food. Even though his spirit may prompt him to fight, yet his limbs by degrees sink under him; worn out by thirst and hunger, his knees shake as he advances. But the man satiated with wine and food all day maintains the combat with his enemy; his spirit remains unbroken, and his limbs are unwearied, till both armies quit the field of battle.

So Psalms (civ. 15)—"Bread which strengtheneth man's heart;" and 1 Samuel (xiv. 28)—"Cursed be the man that eateth any food this day. And the people were faint. Then said Jonathan, Mine eyes have been enlightened, because I tasted a little of this honey; how much more, if haply the people had eaten freely to-day, for had not there been now a much greater slaughter among the Philistines?"

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE.

Then, soon as the word was uttered, the work was done.

So Genesis (i. 3)—"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light;" and Psalms (xxxiii. 3)—"For He spake, and it was done: He commanded, and it stood fast."

THE PERJURED.

The Furies, ye who wreak vengeance beneath the earth on souls of men forsworn.

So Exodus (xx. 7)—"The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain;" and Zechariah (v. 4)—"And it shall enter into the house of the thief and into the house of him that sweareth falsely by my name."

GOD CAUSES GRIEFS TO MAN.

Father Jove, thou certainly bringest sad woes on men.

So Job (xxi. 17)—"God distributeth sorrows in His anger;" and Isaiah (xiv. 7)—"I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil. I the Lord do all these things;" and Amos (iii. 6)—"Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?"

WHAT IS FATED TO MAN.

The time shall come when he shall meet the doom which Fate has spun with its thread at his birth.

So Job (xxiii. 14)—"He performeth the thing that is appointed for me."

THE GODS.

The gods are terrible to be seen.

So Exodus (xxxiii. 22)—"There shall no man see me and live;" and Job (xxxvii. 23)—"With God is terrible majesty."

COURAGE.

It is Jove that at will gives and takes courage from men; for he is lord of all.

So 1 Corinthians (xii. 11)—"Dividing to every man severally as He will;" and Ephesians (iv. 2)—"Unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

A WAR OF WORDS.

But come, let us not talk to each other like babbling fools, standing in the midst of the battlefield. For we might both find terms of reproach enough to sink a hundred-oared galley; so voluble is the tongue of man, glibly giving words without end of all kinds; wide is the range of language; such words shalt thou hear as thou speakest; but why should we rail and fight like women, who, arrayed in fierce contest, jar in the streets with wordy war, using opprobrious terms, some true, some false, for so their rage suggests.

So Job (xviii. 6)—"A fool's lips enter into contention, and his mouth calleth for strokes;" and James (iii. 5, etc.)—"And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell: the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison;" and Matthew (vii. 3)—"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again;" and 2 Timothy (ii. 23)—"The servant of the Lord must not strive;" and Proverbs (xxx. 33)—"The forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife."

EVEN THE STRONGEST CANNOT ACCOMPLISH ALL THINGS.

Nor will Achilles be able to make all his words good: some things he will fulfil, and in others he will fail.

So Psalms (xxi. 11)—"They imagined a mischievous device, which they are not able to perform."

"YOUR FATHERS WHERE ARE THEY?"

But, my friend, thou, too, must die: why vainly wail? Patroclus, too, is dead, thy better far.

So Zechariah (i. 5)—"Your fathers where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?"—and John (viii. 58)—"Art Thou greater than our father Abraham, which is dead? and the prophets are dead: whom makest Thou thyself?"

DEATH COMES AT ALL TIMES.

Seest thou not how fair and stalwart I am? I am the son of noble sire, and goddess-mother born; but death and stubborn fate will come upon thee and me at morn, or eve, or midday.

So Ecclesiastes (iii. 2)—"A time to die;" and Hebrews (ix. 27)—"It is appointed unto men once to die;" and Mark (xiii. 35)—"Watch ye therefore; for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."

And Shakespeare ("Hamlet," act i. sc. 2)—

"All that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity."

THE GODS MORE POWERFUL THAN MEN.

The gods are more powerful than men.

So 1 Corinthians (i. 25)—"Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

LIFE OF MEN.

If indeed I should fight for the sake of wretched mortals, who, like leaves, sometimes flourish in beauty, and eat the fruits of earth, and then again wither on the ground.

So Isaiah (lxiv. 6)—"We all do fade as a leaf."

"GOD'S WAYS ARE PAST FINDING OUT."

Why, son of Peleus, pursuest thou me with swift feet, who am an immortal, while thou art a mortal? Hast thou not yet discovered my godhead?

So Psalms (lxxvii. 19)—"Thy footsteps are not known;" and Acts (ix. 4)—"Why persecutest thou me?"—and Romans (xi. 33)—"His ways are past finding out."

TO DIE IN YOUTH.

It is honorable for youth to die in battle, struck with the sharp spear; all things are becoming to him in death; but when dogs disfigure the hoary head and hoary beard of the old man lying in death, this is misery the last and worst to mortals.

FAMILIAR TALK.

This is not the time to hold light talk, like youth and maid under the shade of oak or rock, as youth and maid might hold.

THE BALANCE IN WHICH MAN'S FATE IS WEIGHED.

And then the father of gods hung out the golden scales, and put in each the lots of doom,—the one of Achilles, the other of horse-taming Hector,—and weighs with equal hands their destinies; down sank the scale, weighted with Hector's death, down to Pluto; and then even Apollo abandons him to his fate.

Milton ("Paradise Lost," iv. 999) says:—

"First He weighed
The pendulous round earth, with balanced air
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in these He puts two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick flew and kicked the beam."

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

As no firm concord can exist between lions and men, nor do wolves and lambs unite in harmony, but ceaseless enmity dwells between them.

So Isaiah (lxv. 25)—"The wolf and the lamb shall feed together;" and Luke (x. 8)—"I send you forth as lambs among wolves."

EVERY KIND OF VIRTUE.

Be mindful of every kind of virtue.

So 2 Peter (i. 5-7)—"And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity."

THE SOUL.

Strange, but true, that there are souls and spectres in the abodes of Hades, but corporeal materials there are none at all.

So Ecclesiastes (ix. 5)—"For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten."

GRIEF.

There is also a satiety of grief.

So 1 Samuel (xvi. 1)—"How long wilt thou mourn?"

NOT STRENGTH BUT SKILL OBTAINS THE PRIZE.

The woodman is superior by knowledge of his art rather than by strength; the pilot guides the swift ship in the dark-blue sea by skill, when it is tempest-tossed; the charioteer is superior to his rival by his skill.

So Ecclesiastes (ix. 16)—"Wisdom is better than strength;" and (x. 10)—"If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength; but wisdom is profitable to direct."

BE CAUTIOUS.

Beware of striking thy foot against a stone, a source of joy to others, a shame to thyself; but, my friend, be cautious and be guarded.

So Psalms (xci. 12)—"Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

JUDGE IMPARTIALLY.

Decide between both justly, and not with favor.

So Deuteronomy (i. 17)—"Ye shall not respect persons in judgment, but ye shall hear the small as well as the great;" and Proverbs (xxviii. 5)—"It is not good to accept the person of the wicked, to overthrow the righteous in judgment."

THE FOLLIES OF YOUTH.

Thou knowest the over-eager vehemence of youth; quick in temper, but weak in judgment.

So Job (xviii. 5)—"Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth;" and Psalms (xxv. 7)—"Remember not the sins of my youth."

THE FAILING OF OLD AGE.

For thou no more canst box or wrestle, or throw the javelin in sportive strife, or race with flying feet in running; for now the heavy hand of age rests upon thee.

So John (xvi. 18)—"When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldst, but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and others shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not."

MAN DOOMED TO LOSE FRIENDS.

For some may have lost a friend dearer than brother or son; but after having wept and lamented, he dismisses his care, for the Fates have bestowed a patient mind on man.

So Job (v. 7)—"Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward."

GRIEF.

My son, why, weeping and grieving, dost thou wear away thy soul, forgetful both of food and sleep?

So 1 Samuel (i. 8)—"Why weepest thou? and why eatest thou not? and why is thy heart grieved?"—and Proverbs (xi. 18)—"By sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken."

LOSS OF CHILDREN.

Unhappy that I am, since I had the noblest children, and now I have none of them left.

So Genesis (xlii. 36)—"Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away;" and Jeremiah (xxxi. 15)—"A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping, Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not."

TWO URNS CONTAINING GOOD AND EVIL.

For there is no advantage to be gained from woful lamentation: the gods have spun the thread for wretched mortals that they should live in sorrow, while they themselves are free from cares. Two urns lie beside the door of Jove, one full of evil gifts, and one of good, from which thundering Jove, mingling, gives portions, now of the bad and now of the good. To whomsoever he gives of the bad, he makes him wretched indeed; grinding misery drives him an outcast over the earth; he wanders abroad, honored neither by gods nor men.

So Job (ii. 10)—"What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"—and Psalms (lxxv. 9)—"In the hand of the Lord there is a cup; it is full of mixture;" and Isaiah (xlv. 7)—"I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil."

FOOLS PERISH BY THEIR OWN FOLLY.

Fools! they perished in their mad arrogance.

So 1 Chronicles (x. 13)—"So Saul died for his transgressions;" and Proverbs (xi. 5)—"The wicked shall fall by his own wickedness;" and (xxiii. 6)—"Wickedness overthroweth the sinners;" and Hosea (xiii. 9)—"Thou hast destroyed thyself."

MAN THE CAUSE OF HIS OWN ILLS.

Strange that men should blame the gods, laying all their woes on us, while it is they themselves that bring, by their own senseless acts, pangs which fate had never decreed.

So Lamentations (iii. 33)—"For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" and Ezekiel (xviii. 24)—"In his trespass that he hath trespassed, and in his sin that he hath sinned, in them shall he die. Yet ye say, The way of the Lord is not equal. Hear now, O house of Israel, Is not my way equal? are not your ways unequal?"

IT IS A WISE SON WHO KNOWS HIS OWN FATHER.

My mother says in sooth that I am sprung from him, but I myself do not know, for no one can by himself by any means know his own father.

AFFLUENCE.

Would that I were the happy son of some blest man whom old age has overtaken in full enjoyment of his wealth.

REMEMBER THAT THOU ART NO LONGER A CHILD.

Thou shouldst not follow after childish things, since thou art no longer a child.

So 1 Corinthians (xiii. 11)—"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

FEW SONS RIVAL THEIR BRAVE SIRES.

For few sons are equal to their sires; most of them are less worthy; only a few are superior to their father.

So Ecclesiastes (ii. 18)—"Yea, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool?"

WALK NOT IN THE WAYS OF THE UNGODLY.

Fly the advice and ways of fools, since they are neither sensible nor just; they 'know not that death and gloomy fate are close by.

So Psalms (i. 1)—"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly;" and Ecclesiastes (ix. 12)—"For man also knoweth not his time: as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare; so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them."

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

Let no thoughts of outrage, let no rough words, hanker in thy bosom, but eat and drink as of old.

THIS IS NOT WITHOUT THE WILL OF GOD.

Be of good cheer, my nurse, since this counsel is of heaven.

So 2 Kings (xviii. 26)—"Am I now come up without the Lord against this place to destroy it?"—and Acts (xxvii. 22)—"And now I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there stood by me this night the angel of God."

MODESTY.

It is a shame for a young man to question men of riper years.

So Job (xxxii. 6)—"I am young, and ye are very old; wherefore I was afraid, and durst not show you mine opinion."

GOD WILL SUGGEST SOME THINGS.

Thou thyself wilt imagine some things in thine own inmost breast, and a god will suggest others.

So Luke (xii. 12)—"For the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say."

ALL REQUIRE THE AID OF GOD.

Pray, for all mankind require the assistance of the gods.

So Acts (xvii. 25)—"As though God needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life and breath and all things; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being;" and James (i. 5)—"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God;" and 1 Timothy (ii. 4)—"Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."

THE MIND OF GOD IS UNCHANGEABLE.

For the mind of the ever-existing gods is not lightly changed.

So Malachi (iii. 6)—"For I am the Lord; I change not;" and James (i. 17)—"With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

GOD OMNIPOTENT.

God can easily, if He wills, save man even from the most remote part of space.

So Jeremiah (xxiii. 23)—"Am I a God at hand, and not a God afar off?"

DEATH.

But death is the common lot of all; nor are the gods able to ward it off even from their favorites when the destroying fate which is to lay him out at length has come upon him.

So Psalms (xlix. 10)—"For he seeth that wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others."

A LITTLE STONE.

A rock, however small, may keep back a great wave.

So James (iii. 4)—"Behold also the ships, which, though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth."

WANDER NOT FAR FROM YOUR HOME.

And thou, my friend, be not long at a distance from thy home.

So Proverbs (xxvii. 8)—"As a bird that wandereth from her nest; so is a man that wandereth from his place."

NO ONE CAN CONTEND WITH JOVE.

Assuredly no one mortal-born would think to vie with Jove.

So Isaiah (xlv. 9)—"Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker."

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

I do not deem it improper to shed tears over him who has died and met a gloomy fate: the rites of woe are all that the living can bestow, to shear the graceful curl and let fall the tender tear down the cheek.

So Ecclesiastes (xii. 5)—"Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

WISDOM OF SILENCE.

Thou hast spoken as much as a prudent man ought.

So Proverbs (x. 19); and Ecclesiastes (v. 2)—"Let thy words be few."

A MIRTH-INSPIRING BOWL.

Forthwith Helen mixed a mirth-inspiring bowl from which they drank, assuager of sorrow and

wrath, that makes man forgetful of all the ills of life. Whoever swallows the draught, when it has been mixed in the bowl, will not let fall a tear for one whole day adown his cheek, not even though his father and mother were lying in the throes of death, not even though a man should slay before his eyes a brother or a son; no, not even though his own eyes beheld it.

So Proverbs (xxxix. 5)—"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

REMEMBER THE COMMANDS OF GOD.

The gods have always wished men to be mindful of their precepts.

So Numbers (xv. 38)—"Let them make fringes, that he may look upon them, and remember all the commandments of the Lord."

PUT A GUARD ON THY TONGUE.

And he would have escaped death, even though hated by Minerva, if he had not uttered arrogant words, and thus fallen into great crime.

So Proverbs (xii. 13)—"The wicked is snared by the transgression of his lips;" and (xiii. 3)—"He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life: but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction;" and (xviii. 7)—"A fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul."

ELYSIUM.

But the immortal gods shall send thee to the plains of Elysium, and the utmost bounds of earth, where dwells Rhadamanthus with auburn hair: there man's whole existence is a state of ease: no snow is there, nor violent storms, nor rain; but Oceanus ever sends the gently-blowing western gales to refresh wearied men.

Tennyson ("Morte d'Arthur") says—

"Where falls nor hail or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly."

Swinburne ("Atalanta in Calydon") says—

"Lands undiscoverable in the unheard-of west,
Round which the strong stream of a sacred sea
Rolls without wind forever, and the sun
There shows not her white wings and windy feet,
Nor thunder, nor swift rain saith anything,
Nor the sun burns, but all things rest and thrive."

TO SPEAK TO THE AIR.

It is base to speak vain words.

So Job (xv. 2)—"Should a wise man utter vain words, and fill his belly with the east wind?"—and (xvi. 3)—"Shall vain words have an end?"

A SYLVAN SCENE.

Around the cave trees grew in utmost beauty—alders and poplars and fragrant-scented cypresses, in which all birds of ample wing had nests—owls, hawks, and long-tongued water-fowl, that plunge into the sea-waves. The cave in front was spread with a green vine, clustering with ripe grapes; four springs ran with limpid water near to each other, flowing here and there; around, a meadowy ground was seen, covered with violets and green parsley: such a spot even a god might well admire and wander over with delight.

THE WILL OF GOD.

But assuredly it is by no means possible that any other god should dare to disobey the will of Jove, or render it null.

So Job (xxiii. 13)—"But He is in one mind, and who can turn Him;" and Proverbs (xix. 21)—"There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand."

BEWARE OF THE ANGER OF GOD.

Beware of the wrath of Jove, lest at some future period he wreak his anger upon thee.

So Psalms (li. 12)—"Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little."

THE OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

The gods, who dwell in the broad heaven, superior to me in knowledge and understanding.

So Psalms (xciv. 10)—"He that teacheth man knowledge, shall He not know?"—and 1 Corinthians (i. 25)—"Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

A MERCIFUL DISPOSITION.

For I have a kind disposition, nor am I iron-hearted, but pitiful.

So Psalms (xxxvii. 26)—"A good man is ever merciful;" and (cxli. 4)—"He is gracious and full of compassion; a good man sheweth a favor."

DIANA.

Like the huntress Diana, whose delight is set on her arrows, in the mountains, either on lofty Taygetus or Erymanthus, delighting in boars and swift stags; with her the rural nymphs, daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, sport in playful games, while her mother, Latona, is glad at heart; in head and shoulders she overtops them all, but is easily distinguished, even where all are lovely. So also did the virgin excel all her maidens.

So Proverbs (xxxii. 28)—"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

DESCRIPTION OF THE HAPPY LIFE OF WOMAN.

May the gods grant to thee all thy heart's desire, a husband, and home, and firm union of soul with thy partner; for there is nothing more delightful than when husband and wife manage their affairs in close union, exciting envy in their foes and joy to all who wish them well; they themselves feel and enjoy their happy state.

So Ecclesiastes (ix. 9)—"Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, which He hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity: for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labor which thou takest under the sun."

HAPPINESS.

God himself metes out happiness to men, to the good and bad, to each as to Him seems best.

So 1 Chronicles (xxix. 12)—"Both riches and honor come of Thee, and Thou reignest over all; and in Thine hand is power and might; and in Thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all;" and Ecclesiastes (ix. 1)—"No man moveth either love or hatred by all that is before them; all things are alike to all, there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked."

WHAT WE GIVE TO THE POOR WE LEND TO GOD.

For strangers and poor are all sent by Jove; a gift, however little, is grateful to them.

So Proverbs (xix. 17)—"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again."

RUGGED MARINERS.

For they do not endure foreigners, nor do they care for those who come from other lands. Trusting in their swift-sailing ships, they make their way over the mighty deep, since the Ruler of the sea has given it to them; their ships are swift as winged bird, or even thought.

So Job (ix. 26)—"My days are passed away as the swift ships;" and Psalms (xc. 9)—"We spend our years as a tale that is told."

MANLY FIRMNESS.

Let not thy spirit fail thee, for the undaunted does best in every enterprise, even though he come from realms unknown.

So Deuteronomy (xxxi. 8)—"Fear not, neither be dismayed."

HE DESTROYS AND IS DESTROYED.

He extirpated the godless race, but perished in their ruin.

So Proverbs (xxix. 2)—"But when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn."

A BELOVED QUEEN.

Thus she was honored from the heart, and is so both by dear children, by Alcinous and people, in whose eyes she is as it were a goddess, as she passes through the city; for she lacks nothing in sound sense and judgment, healing the strife among those whom she loves.

A GARDEN.

Outside the palace, near the door, a spacious garden lies, four acres in extent; round it a fence on all sides; tall trees spring in abundance, pears, pomegranates, apple-trees with fair fruit, luscious fig-trees and luxuriant olives; their fruit is always there, nor fails all the year round, winter and summer, but ever the western breeze causes some to bud and others to ripen; each dropping pear another pear supplies, on apples apples, grapes on grapes, figs on figs arise.

THE FATE OF MAN.

There shall he suffer whatever destiny and the dread Fates have spun for him with their thread of doom when his mother gave him birth.

HUNGER.

For there is nothing more importunate than a hungry stomach, which will not allow a man to forget it, whatever be his cares and sorrows.

So Ecclesiastes (vi. 7)—"All the labor of man is for his mouth, and yet the appetite is not filled;" and Proverbs (xvi. 26)—"He that laboreth, laboreth for himself; for his mouth craveth it of him."

MEN A JEALOUS RACE.

For we, the race of men, are jealous in temper.

So Numbers (v. 14)—"If the spirit of jealousy come upon a man."

DRINKING ACCORDING TO THE PLEASURE OF EACH.

And beside him a cup of wine to drink at his pleasure.

So Esther (i. 8)—"And the drinking was according to the law, that they should do according to every man's pleasure."

GOD GIVES DIFFERENT TALENTS TO DIFFERENT MEN.

God gives not noble gifts to all men, neither nature's charms, nor intellect, nor eloquence, for one man is inferior in outward form, while God makes up for this defect by eloquence, and thus he is admired by all; he speaks sweeter than honey, and with modesty steals away our souls, distinguished amidst the surrounding multitude; in public he appears a god; while another is fair as the ethereal beings in form, but "round his words grace sits not like a coronet."

So Psalms (xlv. 4)—"Grace is poured into thy lips;" and Song of Solomon (iv. 8)—"Thy speech is comely;" and 1 Corinthians (xii. 4)—"Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit;" and Matthew (xxv. 15)—"And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability."

WOMEN SHOULD REMAIN IN THEIR HOMES.

The goddesses remained each modestly at home.

So Titus (ii. 5)—"Discreet, chaste, keepers at home."

THE GODS GIVERS OF BLESSINGS.

The gods, givers of what is good.

So Matthew (vii. 11)—"God will give good things to them that ask Him;" and James (i. 17)—"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

EVIL DEEDS.

Evil deeds prosper never.

So Proverbs (xi. 31)—"Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished;" and (xxix. 6)—"In the transgression of an evil man there is a snare."

SURETY FOR THE UNJUST.

He suffers who gives surety for the unjust.

So Proverbs (vi. 1)—"If thou be surety for thy friend, thou art snared with the words of thy mouth;" and (xi. 15)—"He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; and he that hateth suretyship is sure."

THE POET.

Poets are worthy of honor and respect from all men upon the earth, because the Muse has taught them to sing lays, and loves the harmonious race.

A FEAST.

Let us all rejoice together, hosts and guests, since it is best so.

So Ecclesiastes (viii. 15)—"Then I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry;" and (x. 19)—"A feast is made for laughter."

THE WILL OF THE LORD BE DONE.

Some things God will bring to pass, and others will be unaccomplished, according to His will.

So Acts (xxi. 14)—"The will of the Lord be done;" and James (iv. 15)—"If the Lord will, we shall do this or that."

THE CALAMITY IS FROM GOD.

The gods have contrived this misfortune, and destined it for men, that it might be a theme of future song.

So 2 Kings (vi. 33)—"This evil is of the Lord;" and Amos (iii. 6)—"Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?"

AN EQUAL DIVISION.

We have divided the many possessions which we received, so that no one has gone away deprived of his share.

So 1 Samuel (xxx. 24)—"As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike."

ALL GROW SPONTANEOUSLY.

They neither plant nor sow, but all things grow without ploughing or sowing, wheat, barley, and vine.

See 2 Kings (xix. 29)—"Ye shall eat this year things that grow of themselves."

THOU CANST NOT ESCAPE THE DISEASE SENT BY GOD.

Thou canst by no means escape the disease sent by mighty Jove.

So 1 Samuel (iv. 8)—"Who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty Gods? these are the Gods that smote the Egyptians;" and 1 Peter (v. 6)—"Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God."

DO NOT IRRITATE THE IRASCIBLE.

Unhappy man, why dost thou exasperate a savage wretch?

So Judges (xviii. 25)—"Let not thy voice be heard among us, lest angry fellows run upon thee, and thou lose thy life, with the lives of thy household."

FOLLY.

For we perished by our own folly.

So Proverbs (i. 33)—"The turning away of the simple shall slay them;" and (xi. 8)—"The perverseness of transgressors shall destroy them;" and Hosea (xiii. 9)—"Thou hast destroyed thyself."

THE ADVICE OF BAD COMPANIONS.

The bad counsel of my companions got the better of me.

So 2 Samuel (xvii. 14)—"And Absalom and all the men of Israel said, The counsel of Hushai the archite is better than the counsel of Ahithophel: for the Lord had appointed to defeat the good counsel of Ahithophel, to the intent that the Lord might bring evil upon Absalom;" and 1 Kings (xii. 18)—"And the king answered the people roughly, and forsook the old men's counsel that they gave him; and spake to them after the counsel of the young men, saying, My father made your yoke heavy, I will add to your yoke: my father also chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions."

BAD COMPANIONS.

Bad companions have ruined me, and in addition to these, excessive sleep.

So Proverbs (xxiii. 20)—"Be not among the wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."

"LOVE NOT SLEEP."

A man who does not sleep has a double reward.

So Proverbs (xx. 13)—"Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty: open thine eyes, and thou shalt be satisfied with bread."

TEARS VAIN IN MISERY.

But tears in mortal miseries are vain.

A MIND NOT TO BE CHARMED.

In thy breast there is a mind that cannot be gained over by charming.

So Psalms (lvi. 5)—"Which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely."

WHY DOST THOU SIT LIKE A DUMB MAN.

Why, Ulysses, dost thou sit thus like a man bereft of speech, wasting away thy heart, and touching neither bread nor drink?

See 1 Samuel (i. 8); and 1 Kings (xxi. 5)—"Why is thy spirit so sad, that thou eatest no bread?"

A WILD SCAMP.

Elpenor was the youngest, neither famed in war nor for sense, who, away from his companions in the sacred hall of Circe, delighting in a cool recess, slept, overcome with wine.

WHO CAN SEE GOD?

Who can see God with his eyes if He wills not, going hither and thither?

So Isaiah (xlv. 15)—"Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself;" and John (i. 18)—"No man hath seen God at any time;" and 1 Timothy (vi. 16)—"Whom no man hath seen, nor can see."

VISIONARY GHOSTS.

The shades of the dead came thronging forth from Erebus—virgins, youths, and old men who in their day had endured much, and tender little maidens overwhelmed with recent grief; many a man, too, wounded by the brazen spear, slain in the battlefield in mail, and all blood-stained, who flitted by in numbers beside the trench, here and there, with loud wailings; pale, I trembled with fear.

THE EVILS OF DRUNKENNESS.

I have been ruined by an evil fate and excess in wine.

So Proverbs (xxiii. 30)—"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mix'd wine."

THE DEAD.

But this is the law of mortals when they die: their muscles hold no longer flesh and bones, but the strong force of flaming fire destroys these parts, after the spirit has first left the white bones, while the soul wings its flight, vanishing like a dream.

So Luke (xxiv. 39)—"A spirit hath not flesh and bones."

LYING VAGRANTS.

Ulysses, we do not suspect in looking at thee that thou art capable of guile and tricky frauds, though such the earth produces in numbers, vagrants, artful to deceive, so as to elude detection; to thee there is a grace of language, and gifts of mind; thou hast told thy story skilfully, like some bard the sad woes of all the Greeks and of thyself.

So Titus (l. 10)—"There are many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers;" and 2 John (7)—"For many deceivers are entered into the world."

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

A time for talking, however prolonged; a time, too, for sleep.

So Ecclesiastes (iii. 7)—"A time to keep silence, and a time to speak."

WOMEN.

Than woman there is no fouler and viler fiend, when her mind is bent to ill.

TRUST NOT A SECRET TO A WOMAN.

Though thou lovest thy wife, tell not everything which thou knowest to her; but unfold some trifle, while thou concealst the rest.

So Micah (vii. 5)—"Keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom."

THINK ALL WOMEN FALSE.

There is no trust to be placed in women.

RATHER BE A SLAVE ON EARTH THAN REIGN IN HELL.

I would rather be a peasant and slave to some poor hind of slenderest means, than reign over the dead who have passed from life.

Milton ("Paradise Lost," l. 253) says the reverse of this—

"Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven!"

"TO GO DOWN ALIVE INTO THE PIT."

Unhappy wretches, who alive go down into the pit of Hades, dying twice, while other men die only once.

So Numbers (xvi. 33)—"They went down alive into the pit;" and Psalms (lv. 15)—"Let them go down into hell;" and Hebrews (ix. 27)—"And it is appointed unto men once to die."

WE ARE NOT IGNORANT OF MISFORTUNES.

O friends! we have by no means been unacquainted with woes.

So Romans (v. 4)—"Patience worketh experience;" and 2 Corinthians (ii. 11)—"We are not ignorant of his devices."

DEATH BY HUNGER.

Death in all shapes is hateful to unhappy man, but the most dreadful is to die and meet our fate by hunger.

A TWICE-TOLD TALE.

And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?

So Matthew (vi. 7)—"Use not vain repetitions."

HONOR TO THE OLD.

It would be improper to afflict with disgrace the oldest and worthiest.

So Proverbs (xvi. 31)—"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

THE OPPRESSED ARE CARED FOR BY GOD.

May they be punished by Jove, the protector of suppliants, who watches over men, and makes those who commit wrong pay a due penalty.

So Psalms (x. 14)—"Thou beholdest mischief and spite, to requite it with Thy hand."

ENDURE WHAT HAPPENS FROM NECESSITY.

Whatsoever sorrows may be thy doom, bear them with patience if necessity entail them.

So Hebrews (xii. 1)—"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us;" and James (i. 4)—"Let patience have her perfect work."

ENDURE.

Submit in silence to many ills, enduring the violence of men.

So Isaiah (liii. 7)—"He was oppressed and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth."

I CANNOT LEAVE THEE.

Wherefore I am not able to leave thee, since thou art unfortunate.

So Psalms (xxxvii. 23)—"The Lord forsaketh not His saints."

"IF GOD BE FOR US."

Would that thou wouldst stand by me and encourage me, thou blue-eyed goddess; with thee on my side would I be willing to encounter three hundred men.

So Psalms (lxxvi. 6)—"I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that have set themselves against me round about;" and Romans (viii. 31)—"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

THE TORMENT OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

The blessed gods love not impious acts, but honor justice and the pious deeds of men; the foes of peace and scourges of mankind, who overrun the lands of others, given to them by Jove as a prey, filling their vessels with ill-got spoil, proceed homeward, yet great fear of divine vengeance falls upon them.

So Psalms (v. 5)—"Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with thee; Thou hatest all workers of iniquity;" and (xxxiii. 6)—"Thou lovest righteousness and judgment."

A WIFE LONGING FOR HER LOST HUSBAND.

Old man, it is not every vagrant that coming with his stories can persuade the wife and son; for needy strangers, that they may have a kind reception, are prone to manufacture stories; nor do they care to speak the truth. Every vagrant who comes to Ithaca goes to my mistress with his falsehoods. She receives them kindly, inquiring each particular, while tears drop from her eyelids, like a woman who has lost her husband in some foreign land.

YOU CAN GUESS THE GRAIN FROM THE STUBBLE.

I think that, looking at the stubble, thou mayest guess the grain.

THE VARIOUS EMPLOYMENTS OF MEN.

The things which God suggested were agreeable to me; for men take delight in various employments.

So Genesis (iv. 2)—"Abel was a keeper of sheep, and Cain was a tiller of the ground;" and Matthew (xxii. 5)—"And went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise."

"LIE NOT ONE TO ANOTHER."

Why shouldst thou, being such as thou art, lie rashly?

So Colossians (iii. 9)—"Lie not one to another."

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

Enjoy such things as thou hast; for God will give one thing and one withhold.

So Philippians (iv. 11)—"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content;" and Hebrews (xiii. 5)—"Be content with such things as ye have."

POWERS OF WINE.

For wine leads to folly, making even the wise to laugh immoderately, to dance, and to utter what had better have been kept silent.

So Proverbs (xx. 1)—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" and Isaiah (xlviii. 7)—"They have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way."

WOMAN MARRIED A SECOND TIME.

For thou knowest the dispositions of women; whoever marries a second time wishes her family to prosper, forgetting her former children and dead husband, never thinking of them.

So 1 Timothy (v. 9)—"A widow having been the wife of one man; but the younger widows refuse; for when they have begun to wax wanton against Christ, they will marry."

"WELCOME THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

Who loves too much hates in the same extreme; the golden mean is to be preferred. It is equally wrong to urge the unwilling to come back and to detain him who desires to depart. True friendship's rule is "to welcome the coming, to speed the parting guest."

So Ecclesiastes (iii. 8)—"A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace;" and Romans (xii. 18)—"Given to hospitality;" and Hebrews (xiii. 2)—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers;" and 1 Peter (iv. 9)—"Use hospitality one to another without grudging;" and Genesis (xviii. 14)—"And Abraham went with them to bring them on the way;" and Romans (xv. 24)—"For I trust to see you in my journey, and to be brought on my way thitherward by you;" and 3 John (6)—"Whom if thou bring forward on thy journey, thou shalt do well."

MEN OF MEAN ESTATE.

With the good-will of the messenger Mercury, who imparts grace and honor to the works of men, we could with me cope in dexterous service, to kindle the fire, to split the dry wood, to cut up the carcass, roast the flesh, pour out the wine, offices which the humble wait upon the rich.

THE EMIGRANT.

There is nothing worse for mortals than a vagabond life.

So Proverbs (xxvii. 8)—"As a bird that wandereth from her nest; so is a man that wandereth from his place."

TOO MUCH REST.

For too much rest itself becomes a pain.

So Proverbs (vi. 9)—"How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

THE RETURN OF AN ONLY SON.

The father receiving his only son, the child of his old age, embraces him affectionately, as he returns from some far distant land after an absence of ten years, for whom he has suffered many a bitter pang of anxious care.

So Luke (xv. 20)—"And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."

I KNOW AND UNDERSTAND.

I know, I understand; thou art giving directions to one who is acquainted with these things.

So Job (xiii. 1)—"Lo, mine eye hath seen all this, mine ear hath heard and understood it. What ye know, the same do I know also: I am not inferior unto you."

GOD INVISIBLE.

For the gods do not make themselves visible to all.

So Exodus (xxxiii. 20)—"Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me and live;" and 1 Timothy (vi. 16)—"Whom no man hath seen, nor can see."

I AM NOT A GOD.

I am no god; why dost thou liken me to the immortals?

See 3 Kings (v. 7)—"Am I God?"—and Psalms (lxxxix. 6)—"Who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord?"—and Isaiah (xli. 5)—"To whom will ye liken me, and make me equal and compare me, that we may be like?"

THE POWER OF GOD.

It is easy for the gods, who inhabit the wide heaven, to raise or cast down mortal man.

See 1 Samuel (ii. 7); and 3 Chronicles (xxv. 8)—"God hath power to help and cast down;" and Psalms (lxxv. 7)—"God is the judge; He putteth down one and setteth up another;" and Luke (i. 53)—"He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree."

READY SWORDS OFT CAUSE BLOODSHED.

The steel blade itself oft incites to deeds of violence.

CONTRIVE NOT EVIL AGAINST ONE ANOTHER.

Men ought not to devise evils against one another.

So Proverbs (iii. 30)—"Devise not evil against thy neighbor;" and (xxiv. 8)—"He that deviseth to do evil shall be called a mischievous person."

ONE ROGUE IS USHER TO ANOTHER.

Here sure one rogue leads on another; thus it is that God for evermore links like with like.

So Matthew (xv. 14)—"Blind leaders of the blind."

THE IDLE.

Since he has learned evil deeds he will not be willing to turn to labor; but at the people's heels forever cowering, he wishes to feed his insatiable belly by begging.

So Proverbs (xix. 24)—"A slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and will not so much as bring it to his mouth again."

BAD SHEPHERDS.

Bad shepherds destroy their sheep.

So Ezekiel (xxxiv. 2)—"Woe be to the shepherds, ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill them that are fed, but ye feed not the flock;" and John (x. 12)—"But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth; and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep."

WANT.

It is not possible for the hungry belly to conceal her wants, causing unnumbered woes to mortals, for which well-benched galleys are equipped for the barren sea, bearing ills to the enemy.

So Ecclesiastes (vi. 7)—"All the labor of man is for his mouth, and yet the appetite is not filled."

PLAYTHINGS OF THE GREAT.

Eumæus, surely this is very wonderful, this dog lies in the dirt, beauteous in form, but I do not know whether or not he was swift in running as he is handsome, or like those lap-dogs which the rich keep for their beauty.

A SLAVE.

For loud-thundering Jove takes away half the worth of a man when he has made him a slave.

So Proverbs (xxix. 19)—"A servant will not be corrected by words; for though he understand, he will not answer."

THE BEGGAR.

Modesty is not good for a needy beggar.

So Luke (xi. 8)—"Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity, he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."

PRUDENCE NOT EQUAL TO BEAUTY.

My good friend, thy wisdom is not equal to thy good looks.

So Proverbs (xi. 22)—"As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion."

GOD PROTECTS THE POOR.

The gods and avenging Furies are the protectors of the poor.

So Psalms (xii. 5)—"For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord;" and (lix. 38)—"For the Lord heareth the poor."

GOD WATCHES THE INJUSTICE OF MEN.

The gods, like strangers from some foreign land, assuming different forms, wander through cities, watching the injustice and justice of men.

So Proverbs (xv. 3)—"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good;" and Acts (xiv. 11)—"The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men."

ENVY NOT THY NEIGHBOR'S PROPERTY.

Thou oughtest not to envy the wealth of thy neighbor.

So Matthew (xx. 15)—"Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil, because I am good?"

MAN SUBJECT TO VICISSITUDES.

The earth produces nothing feebler than man, of all that breathes or creeps on earth; for he thinks himself exempt from evil in years to come, while the gods give him strength and his knees are able to support him. But when the blest gods bring sorrow, he is unwilling to bear it with patience. For men are such as the Father of men and gods wills it.

So Job (xxv. 6); and Psalms (xxxix. 5)—"Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity;" and (xc. 5)—"Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as asleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth;" and (xxx. 6)—"And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved;" and Psalms (xxxix. 15)—"My times are in Thy hand;" and Ecclesiastes (vii. 14)—"In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider: God also hath set the one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after Him."

TO SORROW WITHOUT CEASING.

It is wrong to sorrow without ceasing.

So 2 Corinthians (ii. 7)—"Lest perhaps such an one should be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow;" and (vii. 10)—"The sorrow of the world worketh death."

"I THOUGHT AS A CHILD."

But I know and understand everything, good and bad; in days gone by I was a mere child, yet I am not able to perceive what is prudent in all circumstances.

So 1 Corinthians (xiii. 11)—"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things;" and (xiii. 9)—"We know in part."

A HYPOCRITE.

He soothed him with honeyed words, but his intentions were far otherwise.

So Psalms (xxviii. 8)—"Which speak peace to their neighbors, but mischief is in their hearts;" and Jeremiah (ix. 8)—"One speaketh peaceably to his neighbors with his mouth, but in heart he layeth his wait."

TO REJECT A GIFT.

It is not good to refuse a gift.

So 1 Timothy (iv. 4)—"For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving."

EFFECTS OF WINE.

Surely wine possesses thy senses, or else thou art always such as to speak in a foolish way.

So Isaiah (xxviii. 7)—"They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way;" and Acts (ii. 13)—"Others mocking said, these men are full of new wine."

ATTEND TO YOUR HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

I wish, my son, that thou wouldst look with care after thy household, and guard all thy possessions.

So Proverbs (xxvii. 35)—"Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds;" and 1 Timothy (iii. 4)—"One that ruleth well his own house."

THE IDLE.

I shall not allow any one to be idle who lives at my expense, though he has come from far.

So Genesis (iii. 19)—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;" and Proverbs (xx. 4)—"The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing;" and 2 Thessalonians (iii. 10)—"If any would not work, neither should he eat."

CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

There was a great confusion of tongues.

So Genesis (xi. 9)—"There the Lord did confound the language of all the earth;" and Acts (ii. 4)—"They began to speak with other tongues."

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

Mortals have a short span of life.

So Job (viii. 9)—"For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow;" and (xiv. 1); and Psalms (cxxxix. 5)—"Behold thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity;" and (xc. 10)—"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow: for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

BE PATIENT.

Be patient, my soul; thou hast at another time suffered something still worse than this.

So Psalms (xlii. 5)—"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?" and Romans (v. 4)—"And patience worketh experience: and experience, hope."

GOD KNOWS ALL THINGS.

For God knows all things well, the evil and good that befalls men.

So Psalms (cxxxix. 1-4)—"O Lord, Thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising: Thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassed my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether."

EVEN KINGS SUFFER CALAMITIES.

The gods overwhelm those men with misfortunes who ramble about, when even on kings they impose toil.

So Job (v. 6)—"Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground."

THEY SMILED AGAINST THEIR INCLINATION.

They smiled with the jaws of another.

So Proverbs (xiv. 13)—"Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness."

DO NOT PUT OFF BY PRETEXTS.

But come, do not put off under false pretexts.

So Proverbs (iii. 28)—"Say not unto thy neighbor, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee."

BETTER TO DIE THAN TO LIVE.

It is much better to die than to live, being balked in our objects about which we are always employed, living in hope every day.

So 1 Corinthians (ix. 15)—"It were better for me to die, than that any man should make my glorying void."

TO PERISH BY OUR OWN FOLLY.

He proceeded on, destroyed by his own folly, bearing his own evils in his arrogant mind.

So Galatians (vi. 5)—"Every man shall bear his own burden."

THOU SHALT SUFFER WHAT THOU INTENDEST FOR ANOTHER.

What thou thoughtest to perpetrate, that thou shalt suffer in thy own person.

So Psalms (vii. 16)—"His mischief shall return upon his own head;" and 1 Kings (ii. 44)—"The Lord shall return thy wickedness upon thine own head."

TO BRING DEATH BY WICKED CONDUCT.

But they did not obey me to keep their hands from evil, therefore they met a shameful death for their folly.

So Proverbs (xi. 3)—"The perverseness of transgressors shall destroy them;" and (xxiii. 6)—"Wickedness overthroweth the sinner."

INSULT NOT THE DEAD.

It is impious to insult the dead.

So Proverbs (xxiv. 17)—"Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth."

A STONY HEART.

Thy heart is always harder than stone.

So Ezekiel (xi. 19)—"I will take the stony heart out of their flesh."

THE POOR MAN IS DESPISED.

Now, because I am in squalor, and clothed in rags, he despises me, and says that I am not the person I assume to be.

So James (ii. 2)—"For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or Sit here under my footstool."

HIS FAME SHALL NEVER PERISH.

The fame of his virtuous deeds shall never be forgotten, while the gods will in beauteous song preserve the name of wise Penelope.

So Psalms (cxli. 6)—"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance;" and Proverbs (x. 7)—"The memory of the just is blessed."

A WISE SON.

What a joyful day is this, ye friendly gods! I am in the height of joy: my son and grandson are contending for the prize of merit.

So Proverbs (x. 1)—"A wise son maketh a glad father."

LONGINUS.

BORN ABOUT A.D. 213—DIED A.D. 278.

LONGINUS, a distinguished Greek philosopher of the third century of our era, is believed to have been born at Athens, where he was educated by his uncle, Phronto, and on his death he inherited his fortune. He had travelled through various

countries with his parents, and got acquainted with all the principal philosophers of his time, of whom the most distinguished were Ammonius Saccas, Origen, Plotinus, and Amelius. He then settled at Athens, where he collected a large number of pupils, to whose instruction he devoted himself with such zeal that he had little time for the composition of any literary production. Towards the end of his life he travelled to the East, and was induced to remain at Palmyra in the service of Queen Zenobia. He encouraged her to assert her independence, and is said to have dictated a spirited letter to the Emperor Aurelian, renouncing the allegiance of the Romans. When Aurelian took the city of Palmyra, A.D. 273, Longinus was given up to the Romans, who ordered him to be executed, a fate to which he submitted with the utmost firmness. Of all his works, which were numerous, all that has come down to us consists of a considerable part of his work "On the Sublime."

IN WHAT DOES MAN MOST RESEMBLE THE GODS?

For well did Pythagoras answer the question, "In what do we most resemble the gods?" when he replied, "In doing good and speaking truth."

So Proverbs (xiv. 22)—"Mercy and truth be to them that devise good;" and Ephesians (vi. 14)—"Stand, having your loins girt about with truth;" and Psalms (xcviii. 3)—"He hath remembered His mercy and His truth."

THE SUBLIME.

But the sublime, when it is introduced at a seasonable moment, has often carried all before it with the rapidity of lightning, and shown at a glance the mighty power of genius.

GENIUS.

Genius may at times want the spur, but it stands as often in need of the curb.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

Little by little we depart from the terrible and reach the ridiculous.

[Napoleon adopted this idea when he said, "There is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous"]

GREAT ATTEMPTS.

They call to remembrance the maxim, that "In great attempts 'tis glorious e'en to fall."

PUERILITY.

What is the idea implied in puerility? Why, it is certainly nothing more than the expressions and ideas that naturally occur to a schoolboy, and which become flat and insipid from being overwrought. And those persons are apt to fail in this particular who, aiming at an over-subtle, accurate, and, above all, a sweet style, imperceptibly degenerate into vulgar language and frothy affectation.

WHAT IS REALLY SUBLIME?

That is really grand and sublime which, the more we consider, the more difficult, nay, I would say impossible, it is to withstand; the impression of which sinks so deep, and is so engraven on the mind, that it cannot be effaced. In a word, you may pronounce that to be truly and really sublime

which pleases at all times, and delights all kinds of men. For when men of different pursuits, modes of life, inclinations, ages, and reasoning powers, all unite in admiration of a particular work, then this united assent, and combination of so many different judgments, stamps a high and unequivocal value on that work which meets with such admiration.

GREATEST THOUGHTS UTTERED BY THE GREATEST SOULS.

For it is impossible for those who have low, mean, and grovelling ideas, and who have spent their lives in mercenary employments, to produce anything worthy of admiration, or to be a possession for all times. Grand and dignified expressions must be looked for from those, and those alone, whose thoughts are ever employed on glorious and noble objects.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

In the same way the Jewish lawgiver, a man of no ordinary genius, when he had conceived in his mind a just idea of the grandeur of the Supreme Being, has given expression to it in noble language, in the beginning of his work containing His laws:—"And God said," "What?" "Let there be light: and there was light. Let the earth be: and the earth was."

So Genesis (i. 3)—"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

HOMER.

So that, in the Odyssey, we may liken Homer with justice to the setting sun, whose glory, indeed, still remains, though the excessive heat of his beams has abated.

SUBLIME SPIRIT OF THE ANCIENTS.

In like manner, from the sublime and lofty spirit of the ancients there flow certain emanations, like vapors from the sacred vents, which penetrate imperceptibly into the breasts of imitators, inspiring those who are not distinguished for genius with the fire and vigor of others.

FEELINGS OF AN AUTHOR RESPECTING HIS WORK.

For if any man, at the very moment he is composing a work, should be filled with dread lest he should be producing what will not live beyond his own life and time, it must necessarily be that the labors of such a man, who feels so little confidence in himself that he cannot look forward to the esteem and applause of succeeding ages, should be imperfect and abortive.

FANCY IN ORATORY.

What, then, is the use of allowing full play to the fancy in oratory? It is, perhaps, that it enables us to make our speeches impassioned and full of vigor.

IT IS AN ART TO CONCEAL ART.

For art may then be termed perfect and complete, when it seems to be nature; and nature then is most successful, when she conceals what aid she receives from art.

WHAT NATURE DESIGNED MAN FOR.

Nature never meant man to be a low, groveling creature; but, placing him in the world, as in a wide and crowded theatre, intended that he should be the spectator of her mighty works, giving him an eager desire for every honorable pursuit. From the first moment of his birth, she implanted in his soul an inextinguishable love for all that is good and noble, and a constant longing to approach nearer to the Divine nature.

FREE GOVERNMENT THE NURSE OF GENIUS.

Must we at last give credit to that common observation so highly praised, that free government is the true nurse of genius, and that in such a state alone do perfect orators flourish, and with it decline or die? For Liberty, it is said, is alone fitted to bring out the noble thoughts of men of genius, filling them with hopes of success, with a generous emulation and desire for victory. And above all, as the labors of orators are nobly rewarded in free states, it brings into full play the innate powers of their mind, which are sharpened and polished by constant practice; and the freedom of their thoughts, as might be expected, shines forth clearly in the liberty of their debates.

SLAVERY.

Slavery, however easy may be its chains, cannot be altogether divested of its bitterness, and can only be regarded as a prison of the soul, and a public dungeon.

LOVE OF MONEY AND LOVE OF PLEASURE.

For love of money is the disease which renders us most pitiful and grovelling, and love of pleasure is that which renders us most despicable.

LUCIAN.

LUCIAN, a classic satirist and humorist of the first merit, was born at Samorata, in Syria, in the early part of the second century of our era.

THE WORLD TO COME.

Dost thou not know what punishment awaits the wicked after this life, and in what happiness the good live?

So Matthew (xxv. 46).—"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

MEN KNOW NOT THE TRUTH.

As they are men, they know not the truth.

So Ephesians (iv. 8).—"Having the understanding darkened because of the blindness of their hearts."

GOD IS OMNISCIENT.

When thou committest a sin, thou mayest perhaps conceal it from men, but thou wilt not conceal it from God, however much thou strivest.

MENANDER.

BORN B.C. 342—DIED B.C. 291.

MENANDER, the most celebrated poet of the new comedy, was a native of Athens, son of Diopelthes and Hegesistrate, flourishing in the time of the successors of Alexander. He was born the same year his father commanded the Athenian forces on the Hellespont, against Philip of Macedon. He was educated under the eye of his paternal uncle, Alexis, the comic poet, and received instruction from Theophrastus, the philosopher. He was the intimate friend of Epicurus, enjoyed the friendship of Demetrius Phalereus, and was greatly admired by the first Greek king of Egypt, Ptolemy, the son of Lagus. He is said to have been drowned while he was swimming in the harbor of Peiræus, near which he had an estate. Notwithstanding his fame as a poet, his public dramatic career, during his lifetime, was not particularly successful; for, though he composed upwards of a hundred comedies, he only gained the prize eight times.

THE BACHELOR IS HAPPY.

Happy am I, who have no wife.

CHILDREN TO BE BOUND TO YOU BY GENTLENESS.

We ought to lead our child to the right path, not by severity, but by persuasion.

THE RELATIVES OF THE POOR.

It is difficult to discover the relatives of a poor man, for no one likes to acknowledge his relationship with one who is in want, lest he should be asked for assistance.

THE POOR.

The poor man is full of fears, and imagines himself despised by all mankind. The man who enjoys only a moderate fortune is apt to look on the dark side of life.

THE POOR.

Whoever first discovered the means to support the poor increased the number of the miserable; for it would have been more simple for the man who could not live happily to die.

A DAUGHTER.

A daughter is an embarrassing and ticklish possession.

So Sheridan ("The Duenna," act I. sc. 3).—

"If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
No peace shall you know, though you've buried your wife!
At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her—
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!"

HAIL, FATHERLAND.

Hail, beloved land! I embrace thee, seeing thee after a long time; for it is not every land I so address, but only when I see my own; for what supports me with food, that I regard as a god.

So Scott ("Lay of the Last Minstrel," can. vi. st. 1).—

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said—
This is my own, my native land?"

LOVE.

Love blinds all men, both those who act reasonably and those who act foolishly.

HABITS.

For habits are never to be neglected.

THE EVENTS OF LIFE.

Man must be prepared for every event of life, for there is nothing that is durable.

SON AND DAUGHTER.

A wise son is a delight to his father, while a daughter is a troublesome possession.

So Proverbs (x. 1)—"A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

GOD.

All places are the temple of God, for it is the mind which prays to God.

So Acts (vii. 48)—"Howbeit the most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands; as saith the prophet, Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool: what house will ye build me? saith the Lord; or what is the place of my rest? Hath not my hand made all these things?"

HOW THE CHARACTER OF MAN IS KNOWN.

The character of man is known from his conversation.

THE WISH IS FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

He who sees and expects only what he wishes is a foolish judge of what is true.

So Shakespeare ("King Henry IV.," part iii., act iv., sc. 4)—

"Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought."

RICHES.

Riches are blind, and render men blind who set their affections upon them.

ANNOYANCES OF LIFE.

In everything thou wilt find annoyances, but thou oughtest to consider whether the advantages do not predominate.

TO DIE YOUNG.

He whom the gods love dies young.

EVERY DIFFICULTY IS OVERCOME BY LABOR.

He who labors diligently need never despair. We can accomplish everything by diligence and labor.

WHAT IS UNEXPECTED.

I have not been unfortunate, whence I might have expected; but all things that are unexpected cause surprise.

A MODEST ASSURANCE NECESSARY.

Thy modesty, if thou art of grave demeanor, will appear suitable in the eyes of the world, my friend; if thou humblest thyself, and makest little of thyself, this is thought a just despising of thyself.

FIGHT NOT AGAINST GOD.

Fight not against the decrees of God, nor add other annoyances to the occurrences of life; bear patiently whatever happens.

So Acts (v. 29)—"We ought to obey God rather than man."

THE ILLS OF FORTUNE.

The noble ought to bear with patience the evils of life which Fortune brings upon them, when they have not themselves to blame.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

A PROPHET.

The wisest man is the best prophet and counsellor.

PRUDENCE.

Prudence and forethought are the origin of much that is good, if they be applied to a proper object.

IMPRUDENCE.

It requires little exertion on our part to bring misfortune upon ourselves.

KNOW THYSELF.

In many things thou dost not well to say, "Know thyself;" for it would be better to say, "Know others."

THE SLUGGARD.

A procrastinator, born merely to consume the fruits of the earth; a miserable wretch; a useless being on earth, acknowledging that he has been brought up in vain.

INDUSTRY.

Who can be happy without strenuous labor?

FOLLY.

It is not in the power of a foolish person to escape misfortune.

So Proverbs (x. 10)—"A prating fool shall fall;" and (xxvii. 22)—"Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar."

GOOD RESULTS.

That which turns out well is better than any law.

CHANCE.

Chance is, as it seems, a kind of god, for it preserves many things which we do not observe.

THE JUST.

No just man has ever become suddenly rich.

ADVERSITY.

No one ought ever to despond in adverse circumstances, for they may turn out to be the cause of good to us.

So Job (v. 17)—"Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty;" and Hebrews (xii. 6)—"For whom the Lord lov-

eth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

So Shakespeare ("As You Like It," act. II, sc. 1)—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

And "Measure for Measure," (act. IV, sc. 6)—

"'Tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end."

KNOW THYSELF.

That saying, "Know thyself," has this meaning, that thou get acquainted with thy own abilities, and with what thou art able to accomplish.

THE POOR.

The poor are always considered to be under the peculiar care of the gods.

So Psaumes (lxxx. 35)—"For the Lord heareth the poor, and despiseth not His prisoners."

THE CONTINGENCIES OF FORTUNE.

It does not become any living man to say, "This will not happen to me."

THE GOOD ARE KNOWN BY A BLUSH.

Whoever blushes seems to be good.

So Young (Night vii., l. 495)—

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

THE HONORABLE.

A good and honorable character is a safe provision for every event and every turn of fortune.

GOD.

God takes particular care of the good.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Men are taught virtue and a love of independence by living in the country.

PLEASURE AND PAIN CLOSELY UNITED.

There is no pleasure of life, sprouting like a tree from one root, but there is some pain closely joined to it; and, again, nature brings good out of evil.

THE PAINS OF LIFE.

If thou expungest from life all that part which thou passest unhappily, it reduces life to a small infinitesimal fragment.

A SERVANT.

It is safest for a servant to do what he is ordered, as the proverb says.

PLEASANT AT TIMES TO PLAY THE FOOL.

It is not always suitable to be wise; to play the fool in some things is proper.

So Ecclesiastes (III. 4)—"A time to mourn and a time to dance."

TRUTH.

Truth when not sought after, sometimes comes to light.

MAN.

I maintain that he is most happy who, after contemplating at his ease those beautiful objects of nature, the sun, stars, water, clouds, fire, has departed speedily to the home whence he came. Whether he live a hundred years or a few, he will always have the same objects before him. Consider, therefore, the time of which I speak to be merely the place of meeting and sojourning for men, where we meet together, traffic, are cheated, gamble, and amuse ourselves. If thou departest early, thou wilt enjoy the better fate; thou hast gone furnished with provisions for the way, hated by no one. He who remains a longer time in the world, after all his labors, at last comes to an end, and, reaching a miserable old age, finds himself in want of everything. Roaming about, he finds enemies, who lay snares for him: having at last come to an end, the spirit parts from the body with great difficulty.

LEAN NOT ON YOUR OWN UNDERSTANDING.

Cease to lean on your own understanding, for the wisdom of man is nothing else but the dictates of chance, whether that be considered Divine inspiration or pure intellect. It is this that rules, turns, and preserves all things, while the wisdom of man is mere smoke and idle talk; believe what I say, and you will not have cause to blame me. All things that we do or meditate are the results of chance, though we ascribe them to our own wisdom. Chance directs all things: we ought to call this, whether intellect or forethought, as the only goddess, unless we foolishly take pleasure in vain appellations.

So Proverbs (III. 5)—"Lean not unto thine own understanding."

TRUTH.

To speak the truth is always the best policy; this I maintain to be the safest course in life.

WOMAN.

Of all wild beasts on earth or in sea, the greatest is a woman.

SOCIAL LIFE.

How pleasant is life if you live with those with whom you think you should live, and not merely for yourself!

THE WICKED.

If we were all eager to resist the man who inflicted injury, and were ready to bring aid, regarding any injury done as done to ourselves, and if we were prepared to assist each other, there would be less mischief done by the bad; for when these men found that they were watched and properly punished, they would either be few in number, or would disappear altogether.

FRIENDS.

Not only are the riches of friends common property, but their wisdom and forethought also ought to be so.

HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

The man who cannot blush, and who has no feelings of fear, has reached the acme of impudence.

IGNORANCE.

There is nothing more daring than ignorance.

UNFORESEEN MISFORTUNE.

Ah me! unforeseen misfortune is apt to bring on madness.

GOOD HEALTH.

In good health we are ready to give advice to the sick.

LOVERS.

The wrath of lovers lasts only a short time.

LAW.

Law when kept is nothing else but law; whereas law broken is both law and executioner.

LAW.

If thou respect the law, thou wilt not be terrified by the law.

LAW.

Do not first suffer the punishment of the law, and then learn its nature; but, before thou suffer, anticipate it by thy respect for it.

FALSEHOOD AND TRUTH.

It is better to prefer falsehood to truth when it is injurious.

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

If we gave assistance to each other, no one would be in want of fortune.

WICKEDNESS.

Wickedness does not act according to reason.

ABUSING THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.

For he who abuses the good things of life is a senseless being and not happy.

INJURE NO MAN.

Do injury to no man.

THE PLAUSIBLE.

The plausible has sometimes greater power than the truth, and more influence over the multitude.

A LIE.

Every wise and honorable man hates a lie.

So Proverbs (xiii. 5)—"A righteous man hateth lying."

A LIAR.

No liar long escapes discovery.

So Proverbs (xix. 5)—"He that speaketh lies shall not escape."

THE PURSE-PROUD.

When thou seest a man elated with pride glorying in his riches and high descent, rising even above fortune, look out for his speedy punishment, for he is only raised the higher that he may fall with a heavier crash.

WHO KNOWS THE FUTURE.

The proud and supercilious are like fools when they say, "I shall think of it by and by;" for since thou art mortal, how dost thou know that thou wilt have time to consider anything, miserable even in the midst of prosperity? For thy fortune, of its own accord, even while thou sleepest, sometimes is improving, and again goes to wreck.

THE MOTE IN OUR BROTHER'S EYE.

No one sees his own faults, but is lynx-eyed to those of his neighbor.

So Luke (vi. 41)—"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

CONSCIENCE.

The man who is conscious to himself of crime, even though he be of the boldest nature, becomes a coward.

So Shakespeare ("Hamlet," act III, sc. 1)—

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

SILENCE.

Nothing is more useful to man than silence.

A WORD SPOKEN.

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.

GOODNESS OF DISPOSITION.

How sweet is goodness of disposition when tempered with wisdom!

GOODNESS OF DISPOSITION.

By Minerva, goodness of disposition and honesty of character are happy possessions and a wonderful provision for life. Conversing with such a man, even for a short time, I become well inclined to him. Some will say, in opposition to this, that it is eloquence, particularly of the wise, that inspires confidence. Why, then, do I curse others who are equally eloquent? It is not so, but it is the character of the speaker, and not merely his words, that persuades us to feel confidence in what is said.

THE ENVIOUS.

The envious man is an enemy to himself, for his mind is always spontaneously occupied with its own unhappy thoughts.

ENVY.

O young man, thou dost not seem to me to be aware that everything is deteriorated by its own imperfections, and that what hurts comes from within. Thus rust corrodes iron, if thou rightly

consider the matter; the moth eats away the garment; the worm gnaws the wood. But of all the ills of life, the worst is envy, which has done, will do, and does, most mischief,—the base attendant of an impious soul.

SLANDER.

Whosoever lends a greedy ear to a slanderous report is either himself of a radically bad disposition, or a mere child in sense.

SILENCE.

O boy hold thy tongue, silence has many advantages.

COUNTRY LIFE.

The life of those who live in the country possesses pleasures, comforting the sorrows and annoyances of man with hope.

LISTEN BEFORE DECIDING.

He who condemns before he has heard clearly the case is himself a bad man, ready to believe ill of his neighbor.

IMPUDENCE.

There is no better provision for life than impudence and a brazen face.

WISDOM COMES NOT FROM YEARS.

It is not hoary hairs that bring wisdom; but some have an old head on young shoulders.

PEACE AND WAR.

Peace gives food to the husbandman, even in the midst of rocks; war brings misery to him, even in the most fertile plains.

A BARREN COUNTRY.

The country which is cultivated with difficulty produces brave men.

WOMAN.

Where are women, there are all kinds of mischief.

AN ATTACHED SERVANT.

When one has got an attached servant, there is no nobler possession on earth.

WIFE AND CHILDREN.

To have a wife, and to be the father of children, brings many anxieties to life.

A WIFE IS A NECESSARY EVIL.

To marry a wife, if we regard the truth, is an evil, but it is a necessary evil.

A HOUSE WITHOUT AN HEIR.

The man who has abundance of this world's riches, and is without an heir to inherit them, is to be pitied.

A FATHER.

It is not difficult to know a father, for he loves much; is also irritated at the smallest faults in those he loves.

A FATHER.

How delightful is a father, gentle and cheerful in his manners!

BROTHERS.

How pleasant a thing it is for brothers to dwell together in unity!

So Psalms (cxxxviii. 1).—"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

FOLLY OF PRIDING ONESELF ON HIGH BIRTH.

My high birth suffocates me. If thou love me, mother, thou wilt not on all occasions quote my high rank; it is those only who have no peculiar good in their own nature who have recourse to splendid monuments and their noble birth, and who count up all their ancestors who have preceded them. But thou canst not see nor name a man who has not had ancestors. For how otherwise could they have come into existence? Those who are not able to name them, from change of country or want of friends, why are they less noble than those who can enumerate them? He who is by nature good and virtuous, though he be a blackamoor, is noble-born. Is some Scythian a rascal? Yet was not Anacharsis a Scythian?

THE WELL-BORN IN ADVERSITY.

Those who have been well born, and honorably brought up, though they have fallen into adversity, ought to pay regard to the world's opinion.

TRUE RICHES.

It is the mind that ought to be rich; for the riches of this world only feed the eyes, and serve merely as a veil to cover the realities of life.

THE WIFE OUGHT TO GIVE WAY TO THE HUSBAND.

The wife ought to play the second part, the husband ruling in everything; for there is no family in which the wife has had the upper hand that has not gone to ruin.

HAPPINESS AND PAIN EQUALLY DISTRIBUTED.

There are men who seem to the world around to be happy; but, inwardly, men are very much alike.

AN OLD WOMAN.

It is much worse to irritate an old woman than a dog.

SANITARY LAWS.

The plague dwells where the sanitary laws are neglected.

THE MALICIOUS.

When a malicious man puts on a kind and agreeable manner, it is a mere trap set for his neighbor.

TITTLE-TATTLE.

There is nothing so pleasant to men as to talk of the affairs of their neighbors.

VINE NATURE.

the essence of the Divine
impious, wishing to know
realed.

TIATED BY A PURE HEART.

sacrifices of numerous bulls
Jupiter, of any such things,
gold or purple robes, or im-
ald, think thereby to propiti-
d shows himself to be of a
for he ought to be a virtuous
mitting no crimes for the
shouldst not even covet a
or God, standing near thee,
loest.

IED BY ADVERSITY.

; so also the affections of a
me.

ND TO DUST WE RETURN.

know what thou art, look at
e dead as thou passest along
will find the bones and light
rants, and wise men, and of
emselves on their blood and
us deeds, and the beauty of
ne of these things could re-
e. All men have a common
these things, thou mayest
u art.

r dust thou art, and unto dust shalt

MOSCHUS.

ED ABOUT B.C. 210.

He poet of Syracuse, lived
third century B.C., of whose
now little more than that he
and was acquainted with the
chus. Theocritus was his
inferior to that poet in sim-

IFULNESS OF LOVE.

peak the same as he thinks;
but, if he be enraged, he is
ever telling the truth. Willy
he beguiled.

AVE, AND THE LEARNED LIE
BEGOTTEN.

the mallows have died in a
a parsley, or blooming crisp
bloom another year. But we,
the learned, soon as the hand
ur eyes, unheard of, in hollow
long and endless slumber, to
on too in the earth will be

buried with the silent dead; but it has appeared
good to the nymphs that the frog should croak for-
ever. Yet I do not envy him: for 'tis no pretty
song he sings.

In Job (xiv. 7) we find—"There is hope of a tree, if I be cut
down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch
thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in
the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through
the scent of water it will bud and bring forth boughs like a
plant. But man dieth and wasteth away: yea, man giveth
up the ghost, and where is he?"

Spenser says—

"Whence is it that the flow'ret of the field doth fade
And lieth buried long in winter's vale?
Yet soon as spring his mantle hath displayed,
It flow'reth fresh, as it should never fall,
But thing on earth that is of most avail,
As virtue's branch and beauty's bud,
Reliven not for any good."

A BIRD OVER HER YOUNG.

As when a bird bewails her callow brood as they
perish, which, still young, a fierce snake devours
in the thick bushes, while she, kind mother,
hovers over them, shrieking wildly, yet is not able,
I ween, to aid her children; for she, in truth, her-
self is in great dread to come nearer to the cruel
monster.

Virgil (Georg. iv., 512) has imitated this very closely—
"As the sad nightingale under the shade of the poplar be-
wails the loss of her young, which a hard-hearted ploughman
has found unfledged in her nest and carried off, while she
laments the night long, and, sitting on the branch, renews
her piteous song, and fills far and wide the woods with her
mournful complaints."

WEEPING.

But thou meltest away like water, weeping both
at night and as many days as are given by Jove.

Thus in Joshua (vii. 5) we find—"Wherefore the heart
of the people melted and became as water;" and in Psalms
(xxii. 14)—"I am poured out like water; my heart also in the
midst of my body is like melting wax;" and Psalms (lxxii. 7)
—"Let them melt away as waters which run continually."

NICOSTRATUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT B.C. 380.

NICOSTRATUS, the youngest of the three sons of
Aristophanes, was also a comic poet; the titles of
nineteen of his plays have come down to us.

A CHATTERER.

If to speak without ceasing, and much and
quickly, were the sign of sense, the swallows would
be regarded much wiser than we are.

NO MAN HAPPY IN EVERY RESPECT.

"No man is happy in every way." By Minerva,
beloved Euripides, thou hast described human
life in one verse.

OLD THINGS BECOME NEW AGAIN.

Old things become new again in course of time
There is nothing more difficult to please than
Time. The same things never continue to please
this god.

POVERTY.

Dost thou know that freedom of speech is the arms of poverty? If any one lose that, he has thrown away the shield of life.

PHARECRATES.

OLD AGE.

O old age! how burdensome and grievous everywhere art thou! only not in one thing; for when we fail in strength and power, thou teachest us at that time to use our understanding with wisdom.

PHILEMON.

BORN ABOUT B.C. 360—DIED B.C. 262.

PHILEMON, a Greek dramatist; who stands next to Menander among the poets of the new comedy, was the son of Damon, and a native of Soli, in Cilicia. He flourished in the reign of Alexander, a little earlier than Menander, whom, however, he long survived, and spent his life at Athens. His career seems to have been singularly prosperous. Though inferior to Menander, he was a greater favorite with the Athenians, and often conquered his rival in the dramatic contests. He continued to write till he had produced ninety-seven comedies. He died, it is said, from excessive laughter at a ludicrous incident.

NATURE OF MAN.

How radically bad is the nature of man! for otherwise he would stand in need of no laws to restrain him. Dost thou think that he differs in any respect from other animals? In nothing certainly, but in figure. Other animals are bent; but man is a wild beast upright in form.

OUR EVILS FOUND LIGHT WHEN COMPARED WITH THOSE OF OTHERS.

If thou only knowest the evils which others suffer, thou wouldest willingly submit to those which thou now bearest.

HOW SELDOM MAN OBTAINS HIS WISHES.

If we were all to perish who did not succeed in obtaining what we wished, all mankind would die.

TEARS.

A. If tears proved a remedy for our misfortunes, and if he who wept always ceased to grieve, we would buy tears with gold. But, alas! our affairs are in no way influenced by tears, pursuing their own course whether we weep or not. What wilt thou do, then? B. I am in no way influenced by such thoughts; for grief, like a tree, has tears for its fruit.

ADVICE.

It is easy for a man to give advice to his neighbor; but to follow it oneself is not so easy. As a proof of this, I have known physicians lecturing their patients most eloquently on the benefits of abstinence; then, if they are themselves overtaken by disease, doing the very same things which they would not allow their patients to do. Theory and practice are very different.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

The husbandman is always to be rich the next year.

MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS CONTRASTED.

Why, pray, did Prometheus, who, they say, formed us and all other animals, give to each of the beasts his own peculiar nature? All lions are brave, whereas all hares are timid. Then, as to the foxes, one is not cunning and another simple in its nature; but if thou wert to collect three myriads of foxes, they would all have the same nature and the same habits. With man it is different; whatever number of persons there are, the same will be found the number of minds and of characters.

THE JUST MAN.

The just man is not he who does no man an injury, but he who, being able to inflict it, does not wish to do so; nor yet is it the man who has abstained from seizing petty gains, but who determines not to lay hold of great possessions, when he might do so, and might hold them with impunity; nor is it the man who observes all these things, but who, endued with a noble and ingenuous disposition, wishes to be just, and not merely to seem so.

THE FOOL AND THE WISE MAN.

The man who never utters a word of sense consider to be tedious, even though he only give forth two syllables. The man who speaks with prudence, do not think him to be tedious, though he speak much and long. Take Homer as a proof of this: he writes myriads of words, yet no one ever called Homer tedious.

THE SNAIL.

How ingenious an animal is a snail, by God! When it falls in with a bad neighbor, it takes up its house, and moves off; for it dwells without anxiety, always flying the bad.

THE DIVINE NATURE.

Believe that there is a God, worship Him, but do not inquire too curiously into His essence; for thou wilt have nothing for thy trouble except the labor of inquiry. Do not care to know whether He exists or not; worship Him as if He existed, and were present.

A SLAVE.

Though a man be a slave, he is the same flesh as thyself; for no one has ever been born a slave by nature; but Fortune subjected his body to servitude.

ANGER.

We are all mad when we are in a passion; for it is a difficult task to restrain anger.

BYGONE EVILS.

How pleasant it is to think of former evils! for if I had not then been in difficulties, I would not now be in joy.

THE DIFFERENCES OF MEN.

In this thing one man is superior to another, that he is better able to bear adversity and prosperity.

WHAT WE OUGHT TO PRAY FOR.

I pray, first, for good health; then, for prosperity; thirdly, for happiness; and, lastly, to owe no man anything.

So Romans (xiii. 8)—"Owe no man anything."

ANTICIPATION OF EVIL.

Grief is apt to imagine to itself evils more than double the reality.

A GIFT OF AFFECTION.

Every gift which is given, even though it be small, is in reality great if it be given with affection.

HONOR YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER.

Before all things, pay respect to thy parents.

So Exodus (xx. 12)—"Honor thy father and mother."

AN AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

A father is dear if he treat affectionately his children.

THE SWALLOW.

O woman! it is the swallow which announces the spring.

GOD.

A. Tell me what thou understandest by God.
B. The Being who sees all things, and yet is seen by none.

THE DEAD.

Dost thou think that the dead who have enjoyed the good things of this life have escaped the notice of the Divinity, as if they were forgotten? Nay, there is an eye of Justice which sees all things; for we believe that there are two roads to the lower regions, one for the just and one for the impious. For if the just and the impious are to have one and the same road, and if the grave covers them both forever, then thou mayest rob, steal, plunder, and do every mischief thou chooseth. Yet do not be mistaken, for there is a place of judgment below, which God the Lord of all shall occupy, whose name is terrible, and which I dare not utter, who gives a long license to sinners.

PHILIPPIDES.

FLOURISHED B.C. 335.

PHILIPPIDES, one of the principal writers of the new comedy, who flourished B.C. 335, and is said to have written forty-five comedies. He is said to have died at an advanced age from excessive joy at having conquered unexpectedly in a contest with other poets.

TO COMMIT A FAULT.

When thou hast committed some fault, be glad that thou hast failed, for it is chiefly in this way that the becoming is preserved.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SAYING AND DOING.

It is not difficult for one feasting to say to another in a sorry plight, "Don't be miserable:" it is not hard to find fault with a boxer fighting, but it is no easy matter to fight: there is a great difference between saying and doing.

MAN IS BORN TO TROUBLE.

When it has happened to thee to be unfortunate, master, remember the saying of Euripides, and thou wilt be more easy—"There is no man who is happy in every way." Then imagine thyself to be one of the great crowd of mankind.

TIME.

Time, the common physician, will heal thee.

PHILISCUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT B.C. 400.

PHILISCUS, an Athenian comic poet of the middle comedy, of whom little is known.

THE BED.

The bed usually possesses powerful reasons of persuasion to obtain what one wishes.

NOT EASY TO GAIN WITHOUT LABOR.

O fool! it is not with ease that one can get without exertion the possessions of those who exert themselves.

PINDAR.

BORN B.C. 522—DIED B.C. 442.

PINDAR, the greatest lyric poet of Greece, was a native of Boeotia, born either at Thebes, the capital of that country, or at Cynoscephala, a village in the territory of Thebes. We know very little of his private history, but he belonged to one of the noblest families of his country. He was sent by his father to Athens, where, under the celebrated dithyrambist, Lasos of Hermione,

he learned music, dancing, and all the mysteries of the chorus requisite for his training as a lyric poet. He also attended the school of Agathoules and Apollodorus. Between the age of twenty and twenty-two Pindar began his professional career as a poet, but in the great events that took place in Greece during his time, Pindar seems to have taken no share.

WATER AND GOLD.

Water is the best of all things: gold, like a blazing fire that gleams conspicuous from afar in the night, shines prominently amidst lordly riches.

POETICAL FICTIONS.

Truly many things are wonderful: and it is not unlikely that in some cases fables decked out in cunning fictions beyond the truth give false accounts of the traditions of man. But Poesy, that smooth enchantress of mankind, by causing credit to be given to these myths, oftentimes makes the incredible to appear credible: the rolling years, however, are the surest test of truth. Now it is wise for man to speak nothing unseemly of the gods, and thus he will be free from guilt.

SLANDERERS.

Oftentimes slanderers get no good for their pains.

GOD IS NOT TO BE DECEIVED.

If a man expects that his deeds will escape the all-seeing eyes of God, he is mistaken.

LIFE NOT TO BE PASSED INGLORIOUSLY.

A danger that is great does not allow man to be a coward. Since death is the fate of all men, why should we sit in the dark, and spend to no purpose a nameless life, taking no part in any glorious deeds?

DIFFERENCES IN MANKIND.

Some are great in this, others in that; but the highest point of glory is reached in kings.

WHAT IS DONE CANNOT BE UNDONE.

Of deeds that have been done, whether rightly or wrongly, not even Time, the sire of all things, can annul their accomplishment; yet oblivion may come with prosperity. For by success a rankling sore is got the better of and put an end to, when kind Heaven causes happiness to spread from far.

OUR FUTURE LOT UNKNOWN.

There is no appointed term to men for their death; nor do we know when we shall pass through a quiet day, the child of the sun, with never-failing good; for currents run now this way, now that, bringing both pleasures and sorrows to mortals.

WEALTH WITH VIRTUE.

It is wealth, when adorned by virtues, that brings the attainment of our different aims, suggesting to the mind a deep care for them, a conspicuous star, the brightest lamp to men.

THE WICKED PUNISHED IN THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

But he who possesses wealth is well aware of what is in store for him,—that the guilty souls of those who die here have to dree their penance in another life,—for there is one beneath the earth who judges the crimes committed in this empire of Zeus, passing sentence by a hateful constraint.

THE GOOD IN ELYSIUM.

But the good, enjoying eternal sunshine night and day, pass a life free from labor, never stirring the earth by strength of hand, nor yet the waters of the sea in that blessed abode, but with the honored of the gods, all such as took pleasure in keeping their plighted faith, spend a tearless existence, while the impious have to endure woes too horrible to look upon.

THE MAN OF GENIUS.

That man is a true poet who knows much by inherent genius, while those who have acquired their knowledge, loquacious, like crows, chatter vainly against the divine bird of Zeus.

DEEDS OF VALOR WITHOUT RISK.

Deeds of valor without risk are unhonored either among men or in hollow ships; whereas many speak of it if a noble action has been done with labor.

UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Countless mistakes hang about the minds of men; and it is a difficult thing to discover what now and also in the end is best to happen to a man.

MAN TURNED FROM HIS PURPOSE.

Now it is respectful obedience arising from forethought on which the merit and success of men depend; but it sometimes happens, in an incomprehensible way, that a cloud of forgetfulness comes over the mind, and causes the right way of doing things to be unattended to, and to pass from the memory.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

But at one and the same point of time different breezes go rapidly in different directions.

VARIOUS FORTUNES OF MEN.

Still different blessings come to different people, and many are the roads to fortune by the favor of the gods.

TO REPROACH THE GODS IS WISDOM MISAPPLIED.

To reproach the gods is wisdom misapplied.

WHAT COMES BY NATURE IS THE BEST.

That which comes by nature is in all cases the best, though many men have tried to gain glory by taking lessons in valor. Whatsoever is done without the aid of the god had better be kept quiet. For there are different roads to glory, one better than another, yet one training will not lead us all alike. Perfect skill is difficult to attain.

NATURE REMAINS EVER THE SAME.

For their inborn character neither tawny fox nor roaring lions are likely to change.

FUTURITY UNKNOWN TO MAN.

No man on earth has ever yet found any sure passage from Heaven about his future success. For the indications of coming events are impervious to mortals. Many things befall men contrary to expectations, often against their wishes; while others, meeting the stormy waves of woe, have in the twinkling of an eye exchanged their deep sorrow for some substantial good.

MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES.

At present I live in hope, but the issue is in the hand of the gods.

ERUPTION OF ÆTNA.

From it are belched out of its abysses the purest jets of unapproachable fire. By day the streams of lava pour forth a lurid torrent of smoke; but in the dark the ruddy flame, rolling in volumes, carries rocks into the deep, level sea, with a fearful roar.

JOY OF MARINERS RETURNING HOME.

And to seafaring men, what first cheers them on their departure is a favorable breeze for the voyage; for it is expected, too, in the end, that they will obtain a better passage home.

EVERYTHING PROCEEDS FROM THE GODS.

For all the means of mortal valor come from the gods; they make men to be wise, mighty in deeds, and eloquent in language.

ENVY.

For the mind is offended by hearing the constant praise of an individual; and the gossip of the citizens gives secret pain to the mind chiefly when the merit of others is the theme.

ENVIED RATHER THAN PITIED.

To be envied is a nobler fate
Than to be pitied.

TRUTH.

Point thy tongue on the anvil of truth.

THE POSTHUMOUS VERDICT OF PUBLIC OPINION.

The posthumous verdict of public opinion alone shows the life of the dead to historians and poets.

WHAT IS TO BE DESIRED IN LIFE.

The enjoyment of prosperity is what is first to be desired; to be well-spoken, is the next best thing in life; but he who has enjoyed both, and really felt them, has received the highest crown of all.

A BENEFACTOR SHOULD BE REPAID.

It is by the express direction of the gods, as the story goes, that Ixion warns mortals, as he writhes and sprawls on the revolving wheel, "to pay back to one's benefactor, requiting him by kindly returns."

A STRAIGHTFORWARD, PLAIN-SPEAKING MAN.

In every form of government a straightforward, plain-speaking man is most respected, whether it be a despotism, or tumultuous democracy, or where the educated few hold the sway.

WE MUST NOT FIGHT AGAINST GOD.

We should not fight against God.

FOOLS.

But that set of men is the most foolish of all who despise things at home, and feel pleasure at what is far off, pursuing vain objects with silly hopes.

SELF-INTEREST GETS THE BETTER OF WISDOM.

For even wisdom is got the better by self-interest.

ASK OF THE GODS WHAT IS REASONABLE.

It is right to ask of the gods what is suitable to reason, recollecting what is before our feet, and of what nature we are. Do not, my soul, be anxious for an immortal life, but draw only on what is practicable.

GOOD AND EVIL.

The immortals award to mortals a couple of woes with every good. These woes the silly cannot submit to with patience, but only the well-born, who turn the fair side outwards (as we do old clothes).

WISDOM AND FORTUNE NECESSARY TO BE JOINED.

But if any one has found the way of truth by his understanding, his prosperity he must obtain from the gods. Yet there are different currents of violent winds at different times. Man's happiness does not continue long if it be excessive.

"THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN."

For the right time of action has a brief limit for men.

WEALTH GIVES INFLUENCE.

'Tis their wealth that gives men their influence, when they have received it from fortune combined with disinterested virtue, and take it to their house as an attendant that finds him many friends.

EXCUSE.

In that he did not take with him Excuse, the child of late-minded Afterthought.

WE ARE CREATURES OF A DAY.

We are creatures of a day; what man is no one can say. Man is but a shadowy dream; and yet, when glory comes to them from Heaven, a bright light shines around them, and a pleasant life attends them.

VARIOUS PARTS TO VARIOUS MEN.

Various parts are assigned to various men, but every one should proceed in a straightforward path, and contend with his understanding. For strength succeeds in action, but mind in counsel in those who naturally foresee the future.

THE MISER.

I care not to keep buried in my hall great wealth, but I would rather enjoy what I have, and be regarded as liberal to my friends, for the hopes of much-toiling men proceed on common interests.

OUR OWN SORROWS.

For a family trouble seizes on every one alike, though for another's woes the heart soon ceases to grieve.

INBORN MERIT.

'Tis by inborn merit that a man acquires pre-eminence; whereas he who acts by precepts is a man of naught, swaying from this side to that, never setting down a firm, well-directed foot; much he attempts, but to little purpose.

MIRTH THE BEST PHYSICIAN FOR MAN'S TOILS.

Mirth is the best physician for man's toils, when brought to a close. Songs, the wise daughters of the Muses, soothe him by their gentle approach. Nor does the warm water of the bath so soften the limbs as pleasing words set to the music of the harp relieve toil. A poem lives longer than deeds, when by the aid of the Graces the tongue draws it forth from the depth of the heart.

TRUTH NOT ALWAYS TO BE TOLD.

Truth is not always the best thing to show its face; silence is often the wisest thing for man to observe.

DESTINY DECIDES MAN'S ACTIONS.

It is the destiny that is born with man which determines all his actions.

THE RACE OF GODS AND MEN.

There is one and the same race of gods and men; it is from the same mother that we draw the breath of life; but powers wholly distinct separate us, for the one race is naught, while the brazen vault of heaven remains for all time a secure abode to the others. Yet we are in some respects like to the immortals both in mighty intellect and in form; though we are ignorant of the goal that fate has marked out for us to run to, both by night and by day.

PUSILLANIMITY.

But among mortals the one is deprived of success by empty boasting, so another, too much distrustful of his strength, fails to secure the honors that rightfully belong to him, being dragged backward by a spirit deficient in daring.

SEEDS OF LINEAL WORTH APPEAR AT INTERVALS.

The brave deeds of their ancestors are reproduced in men, alternating in generations. Lands of black loam do not continuously give forth their produce, nor will trees bear a rich perfume on every returning season, but only in turns. And thus, likewise, is the human race led on by fate, and the signs that men get from Zeus are not

clear. Yet withal we enter upon proud schemes, and eagerly attempt many enterprises, for we are led on by insatiate hopes, while the currents of events lie far beyond our knowledge.

CUSTOM.

Custom is the sovereign of mortals and of gods; with its powerful hand it regulates things the most violent.

"SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF."

That which is present it is best at all times to look to; for an age of calamities hangs over men, making the path of life to be winding; and yet even these evils are able to be amended, if men enjoy but freedom. A man ought to indulge in good hopes.

PLATO.

BORN B.C. 428—DIED B.C. 347.

PLATO, the celebrated philosopher of Athens, is said to have been the son of Ariston and Perictione, or Potone. His paternal family boasted of being descended from Codrus, and his maternal ancestors traced their descent from Solon. He received instruction from the most distinguished masters of his time in grammar, music, and gymnastics; but he attached himself, in his twentieth year, to Socrates, and from that time was devoted to philosophy. Towards the close of his life he thanked God that he had been made a contemporary of Socrates. On the death of Socrates, he betook himself to Eucleides, at Megara; and through his eagerness for knowledge, he was induced to visit Egypt, Sicily, and the Greek colonies of Lower Italy.

During his residence in Sicily he became acquainted with the elder Dionysius; but soon quarrelled with that tyrant. On his return to Athens, he began to teach in the gymnasium of the Academy, and its shady avenues near the city. His occupation as a teacher was twice interrupted by journeys to Sicily. He is said to have died while writing, in his eighty-first, or, according to others, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

THE WISDOM OF THE WORLD OF NO VALUE.

The God, O men, seems to me to be really wise; and by His oracle to mean this, that the wisdom of this world is foolishness, and of none effect.

OBEY GOD RATHER THAN MAN.

If you were to offer, as I said, to dismiss me on such conditions, I would exclaim, O Athenians! I regard you with the utmost respect and affection, but I shall obey God rather than you; and, as long as I have life, and am able, I shall not cease devoting myself to the pursuit of wisdom, and warning every one of you whom I happen to meet.

TAKE CARE OF THE SOUL RATHER THAN OF THE BODY.

For I go about doing nothing else than preaching to young and old among you that it is not the duty of man to take care of the body, and of riches, so much as to look after the soul, how it may be made into the most perfect state; telling you that virtue is not acquired from riches, but men derive riches, and every other blessing, private and public, from virtue.

FEAR NOT THEM THAT KILL THE BODY.

For neither Meletus nor Anytus can injure me. It is not in their power; for I do not think that it is possible for a better man to be injured by a worse.

A JUDGE IS BOUND TO DECIDE WITH JUSTICE.

For a judge sits on the judgment-seat, not to administer laws by favor, but to decide with fairness; and he has taken an oath that he will not gratify his friends, but determine with a strict regard to law.

WHAT IS DEATH?

Besides, we may conclude that there is great hope that death is a blessing. For death is one of two things, either the dead may be nothing and have no feeling, or, as some say, there is a certain change and transference of the soul from one place to another. Well, then, if there be no feeling, but it be like sleep, when the sleeper has no dream, death would surely be a wonderful gain. For I should think, if any one having picked out a night on which he had slept so soundly that he had no dream, and having compared all the nights and days of his life with this night, should be asked to consider and say how many days and nights he had lived better and more pleasantly than this night during his whole life, I should think that not only a private person, but even the great king himself, would find them easy to number in comparison with other days and nights. If, then, death be a thing of this kind, I call it gain, for thus all futurity appears to be nothing more than one night. If, on the other hand, death be a removal hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, ye judges?

RETURN NOT EVIL FOR EVIL.

Neither ought a man to return evil for evil, as many think; since at no time ought we to do an injury to our neighbors.

"FROM WHENCE COME WARS AND FIGHTINGS AMONG YOU?"

For nothing else but the body and its desires cause wars, seditions, and fightings.

THE SPIRIT AT WAR WITH THE FLESH.

As long as we are encumbered with the body and our soul is polluted with such an evil, we shall never be able sufficiently to obtain what we desire.

So Matthew (xxvi. 41).—"The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

WISDOM IS THE RIGHT COIN.

That alone—I mean wisdom—is the true and unalloyed coin, for which we ought to exchange all these things; for this, and with this, everything is in reality bought and sold—fortitude, temperance, and justice; and, in a word, true virtue subsists with wisdom.

THE SOUL.

Is it possible, then, that the soul, which is invisible, and proceeding to another place, spotless, pure, and invisible (and, therefore, truly called Hades—*i.e.* invisible), to dwell with the good and wise God (where, if God so wills it, my soul must immediately go),—can this soul of ours, I say, being such and of such an essence, when it is separated from the body, be at once dissipated and utterly destroyed, as many men say? It is impossible to think so, beloved Cebes and Simmias; but it is much rather thus—if it is severed in a state of purity, carrying with it none of the pollutions of the body, inasmuch as it did not willingly unite with the body in this present life, but fled from it, and gathered itself within itself, as always meditating this—would this be anything else than studying philosophy in a proper spirit, and pondering how one might die easily? would not this be a meditation on death?

So 1 John (iii. 2).—"Beloved, it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

For example, those who have given themselves up to gluttony, sensuality, and drunkenness, and have put no restraint on their passions, will assume the form of asses, and such like beasts. And those who have preferred to lead a life of injustice, tyranny, and rapine, will put on the appearance of wolves, hawks, and kites.

CAUSE OF MISANTHROPY.

For misanthropy arises from a man trusting another without having a sufficient knowledge of his character, and, thinking him to be truthful, sincere, and honorable, finds a little afterwards that he is wicked, faithless; and then he meets with another of the same character. When a man experiences this often, and, more particularly, from those whom he considered his most dear and best friends,—at last, having frequently made a slip, he hates the whole world, and thinks that there is nothing sound at all in any of them.

PUNISHMENT OF THE WICKED.

But when, being borne along, they arrive at the Acherusian lake, there they call upon and entreat some those whom they slew, others those whom they injured, entreating them, they implore and humbly pray that they would allow them to go into the lake and receive them.

So Luke (xvi. 23).—"And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame."

THE BODY THE GRAVE OF THE SOUL.

For some say that the body is the tomb of the soul, as being buried at the present time.

WISDOM.

It would be well, Agatho (said Socrates), if wisdom were of that nature that it would flow from the person who was filled with it to the one who was empty, when we touched each other, like the water in two cups, which will flow through a flock of wool from the fuller into the emptier, until both are equal.

DRUNKENNESS.

For from my knowledge of medicine, it has become very clear to me that drunkenness is a bad thing to men, and I would neither myself be willing to drink far on nor advise any one else to do so, especially if they were suffering from a surfeit of the night before.

TO DIE FOR ANOTHER.

As to what Homer said, that a god breathed strength into some heroes, Love furnishes this, produced from himself to all lovers.

Moreover, to die for another lovers alone are ready, not only men, but also women.

MEN OF SENSE CONTRASTED WITH THE MULTITUDE.

For to a man of any mind a few persons of sense are more awful than a multitude of fools.

LOVE MAKES A MAN TO BE A POET.

Each becomes a poet when Love touches him, though he was not musical before.

Shakespeare ("As You Like It," act II., sc. 7) speaks of a lover—

"With his woful ballad, made to his mistress' eyebrow."

THE EFFECT OF LOVE.

For it is Love that causes peace among men, a calm on the sea, a lulling of the winds, sweet sleep on joyless beds. It is he who takes from us the feeling of enmity, and fills us with those of friendship; who establishes friendly meetings, being the leader in festivals, dances, and sacrifices, giving mildness and driving away harshness; the beneficent bestower of goodwill, the non-giver of enmity; gracious to the good, looked up to by the wise, admired by the gods; envied by those who have no lot in life, possessed by those who have; the parent of luxury, of tenderness, of elegance, of grace, of desire, and regret; careful of the good, regardless of the bad; in labor, in fear, in wishes, and in speech, the pilot, the defender, the bystander and best savior; of gods and men, taken altogether, the ornament; a leader the most beautiful and best, in whose train it becomes every man to follow, hymning well his praise, and bearing a part in that sweet song which he sings himself, when soothing the mind of every god and man.

"IF THY RIGHT HAND OFFEND THEE CUT IT OFF."

Since men are willing to have their feet and hands cut off, if their own limbs seem to them to be an evil; nor do they cherish and embrace that which may belong to themselves merely because it is their own: unless, indeed, any one should choose to say that what is good is attached to his own nature, and is his own, while that which is evil is foreign and accidental; since there is nothing else of which men are in love but good alone.

VIRTUE IS FROM GOD.

The virtue that is in us comes not from nature, nor is it taught, but is put in us by the Divinity.

So 2 Corinthians (iii. 5)—"Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God."

THE ATHEIST.

Those are profane who think that nothing else exists except what they can grasp with their hands.

So Psalms (xiv. 1)—"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt; they have done abominable works; there is none that doeth good."

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Whether a man dwelling in the city is nobly or ignobly born, whether some unfortunate event has taken place to one of his ancestors, man or woman is equally unknown to him as the number of measures of water in the sea, as the proverb goes. And he is not aware of his own ignorance; nor does he keep aloof from such things from mere vanity, but, in reality, his body only dwells in the city and sojourns there, while his mind regarding all such things as trivial, and of no real moment, despising them, is carried about everywhere, as Pindar says, measuring things under the earth and upon its surface, raising his eyes to the stars in heaven, and examining into the nature of everything in the whole universe, never stooping to anything near at hand.

FOLLY OF PRIDE OF BIRTH.

And when they praise nobleness of birth,—how some great man is able to show seven rich ancestors,—he thinks that such praise can only proceed from the stupid, and from men who look merely at trifles; in fact, from those who, through ignorance, are not able to take a comprehensive view of the question, nor to perceive that every man has countless myriads of ancestors and progenitors, amongst whom there must have been myriads of rich and poor, kings and slaves, barbarians and Greeks.

EVIL.

It is not possible, Theodorus, to get rid of evil altogether; for there must always be something opposite to good; nor can it be placed among the gods, but must of necessity circulate round this mortal nature and world of ours. Wherefore we ought to fly hence as soon as possible to that upper region; but this flight is our resembling the Divinity as much as we are able, and this resemblance is that we should be just, and holy, and wise.

So John (iii. 6).—"That which is born of the flesh is flesh."

GOD AND MAN.

God is in nowise in the least unjust, but is as just as possible; and there is no one more like to Him than the man among us who has become as just as possible. It is on this that the real excellence of a man depends, and his nothingness and worthlessness.

So Psalms (xi. 7).—"For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness."

"WHO SHALL DELIVER ME FROM THE BODY OF THIS DEATH?"

Being initiated, and beholding perfect, simple, and happy visions in the pure light—being ourselves pure, and, as yet, unclothed with this, which, carrying about us, we call the body, to which we are bound as an oyster to its shell.

EVERY GOOD GIFT IS FROM ABOVE.

Tell me, therefore, what benefits the gods derive from the gifts they receive from us; for the advantage derived from what they bestow is evident to every one; for there is no perfect gift which they do not bestow; but how are they benefited by what they get from us? Have we so much advantage in this traffic, that we receive everything good from them, and they nothing from us?

EXPERIENCE.

Chærephon, there are many arts among men, the knowledge of which is acquired bit by bit by experience. For it is experience that causes our life to move forward by the skill we acquire, while want of experience subjects us to the effects of chance.

BEST THINGS ARE HEALTH, BEAUTY, AND RICHES.

I think you must have heard at banquets men singing that distich, in which the singers run over the various blessings of life,—how the best is health the second is beauty, and the third, as the author of the song says, is to be rich with innocence.

PUNISHMENT.

Punishment brings wisdom, makes men more just, and is the healing art of wickedness.

So Hebrews (xii. 5).—"My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him."

THE ADVANTAGE OF CHASTISEMENT.

Those who derive advantage, suffering punishment both from gods and men, are such as have been guilty of offences that can be cured; yet it is through pain and torments that advantage is derived both here and in Hades; for injustice cannot be got rid of in any other way.

So Psalms (ciii. 3).—"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."

TO BE, AND NOT TO SEEM GOOD.

Not merely to appear good ought man to care, but to be so both privately and publicly.

So Matthew (xxiii. 28).—"Within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

GOOD SENSE CANNOT BE TAUGHT.

But when the affairs of the city are the subject of discussion, any one rises up and gives his opinion on such matters, whether he be a builder, a brazier, a shoemaker, a merchant, a ship's captain, rich or poor, noble or ignoble, and no one makes objection to them as to the former, that without having received instruction, or having been the pupil of any one, they yet attempt to give advice for it is evident that they think this cannot be taught.

FOOLS.

The race of fools is not to be counted.

WE OUGHT TO LISTEN TO OUR ELDERS.

As for me, Cephalus, it gives me great pleasure to converse with those who are far advanced in years; for I feel that I ought to learn from them, as from men who have proceeded before me on that road along which we must perhaps travel, what is the nature of the road, whether it is rough and difficult, or easy and level.

MEN ARE FOND OF THE RICHES ACCUMULATED BY THEMSELVES.

For as poets are fond of their own poems, and parents of their children, so also those who have made their own fortune are delighted with their wealth, as the workmanship of their own hands, not looking merely at its utility, as others are apt to regard it.

APPROACH OF DEATH CAUSES MAN TO REFLECT.

For be assured of this, Socrates, that when a man imagines that he is approaching the close of his life, fearful thoughts enter his mind, and anxiety about things which never occurred to him before. For the stories told us respecting the regions below,—how the man who has acted unjustly here must there dree his punishment, though he may have laughed at them hitherto, now torment his spirit, lest they should, after all, be true. And the man, either from the weakness incident to old age, or because they are seen closer to him, looks at them with more attention. Then he becomes full of suspicions and dread, ponders and considers in what he has done any one wrong. Finding in his life many wicked and base deeds, and waking up from his sleep, like a child, he is overwhelmed with terror, and lives on with sad thoughts of the future. But to the man who is conscious of no wicked deed, there is sweet and pleasant hope, the solace of old age, as Pindar says.

HATE NOT YOUR ENEMY.

If, then, any man says that it is right to give every one his due, and therefore thinks within his own mind that injury is due from a just man to his enemies, but kindness to his friends, he was not wise who said so, for he spoke not the truth; for in no case has it appeared to be just to injure any one.

THE GOOD ARE HAPPY.

Surely, then, he who lives well is both blessed and happy, and he who does not, the opposite.

So James (I. 25)—"This man shall be blessed in his deed."

GOD SHOWS MERCY TO THE CHILDREN OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Some, however, extend still further than these the rewards of the gods: for they say that children's children, and a future generation of the holy and pious, are left behind them.

IMPOSTORS WHO DECEIVE MANKIND.

Itinerant mountebanks and priests, hanging about the doors of the rich, are able to persuade the foolish that they possess a power, conferred on them by the gods, of atoning, by means of sacrifices and spells, in the midst of pleasures and revellings, for crimes committed by themselves or forefathers; and if they wish to crush an enemy, they may, at small expense, oppress the just equally with the unjust; while they are able, as they say, to persuade the gods, by coaxing and magic charms, to aid them in their objects.

DIVISION OF LABOR RECOMMENDED.

From these things it follows that more will be accomplished, and better, and with more ease, if each individual does one thing, according to the bent of his genius, at the proper time, being engaged in no other pursuit.

HOW THE YOUNG OUGHT TO BE EDUCATED.

Much less must we tell legends, in highly ornamental language, about the battles of giants, and many other and various bickerings of gods and heroes with their relatives and intimate friends; but if we expect to persuade them that no one ought, on any pretext, to hate his neighbor, and that it is impious to do so, such principles are rather to be impressed upon them in their boyhood by old men and women, and those advanced in years; and the poets ought to be compelled to write with such views before their eyes.

GOD NOT THE AUTHOR OF EVIL.

God is good—and no other must be assigned as the cause of our blessings; whereas of our sorrows we must seek some other cause, and not God.

THE WICKED PUNISHED FOR THEIR GOOD.

If they should say that the impious, as wretched, require chastisement, and, being punished, receive benefit from God, such assertion must be allowed to pass.

CHILDREN SHOULD NOT BE FRIGHTENED BY FEARFUL STORIES.

Nor let mothers, persuaded by them, frighten their children, telling them foolish stories, how certain gods go about by night, assuming the appearance of many and various strangers, lest they should be both speaking insultingly of the gods, and at the same time be making their own children cowards.

CHARACTER OF GOD.

Ay, and more than that, God is simple and true in word and deed, never changes, never deceives any one by words, or by the suggestion of visions either by day or by night.

OVER-ATTENTION TO HEALTH.

But what is more particularly to be remarked is that this attention to health is a hindrance to learning of any kind, to invention, and to diligent study, as we are always feeling suspicious shootings and swimings of the head, and blaming our learned studies as the cause, so that it is a great stumbling-block, when virtuous objects are aimed at and pursued, for it makes us always think ourselves ill, and never to cease feeling pain in our body.

ALL MEN ARE BRETHREN, BUT SOME ARE OF FINER CLAY.

For all you in the state are undoubtedly brethren (as we shall say, speaking in parables); but God, who made you, has mixed gold in the composition of as many as He found able to be governors of men; wherefore they are deemed the most honorable. In such as are merely assistants, He put silver; in husbandmen and other craftsmen, iron and copper. Since, then, they are all related to each other, you will, in general, beget children like to yourselves. Sometimes silver would be generated out of gold; and from silver sometimes there might spring a golden race; and in this way they are all generated from one another.

EXCELLENT THINGS ARE RARE.

For, Socrates, perhaps the common proverb is true, that excellent things are rare.

VIRTUE.

Virtue is a kind of health, beauty, and good habit of the soul.

So Titus (I. 13)—"That they may be sound in the faith."

SIN.

Sin is disease, deformity, and weakness.

So John (viii. 34)—"Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin," and 2 Corinthians (iii. 17)—"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

TO BE DRIVEN INTO A CORNER.

And as those who play at talus with the skilful, if they themselves know little of the game, are at last driven into a corner and cannot move a piece, so also your hearers have nothing to say, being driven into a corner at this different kind of play, not with the dice, but your reasonings.

THE GOOD MAN IN AN EVIL WORLD.

Taking all these matters quietly into consideration, and minding his own business, like a man taking refuge under a wall in a storm of dust and spray carried forward by the wind, the good man, seeing his neighbors overwhelmed by lawless proceedings, is delighted if he may in any way lead a life here

below free from injustice and unholy deeds, taking his departure from this life with good hopes, cheerfully, and in joyous spirits.

THE GOOD MAN.

And as regards the man, who is, as completely as possible, squared and made consistent with virtue in word and deed?

DESCRIPTION OF THE NATURE OF MAN IN THIS WORLD, AS CONFINED IN A DARK CAVE.

After these things, said I, compare our nature, as to education, or the want of it, to a state somewhat like the following: for behold, as it were, men in an underground, grotto-like dwelling, having the doors opening towards the light, and extended the whole length of the cavern; in it see men immured from their childhood, with their legs and necks loaded with chains, so that, remaining ever there, they can only direct their eyes forward, being unable to turn their necks round by reason of their chains; then suppose the light they receive to arise from a fire burning above, afar off, and behind, while there is a road above between the fire and those in chains, along which you may see a little wall built, very much like the raised platforms of conjurers in front of the audience, on which they exhibit their tricks.

BOYS ARE NOT TO BE FORCED TO LEARNING.

Do not, then, said I, my best of friends, train boys to learning by force and harshness; but direct them to it by what amuses their minds, so that you may be the better able to discover with accuracy the peculiar bent of the genius of each.

A DRONE IN THE STATE.

He was nothing else but a consumer of the fruits of the earth. Dost thou then, said I, mean that we should call such a person as this, as we do a drone in a bee-hive, the annoyance of the hive, a mere drone in his house, and the cause of ailment in the state? Quite so, Socrates, he replied. And has not God, Adimantus, made all the winged drones without any sting—and those that have feet, some without stings, and some with dreadful stings? And do not those without stings continue poor to old age? whereas those that have stings are those that we called mischievous.

A DEMOCRACY.

This, then, is a democracy, in my opinion, when the poor, getting the upper hand in the state, kill some and banish others, sharing equally among the remaining citizens the magistracies and high offices, which are usually divided among them by lot.

OVERBEARING CHARACTER OF A DEMOCRACY.

When a state under democratic rule, thirsting after liberty, chances to have evil cupbearers appointed, and gets thoroughly drunk with an undiluted draught of it, then it punishes even its rulers, unless they be poor, mean-spirited beings,

who grant them every license, accusing them as oligarchs, and corrupt.

LIKE MISTRESS LIKE DOG.

As the proverb goes, dogs are like to their mistresses.

EXCESS CAUSES REACTION.

For it is a fact that to do anything in excess usually causes reaction, and produces a change in the opposite direction, whether it be in the seasons, or in plants, or in animal bodies; but this is still more the case in forms of government.

THE WEALTHY.

Such wealthy people, I think, are called the pasture of the drones.

FEW MEN HEROES TO THEIR VALETS.

If, then, I thought that we should all listen to the man, who having dwelt in the same house with him, and joining in his domestic transactions, is able to judge how he acts towards each of his domestics, on which occasions a man especially appears stripped of his actor's finery; and so also in public dangers we would order him who has observed all this to declare how the tyrant stands as regards happiness and misery in comparison with others.

THE CHARACTER OF THE LARGER NUMBER OF MANKIND.

Those, then, who have no knowledge of wisdom and virtue, but spend their lives in banquetings and things of that nature, are carried downwards, as it appears, and back to the middle space, there wandering all their lives; wherefore, never getting beyond this, they do not raise their eyes nor direct their steps to the true upper regions, nor do they ever really fill themselves with real being, nor yet have they ever tasted solid and unadulterated pleasure: but always looking downwards, like brutes, bending to the earth and their dinner-tables, they wallow in the feeding-trough and in sensuality; and, from their wish to obtain such pleasures, they kick and butt at one another, as with iron horns and hoofs, perishing from their very inability to be satisfied.

"WHAT, IF A MAN GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD?"

Is there any one, whom it avails to take gold unjustly, if some such thing as the following happens; if, while he is taking the money, he is at the same time subjecting the best part of his nature to the worst?

ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD TO THE JUST.

We must thus think of the just man, that, if he fall into poverty or disease, or any other of these seeming evils, all these things work together for good to him, either alive or dead. For the man is never neglected by the gods, whosoever exerts himself to the utmost to become just, and to practise virtue, so far as it is possible for a man to resemble God.

ALL RUN, BUT ONE RECEIVETH THE PRIZE.

Such are the prizes which the just man receives from the gods. What do they receive from men? Do not cunning and unjust men do the same thing as those racers who run well at the beginning, but not so at the end? For at first they leap briskly; but at last they become ridiculous, and, having their ears on their neck, they run off without any reward. But such as are true racers, coming to the goal, they both receive the prize, and are crowned.

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

Having come to life again, he told what he had seen in his deathlike state. He said that when his soul was separated from his body it proceeded with many others, and reached a certain hallowed spot, where were two chasms in the earth close to each other, and the same number in the heavens above opposite to them. Between them sat the judges. After they had given sentence, they ordered the just to go to the right upwards to heaven, fastening marks on the foreheads of those whose fate they had decided; and the unjust went to the left downwards, having behind an account of all which they had done. That the judges, having approached him, said that he must be a messenger to men, to give an account of the things which he had seen there, ordering him to see and hear all things in the place. And that he saw there souls departing, after they had been judged, through two openings, one in the heaven, and one in the earth. And from the other two openings he saw from the one souls ascending from the earth, covered with filth and dirt; and through the other he saw souls descending pure from heaven. And ever and anon, as they arrived, they seemed to come off a long journey, and with pleasure went to rest in a meadow, as in a public assembly. Then acquaintances saluted each other; and those from the earth asked news from above, and those from heaven inquired what was going on below. They told one another; the one party partly wailing and weeping when they called to mind what and how many things they had suffered and seen in their journey under the earth, (now the journey was for a thousand years;) and, on the other hand, those from heaven related their enjoyments, and sights of wondrous beauty. It would be tedious, Glaucon, to relate them all. The sum of all he said was this: whatever unjust acts they had committed, and whomsoever they had injured, for all these they atoned separately, tenfold for each, and it was in each at the rate of one hundred years, (as the life of a man was considered to be so long,) so that they might suffer tenfold punishment for their unjust deeds; and if any one had been the cause of many deaths, either by betraying cities or camps, or enslaving men, or participating in any such wickedness, for all such things they should suffer tenfold pains; and if, on the other hand, they had bestowed benefits on any, having been just and holy, they should be rewarded according to their deserts.

NO MAN HATH SEEN GOD.

It is impossible to discover the Creator and Father of this universe, as well as His work, and when discovered to reveal Him to mankind at large.

GOD CREATED MAN AFTER HIS OWN IMAGE.

When the Creator, the Father of all things, saw that this created image of the everlasting gods had both motion and life, He pronounced it to be good; and, being delighted with the workmanship of His own hands, He proceeded to consider how He might make it still more to resemble its prototype.

THE NOBLEST VICTORY IS TO CONQUER ONESELF.

For a man to conquer himself is the first and noblest of all victories, whereas to be vanquished by himself is the baseest and most shameful of all things. For such expressions show that there is a war in each of us against ourselves

PASSIONS OF MAN.

Let us think of these things in this way: let us imagine that each of us is a kind of animal, the wonder of the gods, either their plaything or made for some special purpose; for as to this we know nothing, but this we do know, that these passions are part of our nature, pulling us like nerves or ropes and influencing us differently, drag us to contrary points, where virtue and vice sit apart from each other. For reason says that each person ought always to follow one of these pullings and never abandoning it, be drawn in the opposite direction by the other nerves, and that this is the golden and sacred leading of the reasoning power, which is called the common law of the state. Whereas the other pullings are hard and iron-like, while this is soft as being golden and uniform, but that the rest are like to every variety of form.

MAN TWICE A CHILD.

Not only, as it seems, is the old man twice a child, but also the man who is drunk.

WISDOM AND TRUE OPINIONS.

But as to wisdom and true opinions which are firmly held, happy the man, who can retain them to his latest day; while he is perfect, who possesses these and all the good things that are contained in them.

Cicero (De Fin. v. 21) says: "Præclare enim Plato, Beatum, cui etiam in senectute contigerit, ut sapientiam verasque opiniones assequi possit."

HOLIDAYS APPOINTED FOR MAN BY THE GODS.

The gods, feeling pity for the hard-worked race of men, have ordained, as a relaxation from their toils, that they should enjoy the returns of feasts in honor of the gods.

DANCING.

Are not, then, the young amongst us ready to dance? And as to the old of us, do we not think that we act properly in enjoying the sight, while

we hail with delight their fun and merry-making after our activity has left us? Regretting this, and recollecting our fondness for such amusements, we establish games for those who are able in the highest degree to recall to our recollection the joyous days of our youth.

USE AND ABUSE OF WINE.

Shall we not, then, lay down a law, in the first place, that boys shall abstain altogether from wine till their eighteenth year, thereby teaching that it is wrong to add fire to fire, as through a funnel, pouring it into their body and soul before they proceed to the labors of life, thus exercising a caution as to the maddening habits of youth; afterwards to taste, indeed, wine in moderation till thirty years of age, the young abstaining altogether from intoxication and excess in wine, whereas in reaching forty years of age, man may indulge freely in banquetings, call upon the other gods, and especially invite Dionysos to the mystic rites and sports of old men, for which he kindly bestowed wine upon men, as a remedy against the moroseness of old age, so that through this we might grow young again and that by a forgetfulness of heart-sinking, the habit of the soul might become soft instead of being hard, exactly as iron becomes, when placed in the fire and moulded thus more easily?

A SOLITUDE INFINITELY TERRIBLE.

Let us, then, assert, that, when that destruction (the deluge) came upon the earth, the affairs of man had a solitude infinitely terrible.

Cowper thus refers to the horrors of solitude, when he feigns Alexander Selkirk to say:—

"O solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better live in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place."

HALF MORE THAN WHOLE.

Were they not, then, ignorant that Hesiod said, with great propriety, that "the half is often more than the whole?" For when to receive the whole brings us harm, while the half is a mark of moderation, then the smaller is of more value than what is immoderate, as it is better than the worse.

NO MAN IS EVER A LEGISLATOR.

I was on the point of saying that no man is ever a legislator; it is fortune and a variety of accidents, that fall out in many ways, that are our legislators in everything. For it may be a war that has by violence overturned the constitution and changed the laws of the state, or overwhelming poverty from want of means in the citizens. Many innovations too are brought about by diseases, when pestilences come upon states, and unfavorable seasons for a succession of years.

GOD, JUSTICE, AND THE WICKED.

Ye men, God, as the old proverb goes, having in His own being the beginning, end, and middle of all things, brings them to a just conclusion, proceeding, according to nature, in a circle. Justice

always follows at his heels, as the punisher of those who have swerved from the Divine law; and close upon her is the man who wishes to be happy, with downcast looks and well-ordered thoughts; whereas if there be one who is puffed up with overweening conceit, or proud on account of his riches or honors, or the beauty of his person, or who, it may be, is, through the thoughtless giddiness of youth, inflamed with insolence, thinking himself in need neither of ruler nor leader, but rather imagining himself fit to point out the right way to others, such a one is abandoned by the Deity to his own foolish devices. Being thus left, and joining himself to others of the same silly nature, he swaggers, throwing everything into confusion—appearing to the vulgar to be somebody, when, in fact, he is a nobody.

So Revelations (I. 8)—"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord." See James iv. 6; 1 Peter v. 5.

THE UNHOLY.

For the wicked man is tainted in his soul, while the man of an opposite character is pure. To receive gifts from the impure is unjustifiable either in God or man. There is much vain labor to the impious in regard to the gods, but to all the pious it is quite right. Such, then, is the mark at which we ought to aim. Whither, then, can be most directly carried, what are called the arrows of a man, and what is the shooting out by thought, as it were by arrows.

So Cicero (De Leg. ii. 16) says—"Donis impiis ne placere audeant deos, Platonem audiant, qui vetat dubitare, quid sit mente futurus Deus, cum vir nemo bonus ab improbo se ponari velit."

PARENTS ALWAYS TO BE TREATED KINDLY.

Through the whole course of life it is right to hold, and to have held in a pre-eminent degree, the kindest language towards our parents, because there is the heaviest punishments for light and winged words, for Nemesis, the messenger of Justice, has been appointed to look after all men in such matters.

THE HUMAN RACE IS IMMORTAL.

The human race, then, is interlinked with all time, which follows, and will follow it to the end, being in this way immortal; inasmuch as leaving children's children, and being one and the same by generation, it partakes of immortality.

THE GREATEST PUNISHMENT FOR WICKEDNESS.

The greatest punishment for evil conduct is the becoming like to bad men.

So Proverbs (xiii. 6)—"Wickedness overthroweth the sinner."

LEAVE MODESTY RATHER THAN GOLD TO CHILDREN.

It is proper to leave modesty rather than gold to children.

THE TRUTHFUL.

Truth is the source of every good to gods and men. He who expects to be blessed and fortunate in this world should be a partaker of it from the earliest moment of his life, that he may live as long as possible a person of truth; for such a man is trustworthy. But that man is untrustworthy who loveth a lie in his heart; and if it be told involuntary, and in mere wantonness, he is a fool. In neither case can they be envied; for every knave and shallow dunce is without real friends. As time passes on to morose old-age, he becomes known, and has prepared for himself at the end of his life a dreary solitude; so that, whether his associates and children be alive or not, his life becomes nearly equally a state of isolation.

SELF-LOVE.

This is what men say, that every man is naturally a lover of himself, and that it is right that it should be so. This is a mistake; for, in fact, the cause of all the blunders committed by man arises from this excessive self-love. For the lover is blinded by the object loved; so that he passes a wrong judgment on what is just, good, and beautiful, thinking that he ought always to honor what belongs to himself in preference to truth. For he who intends to be a great man ought to love neither himself nor his own things, but only what is just, whether it happens to be done by himself, or by another.

So! Timothy (vi. 10).—"The love of money is the root of all evil."

"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE BEFORE MEN."

For no greater good can be conferred on a state than that men should be intimate and well acquainted with each other's character. Since, where a light is not reflected from their good works in the face of each other, but where a moral darkness is around them, there we are sure to find that no one receives properly the honor due to his worth. It is meet, then, that every man should exert himself never to appear to any one to be of base metal, but always artless and true.

EVEN THE GODS CANNOT USE FORCE AGAINST NECESSITY.

Even God is said to be unable to use force against necessity.

THE BEGINNING IS THE HALF OF THE WHOLE.

For according to the proverb, the beginning is half of the whole, and we all praise a good beginning.

A MAN MUST HAVE BEEN A SERVANT TO BECOME A GOOD MASTER.

It is proper for every one to consider, in the case of all men, that he who has not been a servant cannot become a praiseworthy master; and it is meet that we should plume ourselves rather on acting the part of a servant properly than that of the master, first, towards the laws (for in this way we are servants of the gods), and next, towards our elders.

IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION.

Now man, we say, is a tame, domesticated animal; for when he receives a proper education, and happens to possess a good natural disposition, he usually becomes an animal most divine and tame; but when he is not sufficiently nor properly trained, he is the most savage animal on the face of the earth. On this account a legislator ought to regard education neither as a secondary object, nor yet as a by-work.

EDUCATION OUGHT TO BE COMPULSORY.

Not only the boy who comes to school at the will of his father, but he, too, who neglects his education from the fault of his father, as the saying is, every man and boy must be compelled to learn according to his ability, as they belong to the state rather than their parents.

A BOY DIFFICULT TO MANAGE.

Now a boy is, of all wild beasts, the most difficult to manage; for, in proportion as he has the fountain of his mental faculties not yet properly prepared, he becomes cunning and sharp, and the most insolent of wild beasts; wherefore he must be bound, as it were, with many chains.

MUCH LEARNING BRINGS DANGER TO YOUTH.

Much learning, in my opinion, brings danger to youth. (This was the doctrine of Heracleitus.)

GREAT LEARNING WITH AN IMPROPER TRAINING IS A CALAMITY.

For ignorance of all things is an evil neither terrible nor excessive, nor yet the greatest of all; but great cleverness and much learning, if they be accompanied by a bad training, is a much greater misfortune.

FISHERS OF MEN.

May no desire ever seize you to catch men at sea, nor to rob them, making you cruel and lawless hunters.

TIME IS MONEY.

One cause is that the love of money makes time without leisure for other things except the accumulation of private property, on which the soul of every citizen is hanging, and thus it can have no thought for anything but daily pecuniary gain.

A PROOF THAT THERE IS A GOD.

In the first place, the earth, sun, and stars—all these, and the beautiful arrangement of the seasons, divided into years and months, prove that there is a God. Besides, both Greeks and barbarians believe that there are supreme beings.

NO ONE HAS EVER DIED AN ATHEIST.

My child, thou art young; but time, as it proceeds, will cause thee to change many of those opinions which thou now supportest, and induce thee to entertain the very opposite. Wait, then, till that time, that thou mayest be able properly to judge of matters of such great importance. Now, that which is of the highest moment, though

thou thinkest it of no consequence at present. is that thou shouldst have correct notions of the gods, and thereby be able to direct thy course of life in a proper way. If I point out to thee, in the first place, one thing of the highest importance, I shall not appear to be telling a falsehood. Thou and thy friends are not the only parties, nor the first, who have maintained this opinion of the non-existence of the gods; for there have always been a larger or smaller number who have been laboring under this same disease. This, therefore, I shall tell thee respecting them, as I have had frequent intercourse with many of them, that not one ever, who has held such an opinion respecting the gods, has continued to old age to maintain it.

THE PROSPERITY OF THE WICKED LEADS TO DOUBTS OF THE JUSTICE OF GOD.

But the prosperity of wicked and unjust men, both in public and in private life, who, though not leading a happy life in reality, are yet thought to do so in common opinion, being praised improperly in the works of poets, and all kinds of books, may lead thee—and I am not surprised at thy mistake—to a belief that the gods care nothing for the affairs of men. These matters disturb thee. Being led astray by foolish thoughts, and yet not being able to think ill of the gods, thou hast arrived at thy present state of mind, so as to think that the gods do indeed exist, but that they despise and neglect human affairs.

WHERE YOUR HEART IS, THERE WILL BE YOUR TREASURE.

For whatever a man's desire is, and whatsoever he may be as to his soul, such every one becomes in a great measure.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

But never must thou, nor any other, pray, having become unfortunate, to be superior to this judgment of the gods. For thou wilt never be neglected by it, not even though thou wert so small as to sink into the depths of the earth, nor so lofty as to ascend up into heaven; but thou wilt suffer from them the proper punishment, whether thou remainest here, or go to Hades, or be carried to some place still more wild than these.

LET NO ONE SPEAK EVIL OF HIS NEIGHBOR.
Let no one speak evil of another.

LET THERE BE NO BEGGAR.
Let there be no beggar in the state.

THE WICKED AND THE GOOD.

The wicked generally take pleasure in false pleasures, but the good in the true: in the souls of men there are false pleasures, mimicking, however, in a very laughable way the true.

So John (viii. 44)—"The devil is a liar and the father of it."

MATERIALISM.

Some of them draw down to earth all things from heaven and the unseen world, laying hold of them foolishly as if they were stones and oaks.

For touching all such things as these they strenuously maintain that that alone exists, which affords impact and touch, defining body and existence to be the same.

TO FALL IN BATTLE IS HONORABLE.

And truly, Menexenus, it appears, on many accounts, to be an honorable thing to fall on the field of battle.

POWER OF ORATORY.

So strongly does the speech and the tone of the orator ring in my ears that scarcely, in the third or fourth day, do I recollect myself, and perceive where on the earth I am; and, for awhile, I am willing to believe myself living in the Isles of the Blessed.

Milton, in *Comus*, says:—

"Who, as they say, would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium."

TO LIVE WITH DISHONOR RENDERS LIFE TO BE NO LIFE.

Considering that to him who disgraces his family life is no life, and that to such a person there is no one, of gods or of men, a friend, neither while living upon earth, nor when dead under the earth.

THE COWARD AND THE KNAVE.

Riches bring no honor to him who possesses it, if there is a want of manly character; for such a one is rich for another, and not for himself. Nor do beauty of person and strength of body, if they be united with cowardice and knavery, appear becoming, but the very opposite, making the possessor to be only more conspicuous, and to show forth his want of courage.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

Being well satisfied that, for a man who thinks himself to be somebody, there is nothing more disgraceful than to hold himself up as honored, not on his own account, but for the sake of his forefathers, yet hereditary honors are a noble and splendid treasure to descendants.

DEPEND ON THYSELF.

For the man who makes everything that leads to happiness, or near to it, to depend upon himself, and not upon other men, on whose good or evil actions his own doings are compelled to hinge,—such a one, I say, has adopted the very best plan for living happily. This is the man of moderation; this is the man of a manly character, and of wisdom.

NOT WHAT A MAN WISHES, BUT WHAT HE CAN.

It is not what a man wishes, as men say, speaking proverbially, but what he can.

ORIGINAL BAD HABITS NOT TO BE GOT RID OF.

My good friend, thou must not look to Midias, the quail-feeder, and others of that kidney, who affect to manage the affairs of the state, though

they still have, as the women would say, the slave-cut of hair in their souls, from want of a gentlemanlike education; not yet having got rid of it, but still acting the part of barbarians, they have come to cajole and fawn upon the city, and not to rule it.

NOBLE NATURES ARE SPRUNG FROM THE NOBLE.

Whether or not is it probable that the nobler natures are sprung from noble races?

KIND OF PRAYER TO BE OFFERED TO GOD.

He says that we ought to pray thus: O Jupiter, our king, grant to us whatever is good, whether we pray for it or not; but avert what is evil, even though we offer our prayers to obtain it.

Shakespeare ("Anthony and Cleopatra," act II., sc. 1) says:—

"We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers."

Merrick (a Hymn No. cccxxv. in the Rev. W. Mercer's Church Psalter) says:—

"The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny."

JACK OF ALL TRADES AND MASTER OF NONE.

Which he expresses, while he is bringing a charge against some one that—

"Trades many knew he; but knew badly all."

GOD NOT TO BE GAINED OVER BY GIFTS.

For the Divine Nature, in my opinion, is not such as can be gained over by gifts, like a knavish usurer.

GOD FROM ALL ETERNITY.

A beginning is uncreate: for everything that is created must necessarily be created from a beginning, but a beginning itself from nothing whatever.

WHAT WE SHOULD PRAY FOR.

O beloved Pan, and ye other gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever outward things I may have may be at peace with these within. May I think the wise man to be rich, and may I have as much wealth as a wise man can employ usefully and prudently. Do we need anything else, Phædrus? For myself I have prayed enough.

So Proverbs (xxx. 7)—"Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die: Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: Lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

DIVINE NATURE OF EDUCATION.

For there is nothing of a more divine nature about which a man can consult than about the training of himself, and those who belong to him.

THE EDUCATION OF A SON.

For I know not anything about which a man of sense ought to feel more anxious than how his son may become the very best of men.

ONLY A FEW BLESSED AND HAPPY.

It is not possible for men to be perfectly blessed and happy, except a few.

So Matthew (vil. 14)—"Straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

PIETY TO THE GODS.

Let no one ever attempt to persuade us that there is any part of virtue belonging to the race of men greater than piety to the gods.

So Genesis (iv. 7)—"If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door;" and 1 Timothy (iv. 8)—"Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

DANGER OF EXCESSIVE LOVE OF FREEDOM.

To those who are pursuing after free institutions, and flying from a servile yoke as an evil, I would take the liberty of giving this advice, that they be on their guard lest, from an immoderate love of ill-timed liberty, they fall into the disease with which their ancestors were afflicted, from excessive anarchy, abusing their measureless love of freedom.

SLAVERY AND FREEDOM.

For slavery and freedom, if immoderate, are each of them an evil; if moderate, they are altogether a good. Moderate is the slavery to a god; but immoderate, to men. God is a law to the men of sense; but pleasure is a law to a fool.

FATHERLAND.

But then you ought to consider that each of us is born not for himself only, but our country claims one part, our parents another, and our friends the remainder.

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy is a longing after heavenly wisdom.

So Psalms (xlii. 2)—"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?"—and Isaiah (lv. 6)—"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near."

WE SHOULD STRIVE AFTER GOD.

By nature God is worthy of every pains to be acquainted with.

So Colossians (iii. 2)—"Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."

PLUTARCH.

BORN ABOUT A.D. 50—DIED ABOUT A.D. 120.

PLUTARCH, one of the most celebrated writers of antiquity, was born at Chæroneia, in Bœotia. He was studying philosophy under Ammonius, at Delphi, at the time Nero was travelling through Greece, A.D. 68. His family was of distinction in his native place; and he was employed by his fellow-citizens to transact some public business for them at Rome, though it was late in life before he busied himself with Roman literature. He was

lecturing at Rome in the reign of Domitian; but he spent the most of his life in his native city, where he discharged various magisterial offices, and had a priesthood. The work for which he is most distinguished is his "Parallel Lives of Forty-six Greeks and Romans."

VILLAINS.

When men avail themselves of the assistance of villains, they regard them with the same feelings as they do venomous creatures which they employ for their poison and gall. For, while they make use of them, they show affection; but, when their purpose is accomplished, they detest their rascality.

THE PURE AND THE CARNAL-MINDED.

For, in the language of Heracleitus, the virtuous soul is pure and unmixed light, springing from the body as a flash of lightning darts from the cloud. But the soul that is carnal and immersed in sense, like a heavy and dank vapor, can with difficulty be kindled, and caused to raise its eyes heavenward.

So Romans (viii. 7).—"Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

THE DUTY OF A PRINCE.

For it is the highest duty of a prince to maintain the government in its proper form; and this may be accomplished not less by abstaining from grasping into his hands powers that do not belong to him, than by maintaining the authority which is his own. Now he who surrenders his authority, and he who grasps a greater power, does not continue a king or prince; but degenerating either into a demagogue or tyrant, causes his subjects to hate or despise him.

ADVANTAGES OF A HOUSE OF PEERS.

For the constitution of the state before this time had been fluctuating, and inclining sometimes to despotism and sometimes to a pure democracy; but the formation of a senate, an intermediate body, like ballast, gave it a just balance, and permanence to its institutions. For the twenty-eight senators supported the kings when the people made encroachments on their authority, and again sustained the just power of the commons when the kings attempted to make themselves absolute.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD PRINCIPLES BEING INSTILLED INTO A PEOPLE.

Lycurgus thought that what tended most to secure the happiness and virtue of a people was the interweaving of right principles with their habits and training. These remained firm and steadfast when they were the result of the bent of the disposition, a tie stronger even than necessity; and the habits instilled by education into youth would answer in each the purpose of a law-giver.

OBEDIENCE OF A PEOPLE.

For it is certain that people will not continue obedient to those who know not how to command; while it is the duty of a good governor to teach obedience. He who knows how to show the way well, is sure to be well-followed; and as it is by a knowledge of the act of horsemanship that a horse is rendered gentle and manageable, so it is by the skill and abilities of him who sits on the throne that the people become submissive and obedient.

GLORY ATTENDS ON THE NOBLE AFTER DEATH.

Glory attends on the just and noble. It increases after death; for envy does not long survive them, and sometimes has disappeared before their death.

WRITTEN LAWS BROKEN LIKE SPIDERS' WEBS.

When Anacharsis heard what Solon was doing, he laughed at the folly of thinking that he could restrain the unjust proceedings and avarice of his citizens by written laws, which, he said, resembled in every way spiders' webs, and would, like them, catch and hold only the poor and weak, while the rich and powerful would easily break through them.

ABSOLUTE MONARCHY.

Absolute monarchy is a fair field, but has no outlet.

NO ONE TO BE PRONOUNCED HAPPY BEFORE DEATH.

There are many and various events in the life of man that do not allow him to pride himself on present prosperity, nor to be fascinated by that happiness which is so subject to change: for futurity carries in its hidden bosom many vicissitudes for man. The man who is blessed by heaven, to the last moment of his life is pronounced by us to be happy; but the happiness of him who still lives, and is engaged in the conflicts of life, is uncertain and precarious, like that of the combatant ere the crown of victory is determined.

MAN'S DISCOURSE LIKE A PIECE OF TAPESTRY.

Themistocles replied, "That the conversation of a man resembled a piece of embroidered tapestry which, when spread out, showed its figures, but, when it is folded up, they are hidden and lost; wherefore he requested time for consideration."

WAR HAS ITS LAWS OF HONOR.

War at best is a savage thing, and wades to its object through a sea of violence and injustice; yet there are certain laws connected with it to which men of honor will adhere. Nor must we be so bent upon victory as to try to gain it by acts of villany and baseness; for a great general ought to make use of his own skill and bravery, and not depend on the knavery of others.

THAT THE WEAK MUST OBEY THE STRONG, IS A LAW OF NATURE.

Following the most ancient law of nature, which makes the weak obey the strong, beginning from God and ending with the irrational part of creation. For these are taught by nature to use the advantages which their strength gives them over the weak.

CHARMED WITH THE WORK, WE DESPISE THE WORKMAN.

Often while we are delighted with the work, we regard the workman with contempt. Thus we are pleased with perfumes and purple, while dyers and perfumers are considered by us as low, vulgar mechanics.

THE BEAUTY OF GOODNESS.

For the beauty of goodness possesses a power of attraction, exciting in us a desire that our latter end may be the same as that of the righteous; it exercises an influence over us not merely when the living example is before our eyes, but even the mere description of it is beneficial to our minds.

So Numbers (xxiii. 10)—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

ANY WORK OF IMPORTANCE REQUIRES TIME AND LABOR.

For ease and quickness of execution are not fitted to give those enduring qualities that are necessary in a work for all time; while, on the other hand, the time that is laid out on labor is amply repaid in the permanence it gives to the performance.

THE SPECULATIVE AND PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

In my opinion there is an essential distinction between the speculative and practical philosophers; for while the former gives his thoughts to scientific and metaphysical subjects without reference to what is material, the latter devotes the noble qualities of his mind to the improvement of mankind, and to attain this object he finds riches not only an excellent assistant, but really necessary.

TO ERR IS HUMAN.

Fellow-soldiers, to commit no blunders in the execution of mighty transactions, is beyond the power of man; but the wise and good learn from their errors and indiscretion wisdom for the future.

GOD LOVES A CHEERFUL GIVER.

The worship most acceptable to God comes from a cheerful and thankful heart.

So 2 Corinthians (ix. 7)—"For God loveth a cheerful giver."

BOW THE MINDS OF MEN OUGHT TO BE SOFTENED.

For he thought it shameful that, while those who breed horses and dogs subdue their stubborn tempers, and bring into subjection their fierce spirits, by watchfulness, kind treatment, and good feeding, rather than by whipping and confinement, he who has the command of men should

not depend chiefly on gentleness and kindness in amending their faults, acting, in fact, in a more stringent and harsh manner than even gardeners do to wild fig-trees, wild pears and olives, whose nature they change and soften by cultivation, thereby obtaining excellent and agreeable fruit.

ADVANTAGES OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Men derive no greater advantage from a liberal education than that it tends to soften and polish their nature, by improving their reasoning faculties and training their habits, thus producing an evenness of temper and banishing all extremes.

A PEOPLE RUINED BY INDULGENCE.

It was a shrewd saying, whoever said it, "That the man who first brought ruin on the Roman people was he who pampered them by largesses and amusements."

THE ANGRY MAN.

Hence the angry man is full of activity, in the same way as the man in a fever is hot, the mind glowing, and being in a high state of excitement.

THE ANGRY MAN INSISTS ON THE GRATIFICATION OF HIS DESIRES BY THE SACRIFICE OF HIS LIFE.

Heracleitus says—

"Stern wrath, how strong thy sway! Though life's the forfeit,
Thy purpose must be gained."

MEN NEGLECTFUL OF RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

Being aware that man's attention to religious worship is only to be attained by a kind of violence and compulsion.

THE ASSISTANCE OF GOD TO MAN IS A MORAL INFLUENCE, NOT DESTROYING FREE-WILL.

In surprising and startling actions, where the supernatural and the assistance of the Divinity may be required, Homer does not introduce the Supreme Being as taking away the freedom of the will, but merely as influencing it. The Divine Power is not represented as causing the resolution, but only thoughts and ideas which naturally lead to the resolution. In this way the act cannot be called altogether involuntary, since God is the moving cause to the voluntary, and thus gives confidence and good hope. For we must either banish entirely the Supreme Being from all causality and influence over our actions, or what other way is there in which He can assist and co-operate with men? for it is impossible to suppose that He fashions our corporeal organs, or directs the motions of our hands and feet, to accomplish what He intends; but it is by suggesting certain motives, and predisposing the mind, that He excites the active powers of the will, or restrains them.

MIRACULOUS APPEARANCES NOT ALTOGETHER TO BE REJECTED.

Indeed, we shall not deny that sweating statues and weeping images, and some even emitting drops of blood, may have existed; for wood and stone often contract a mouldiness and mildew that gives

out moisture, not only exhibiting many different colors themselves, but receiving a variety of tints from the circumambient air. Yet, with all this, there is no reason why the Supreme Being should not avail Himself of these signs to predict future events. It is also very possible that a sound resembling a sigh or a groan might come from a statue by the disruption or violent separation of some of the interior parts; but it is quite beyond the bounds of possibility to imagine that an inanimate thing can give forth an articulate voice or a clear, full, and perfect expression. As for those persons who are possessed with such a strong sense of religion that they cannot reject anything of this kind, they found their faith on the wonderful and incomprehensible power of God, for there is no kind of resemblance between Him and a human being, either in His nature, His wisdom, His power, or His operations. If, therefore, He performs something which we cannot effect, or executes what with us is impossible, there is nothing in this contradictory to reason, since, though He far excels us in everything, yet the dissimilitude and distance between Him and us appears most of all in the works that He was wrought.

INSULT WORSE TO BEAR THAN WRONG.

¶ Thus the greater proportion of mankind are more sensitive to contemptuous language than unjust acts; for they can less easily bear insult than wrong.

RELIGION.

There are some philosophers, who define religion to be the science of worshipping the gods.

NO ONE VERY WICKED AT ONCE.

For no one ever began his attempts to shake a government by an enormous crime; but those who wink at small offences are withdrawing their attention from weightier matters.

So Psalms (lxi. 27)—“Add iniquity unto their iniquity.”

INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER IN MARRIED LIFE.

For, in general, women are divorced for glaring and notable faults; yet sometimes, also, a peevish disposition, an uncomplying temper, small but constant bickerings, though unknown to the world, cause incurable distastes in married life.

THE MINGLED LOT OF HUMAN LIFE.

But perhaps there is some superior Being, whose business it is to throw a shade over every noble and eminent action, and to make such a mingled yarn of good and ill together in our life, that it may never be entirely free from calamity; but those, as Homer says, may consider themselves happy to whom fortune gives an equal share of good and evil.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRUE BRAVERY AND A DISREGARD OF LIFE.

Cato the elder, when somebody was praising a man for his foolhardy bravery, said “that there was an essential difference between a really brave man and one who had merely a contempt for life.”

THE STRONG OUGHT TO GOVERN THE WEAK.

The first and supreme law, that of nature herself, is for those who wish to be protected to assume as governor him who is most able to protect.

THE CONSOLATION OF ENVY.

It is the usual consolation of the envious, if they cannot maintain their superiority, to represent those by whom they are surpassed as inferior to some one else.

REVERENCE OF GODS BRINGS BLESSING.

By the Romans the success of everything was ascribed to the gods, nor did they permit even in their greatest prosperity any neglect of the forms of divination and other sacred usages, regarding it as of much greater importance for the preservation of the state that their generals should show respect to the gods than that they should be victorious over their enemies.

So Sirach (i. 18)—“Whoso feareth the Lord, it shall go well with him at the last, and he shall find favor in the day of his death.”

WHY MEN REVERENCE GOD.

Men admire the gods, and think them happy, because of their freedom from death and corruption.

So Daniel (iv. 34)—“I blessed the Most High, and I praised and honored Him that liveth forever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and His kingdom is from generation to generation.”

WHAT ONE DOES NOT NEED IS DEAR AT A PENNY.

He regarded nothing to be cheap that was superfluous, for what one does not need is dear at a penny; and it was better to possess fields, where the plough goes and cattle feed, than fine gardens that require much watering and sweeping.

GOODNESS AND JUSTICE.

But goodness has a wider range than justice; for we are bound by nature to observe the dictates of law and equity in our dealings with men, while the feelings of kindness and benevolence overflow, as from a gushing fountain, from the breast of the tender-hearted to creatures of every species.

KINDNESS SHOULD BE SHOWN TO EVERY LIVING CREATURE.

For we should certainly not treat living creatures as old shoes or household goods, which, if they are worn out by long use, we cast away as useless; and if it were for no other reason than to cultivate a kind and loving disposition to mankind, we should be merciful to other creatures. For my own part, I should never think of selling an old ox which had labored in my service, much less would I be willing to remove an old slave, who had grown gray in my service, from his accustomed dwelling and diet; for to him, poor man! it would be as bad as banishment, being of as little use to the buyer as to the seller.

THE BELLY HAS NO EARS.

It is difficult to speak to the belly, because it has no ears.

STRIKING A WIFE.

He used to say that the man who struck his wife or his son laid hands on what was most sacred.

So Ephesians (v. 33)—“Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband.”

WHEN POVERTY IS DISHONORABLE.

For poverty is not dishonorable in itself, but only when it arises from idleness, intemperance, extravagance, and folly.

JUSTICE VERY UNCOMMON.

Among men, valor and prudence are seldom met with, and of all human excellences justice is still more uncommon.

So Genesis (xvii. 33)—“And Abraham said, Peradventure ten shall be found there. And the Lord said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake.”

FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.

For he considered that novelty causes the imagination to add much to objects of terror, while things really fearful lose their effect by familiarity.

GOOD AND EVIL ACTIONS.

To do an evil action is base; to do a good action, without incurring danger, is common enough; but it is the part of a good man to do great and noble deeds, though he risks everything.

CUSTOMS DEPENDING ON NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

But it is evident that customs, which depend on national institutions, must more speedily make an impression on the habits and lives of the mass of a community, than the profligacy and vices of individuals have the power of corrupting a whole nation. For when the whole is diseased, the parts cannot escape; whereas, if the disorder is only in some particular part, it may be amended by those who have not yet caught the infection.

HOW FAR A PAINTER OUGHT TO REPRESENT BLEMISHES.

For as in the case of painters who have undertaken to give us a beautiful and graceful figure, which may have some slight blemishes, we do not wish them to pass over such blemishes altogether, nor yet to mark them too prominently. The one would spoil the beauty, and the other destroy the likeness of the picture.

RESULTS OF PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

For there is nothing more difficult to direct than a man on whom fortune smiles; nothing more easily managed, when the clouds of adversity overwhelm him.

WORD-CATCHERS.

For my own part, I cannot help saying that I think all envy and jealousy respecting the style of expression which others employ betrays littleness

of mind, and is the characteristic of a sophist; and when a spirit of envy leads a man to try to rival what is inimitable, it is perfectly ridiculous.

PEACE AND WAR.

They recollect with pleasure the saying, “That it was not the sound of the trumpet, but the crowing of the cock, that awoke sleepers in time of peace.”

LOVE OF BRICK AND MORTAR.

He used to say, “That those who were fond of building would soon ruin themselves without the assistance of enemies.”

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

For we observe that political economy, when it refers merely to inanimate objects, is employed for the paltry purposes of gain; but when it treats of human beings, it rises to a higher branch of the laws of nature.

BETTER TO ERR ON THE SIDE OF RELIGION, BY ADHERING TO RECEIVED OPINIONS.

It is more fitting to err on the side of religion, from a regard to ancient and received opinions, than to err through obstinacy and presumption.

RECURRENCE OF THE SAME EVENTS.

It is not at all surprising that Fortune, being ever changeable, should, in the course of numberless ages, often hit on events perfectly similar. For if there be no limit to the number of events that happen, Fortune can have no difficulty in furnishing herself with parallels in this abundance of matter; whereas, if their number be limited, there must necessarily be a return of the same occurrences when the whole cycle has been gone through.

TRUE HONOR.

True honor leaves no room for hesitation and doubt.

TIME DESTROYS THE STRONGEST THING.

In fact, perseverance is all-powerful; by it time, in its advances, undermines and is able to destroy the strongest things on earth; being the best friend and ally to those who use properly the opportunities that it presents, and the worst enemy to those who are rushing into action before it summons them.

DIFFERENT CONDUCT OF MEN IN PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

Prosperity inspires an elevation of mind even in the mean-spirited, so that they show a certain degree of high-mindedness and chivalry in the lofty position in which fortune has placed them; but the man who possesses real fortitude and magnanimity will show it by the dignity of his behavior under losses, and in the most adverse fortune.

MAN NEITHER SAVAGE NOR UNSOCIAL BY NATURE.

Being convinced that man is neither by birth nor by disposition a savage, nor of unsocial habits, but only becomes so by indulging in vices contrary to his nature; yet even in this case, he may be improved by change of abode, and by a different mode of life, as beasts, that are naturally wild, lay aside their fury when they have been properly trained.

THE NOBLE MINDED ADDS DIGNITY TO EVERY ACT.

The generous mind adds dignity
To every act, and nothing misbecomes it.

DEAD MEN DO NOT BITE.

Dead men do not bite.

A STRAW SHOWS HOW THE WIND SETS.

Nor is it always in the most distinguished actions that a man's worth or malicious temper may be most easily discovered; but very often an action of small note, a short expression, or a jest, shall point out a man's real character more clearly than the greatest sieges or the most important battles.

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION.

So true it is that, though disbelief in religion and contempt of things divine be a great evil, yet superstition is a still greater.

THE GOOD MAN IN ADVERSITY.

When the good and upright are depressed by Fortune, the only real power she exercises over them is that she brings unjust aspersions and slanders upon their character, instead of the honor and esteem in which they ought to be held; and in this way she diminishes the trust which the world ought to have in their virtue.

A PEOPLE IN ADVERSE CIRCUMSTANCES.

It is believed by some that when the affairs of a state are prosperous, the people, elated by their power and success, treat good ministers with the greater insolence; but this is a mistake. For misfortunes always irritate their tempers and annoy them; they take fire at trifles, and cannot bear to hear the smallest reproach. He who reproves their faults seems to make them the cause of their own misfortunes, and spirited language is regarded as an insult. And as honey causes wounds and ulcerated sores to smart, so it often happens that expostulation, however full of sense and truth it may be, provokes and alienates those in distress, unless gentleness and tact be shown in its application.

A PEOPLE IN ADVERSITY.

An eye in a state of inflammation avoids all bright and glaring colors, and loves to rest on what is dark and shady. In the same way a state, when fortune frowns, becomes timid and fearful, not being able to bear the voice of truth, though it is, above all things, necessary and salutary. Wherefore, it is no easy task to govern such a people; for, if the man who tells them the truth falls the first victim, he who flatters them at last perishes with them.

THE WORD OF THE GOOD IS WEIGHTY.

Since a mere word or a simple nod from the good and virtuous possesses more weight than the prepared speeches of other men.

DIFFERENT CHARACTERS IN THE SAME MAN.

It is indeed difficult, but, I believe, not impossible, for the same man to be rough and gentle, as some wines are both sweet and sour; and then again, some men, who have all the appearance of a gentle and kind manner, are worrying and unbearable by those who have to do with them.

WHAT IS GAINED WITH LABOR IS KEPT LONGEST.

It is usually the case that those who have sharp and ready wits possess weak memories, while that which is acquired with labor and perseverance is always retained longest; for every hard-gained acquisition of knowledge is a sort of anealing upon the mind.

A MAN REQUIRES TO BE BELOVED AS WELL AS ESTEEMED IF HE IS TO HAVE INFLUENCE OVER OTHERS.

There is no real desire to imitate virtue, except the person who sets the example be beloved as well as esteemed. Those who praise the good without loving them, only pay respect to their name, admiring their virtuous life without caring to follow their example.

THE HONEST STATESMAN.

The honest and upright statesman pays no regard to the popular voice except with this view, that the confidence it procures him may facilitate his designs, and crown them with success.

THE BEST NOT WITHOUT IMPERFECTIONS.

Pitying the weakness of human nature, which, not even in dispositions that are best formed to virtue, can produce excellence without some taint of imperfection.

MONEY THE SINEWS OF BUSINESS.

He who first called money the sinews of business seems more particularly to have had regard to the affairs of war.

CHARACTER OF WEAK MEN.

His weakness increased his timidity, as is common with men of weak understandings, and he began to place his safety in jealousy and suspicion.

THE SACRIFICE OF TIME.

Antiphon said that the sacrifice of time was the most costly of all sacrifices.

OUR FORTUNE DEPENDS ON OUR OWN EXERTIONS.

But virtue, like a strong and hardy plant, takes root in any place where it finds an ingenuous nature, and a mind that loves labor. Wherefore, if we do not reach that high position which we desire, we ought not to ascribe it to the obscurity of the place where we were born, but to our own little selves.

KNOW THYSELF.

But perhaps the precept "Know thyself" would not be considered divine, if every man could easily reduce it to practice.

NO BEAST MORE SAVAGE THAN MAN.

There is no beast more savage than man, when he is possessed of power equal to his passion.

POWER TESTS A MAN'S CHARACTER.

It is an observation no less just than common, that there is no stronger test of a man's real character than power and authority, exciting, as they do, every passion, and discovering every latent vice.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

His intention was to keep the democracy within bounds, which cannot be properly called a government, but, as Plato terms it, a warehouse of governments.

THE VAIN AND CONCEITED.

It is the admirer of himself, and not the admirer of virtue, that thinks himself superior to others.

CAUSE OF MISFORTUNES IN A FAMILY.

Unless the foundations of a family be properly prepared and laid, those who are sprung from it must necessarily be unfortunate.

THE EVIL DEEDS OF PARENTS WEIGH DOWN THE CHILDREN.

There is no one, however high-spirited he may be, that does not quail when he thinks of the evil deeds of his parents.

NATURE, LEARNING, AND TRAINING.

Nature without learning is like a blind man; learning without nature is like the maimed; practice without both these is incomplete. As in agriculture a good soil is first sought for, then a skilful husbandman, and then good seed; in the same way nature corresponds to the soil; the teacher to the husbandman; precepts and instruction to the seed.

MOTHERS OUGHT TO SUCKLE THEIR OWN CHILDREN.

In my opinion mothers ought to bring up and suckle their own children; for they bring them up with greater affection and with greater anxiety, as loving them from the heart, and, so to speak, every inch of them. But the love of a nurse is squalid and counterfeit, as loving them only for him.

TEACHERS MUST BE OF BLAMELESS LIVES.

Teachers ought to be sought who are of blameless lives, not liable to be found fault with, and distinguished for learning; for the source and root of a virtuous and honorable life is to be found in good training. And as husbandmen underprop plants, so good teachers, by their precepts and training, support the young, that their morals may spring up in a right and proper way.

THE EYE OF THE MASTER FATTENS THE HORSE.

In this place we may very properly insert the saying of the groom, who maintained that there was nothing which served to fatten a horse so much as the eye of its master.

TO FIND FAULT WITH A SPEECH IS EASY.

For to find fault with a speech is not difficult—nay, it is very easy; but to put anything better in its place is a work of great labor.

THE TALKATIVE.

The talkative listen to no one, for they are ever speaking. And the first evil that attends those who know not to be silent is, that they hear nothing.

MAN.

For man is a plant, not fixed in the earth, nor immovable, but heavenly, whose head, rising as it were from a root upwards, is turned towards heaven.

GOD.

I am all that was, is, and will be.

So Psalms (ciii. 37)—"But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

EVIL SPIRITS.

As among men so also among spirits there are differences of goodness.

ETERNAL FIRE.

Deep doors open towards hell, and rivers of fire are seen.

So Matthew (xxv. 41)—"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

WHO INJURES THEE?

It is not God that injures thee, but thyself.

So Deuteronomy (iv. 31)—"God will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee."

GOD IS ETERNAL.

"I am all that was, and is, and will be." This was an inscription on a temple at Sais.

So Revelation (i. 8)—"The Lord which is, and which was, and which is to come, the almighty."

GOD EVERYWHERE PRESENT.

He who fears the government of the gods as being gloomy and inexorable, whither will he go, whither will he flee? What land or what sea will he find without God? Into what part of the earth wilt thou descend and hide thyself, O unhappy wretch! where thou canst escape from God?

So Psalms (cxxxix. 7-10)—"Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

A THOUSAND YEARS AS ONE DAY.

To the gods the whole span of man's life is as nothing; the same as if a culprit is tortured or hung in the evening and not in the morning.

So Psalms (xc. 4)—"For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

THE RELEASE OF THE SOUL.

When the souls set free go to the unseen, invisible, unfelt, and pure region, God is their leader and king, as they depend upon him, looking on him without ever being satisfied, and striving after a beauty which cannot be expressed or described.

So Psalms (xxxvi. 9)—"In thy light shall we see light."

ONLY ONE GOD.

To the one Mind that arranges the whole universe, and one Providence set over all, and to the helping Powers that are ordained to all, different honors and names are given by different people through legal enactments.

So Psalms (xli. 10)—"I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth."

FALSE SWEARING.

He who deceives by an oath, acknowledges that he fears his enemy, but despises God.

So Matthew (v. 33)—"Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths."

REST FROM WORK.

In all kinds of attendance and of escorting the priests' heralds went before throughout the city, ordering men to keep the festival and to cease from work.

So Exodus (xxiii. 12)—"Six days shalt thou do thy work, and on the seventh thou shalt rest."

MEN ARE BAD THROUGH IGNORANCE OF WHAT IS GOOD.

Most men are wicked, because they have never known or tried the enjoyment of virtuous conduct.

So Ephesians (iv. 18)—"Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their hearts."

BAD MEN ARE SLAVES.

All bad men are slaves.

So John (viii. 34)—"Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin;" and 2 Corinthians (iii. 17)—"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

EVIL COUNSEL.

Evil counsel is swift in its march.

So Romans (xvi. 18)—"By good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple;" and Wisdom of Solomon (iv. 13)—"For the bewitching of naughtiness doth obscure things that are honest."

POLYBIUS.

BORN PROBABLY ABOUT B.C. 204—DIED B.C. 122.

POLYBIUS, a celebrated Greek historian, was the son of Lycortas, a native of Megalopolis, in Arcadia, who succeeded Philopœmen in the chief direction of the Achæan League. His character

was formed under the eye of Philopœmen; and at the funeral of that general he carried the urn which contained his ashes, B.C. 182. In the war which arose between the Romans and Perseus, king of Macedon, the opinion of Polybius and his father Lycortas was, that the Achæans should observe a strict neutrality; but they were overruled, and the Achæans were implicated in the ruin of Perseus. The Romans demanded a thousand of the principal citizens as hostages, and among these was Polybius, who was allowed to remain in Rome, where he resided for sixteen years, from B.C. 167 to B.C. 151. He became the intimate friend and instructor of Scipio the younger, at that time only eighteen years of age. At last, through the influence of Scipio and Cato, the Senate was prevailed upon to allow the Achæan exiles to return to their country. His principal work was entitled "General History," though it refers more particularly to a space of fifty-three years, from B.C. 220 to B.C. 168, from the commencement of the second Punic war, where the historian Timœus and Aratus of Sicyon had stopped, to the defeat of Perseus, king of Macedon, by the Romans.

KNOWLEDGE OF PAST EVENTS.

Since the knowledge of what has gone before affords the best instruction for the direction and guidance of human life.

HISTORY.

History furnishes the only proper discipline to educate and train the minds of those who wish to take part in public affairs; and the unfortunate events which it hands down for our instruction contain the wisest and most convincing lessons for enabling us to bear our own calamities with dignity and courage.

TRUTHFULNESS OF THE HISTORIAN.

It is right for a good man to love his friends and his country, and to hate the enemies of both. But when a man takes upon him to write history, he must throw aside all such feelings, and be prepared, on many occasions, to extol even an enemy when his conduct deserves applause; nor should he hesitate to censure his dearest and most esteemed friends, whenever their deeds call for condemnation. For as an animal, if it be deprived of sight, is wholly useless; so if we eliminate truth from history, what remains will be nothing but an idle tale. Now, if we pay a proper regard to truth, we shall not hesitate to stigmatize our friends on some occasions, and to praise our enemies; but it may even be necessary to commend and condemn the same persons, as different circumstances may require; since it is not to be supposed that those who are engaged in great transactions shall always be pursuing false or mistaken views; nor yet is it probable that their conduct can at all times be free from error. A historian, therefore, in all that he relates, should take care to be guided in his judgment by the genuine and real circumstances of every action, without reference to those who may have been engaged in it.

WISE COUNSEL IS BETTER THAN STRENGTH.

We may also remark, in this event, the truth of that saying of Euripides, "that one wise counsel is better than the strength of many."

TWO SOURCES FROM WHICH MAN MAY DERIVE ADVANTAGE.

For as there are only two sources from which any real advantage can be reaped—our own misfortunes, and those that have befallen others—and as the former of these, though it may be the more beneficial, is, at all events, more painful and annoying, it will always be the part of wisdom to prefer the latter, which will alone enable us at all times to perceive what is fit and useful without incurring hazard or anxiety. Hence may be seen the real value of history, which teaches us how we may direct our life, in every event that may happen, upon the truest and most approved models, without being exposed to the dangers and annoyances of other men.

IMPORTANT SERVICES EXCITE ILL-WILL.

Great and illustrious deeds are very apt to excite feelings of ill-will and spite, which, though a native of the country, if he be supported by a host of friends and relations, may perhaps be able to get the better of, yet foreigners generally sink under such attacks, and are ruined by them.

ART OF A GOOD GENERAL.

For the part of a consummate general is not only to see the way leading to victory, but also when he must give up all hopes of victory.

CHARACTER OF MERCENARIES.

The Carthaginians were in the habit of forming their armies of mercenaries drawn together from different countries; if they did so for the purpose of preventing conspiracies, and of making the soldiers more completely under the control of their generals, they may seem perhaps, in this respect, not to have acted foolishly, for troops of this sort cannot easily unite together in factious counsels. But when we take another view of the question, the wisdom of the proceeding may be doubted, if we consider the difficulty there is to instruct, soften, and subdue the minds of an army so brought together when rage has seized them, and when hatred and resentment have taken root among them, and sedition is actually begun. In such circumstances, they are no longer men, but beasts of prey. Their fury cannot be restricted within the ordinary bounds of human wickedness or violence, but breaks out into deeds the most terrible and monstrous that are to be found in nature.

CIVIL WAR.

Now were they thoroughly convinced that civil dimensions were much more to be dreaded than a war carried on in a foreign country against a foreign enemy.

SUNDS OF MEN LIABLE TO MALIGNANT DISEASES.

Whoever meditates on these horrible cruelties will not fail to be satisfied that not only are the

bodies of men attacked by corrupt and ulcerous humors, which cannot easily be got rid of, but that the minds of men are equally subject to strange disorders. In the case of ulcerated sores, the very medicines which you apply often only tend to irritate and inflame, quickening the progress of the disease; yet, on the other hand, if the disease be neglected and left to its own course, it infects all the neighboring parts, and proceeds till the whole body becomes unsound. So it is with the mind; when certain dark and malignant passions get possession of it, they render men more savage than the beasts themselves. To men in this state, if you show mercy and kindness, suspecting it to be fraud and artifice, they become more suspicious than before, and regard you with still stronger feelings of aversion. But if you oppose their furious proceedings, there is no crime too horrible for them to perpetrate. They exult and glory in their impieties, and by degrees get rid of every feeling and affection that embellish human nature. There is no doubt but that these disorders chiefly arise from a bad education and evil communications, though there are many other causes which may sometimes assist to bring them on; among which none is so likely to be effectual as the insolent conduct and rapacity of public governors.

BALANCE OF POWER IN THE WORLD.

Nor ought we ever to allow any growing power to acquire such a degree of strength as to be able to tear from us, without resistance, our natural, undisputed rights.

DO NOT CALCULATE ON THE FUTURE.

A circumstance which happened to the Ætolians ought to convince us that we ought not to speculate on the future as if it were already past, nor build expectations on events which may eventually turn out very differently from what they seemed at first to promise; but in all human affairs, and especially in those that relate to war, to leave always some room to fortune and to accidents which cannot be foreseen.

CALAMITIES ARISING FROM FORTUNE AND OURSELVES CONTRASTED.

For when man falls into any of those calamities to which human nature is subject, and which could not be guarded against by any care or foresight, the fault is justly attributed to fortune, or some enemy; but when our troubles arise from our foolish and indiscreet conduct, the blame can be imputed only to ourselves. And as unmerited misfortune usually excites the pity of mankind, while it induces them to participate in and aid us in our distresses; so, on the other hand, a clear and evident folly calls for the censure and reproaches of all who regard it in a proper light.

A ROMAN CITIZEN.

But among the Romans, O queen, it is one of their noblest customs to demand public reparation for private wrongs, and at all times to insist on redress for the injuries done to their subjects.

CHARACTER OF THE GAULS.

For the Gauls, I do not say frequently, but even in everything, they attempt, are carried forward headlong by their passions, and never listen to the dictates of reason.

NOTHING WITHOUT A CAUSE.

For nothing happens without a cause, not even among those events which seem to be most fortuitous.

FEELINGS OF KINGS.

But he recollected, also, that kings entertain feelings neither of enmity nor friendship towards any, but are in both guided solely by what they consider to be their interest.

WRITERS OF HISTORY AND TRAGEDY CONTRASTED.

Consider, then, the peculiar character of history, and what is its proper aim. A historian ought not to try, like the writers of tragedy, to astonish and terrify the reader by extraordinary occurrences, nor yet ought he to draw on his imagination for speeches that might have been delivered, nor events that might have happened; but he should be satisfied to give a simple narrative of the speeches actually delivered, and of the events as they occurred, even though they may contain nothing noble or exciting. But the object and scope of tragedy are altogether different from those of history. It is the business of the latter to strike and fascinate the minds of the audience who are listening by such representations as are barely possible; whereas history professes to deliver lessons, from which all ages may derive improvement, by giving a true and accurate account of the speeches and events as they actually took place. In the one, therefore, the probable, though untrue, may be sufficient to guide us to the end in view, which is the delight and amusement of the audience; but the other addresses itself to a nobler object—the instruction and improvement of the human race, and must have truth as its basis.

SOME END IN ALL HUMAN ACTIONS PROPOSED.

For certainly, it ought never to be imagined, either by the rulers of states, or by those who are going to give an account of their transactions, that the main object of war is victory, and putting others in subjection to us. No wise man ever makes war merely for the sake of showing his superiority over his neighbors, nor navigates the sea for the sole purpose of passing from place to place. Nor does he practise an art or science merely to acquire a knowledge of it. In all human actions there is always some end in view, either of pleasure, or honor, or advantage, as the result of our labors.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE CAUSE AND BEGINNING OF AN ACT.

These misconceptions arise from our forgetting that there is a difference between the beginning of a war and its cause and pretext, and that the latter of these are always in order antecedent to the former. To speak correctly, the beginning is

the first step towards the execution of any project, after it has been resolved on; but the cause is to be sought previous to the resolution. In fact, it is something that first puts the idea into our heads, and that inclines us, after mature deliberation, to carry it into execution.

A STATESMAN.

For a statesman who is ignorant of the ways in which events have originated, and who cannot tell from what circumstances they have arisen, may be compared to a physician who fails to make himself acquainted with the causes of those diseases which he is called in to cure. They are both equally useless and worthless; for the latter cannot be supposed to be acquainted with the proper means of restoring the body to health, nor can the former be likely to discover the remedies necessary to get the better of the evils that are incident to states. For matters of the greatest importance often take their rise from the most trifling incidents; and it is easier to resist the beginnings of evils than to stop them when they have made considerable progress.

HYPOCRISY OF MEN.

For all those with whom we live are like actors on a stage, they assume whatever dress and appearance may suit their present purpose, and they speak and act in strict keeping with this character. In this way we find it difficult to get at their real sentiments, or to bring into clear day the truth which they have hid in a cloud of darkness.

So Shakespeare ("As You Like It," act II., sc. 1)—

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

A MAN OF CONCEIT.

Flaminius was well-suited to gain the affections of the populace, and very desirous to stand high in their favor; but he was destitute of all those peculiar talents that are necessary for the conducting of war and actual business, though he entertained a high opinion of his own abilities.

A GENERAL OUGHT TO EXAMINE THE CHARACTER OF HIS OPPONENT.

For every one must confess that there is no greater proof of the abilities of a general than to investigate, with the utmost care, into the character and natural abilities of his opponent.

MEN ASSIMILATED TO THE CLIMATE IN WHICH THEY LIVE.

Looking at their morose and austere manners which are the necessary consequence of the cold and harsh climate that overhangs the whole of their province, for men are very much in disposition and feelings according to the nature of the country which they inhabit; nor can we attribute it to any other reason than that in the various nations of the world, so far removed from each other, we find so vast a difference in features, complexion, and customs.

EVERY INJURY IS NOT TO BE SUBMITTED TO.

For it is my opinion that war is no doubt much to be dreaded, but still not to such a degree that we should be willing to submit to every kind of insult rather than engage in it. For why should we value so highly equality of government, liberty of speech, and the glorious name of freedom, if nothing is to be preferred to peace?

PEACE NOT TO BE PREFERRED TO EVERYTHING.

Nor can we approve of what Pindar recommends to his fellow-citizens, when he advises them to place all their happiness in peaceful repose, or, as he expresses it in his poetical language—

"In the radiant splendors of majestic Peace;"

For this plausible and specious advice was found in the end to be not less dishonorable than destructive of the best interests of their country. In short, peace is the greatest of all blessings, if it leaves us in the possession of our honors and lawful rights; but if it is attended with the loss of our national independence, and places a blot on our escutcheon, there is nothing more truly pernicious or fatal to our true interests.

RASH PROJECTS.

So true it is, that to engage in reckless and desperate enterprises is most frequently the way to reduce men eventually to utter helplessness, and an inability to make resistance.

WHAT THINGS ARE ALLOWABLE IN WAR.

For the laws of war force us to appropriate to ourselves what belongs to our enemy, to destroy their forts and cities, their ships and harbors, the fruits of their country, with the inhabitants, for the purpose of weakening them, and adding strength to ourselves. Yet when men proceed to wreak their fury on senseless objects, whose destruction will neither be of advantage to themselves, nor in the slightest degree disable their opponent from carrying on the war, especially if they burn the temples of the gods, destroy their statues, and waste their ornamental furniture, what else can we say of such proceedings, except that they are the acts of men devoid of all feelings of propriety, and infected by frenzy? For it is in no way the object of war, at least among men who have just notions of their duty, to annihilate and utterly subvert those from whom they may have received provocation, but only to induce them to amend that in which they have acted amiss—not to involve the innocent and guilty in one common ruin, but rather to save them both. We may also observe, that it is the act of a tyrant only, who hates, and is hated by, his subjects, to exact by force and terror a reluctant and unwilling obedience; while a king, distinguished for his kindness and forbearance, gains the affections of his subjects, who learn to look upon him as their friend and benefactor, and to submit with cheerfulness to his commands.

CONQUER ENEMIES BY GENEROSITY.

When we conquer our enemies by kind treatment, and by acts of justice, we are more likely

to secure their obedience than by a victory in the field of battle. For in the one case they yield to necessity; in the other, it is their own free choice. Besides, how often is the victory dearly bought, while the conquest of an enemy by affection may be brought about without expense or loss! And what ought to be particularly observed is, that subjects have a right to claim a large share in the success that has been obtained by arms, whereas the prince alone reaps all the glory of a victory which is gained by kind treatment.

FATE OF COURTIER.

For the rapidity with which men, in all the various positions of life, rise and fall is very marked; but this is chiefly seen in those who are attached to the court of kings. For as the counters which are employed in calculation assume their particular value at the will of the man who casts up the account,—sometimes representing a talent, sometimes a farthing,—so courtiers are rich and prosperous, wretched and in poverty, at the nod of their prince.

A WORK BEGUN IS HALF DONE.

For when the ancients said that a work begun was half done, they meant that we ought to take the utmost pains in every undertaking to make a good beginning.

EXECUTION, AND NOT WORDS.

For the truth is, that as nothing is more easy than to bind one's self by words to enter on the most daring enterprises, so there is nothing more difficult than to bring them to a successful result. For the former only requires that a man should have sufficient confidence; while success depends on qualities which few possess, and is very rarely reached in life.

EFFECTS OF PENURY.

Wherefore, there arose disputes, jealousy, and heart-burnings—a state of things which generally takes place, not only in great empires, but among private individuals, when they are depressed by poverty, and are without the means of carrying their designs into effect.

BEST FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

For that form of government is, no doubt, to be considered the best which is composed of all the three now mentioned—namely, royalty, aristocracy and democracy.

THE USUAL END OF A DEMOCRATICAL GOVERNMENT.

For when the people are accustomed to gain their livelihood without labor, and to live at the expense of others, and when at that moment some bold and enterprising leader makes his appearance, who has been prevented from taking part in public affairs by his poverty, it is then that we see a beautiful example of the character of the multitude: they run together in tumultuous assemblies, and commit all kinds of violence, ending in assassinations, banishments, and seizure of private

property, till, being brought at last to a state of savage anarchy, they once more find a master, and submit themselves to arbitrary sway.

HOW EACH FORM OF GOVERNMENT DEGENERATES.

For as rust is the canker of iron, and worms destroy wood, and as these substances, even though they may escape a violent end, at last fall a prey to the decay that is, as it were, natural to them; in the same manner, likewise, in every kind of government there is a particular vice inherent in it, which is attached to its very nature, and which brings it to a close. Thus royalty degenerates into tyranny, aristocracy into obligarchy, and democracy into savage violence and anarchy.

RELIGION USED TO TERRIFY THE VULGAR.

But since the great mass of a people are fickle and inconstant, full of unruly desires, passionate, and reckless of consequences, there is no other way left to curb them than by filling them with horrible imaginings, and by the pageantry of terrifying myths. The ancients, therefore, did not, in my opinion, act unwisely, nor without sufficient reason, when they implanted such notions of the gods, and a belief in punishments in another world; but those of the present day are much rather to be accused of folly, who try to extirpate all such opinions.

GOVERNMENT OF THE MULTITUDE IS THE GREATEST OF ALL EVILS.

For when a state, after having gone through many and great dangers, reaches to the highest pinnacle of power, and reigns with undisputed sway, it cannot be otherwise than that luxury and expensive habits should be developed, and that men should indulge in ambitious projects, and be desirous to acquire the high dignities of state. And as these evils are apt to increase, the appetite for power grows on what it feeds upon, and men feel ashamed that any of their fellow-citizens should in any way surpass them. Hence arise all those vices which are the natural result of luxury and overbearing arrogance. Then the people step in and give the finishing stroke to the change in the form of government, finding themselves oppressed by the grasping nature of some, and their vanity flattered by the ambitious views of others. For, fired with rage, and giving full play to their evil passions, they are no longer willing to submit to control, and to share with their rulers the administration of affairs, but insist on having everything subject to their authority. The invariable result of such a state of things is, that the government indeed assumes the noblest of all names, that of a free and popular state, but becomes, in truth, the most execrable of all—the dominion of the mob.

SECRECY RECOMMENDED.

Now of all the precautions that have been mentioned, the first that the general of an army ought to attend to is secrecy. He ought to take care that his designs be not disclosed by his coun-

tenance betraying the joyful expectation of success, or the sadness of defeat, nor yet by feelings of friendship or affection for those around him. He should communicate his intention to none except to those without whose assistance his plans cannot be carried into execution, and not even to them till the time when their services are required make it necessary that they should be made acquainted with them. Nor should the tongue only be silent, but still more must the mind itself be on its guard; for it has often happened that many, who have a strict watch over their tongue, have betrayed their intentions by some external sign, and sometimes by their actions.

FAVORITES OF FORTUNE.

These writers, then, have all agreed in representing Scipio as one of those favorites of fortune who bring all their schemes to a happy end by random thought, and, according to all appearance, by running counter to all the rules of reason. They regard such men as more immediately under the inspiration of Heaven, and more deserving of our admiration, than those who carry out their plans in strict consonance with rational principles, forgetting all the while that in the one case men truly merit praise, while in the other all that can be said of them is that they are fortunate. The most vulgar and commonplace of men may be fortunate, but the others are distinguished by their mental qualities. These are the men who approach nearest to the Divine Being, and are in the highest favor with the gods.

DIVINE IMPULSE.

For those who are unable, either from lack of mental capacity, or imperfect knowledge, or indolent habits to discern clearly the right time for action, the causes and probable course of events, are very apt to attribute to the gods and fortune what is after all the result of sound sense and the proper use of our rational faculties.

MANY KNOW TO CONQUER, FEW TO USE THE VICTORY WITH ADVANTAGE.

For as we have often observed, it is no doubt a great thing to be successful in our undertakings, and to defeat our enemy in the field of battle; but it is a proof of greater wisdom, and requires more skill, to make a good use of victory. For many know how to conquer; few are able to use their conquest aright.

POWER OF A MAN IN HIGH AUTHORITY.

Thus an admonition, when it comes at the proper moment, from the lips of a man who enjoys the respect of the world, is often able not only to deter men from the commission of crime, but lead them into the right path. For when the life of a speaker is known to be in unison with his words, it is impossible that his advice should not have the greatest weight.

CHARACTER OF THE MULTITUDE.

The multitude is easily led astray, is moved in every direction by the smallest force, so that the

agitations of the mob and the sea have a wonderful resemblance to each other. For as the latter is in its nature calm, and exhibits no appearance of danger to the eye till some violent hurricane agitates its surface, when it becomes fierce as the winds themselves; in the same way the multitude is swayed and guided in its actions according to the temper and character of its leaders and advisers.

AVARICE.

As in the case of those who are afflicted with dropsy, no external application is able to take away or allay the thirst, unless some internal change has been produced by proper remedies; in the same way, also, the desire of gain can never be satiated unless the vicious inclinations of the mind have been got rid of by reason.

FORCE OF TRUTH.

For my own part I am fully persuaded that the most powerful goddess, and one that rules mankind with the most authoritative sway, is Truth. For though she is resisted by all, and oftentimes has drawn up against her the plausibilities of falsehood in the subtlest forms, she triumphs over all opposition. I know not how it is that she, by her own unadorned charms, forces herself into the heart of man. At times her power is instantly felt; at other times, though obscured for awhile, she at last bursts forth in meridian splendor, and conquers by her innate force the falsehood with which she has been oppressed.

WANT OF PERSEVERANCE IN MAN.

For some men, like unskilful jockeys, give up their designs when they have almost reached the goal; while others, on the contrary, obtain a victory over their opponents, by exerting, at the last moment, more vigorous efforts than before.

SELF-ACCUSING CONSCIENCE.

There is no witness so terrible, no accuser so powerful, as conscience, that dwells in the breast of each.

POSIDIPPUS.

FLOURISHED B.C. 280.

POSIDIPPUS, son of Cyniscus of Cassandreia, in Macedon, was one of the chief writers of the New Comedy, and began to exhibit three years after the death of Menander, B.C. 280. According to Suidas, he wrote forty plays.

AN EASY DEATH.

Of the things which man prays to obtain from the gods, he prays for nothing more fervently than an easy hour of death.

SORROW WITH MANY FEET.

Sorrow is an evil with many feet.

DIFFICULT TO ESCAPE SORROW.

It is a difficult matter to escape sorrow; every day brings some new cause of anxiety.

ACQUAINTANCES AND FRIENDS.

By my skill I have got many acquaintances, but by my manners very many friends.

SIMONIDES.

SIMONIDES, lyric poet, was born in the island of Ceos in the year 556 B.C.

LIFE OF MEN HERE BELOW.

The vigor of man is but for a day, and his sorrows are incurable. Labor upon labor comes for a few short years; unavoidable death is impending; for the good and the bad have an equal share in it.

THE WAY TO HADES.

Being of good cheer, proceed creeping along the road to Hades: for it is not of difficult passage nor uneven, nor full of windings, but all very straight and down-hill, and can be gone along with shut eyes.

HOW WE LIVE.

For there is plenty of time to die, but we lead a bad life for a few years.

TO-MORROW.

Being mortal, thou canst not tell what will be to-morrow, nor when thou seest a man happy, how long he will be so, for not so swift is the flight of the wide-winged fly.

THE COWARD.

Death overtakes even the coward.

ADVANTAGE OF SILENCE.

The reward of silence is attended by no danger.

TIME THE TOUCHSTONE OF EVERYTHING.

There is no better touchstone of everything than time, which shows the mind of man in his breast.

SOPHOCLES.

BORN B.C. 495—DIED B.C. 406.

SOPHOCLES, the celebrated tragic poet, was a native of the Attic village of Colonus; born five years before the battle of Marathon, about thirty years younger than Æschylus, and fifteen years older than Euripides. His father's name was Sophilus or Sophillus; but what was his condition in life is a matter of which we have no certain knowledge. At all events, the young Sophocles received an education not inferior to that of the

sons of the most distinguished citizens of Athens. His first appearance as a dramatist took place in B.C. 468, when he gained the first prize in competition with the veteran *Æschylus*; and from that time Sophocles held the supremacy of the Athenian stage. Family dissensions troubled his last years. One of his sons summoned his father before the magistrates, on the charge that his mind was affected by old age. As his only reply, Sophocles answered, "If I am Sophocles, I am not beside myself; and if I am beside myself, I am not Sophocles." He then read a passage from the magnificent *parados* to his unpublished play, "*Œdipus at Colonus*," and when he had finished, the judges dismissed the case, and rebuked the ungrateful prosecutor. The poet was allowed to pass the remainder of his days in peace. He died at the extreme age of ninety.

DOING GOOD SHOULD BE THE TASK OF MAN.

For a man to exert his power in doing good so far as he can is a most glorious task.

THE HONEST CONTRASTED WITH THE BASE.

For it is not just lightly to deem the wicked good or the good wicked. He that throws a faithful friend away, I call as bad as if he threw his life away, which is most dear to him. But in time thou wilt know all this; for time alone shows the honest man; the base thou mightest discover even in one day.

QUICK DECISION IS UNSAFE.

Quick resolves are oft unsafe.

THE WISE GATHER WISDOM FROM THE PAST.

The wise form right judgment of the present from what is past.

THE AGED.

A trifling bend of the scale sends aged frames to rest.

MAN CONTROLLED BY FATE.

For why should man fear, whom the decrees of fate control, while there is no sure foresight of aught? 'Twere best to live at random, even as one could.

LIFE AN AIRY DREAM.

Ye race of mortals, how I deem your life as nothing but an airy dream! For this is the only happiness granted to man, to fancy that he has it, and so fancying to see the glittering vision melt away.

NO ONE TO BE PRONOUNCED HAPPY BEFORE DEATH.

Wherefore since thou art looking out, as being mortal, for thy last day, call no man happy, before he has passed the boundary of life, having suffered nothing evil.

Lord Byron says—

"The first dark day of nothingness.
The last of danger and distress."

GOD SEES THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED.

Believe that the gods behold the righteous and also the wicked, nor has any impious man ever escaped their eye.

So *Jeremiah* (xxxii. 19)—"For Thine eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men: to give every one according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings."

A GOOD MAN IS HIS OWN FRIEND.

For what good man is not his own friend?

The *Psalmist* (xlix. 18) says—"As long as thou doest good to thyself, men will speak well of thee."

TOILING FOR A PARENT.

For if any one toil for a parent, it is not fitting to bear remembrance of the toil.

WE KNOW NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH.

For I know that being a man I have no more power to rule the events of to-morrow than thou.

TO LAY MY BONES AMONG YE.

I come to bestow on you as a gift, this my wretched body, not goodly to the sight, but the advantages to be gained from it are of greater consequence than a fair form.

Shakespeare ("*Henry VIII.*," act iv., sc. 2) says—

"O father abbot,

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity."

TIME CHANGES EVERYTHING.

O dearest son of *Ægeus*, to the gods alone is given exemption from old age and death; but the all-powerful hand of time crumbles everything else to dust. The vigor of the earth, the vigor of the body wastes away; faith dies and perfidy springs up afresh; the gale does not always blow the same to friends among men, nor to state towards state. For what is grateful now becomes hateful, to some at once, to others in distant time; and then delights again.

So 1 *Timothy* (vi. 16)—"Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto."

WHERE THE CAUSE IS JUST, THE WEAK CONQUERS THE STRONG.

In a just cause, the weak subdue the strong.

THE DEAD FEEL NO GRIEF.

For rage is not abated but by death; the dead feel no grief.

THE HUNTER TAKEN IN HIS OWN TOILS.

And know that thou art seized, as thou hast seized; fortune takes the hunter in his own toils; for things got by fraud and injustice abide not.

SMALL CIRCUMSTANCES OFTEN IMPORTANT.

Things of trifling appearance are often pregnant with high import; a prudent man neglects no circumstance.

NEVER TO BE BORN, OR EARLY DEATH, IS BEST.

Not to born is best of all; and if one has seen the light, to go back to the place whence he came, as quickly as possible, is by far the next best. For when youth comes, leading a train of idle follies, he is surrounded by many sorrows. What suffering is not there? Murders, seditions, strife, fightings, and envy; and loathsome old age is last seen of all—powerless, unsocial, friendless, when all ill, worst of ill, dwell together

MERCY.

Over every work is Mercy, joint assessor to Jove on his throne.

HIGH OFFICE TRIES A MAN.

It is impossible to penetrate the secret thoughts, quality, and judgment of man till he is put to proof by high office and administration of the laws.

REWARDS OFT LEAD TO RUIN.

But gain has oft with treacherous hopes led men to ruin.

GOLD.

For never did such evil institution as money spring up to mortals: it lays waste cities, it drives men far from their homes to roam: it seduces and corrupts the honest mind, turning its virtuous thoughts to deeds of baseness: it has taught men villany and how to perform all impious works.

UNJUST GAIN.

For by unjust gains thou wilt see more sink in ruin than triumph in success.

MAN THE CHIEF OF NATURE'S WORKS.

Many wonderful things appear in nature but nothing more wonderful than man: he sails even through the foaming deep with the wintry south-wind's blast, passing over the roaring billows; he furrows undecaying Earth, supreme of divinities immortal; as seed-times return from year to year, turning up the soil with the horse's aid; ensnaring the feathered tribes that skim the air, he takes them as his prey, and the savage beasts and all the finny race of the deep with line-woven nets, he, all-inventive man; he tames by his skill the tenants of the fields, the mountain-ranging herds; he brings under the neck-encircling yoke the shaggy-maned horse and the reluctant mountain-bull. He hath taught himself language and winged thought, and the customs of civic law, and to escape the cold and stormy arrows of comfortless frosts; with plans for all things, planless in nothing, meets he the future. But from death alone he finds no refuge, though he has devised remedies against racking diseases. Having a wonderful skill beyond all belief he descends now to evil and again ascends to virtue; observing the laws of the land and the plighted justice of heaven, he rises high in the state; an outcast is he who is dishonorable and audacious; may he, who acts thus, not dwell with me nor rank among my friends.

THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF THE GODS.

Nor did I deem thy edicts of such force that, mortal as thou art, thou hast the power to overthrow the firm and unwritten laws of the gods. For these are not of to-day nor yesterday, but they live through all ages, and none knows whence they spring.

STERN SPIRITS.

But know in truth that spirits too stern bend most easily; and thou wilt most frequently see the hardest steel forged in the fire till brittle, shivered, and broken; and I have known the most spirited horses brought into obedience by a small bit; for no one ought to be proud who is the slave of others.

KINGS.

Kings are happy in many other things and in this, that they can do and say whatever they please.

THE WRETCHED.

For never does the original vigor of the mind remain to the unfortunate but it is changed.

THE POWER OF GOD.

O Jove, shall man with presumptuous pride control thy power? whom neither enfeebling sleep ever seizes nor the months of the gods that roll on, unconscious of toil: through unwasting time, glorious in might, thou dwellest in heaven's resplendent light. But this law, ordained in ages past, is now, and will be forever, "in all the life of mortals evil in every state her franchise claims."

HOPE.

For hope with flattering dreams is the delight of many, and throws a deceitful illusion over man's light desires; ruin creeps on him unawares before he treads on the treacherous fires. With wisdom some one has uttered an illustrious saying: "that evil is deemed to be good by him whose mind God leads to misery, but that he (God) practises this a short time without destroying such an one."

ANARCHY AND ORDER.

There is no greater ill than anarchy; it destroys cities, lays houses in ruins, and, in the contest of the spear, breaks the ranks; but discipline saves those who obey command; therefore we ought to aid those who govern and never yield to a woman; for better, if we must fall, to fall by men than that we should be declared subject to woman.

WISDOM.

Father, the gods implant wisdom in men, which is the noblest of all treasures.

A FATHER'S GLORY.

What greater ornament is there to a son than a father's glory, or what to a father than a son's honorable conduct?

SELF-CONCEIT.

For whoever thinks that he alone has wisdom or power of speech or judgment such as no other has, such men, when they are known, are found to be empty-brained. But it is no disgrace for even the wise to learn and not obstinately to resist conviction. Thou seest how the trees that bend by the wintry torrents preserve their boughs, while those that resist the blast fall uprooted. And so too the pilot who swells his sails without relaxing upsets his bark and floats with benches turned upside down.

DESPOTISM.

That is not a commonwealth where one man lords it with despotic sway.

LOVE.

O Love! resistless in thy might, thou who triumphest even over gold, making thy couch on youth's soft cheek, who roamest over the deep and in the rural cots—thou none of the immortals shall escape nor any of men, the creatures of a day, but all who feel thee feel madness in their hearts. Thou drawest aside the minds of the virtuous to unjust acts; thou hast raised this storm in hearts by blood allied; desire, lighted up from the eyes of the beauteous bride, gains the victory and sits beside the mighty laws of heaven, for Venus wantons without control.

Scott in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" (cant. III. 2) says—

"In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven and heaven is love."

TO ERR IS HUMAN.

To all of mortals to err is common; but having erred, that man is not unblessed nor unadvised who, having fallen into error, heals the wound, nor perseveres unmoved. It is the obdurate mind that incurs the imputation of folly.

INSTRUCTION.

Most pleasant is instruction when it comes from one who speaks wisely, and with it comes advantage.

THE IMPIOUS.

For the swift-footed vengeance of heaven cuts short the impious.

THE LAWS.

For I fear that to preserve the established laws through life is man's wisest part.

MAN'S LIFE UNCERTAIN.

It is not possible that I should praise or dispraise the life of man, whatever be its state; for Fortune ever raises and casts down the happy and unhappy, and no man can divine the fates to come.

JOYS OF LIFE.

For when man knows no more the joys of life I do not consider him to live, but look upon him as the living dead. Nay, let his house be stored with riches, if thou pleasest, and let him be attended with a monarch's pomp, yet, if heart-felt joys be absent, all the rest I would not purchase with the shadow of smoke when compared with real pleasures.

A CLAMOROUS SORROW.

To me so deep a silence portends some dread event, a clamorous sorrow wastes itself in sound.

SILENCE.

There is something grievous in too great a silence.

CALAMITIES.

Calamities, present to the view, though slight, are poignant.

WISDOM LEADS TO HAPPINESS.

By far the best guide to happiness is wisdom, but irreverence to the gods is unbecoming; the mighty vaunts of pride, paying the penalty of severe affliction, have taught old age, thus humbled, to be wise.

NO MAN BLESSED BEFORE DEATH.

There is an ancient saying, famed among men, that thou canst not judge fully of the life of men, till death hath closed the scene, whether it should be called blest or wretched.

CONSTANT CHANGE IN THE AFFAIRS OF LIFE.

For spangled night does not always spread its shade for mortals, nor do sorrows and wealth remain for aye, but are quickly gone; joy and grief succeed each other.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S LIFE.

Youth feeds on its own flowery pastures, where neither the scorching heat of heaven nor showers nor any gale disturb it, but in pleasures it builds up a life that knows no trouble, till the name of virgin is lost in that of wife, then receiving her share of sorrows in the hours of night, anxious for her husband or children.

IMAGINATION.

It is not the same thing to speak on mere imagination and to affirm a statement as certain.

SPEAK THE WHOLE TRUTH.

But speak the whole truth; since for a freeman to be called a liar is a disgraceful stain on his character.

ANGER.

To those who err in judgment not in will we should be gentle in our anger.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

So that if man should make account of two days or of more, he is a fool; for to-morrow is not till he has passed the present day without misfortune.

THE DEAD.

I fondly thought of happier days, whilst it denoted nothing else but my death. To the dead there are no toils.

TO DERIDE OUR ENEMIES.

Is that not the most grateful laugh that we indulge against our enemies?

THE MODEST AND THE ARROGANT.

Seeing that it is so, utter no vain vaunt against the gods nor swell with pride if thou excellest any one in valor or in thy stores of wealth, since a day sinks all human things in darkness and again restores them to light: the gods love the sober-minded and abhor the impious.

THE NOBLE ARE ENVIED.

For he who launches his bolt against noble persons could not miss; but if any were to bring this charge against me he would not be believed: for envy crawls towards the wealthy.

Shakespeare ("Henry VIII.," act I., sc. 3) says—
"If I am traduced by tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place."

OUR OWN ILLS.

For to view ills all our own, where no associate shares the deed, racks the heart with deep pangs.

WOMEN.

To women silence gives their proper grace.

GOD ASSIGNS EVERY EVENT.

Each, as the god assigns, or laughs or weeps.

NOTHING IN LIFE CAN GIVE ME JOY.

O darkness, now my light, O Erebus, now sole brightness to me, take me, oh! take me, a wretch no longer worthy to behold the gods or men, creatures of a day: me they naught avail.

Shakespeare ("King John," act III., sc. 4) says—
"There's nothing in the world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the world's sweet taste,
That it yields naught but shame and bitterness."

POWER OF THE GODS.

If a god foil him, even the dastard shall escape the brave man's vengeance.

THE UNHAPPY.

For it is base to wish for length of life when there is no hope of a change of ills. What pleasure can day alternating with day present, when it does nothing but either add or take away from the necessity of dying? I would not buy at any price the man who deludes himself with vain hopes. No, to live with glory or with glory die, this is the brave man's part.

GRATITUDE.

It becomes a man, if he hath received aught grateful to his mind, to bear it in remembrance; it is kindness that gives birth to kindness: when

recollection of a benefit melts from the thought, that man could never have been of generous birth.

THE THOUGHTLESSNESS OF CHILDHOOD.

The sweetest life
Consists in feeling nothing.

Gray says—

"Ah! how regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day."

ULCERED WOUNDS.

For it is not the part of the skilful physician to scream a mystic charm when the sore requires the knife.

THE GIFTS OF ENEMIES.

No, true is the popular adage: "The gifts of enemies are no gifts, and fraught with mischief."

THE WEAKER GIVES WAY TO THE STRONGER.

For all that is terrible and all that is mighty gives way to higher power; for this reason the snow-faced winters yield place to summer with its beauteous fruits, and the dark circle of the night retires that the day with his white steeds may flame forth in orient light; the fury of the fierce blasts lulls and leaves a calm on the tempestuous deep: nay, even all-subduing sleep unbinds his chain nor always holds us captive.

Shakespeare ("Troilus and Cressida," act I., sc. 3) says—
"The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Instature, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order."

SO TO HATE AS TO BE AGAIN A FRIEND.

For this wisdom I have learned, that our enemy is only to be so far hated by us as one who, perchance, may again be our friend, and that I should so far wish to aid my friend as if he were not always to remain so; for the haven of friendship is not always secure to the majority of mankind.

PRIDE.

For the seer declared that unwieldy and senseless strength is wont to sink in ruin, crushed by the offended gods, when man of mortal birth aspires with pride beyond a mortal.

THE IMPOTENT OF MIND.

For the impotent of mind, while they hold in their hands a treasure, know it not till it be snatched from them.

Shakespeare ("Much Ado about Nothing," act IV., sc. 1) says—

"For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours."

GOD DOES EVERYTHING FOR MANKIND.

I then would say that the gods devised both this and everything else always for mankind.

So Psalms (cxlv. 15)—"The eyes of all wait upon Thee; and Thou givest them their meat in due season."

A SEDITIOUS ARMY.

And indeed it is the mark of a bad man when he that is now raised above the common rank scorns to obey his rulers. For in a state never can laws be well enforced where fear does not support their establishment, nor could an army be ruled submissively, if it were not awed by fear and reverence of their chiefs.

IN A JUST CAUSE WE MAY ASSUME CONFIDENCE.

When the cause is just,
An honest pride may be indulged.

Shakespeare ("Henry VI.," part ii., act iii., sc. 2) says—

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though looked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

A BOASTER.

Not long ago I saw a man of doughty tongue urging his crew to sail while a storm threatened, whose voice thou couldst not hear when he was surrounded by the tempest; but wrapt in his cloak, he suffered every sailor's foot at will to trample on him.

SUNIUM'S MARBLED STEEP.

Oh! could I be where the woody foreland, washed by the wave, beetles o'er the main, beneath Sunium's lofty plain, that I might accost the sacred Athens.

Byron says—

"Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs weep,—
There, swanlike, let me sing and die."

THE PRUDENT MIND PREVAILS.

For 'tis not the high-built frame, the massy-structured limb, that yield most protection, no, the man of prudent mind everywhere prevails. The ox, though vast his bulk, is taught the straight road by a small whip. And thee, I see, this discipline will soon reach, if thy mind acquire not prudence, thou who art confident in insolence, and in tongue unbridled—no more a man, but a mere shadow.

Shakespeare ("Troilus and Cressida," act i., sc. 3) says—

"So that the rain, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before the hand that made the engine;
Or those that with the fineness of their souls,
By reason guide his execution."

THE DEAD.

It is unjust to wrong the brave man when he is dead, though hated by thee.

POWER OF GOD IRRESISTIBLE.

When God afflicts him, not even a strong man can escape.

So Isaiah (xxiii. 11)—"The Lord hath given a commandment to destroy the strongholds thereof."

GOD KNOWS EVEN THE THOUGHTS OF MAN.

I deem that, being God, thou knowest all things, though I be silent.

So John (ii. 25)—"For he knew what was in man."

TO DIE IS NOT THE GREATEST OF EVILS.

For death is not the most dreadful ill, but when we wish to die, and have not death within our power.

LET THEM LAUGH THAT WIN.

For when we shall have succeeded, then will be our time to rejoice and freely laugh.

THE BASE AND THE GENEROUS.

Since never at any time hath the base perished, but of such the gods take special care, delighting to snatch the crafty and the guileful from Hades, whereas they are always sinking the just and upright in ruin. How shall we account for these things, or how approve them? When I find the gods unjust, how can I praise their heavenly governance?

THE WORSE PREVAIL.

Where the worse has greater power than the good, and all that is good is on the wane, and the coward prevails, such never will I hold dear.

GRATITUDE.

For whoever knows to requite a favor, must be a friend above all price.

"THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN."

Opportunity, be assured, possessing the power over all things, acquires much power in its course.

MISERIES.

For the ills inflicted on men by the gods they must sustain, but those involved in voluntary miseries, as thou art, on these it is not just for any one to bestow either pardon or pity.

BASE DEEDS.

For the mind that, like a parent, gives birth to base deeds, trains up everything else to become base.

PIETY.

For piety dies not with man; live they or die they, it perishes not.

MAN CANNOT ESCAPE THE VENGEANCE OF GOD.

Man cannot escape the vengeance of God.

VENGEANCE.

The bright eye of Vengeance sees and punishes the wicked.

VENGEANCE.

If thou hast committed iniquity, thou must expect to suffer; for Vengeance with its sacred light shines upon thee.

TIME.

Therefore, conceal nothing; for Time, that sees and hears all things, discovers everything.

ONE GOOD TURN ASKS ANOTHER.

Grace begets grace.

SOSICRATES.

SOSICRATES, a comic poet, whose time is unknown.

THE BEAM IN OUR OWN EYE.

We are quick to spy the evil conduct of others; but when we ourselves do the same, we are not aware of it.

SUSARION.

MARRIED LIFE v. BACHELORHOOD.

Hear, ye people! Susarion, son of Philinus, of the village of Tripodiscus in Megaris, says this—"Women are an evil; but yet, O fellow citizens! we cannot conduct our household affairs without this evil. For to marry and not to marry is equally evil."

THEOCRITUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT B.C. 272.

THEOCRITUS, the most famous of all the pastoral poets, a native of Syracuse, was the son of Praxagoras and Philinna. He was the contemporary of Aratus, Callimachus, and Nicander. He celebrates the younger Hiero; but his great patron was Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, of whom he speaks in terms of high commendation. Of his personal history we know nothing further. He was the creator of bucolic poetry as a branch of Greek, and, through imitators such as Virgil, of Roman literature. His pastorals have furnished models for all succeeding poets, and are remarkable for their simplicity—very often elegant, but sometimes approaching to rudeness. Thirty Idyls bear his name; but it may be doubted whether they were all produced by the same poet.

THE SWEET MURMURING OF THE WOODS.

Sweet is the music, O goat-herd, of yon whispering pine to the fountains, and sweetly, too, is thine, breathed from thy pipe.

Pope (Past. iv. 80) says—

"In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies among the trees."

And again, in the same Pastoral—

"Thyrsis, the music of that murmuring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing."

Virgil (Eclog. viii. 22) speaks of the "whispering pines."

THE MURMURING OF THE BROOKLET.

Sweeter, good shepherd, thy song than yonder gliding down of waters from the rock above.

Thus Virgil (Eclog. v. 83)—"Nor am I so much charmed by the music of the waves beat back from the shore, nor of the streamlets as they rush along the rocky valleys."

So, too, Pope (Past. iv.)—

"Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so sweetly flow."

THE WISH OF A LOVER.

Would that I were a humming bee, and could fly to thy cave, creeping through the ivy and the fern, with which thou art covered in. Now I know Cupid a powerful god.

This is like the passage in Psalms (lv. 6)—"Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest." And Pope (Past. iii. 86) says—

"I know thee, Love; on foreign mountains bred.
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed."

FORTUNE CHANGES.

Courage, my friend Battus, to-morrow perhaps will be more favorable; while there is life there is hope, the dead alone are without hope. Jove shines brightly one day, and the next showers down rain.

INJURIES FROM THOSE TO WHOM THOU HAST BEEN KIND.

See the result of my favors! It is like rearing wolf-whelps or dogs—to rend you for your pains.

So Matthew (vii. 6) says—"Neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

A SYLVAN SCENE.

I shall not go thither, here are oaks, here is the galingale, here bees hum sweetly around their hives; here are two springs of coolest water, here birds warble on the trees, nor is there any shade equal to that beside thee, and the pine showers its cones from on high.

It may be compared with the celebrated passage in Shakespeare ("Merchant of Venice," act v., sc. 1)—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold."

THE DOG OF POLYPHEMUS.

Polypheumus! the shepherdess Galatea pelts thy flock with apples, calling thee a rude clown, insensible to love; and thou lookest not at her, pining in wretchedness, but sittest playing sweet strains on thy pipe. See, again she is pelting thy dog, which follows to watch thy sheep. He barks, looking towards the sea; the beauteous waves soft murmuring show him running to and fro along the beach. Take heed lest he leap not on her, coming fresh from the sea-wave, and tear her fair flesh. But the soft morning comes and goes like the dry thistle-down when summer glows. She pursues him who flies her, flies her pursuer, and moves the landmarks of love's boundaries. For, Polypheumus, what is not lovely often seems lovely to the lover.

Virgil (Eclog. iii. 64) says—

"Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella."
"Galatea, the wanton girl, pelts me with apples."

The coquettishness of woman is well expressed by Terence.

THE MID-DAY HEAT.

Simichidas! whither, pray, hurriest thou at this mid-day time, when even the lizard is sleeping by the dry-stone wall, nor do the crested larks wander about?

Tennyson, in his "Oenone," says—

"Now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
The grasshopper is silent in the grass;
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps."

Virgil (*Eclog. ii. 9*) says—

"Nunc virides etiam occultant spineta lacertos."
"Even now the green lizards hide themselves in the hedges."

THE DELIGHTS OF SUMMER.

And from aloft, overhead, were waving to and fro poplars and elms; and near by, a sacred stream kept murmuring, as it flowed from a cavern of the nymphs; and the bright cicadas on the shady branches kept laboriously chirping; while, in the distance, amidst the thick thorn bushes, the thrush was warbling. Tufted larks and goldfinches were singing, the turtledove was cooing, tawny bees were humming round about the fountains; everything was redolent of golden summer, and redolent of fruit time. Pears, indeed, at our feet, and by our sides, apples were rolling for us in abundance and the boughs hung plentifully, weighed down to the ground, with damsons.

JOY AT THE APPROACH OF A BELOVED.

Everywhere it is spring, everywhere are pastures, and everywhere milkful udders are swelling, and the lambkins are suckled at the approach of my fair maiden; but should she depart, both shepherd and herbage are withered there.

Virgil (*Eclog. vii. 59*) speaks much in the same way—"At the approach of our Phyllis the whole grove will put forth its leaves, and the æther will send down an abundant shower that gives joy to the fields."

And again (65)—"All things now smile; but if the fair Alexis depart from these mountains, thou wouldst see even the rivers dry up."

Pope (*Past. i. 69*) says—

"All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hushed are the birds, and closed the drooping flowers.
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing."

THE SONG OF THE BELOVED.

Sweet is thy mouth, and sweetest tones awake from thy lips, Daphnis. I would rather hear thee sing than suck the honeycomb.

Plautus (*Casin. ii. 8, 21*) says—

"How I seem to sip honey because I touch thee!"

This idea is found in the Song of Solomon (iv. 11)—"Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue."

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER."

Cicada is dear to cicada, ant loves ant, hawk hawk; but me the muse and song enchant. Of this may my house be full; for neither sleep nor spring suddenly appearing is more sweet, nor flowers to bees, than the presence of the Muses to me.

So in Ecclesiasticus (xiii. 6) we find—"All flesh consorteth according to kind, and a man will cleave to his like; the birds will return to their like."

And Pope—

"Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to laborers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me."

REAPERS.

Up with the lark to reap, and cease when it goes to sleep; rest yourself at mid-day.

Milton (*L'Allegro l. 41*) says—

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And startle, singing, the dull night,
From his watchtower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise."

SIMILITUDES.

As much as spring is more delightful than winter, as much as the apple than the sloe, as much as the sheep is more woolly than its lambkin, as much as a virgin is better than a thrice-wed dame, as much as a fawn is nimbler than a calf, as much as a nightingale surpasses in song all feathered kind, so much does thy longed-for presence cheer my mind; to thee I hasten as the travellers to the shady beech, when the fierce sun blazes.

Pope (*Past. iii. 43*) says—

"Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to laborers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me."

Drummond of Hawthornden says—

"Cool shades to pilgrims, whom hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy safe return."

USE OF WEALTH TO THE WISE.

Fools! what boots the gold hid within doors in untold heaps? Not so the truly wise employ their wealth; some give part to their own enjoyment, some to the bard should be assigned, part should be employed to do good to our kinamen and others of mankind, and even to offer sacrifices to the gods; not to be a bad host, guests should be welcome to come and go whenever they choose, but chiefly to honor the sacred interpreters of the Muses, that you may live to fame when life is done.

THE AVARICIOUS.

It would be as great a toil to count the waves upon the shore, when the wind drives them to land along the surface of the green sea, or to wash the dirty brick clean with violet-colored water, as to overreach the man who is a slave to avarice. Away with such an one! let him have silver without end, yet always let the desire of a greater store possess him. But I should prefer the respect and esteem of men to myriads of mules and horses.

The idea in Jeremiah (xiii. 23) is somewhat similar—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

JOYS OF PEACE.

And, oh! that they might till rich fields, and that unnumbered sheep and fat might bleat cheerily through the plains, and that oxen coming in herds to the stalls should urge on the traveller by twilight. And, oh! that the fallow lands might be broken up for sowing, when the cicada, sitting on his tree, watches the shepherd in the open day,

and chirps on the topmost spray; that spiders may draw their fine webs over martial arms, and not even the name of the battle-cry be heard.

Virgil (*Ecl.* ii. 21) says—"A thousand of my lambs wander on the Sicilian mountains."

In Psalms (lxxv. 13) we find—"The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing;" and (*cxliv.* 13)—"That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store; that our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets." It is like to Isaiah (li. 4)—"Nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

"WHY HOP YE SO, YE HIGH HILLS?"

And Cos, when she beheld him, broke forth with jubilant rapture, and said, touching the infant with fondling hands.

This resembles the idea in Psalms (*cxiv.* 4)—"The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs."

JOY BREAKING FORTH IN DANCING.

And they began to sing, all beating time with cadence with many twinkling feet, and the house was ringing round with hymenean hymn.

In Gray's "Progress of Poesy" we find—

"Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rose-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports, and blue-eyed pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brist notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many twinkling feet."

CONTRAST OF MORN AND NIGHT.

As rising morn shows its fair countenance against the dusky night,—as the clear spring, when winter's gloom is gone,—so also the golden Helen was wont to shine out amongst us.

So in Solomon's Song (*vi.* 10) we find—"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

In Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming" we have—

"A boy
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night."
And again in Solomon's Song (*ii.* 11)—"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone."

"LOVE THAT'S IN HER E'E."

As Helen, in whose eyes the light of love lies.

Burns says—

"The kind love that's in her e'e."

A LOVING PAIR.

Sleep on, happy pair, breathing into each other's bosom love and desire, and forget not to rise towards morning.

In Solomon's Song (*viii.* 3) we have—"His left hand should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me. I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up nor awake my love, until he please."

MY LIPS DROP AS THE HONEYCOMB.

From my lips flowed tones more sweet than from a honeycomb.

In Solomon's Song (*iv.* 11) we find—"Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue."

NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

Need alone, Diophantus, imparts the knowledge of arts, and is the mistress of labor, for corroding cares take everything from toiling man, and if soft slumbers refresh his eyelids during the night, suddenly some anxiety stealing in disturbs him.

DREAMS.

For in sleep every dog dreams of food, and I, a fisherman, of fish.

SYLVAN SCENE.

They spying on a mountain a wild wood of various kinds of trees, found under a smooth rock a perennial spring, filled with clear water, and the pebbles below shone like crystal or silver from the depths; near the spot had grown tall pines, poplars, plane trees, cypresses with leafy tops, and odorous flowers, pleasant work for hairy bees, flowers as many as bloom in the meads when spring is ending.

Virgil (*Æn.* i. 164) seems to have copied this—"Then a canopy of woods, checkered with light and shade and gloomy grove, overhangs with awful shade; under the opposite precipitous cliff is a cave in the overhanging rocks; within is a spring of fresh water and seats of natural rock, the abode of the Nymphs."

THE DESPISED LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

Now I go whither thou hast sentenced me, whither, 'tis said, the road is common, where oblivion is the remedy for those that love. But could I drink it all, not even thus could I slake my passionate longing.

Virgil (*Æn.* vi. 714) says—"They drink at the waters of Lethe cups that relieve from care, and causing deep oblivion."

And Song of Solomon (*viii.* 6) says—"Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

BEAUTY FADES.

The rose is beauteous, but time causes it to fade; the violet is fair in spring, and quickly grows out of date; the lily is white, fading when it droops; the snow is white, melting at the very time when it is congealed, and beautiful is the bloom of youth, but it lasts only for a short time.

THE ILLS OF LIFE MUST BE BORNE.

Those ills which fate determines, man must bear.

"THE WOLF SHALL DWELL WITH THE LAMB."

In truth the day will come when the sharp-toothed wolf, having seen the kid in his lair, shall not wish to harm it.

This is very much the same as in Isaiah (*xi.* 6)—"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them."

MAN STANDS IN NEED OF MAN.

For Heaven's eternal wisdom has decreed
That man of man should ever stand in need.

LOVE GIVES VALUE EVEN TO SMALL GIFTS.

For love the smallest gift commends;
All things are valued by our friends.

WINE AND TRUTH.

Wine, dear youth, and truth is the proverb.

THEOGNIS.

BORN ABOUT B.C. 570—DIED ABOUT B.C. 490.

THEOGNIS, a native of Megara, of whose personal history little is known, except that he belonged to the Oligarchical party in the state, and shared its fate. He was a noble by birth, and all his sympathies were with the nobles. In one of the revolutions there was a division of the property of the nobles, in which he lost his all.

LIVE WITH THE GOOD.

From the good thou shalt learn good, but if thou associate with the bad, thou wilt lose even the sense thou possessest.

SPEAK UNRESERVEDLY TO FEW.

Communicate not to all friends alike thy affairs; few out of a number have a trusty mind.

So Shakespeare ("Henry VIII." act ii. sc. 1)—

"Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye."

THE HYPOCRITE.

Delude me not with empty phrase, having your mind and heart elsewhere, if thou lovest me, and there be in thee a faithful mind.

So Psalms (xxviii. 3)—"Which speak peace to their neighbor, but mischief is in their hearts;" (lxii. 4)—"They bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly."

KINDNESS TO THOSE OF LOW DEGREE.

It is the vainest task to bestow kindness on men of low degree, the same as to sow the hoary-foaming sea: since neither by sowing the deep with scattered grain, wouldst thou reap a rich crop, nor by doing kindness to the mean, wouldst thou be repaid. For the mean have an insatiate spirit; if thou refusest a request, gratitude for all former favors vanishes. While gallant hearts enjoy in the highest degree kindnesses, retaining the memory of good deeds and gratitude in after times.

So Shakespeare ("Timon of Athens," act iii. sc. 1)—

"Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? This slave,
Unto his honor has my lord's meat in him."

TRENCHER-FRIENDS.

Many are trencher-friends, few adhere to thee in matters of difficulty. Nothing is harder than to detect a soul of base alloy, O Cynrus, and

nothing of more value than caution. The loss of alloyed gold and silver may be borne; it is easy for a shrewd intellect to discover its real quality; but if a friend's heart be secretly untrue, and a treacherous heart be within him, this is the falsest thing that God has made for man, and this is hardest of all to discover. For thou canst not know man's mind, nor woman's either, before thou hast proved it, like as of a beast of burden.

So Shakespeare ("Timon," act iii. sc. 5)—

"Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites;
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies."

VAIN THOUGHTS OF MEN.

We men have vain thoughts, knowing nothing; while the gods accomplish all things after their own mind.

So Psalms (xciv. 11)—"The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man, that they are vanity;" (xxxix. 6)—"Man walketh in a vain show."

A LITTLE GOTTEN HONESTLY.

Prefer to live piously on small means than to be rich on what has been gotten unjustly. Every virtue is included in the idea of justice, as every just man is good. Fortune gives wealth indeed to the worst of men, but virtue is found in few.

So Proverbs (xv. 16)—"Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith;" and Psalms (xxxvii. 14)—"A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked."

A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

Wealth nurses insolence, when it comes to a man of paltry spirit, and whose mind is not sound.

So Shakespeare ("Henry VI." part ii. act ii. sc. 4)—

"Beggars mounted run their horse to death."

"BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TO-MORROW."

For no man knows what a night or a day may bring forth.

So Proverbs (xxvii. 1)—"Boast not thyself to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

LUST OF RICHES.

There is no limit to riches among men; for those of us who have most, strive after twice as much. Who could satisfy all? Riches truly to mortals become folly.

So Ecclesiastes (v. 10)—"He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase;" and Psalms (xxxix. 6)—"Surely they are disquieted in vain; he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

THE LION.

The lion does not always feast on flesh, but strong though he be, anxiety for food seizes him.

So Psalms (civ. 21)—"The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God."

"THE RACE IS NOT TO THE SWIFT."

Even the slow man, if possessed of wisdom, has overtaken the swift in the pursuit, with the aid of the straightforward justice of the immortal gods.

So Ecclesiastes (ix. 11)—"I returned and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

RESTRAIN THY TONGUE.

Restrain thyself; let honeyed words ever attend thy tongue; the heart indeed of men of low degree is more sharp than is right.

So Proverbs (xiii. 3)—"He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life;" (xxii. 6)—"In her tongue is the law of kindness;" and Shakespeare ("Hamlet," act i. sc. 3)—

"Give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unproportioned thought his act."

THE RIGHTEOUS AND WICKED TREATED EQUALLY.

How, pray, son of Saturn, canst thou reconcile it to thy sense of right and wrong to treat the wicked and the good in the same way, whether thou turnest thy attention to the wise or whether to the insolence of men, who yield to unjust deeds?

So Psalms (lxxiii. 3-5, 11-12)—"For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death; but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men. And they say, How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High? Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches."

JUDICIAL BLINDNESS.

Fortune is wont to make him regard easily what is bad to be good and what is good to be bad.

So Isaiah (v. 20)—"Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!"

"KEEP THE DOOR OF MY LIPS."

Many men have not well-fitting doors on their tongues, and they care for many things, which it would be better to leave alone.

So Psalms (cxli. 3)—"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

BETTER NOT TO BE BORN.

Of all things, it is best for men not to be born, nor to see the rays of the bright sun; the next best thing is speedily to die and lie beneath a load of earth.

"GRAPES OF THORNS."

For neither roses nor the hyacinth spring from the squill, no, nor ever a high-spirited child from a bond-woman.

So Matthew (vii. 16)—"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" and Horace (Od. iv. 4, 81)—

"Nor do fierce eagles produce the timorous dove."

RICHES NOT CARRIED TO THE GRAVE.

For no one descends to Hades with his immense wealth, nor can he by paying ransom escape death, or heavy diseases, or wretched old age creeping upon him.

So Psalms (xlii. 17)—"For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away; his glory shall not descend after him."

THE PROSPERITY OF THE UNGODLY.

Should a wicked and infatuated wretch, who cares for neither God nor man, be glutted with

wealth, while the good 'are destroyed, ground down by pinching poverty?

So Psalms (lxxiii. 3-5, 11-12)—"For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death; but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men. And they say, How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High? Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches."

YOUTH PASSES QUICKLY.

For bright youth passes quickly as thought, nor is the speed of coursers fleet.

"THE GODLY MAN CEASETH."

Just oaths are no longer in existence among men, neither does any one reverence the immortal gods. The race of godly men has vanished, nor do they any longer know laws; no, nor holy lives.

So Psalms (xii. 1)—"Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

"WEEP WITH THEM THAT WEEP."

Never let us sit down and laugh beside those who weep, O Cynus, taking pleasure in our own advantages.

So Romans (xii. 15)—"Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

THUCYDIDES.

BORN B.C. 471—WAS ALIVE B.C. 403.

THUCYDIDES, the celebrated historian of Athens, was the son of Olorus and Hegesipyle, through whom he claimed kindred with the family of Miltiades, the conqueror of Marathon. He is supposed to have been a pupil of Antiphon; of Rhamnus, and of Anaxagoras. At all events, as he was living in the centre of Greek civilization, he would, no doubt, receive all the advantages which Athens, then in the acme of its intellectual fame, was able to bestow. We have no trustworthy evidence that he distinguished himself as an orator; but he was in command of a small squadron at Thasos, on his way to the relief of Amphipolis, B.C. 424, then besieged by the Lacedæmonians. He arrived too late at the scene of action; and, in consequence of this failure, he became an exile, probably to avoid a severer punishment. He lived twenty years in exile, and returned to Athens about the time when Thrasybulus freed Athens. He is said to have been assassinated a short time after his return. The subject of his great work is the Peloponnesian war, which lasted from B.C. 431 to B.C. 404.

A POSSESSION FOR ALL TIMES.

My history is presented to the public as a possession for all times, and not merely as a rhetorical display to catch the applause of my contemporaries.

THE BEST SECURITY OF POWER.

For power is more firmly secured by treating our equals with justice than if, elated by present prosperity, we attempt to enlarge it at every risk.

EXPOSTULATION WITH FRIENDS.

Expostulation is just towards friends who have failed in their duty; accusation is to be used against enemies guilty of injustice.

ACTS OF INJUSTICE, AND ACTS OF VIOLENCE.

Mankind, as it seems, are more apt to resent acts of injustice than acts of violence. Those that are inflicted by equals are regarded as the result of a grasping and rapacious disposition; those coming from superiors are submitted to as a matter of necessity.

THE PRESENT IS GRIEVOUS TO SUBJECTS.

The present is always burdensome to subjects.

THE SUCCESS OF WAR DEPENDS VERY MUCH ON MONEY.

The success of war is not so much dependent on arms, as on the possession of money, by means of which arms are rendered serviceable, and more particularly so when a military power is fighting with a naval.

WAR SOMETIMES IS TO BE PREFERRED TO PEACE.

It is, indeed, the part of the wise, so long as they are not injured, to be lovers of peace. But it is the part of the brave, if they are injured, to give up the enjoyments of peace, that they may enter upon war, and, as soon as they are successful, to be ready to sheathe their swords. Thus, they ought never to allow themselves to be too much elated by military success, nor yet to be so fond of peace as to submit to insult.

DIFFERENCE OF RESULTS IN PLANS.

For many enterprises, that have been badly planned, have come to a successful issue, from the thoughtless imprudence of those against whom they were directed; and a still greater number, that have appeared to be entering on the path of victory, have come to a disastrous end. This arises from the very different spirit with which we devise a scheme, and put it into execution. In council, we consult in the utmost security; in execution, we fail from being surrounded with dangers.

THE POOR MORE WILLING TO GIVE THE SERVICES OF THEIR BODIES THAN THEIR MONEY.

Accumulated wealth is a far surer support of war than forced contributions from unwilling citizens. The poor, who gain their livelihood by the sweat of their brow, are more willing to give the services of their body in defence of their country, than to contribute from their contracted means. The former, though at some risk, they think it possible may survive the crisis; while the latter, they are certain will be gone forever, especially

if the war should be protracted beyond expectations—a very likely event.

HOW MARITIME SUPREMACY IS TO BE ATTAINED.

Seamanship, and a knowledge of maritime affairs, is as much a science as any other art. It cannot be learned by snatches, nor can a knowledge of it be acquired except by a persisting and uninterrupted devotion to its study.

UNCERTAINTY OF WAR.

For the events of war are ever changing, and fierce attacks are frequently made by small numbers with great fury. Often, too, an inferior body, by cautious measures, have defeated a superior force, whom contempt of their opponent had led to neglect proper precautions. In an enemy's country it is always the duty of soldiers to have their minds girt up for action, and looking around with circumspection, to have their arms ready to resist. Thus they will find themselves best able to rush forward to the attack, and least likely to suffer from the attacks of their opponents.

DISCIPLINE.

The noblest sight, and surest defence for a numerous army, is to observe strict discipline and undeviating obedience to their officers.

ENVY.

For the praises bestowed upon others are only to be endured so long as men imagine that they are able to perform the actions which they hear others to have done; they envy whatever they consider to be beyond their power, and are unwilling to believe in its truth.

EQUALITY.

For we possess a form of government of such excellence, that it gives us no reason to envy the laws of our neighbors. We often serve as a pattern to others: but we have never found it necessary to follow their example. It is called a popular government, because its object is not to favor the interests of the few, but of the greater number. In private disputes we are all equal in the eye of the law; and, in regard to the honors of the state, we rise according to merit, and not because we belong to a particular class. Though we are poor, if we are able to serve our country by our talents, obscurity of birth is no obstacle. We carry on public affairs with gentlemanly feeling, having no unworthy suspicions of each other in the daily affairs of life, nor indulging in angry passion towards our neighbor for pursuing his own course, nor yet putting on that look of displeasure, which pains, though it can do nothing more. Conversing with the kindest feeling towards each other in private society, above all things we avoid to break the enactments of the state, reverencing the magistrates, and obeying the laws—those more particularly that have been enacted for the protection of the injured, as well as those which, though they are unwritten, bring sure disgrace on the transgressors. In addition to all this,

in order that our minds might unbend occasionally from the dull routine of business, we have appointed numerous games and sacred festivals throughout the year, performed with a certain solemn pomp and elegance, so that the charms of such daily sights may drive away melancholy. The grandeur of this city causes the produce of the whole world to be imported into it, so that we enjoy not only the delicacies peculiar to our own country, but also those that come from other lands.

CHARACTER OF BRITISH NATION FORESHADOWED.

In military tactics we feel superior to our opponents; for we throw open our state to all who choose to resort to it; nor do we ever drive any stranger from our shores who comes for instruction, or from curiosity, making no concealment of anything, lest our enemies should derive some benefit. We trust not so much to being thoroughly prepared, or to cunning devices, as to our own innate courage. In training, there are some people who are, from their youth, inured by laborious exercise to submit to toil; but we, leading an easy and luxurious life, are ready at any moment to face dangers with the same recklessness as they.

POVERTY.

An avowal of poverty is a disgrace to no man; to make no effort to escape from it is indeed disgraceful.

THE BRITISH NATION FORESHADOWED IN THE ATHENIAN.

For we are the only people who think him that does not take part in public affairs to be not merely lazy, but good for nothing. Besides, we pass the soundest judgments, and have an intuitive knowledge of what is likely to happen; never considering that discussion of a subject stands in the way of its execution, but rather that we suffer from not having duly examined the question before we proceed to carry it out. It is in this that we show our distinguishing excellence—that we are bold as lions in the hour of action, and yet can calmly deliberate on the expediency of our measures. The courage of others is the consequence of ignorance; caution makes them cowards. But those, undoubtedly, must be regarded to be the bravest who, having the most acute perception of the sufferings of war and the sweets of peace, are yet not in the least prevented from facing danger.

ADVERSITY.

For it is not those who are reduced to misery, and who have no hopes of bettering their fortunes, that ought to be ready to shed their blood in defence of their country; but much more those who, if they live long enough, will find a change from their present prosperity difficult to be borne, and to whom adversity, therefore, is a serious calamity. For hard times, after a life of luxurious ease, are felt more keenly by a man of spirit than death, which leaves us without feeling; so that the stroke is met with fortitude, and reaches us in the midst of public prosperity.

PRUDENT MEASURES.

For boasting and bravado may exist in the breast even of the coward, if he is successful through a mere lucky hit; but a just contempt of an enemy can alone arise in those who feel that they are superior to their opponent by the prudence of their measures, as in the case with us. And even when the parties are pretty equally matched in other respects, the very consciousness of this superiority in prudence gives an additional stimulus to courage; and the man who is in difficulties trusts less to hopes, which may deceive him, than to a wise judgment, the foresight of which enables him to guard against disappointments.

EVILS INFLICTED BY HEAVEN.

The evils inflicted by Heaven ought to be borne with patient resignation, and the evils inflicted by enemies with manly fortitude.

MEN OF MERIT SUBJECT TO ENVY.

To be an object of hatred and aversion to their contemporaries has been the usual fate of all those whose merit has raised them above the common level. The man who submits to the shafts of envy for the sake of noble objects, pursues a judicious course for his own lasting fame. Hatred dies with its object, while merit soon breaks forth in full splendor, and his glory is handed down to posterity in never-dying strains.

THE DULLER PART OF MANKIND.

The duller part of mankind, in general, hold the reins of government with a steadier hand than your men of wit and vivacity. The latter are anxious to appear wiser than the laws. In every discussion about the public good they look merely to victory, as if they would have no other opportunity to show off their superior talents. In this way they are very apt to destroy the proper balance of the constitution. The former, who have no confidence in their own abilities, are quite willing to confess that they are not above the laws of their country, though they are unable to cope with the specious statements of the showy orator. Therefore, they are abler administrators of public affairs; because they are good judges of what is equitable, though inferior in debate.

THE EFFECT OF PROSPERITY.

It is the usual result of a sudden and unexpected gleam of prosperity on a people, that it makes them vainglorious and arrogant. Good fortune, attained as a consequence of judicious measures, is more likely to last than what bursts upon us at once. And, to conclude, men are much more dexterous in warding off adversity than in preserving prosperity.

PECULIAR TEMPER OF MAN.

For so remarkably perverse is the nature of man, that he despises whoever courts him, and admires whoever will not bend before him.

ALL MEN ARE SINNERS.

The whole of mankind, whether individuals or communities, are by nature liable to sin; and there is no law that can ever prevent this, since men have had recourse to all kinds of punishment without effect, adding to their severity, if by any means they might restrain the outrages of the wicked.

THE INCENTIVES OF HOPE AND LOVE.

The greatest stimuli in every undertaking are hope and ambition; the one points the way, the other follows closely on its heels; the one devises the mode in which it may be accomplished, the other suggests the aid to be got from Fortune. These two principles are the cause of all our evils; and, though unseen, are much stronger than the terror which wasteth by noonday. And then, in addition to these, Fortune herself is active in urging men to the encountering of dangers; for, presenting herself suddenly before them, she incites even the faint-hearted to make an effort. And, above all, this is the case with communities, which contend for matters of great concernment, such as liberty, or the dominion over others. In the general ardor each individual feels himself roused to put forth his strength to the utmost.

CONTRAST OF TIMES OF PEACE AND WAR.

In the piping times of peace and prosperity, communities, as well as individuals, have their feelings as well as nature less excited, because they are not under the compulsion of stern necessities. Whereas war, which strips them of their daily food, is a rough teacher, and renders their passions in accordance with their present condition.

WORDS LOSE THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

They changed the common signification of words at their pleasure, and distorted them, in order to palliate their actions. For what was once thought senseless audacity began to be esteemed contempt of danger in defence of a friend; prudent caution to be plausible cowardice; bashfulness to be the pretext for sloth; and the being wary in everything as only another word for laziness. A hot, fiery temper was looked upon as the exhibition of a manly character; circumspect and calm deliberation to be a specious pretext for intended knavery. He who was subject to gusts of passion was always considered trustworthy; who presumed to contradict was ever the object of suspicion. He who succeeded in a roguish scheme was wise, but he who anticipated it in others was still a more able genius; but he whose foresight enabled him to be above all such proceedings was looked upon as one who put an end to friendship, and was awed by his enemies. In short, the highest praise was considered to be due to him who forestalled his neighbor in doing mischief, or who egged on another to it.

VILLAINS.

The number of villains is large in this world; and they are more successful in acquiring a name

for adroitness than their dupes are for goodness. The latter cannot refrain from blushing; the former rejoice in their iniquities.

PRECEDENTS.

Men are foolish enough, in their desire for vengeance, to make precedents against themselves by infringing those laws which are the common protection of mankind, and from which alone they can expect aid if they fall into difficulties.

MAKE ALLOWANCE FOR CHANCE IN EVERYTHING.

It is the part of the wise, in their estimates of success, to make due allowance for the effects of chance. These men will be more likely to bear the frowns of Fortune with equanimity; and will be prepared to think that war does not invariably take the direction which we wish to give it, but that to which Fortune leads us. And men of this character have little chance of failing in their schemes, or of having the pedestal of their fortune thrown down, because they are too much puffed up by present appearances.

CALAMITIES OF WAR.

And, in regard to the calamities of war, what need is there to relate, in minute detail, all that happens in the ears of men who have only too much experience of them? No one ever plunges headlong into these from ignorance of what will follow; nor yet, when they expect to gratify their ambitious views, are they ever deterred by fear. In the latter case, the expectations of what is to be gained are thought to overbalance the dangers that are likely to accrue; and the former prefer to undergo any danger than to suffer diminution of their present possessions. If neither party seem likely to carry out their views, then exhortations to mutual agreement seem highly proper.

REVENGE NOT CERTAIN.

Vengeance does not necessarily follow because a man has sustained an injury; nor is power sure of its end because it is full of sanguine expectations. Fortune hangs up, in general, her unsteady balance, which, while little dependence can be placed upon it, yet gives us most useful hints. For, as we have thus a wholesome dread of each other, we advance to the contest with thoughtful premeditation.

MIGHT MAKES RIGHT.

For it is more disgraceful for men in high office to improve their private fortune by specious fraud than by open violence. Might makes right in the one case; while, in the other, man throws over his proceedings the cloak of despicable cunning.

HOW A STATE CAN PRESERVE ITSELF FREE.

For it is a maxim allowed, that no state can possibly preserve itself free, unless it be a match for neighboring powers.

THE SANGUINE NATURE OF HOPE.

It is the usual way of mankind blindly to indulge in sanguine hopes of gaining a favorite object, and to throw aside with despotism scorn what

ever has the appearance of running counter to their wishes.

HOPE.

Hope, a solace in dangerous emergencies, is not always fatal to those who indulge in its flattering tales, if they are in a position to bear disappointment. By those, however, who place their all on the hazard of a cast, its delusions (for hope is extravagant in its nature) are then only known by experience, when it is no longer possible to guard against its snares.

MEN HAVE RECOURSE TO DIVINATIONS IN CALAMITY.

Be not like the mob of mankind, who, though they might be saved by human exertions, as soon as faint hopes of safety are visible, have recourse to others of a darker cast,—to necromancy, fortune-tellers, and such foolish courses as hope suggests to draw them on to destruction.

DISHONOR.

For you will be no longer controlled by that sense of shame which leads men to ruin when dishonor stares them in the face, and danger presses them from behind. For many, though they see plainly enough into what evils they are going to plunge, yet, to avoid the imputation of dishonor,—so powerful is the force of one bewitching sound!—feel themselves obliged to yield to a course of which their better reason may disapprove, and rush wilfully into irremediable calamities, and incur a more shameful weight of dishonor through their own mad obstinacy than Fortune would have awarded them.

MEN WHO MAINTAIN THEMSELVES IN CREDIT.

For those are the men to maintain themselves with credit in the world, who never suffer their equals to insult them, who show proper respect to their superiors, and act with thoughtful kindness to their inferiors.

EVERYTHING UNKNOWN IS MAGNIFIED.

For we all know that things placed at the greatest distance from us, as well as those whose character we have never known by experience, are most apt to excite our admiration.

SUCCESS.

You are convinced by experience that very few things are brought to a successful issue by impetuous desire, but most by calm and prudent forethought.

MONEY THE SINEWS OF WAR.

For they are possessed of plenty of money, by means of which war and every other human enterprise are easily brought to a successful end.

THE ASSAILANT IS MOST TO BE DREADED.

The opinions of men depend very much on rumors; and they have a greater dread of an enemy who proclaims himself ready to begin the attack,

than of one who merely professes his intention to defend himself against assaults, as they think that there will be then only an equality of danger.

THE GOVERNMENT OF AN OLIGARCHY AND DEMOCRACY.

It may, perhaps, be said that a democracy is a form of government repugnant to the dictates of wisdom and justice; that those who are the wealthiest are more likely to conduct public affairs successfully. To this I answer, in the first place, that by the word people is meant a whole community, including every individual; whereas an oligarchy is only a small portion of the people: in the next place, that the wealthy are, no doubt, the best guardians of the public treasure, and that men of prudence and forethought are the best advisers in public matters; but the people in the mass are, after listening to a discussion, the best judges of measures. And that these different ranks of citizens are thus, in a democracy, able, both as a part and as a whole, to enjoy an equality of privilege. But, on the other hand, an oligarchy compels the great mass of the people to share in the dangers of the state while it not only monopolizes most of the advantages, but actually takes to itself everything on which it can lay its hand.

DANGER IN MULTITUDE OF COUNSELLORS.

A multitude of generals and many counsellors are very injurious.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

Nay more, we have the best opportunity of revenging ourselves on a detested enemy, which, according to the proverb, is the most pleasant thing in the world.

HISTORY.

History is philosophy teaching by examples.

TIMOCLES.

FLOURISHED ABOUT B.C. 340.

TIMOCLES, an Athenian comic poet of the middle comedy, who flourished about B.C. 340. Suidas gives the titles of nineteen dramas.

POVERTY.

For poverty sometimes forces many to do, contrary to their natural disposition, things unworthy of them.

POVERTY.

Poverty sometimes forces many to do acts unworthy of them, contrary to their natural disposition.

TYRTÆUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT B.C. 660.

TYRTÆUS, son of Archembrotus, is said to have been by birth an Athenian, but became a citizen of Lacedæmon. There is a story that he was a lame schoolmaster, of low family and reputation, whom the Athenians, when applied to by the Lacedæmonians, in accordance with the oracle, purposely sent as the most inefficient leader they could select; but it turned out that his poetry achieved that victory which his physical condition seemed to forbid his aspiring.

TO DIE FOR ONE'S COUNTRY.

It is honorable for a brave man to die, having fallen in front of the ranks, fighting for his fatherland.

COWARDICE.

It is not in the force of words to paint the varied ills which befall a man if he has been actuated by cowardice.

THE BRAVE MAN.

This is virtue—this the noblest meed among men, and the best for a young man to carry off—this is a common good to a city and all its people, namely, whoever, standing firm, is foremost of the embattled train, and is altogether forgetful of base flight, when he has staked his life and firm spirit, but has the courage to die beside his neighbors. Such a man is a brave warrior.

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

He, having fallen amidst the foremost, loses his life, bringing glory to his city, people, and father, pierced in many places through breast and bossed shield, and through his armor in front. Young and old alike lament him with sad regret. His tomb and children are famed among men,—children's children, and his whole descendants after him. Never does his fair fame or name perish; but though he be under the ground, he becomes immortal. Whoever acting nobly, fighting for country and children, impetuous Ares shall have destroyed.

XENOPHON.

BORN PROBABLY BEFORE B.C. 444—WAS ALIVE B.C. 357.

XENOPHON, the illustrious commander, historian, and philosopher, was the son of Gryllus, an Athenian. He was the pupil of Socrates, and made rapid progress in that moral wisdom for which his master was so eminent. He joined the army of Cyrus the younger, in his expedition against his brother Artaxerxes Mnemon, king of Persia; and when that enterprise proved unfortunate, he took command of the Greek troops, and assisted, by his prudence and skill, in bringing

them safely back to Greece. When Socrates was put to death, B.C. 399, we find that Xenophon was shortly after obliged to leave Athens, and took refuge, with his family, at Scillus, under the protection of the Lacedæmonians. Here he spent twenty years in exile, hunting, writing, and entertaining his friends. After this long residence, he was compelled by the Eleans to leave Scillus, and is said to have retired to Corinth. Of the historical works of Xenophon, the "Anabasis," or the History of the Expedition of the Younger Cyrus, and of the Retreat of the Greeks who formed part of his army, has immortalized his name.

THE GODS OMNISCIENT.

Socrates thought that the gods knew all things, both what is said, what is done, and what is meditated in silence, are everywhere present, and give warnings to men of everything human.

So 1 John (iii. 20)—"God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things."

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

Wherefore fathers keep their sons, even though they be virtuous, from the society of the wicked, as they consider association with the virtuous as likely to incline them to virtue, and with the wicked as sure to prove its destruction.

The truth of this is borne witness to by one of the poets (Theognis v. 35)—"From every good man thou wilt learn what is good; but if thou associate with the wicked, thou wilt lose the sense that is in thee." And another poet says—"A good man is at one time good, and at another bad."

GOD KNOWS BEST WHAT IS GOOD FOR MAN.

Socrates prayed to the gods simply that they would give him what was good, inasmuch as the gods knew best what things are good for man. Those who prayed for gold, or silver, or high power, or anything of that kind, he regarded as doing the same as if they prayed that they might play at dice, or fight, or anything of that kind, of which the result was dependent on chance.

So Matt. (vi. 7)—"But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking."

"THE POOR WIDOW'S MITE."

When Socrates presented small sacrifices from his small means, he considered that he was not at all inferior in merit to those who offered many and great sacrifices from ample and abundant means; for he said that it was not becoming for the gods to delight in large rather than in small sacrifices.

WHO ARE MOST RESPECTFUL TO THE GODS.

Dost thou not see that the oldest and wisest of human communities and cities and nations show most respect to the gods, and that the wisest age of man is most careful of the worship of the gods?

GOD OMNIPRESENT AND OMNISCIENT.

The Divinity is so great, and of such a character, that He both sees and hears all things, is everywhere present, and attends to all things at once.

So Psalms (ciii. 35)—"Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed. But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end."

THE BEST SAUCE.

Dost thou not know that he who eats with most pleasure is he who least requires sauce, and that he who drinks with the greatest pleasure is he who least desires other drink than that which he has?

DIVINE NATURE IS PERFECTION.

I think to want nothing is to resemble the gods, and to want as little as possible is to make the nearest approach to the gods; that the Divine nature is perfection, and that to be nearest to the Divine nature is to be nearest to perfection.

So Psalms (l. 9)—"I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he-goats out of thy folds: for every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills."

HONOR GOD.

If thou wishest the gods to be propitious to thee, thou must honor the gods.

So Psalms (cxv. 18)—"The Lord is high unto all them that call upon Him, that all that call upon Him in truth."

GOD GRANTS NOTHING WITHOUT LABOR.

The gods give nothing really good and beautiful without labor and diligence.

So Genesis (iii. 19)—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

WHAT BENEFITS CHILDREN RECEIVE FROM THEIR PARENTS.

Whom then, said Socrates, can we find receiving greater advantages from any persons than from their parents? Children, whom their parents have brought from non-existence into existence, to behold so many beautiful objects, and to partake of so many blessings which are granted by the gods to men: blessings which appear to us so inestimable that we shrink in the highest degree from abandoning them.

THE LOW-MINDED AND THE HONORABLE.

The low-minded thou canst not gain otherwise than by giving them something; whereas the honorable and the good thou mayest best attract by treating them in a kindly manner.

WE ARE MEMBERS OF ONE BODY TO ASSIST EACH OTHER.

At present, Socrates said, you are in the same state as if the two hands, which the gods have made to assist each other, should neglect their duty, and begin to impede each other. Would it not be a great folly and misfortune to use for our hurt what was intended for our benefit?

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A GENERAL.

But, said Socrates, this is much the best part of the qualifications of a general: for a general must be skilful in preparing what is necessary for war,

furnishing provisions for his soldiers; a man of mechanical contrivance and activity, careful, persevering, sagacious, affectionate, and, at the same time, severe; open, yet crafty; careful of his own, yet ready to steal from others; profuse, yet rapacious; lavish of presents, yet eager to acquire money; cautious, yet enterprising,—and many other qualities, both natural and acquired, which he who would fill the office of general well, must possess.

BEST MEN MOST PIOUS BEFORE GOD.

Socrates said that the best men were the most observant of the worship of the gods.

So Joshua (xxiv. 15)—"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

THE LOOKS AND GESTURES SHOW THE CHARACTER.

Surely, also, nobleness and generosity of disposition, lowness of mind and illiberality, modesty and intelligence, insolence and stupidity, are shown both in the countenance and gestures of men, whether they are standing or moving.

GOD SHOWS HIMSELF BY HIS WORKS.

He who arranges and holds together the whole universe, in which are all things beautiful and good, and who preserves it always unimpaired, undisordered, and undecaying, obeying His will swifter than thought, and without irregularity, is Himself manifested only in the performance of His mighty works, but is invisible to us while He is regulating them.

THE SOUL OF MAN.

The soul of man is part of the Divinity, if there be any part of man really so.

So Romans (v. 5)—"Because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us."

ALL MEN HAVE WORSHIPPED GOD FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD.

It is believed that the gods have been worshipped by all men from the very beginning.

HONOR THE GODS ACCORDING TO YOUR MEANS.

It becomes the man who fails in no ways to honor the gods to the best of his means, to be of good courage, hoping for the greatest blessings; for no one can with reason hope for greater blessings from others than from those who are able to benefit him most.

So Psalms (xxxii. 10)—"He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall encompass him about."

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

The fury of the gods I know not how any man may escape by flight, nor in what darkness he could hide himself, nor in what strong place he could take refuge. For all things are everywhere subject to the control of the gods, and they rule in the armies of heaven as among the inhabitants of the earth.

RULERS ARE NECESSARY.

For without rulers and directors nothing honorable or useful can be accomplished, to sum up in

one word, anywhere; but chiefly of all in the affairs of war.

THE BRAVE LIVE WHERE THE COWARD DIES IN
BATTLE.

For I have always observed this, fellow-soldiers, that those who use every means to save their lives in war generally meet with a base and disgraceful death; whereas those who feel that death is the common and allotted fate of all men, I often see

to reach old age, and while they live they enjoy a happy life.

PRAISE IS THE SWEETEST OF ALL SOUNDS.

The sweetest of all sounds is praise.

IMPOSSIBLE TO DO ALL THINGS WELL.

It is impossible for a man attempting many things to do them all well.

GREAT THOUGHTS FROM LATIN AUTHORS.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

LITTLE need be added to what was stated in former editions of this work. The illustrations from the Old and New Testaments have been increased, and many new passages have been given. Few of the ways that conduct to virtue are more full of pleasantness and peace than that which leads us to warm our hearts by putting them in close contact with noble natures. "I am not the rose, but I live with the rose," says the Eastern apologue, "and so I have become sweet." It was a strong conviction of the truth of this apophthegm that induced the Editor to spend many of the leisure hours of a busy life in bringing together the beautiful thoughts of ancient writers; and he was induced to present them to the public, in the hope that many, who have little time to devote to the study of the Classics, would be glad to renew their acquaintance with the finer emanations of the Roman masters.

The Editor has not been disappointed in his expectations, for the sale of the work has continued to increase, and proves that there is a large number of educated minds who take delight in the wisdom of the ancients. Each quotation is a separate bait, a temptation to feel greatly and to do greatly; and a friend, whose delicate health has obliged him to retire from the busy haunts of men, very beautifully remarks that their charm for the old and infirm is scarcely less. To such "it is nothing short of delightful to have a book at hand which will suit itself either to the exigencies or the deficiencies of the minute, with an elastic power of adaptability which no living friend can possess." It was for those of lofty aspirations among the young, and for men of cultivated minds among the old, that the Editor attempted to make a selection from a treasure that has continued to accumulate from the earliest times, till it now comprehends a brief abstract of the wisdom of all ages.

CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Plautus	born about a.c. 254	died about a.c. 184
Terence	born a.c. 195	died a.c. 159
Varro	born a.c. 116	died a.c. 28
Cicero	born a.c. 106	died a.c. 43

Cæsar	born a.c. 100	died b.c. 44
Lucretius	born b.c. 98	died b.c. 53
Catullus	born b.c. 87	died b.c. 47
Sallust	born b.c. 86	died about b.c. 34
Virgil	born b.c. 70	died b.c. 19
Horace	born b.c. 65	died b.c. 8
Livy	born b.c. 59	died a.d. 17
Tibullus	born about b.c. 59	died about b.c. 18
Propertius	born about b.c. 51	died about b.c. 15
Publius Syrus	flourished about b.c. 45	
Ovid	born b.c. 43	died a.d. 18
Nepos	flourished b.c. 40	
Seneca	born about a.d. 1	died a.d. 65
Phædrus	flourished a.d. 30	
Pliny the Elder	born a.d. 23	died a.d. 79
Silius Italicus	born a.d. 25	died a.d. 100
Persius	born a.d. 34	died a.d. 62
Lucan	born about a.d. 39	died a.d. 65
Quintilian	born a.d. 40	died about a.d. 118
Martial	born a.d. 43	died a.d. 104
Petronius Arbiter	flourished a.d. 50	
Tacitus	born about a.d. 56	died about a.d. 120
Pliny the Younger	flourished a.d. 61	
Statius	born about a.d. 61	died about a.d. 96
Columella	flourished a.d. 70	
Juvenal	flourished a.d. 90	
Curtius	flourished a.d. 150	
Ausonius	born a.d. 315	died a.d. 392
Ammianus Marcellinus	flourished a.d. 360	
Claudian	flourished a.d. 400	
Manilius	is of uncertain date.	

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GREAT THOUGHT

FROM

LATIN AUTHORS.

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.

Flourished from about A.D. 350 to A.D. 390.

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS, a native of Antioch in Syria, was the last subject of Rome who composed a profane history in the Latin language. His personal history little is known; he was an officer in the army, accompanying Ursicinus, an old general of the Emperor Constantius, to the East in 350. We next find him accompanying Julian in his expedition against the Persians, having a narrow escape in the retreat of the Romans. His history extended from the accession of Nerva, A.D. 96, to the death of Valens, A.D. 378, comprising a period of 282 years. It was divided into thirty-one books, of which the first thirteen are lost. What remains includes the reign of Constantius from A.D. 358, and those of Gallus, Julianus, Jovianus, Valentinianus, and Valens.

FOLLY OF MEN.

Some imagining that they can best commend themselves to the Eternal by erecting statues to that great Being, earnestly devote themselves to that, as if they were certain to obtain more reward from senseless idols of brass than from the conscientious performance of honorable duties.

TRUTH IS SIMPLE.

The language of truth is unadorned and always simple.

We find the three great tragic writers of Greece speak of truth in the same way.

Shakespeare ("Measure for Measure," act v. sc. 1) says:—

"Truth is truth
To the end of reckoning."

Matthew vi. 23:—

"If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

MAN PARALYZED BY FATE.

The senses of men are usually blunted and deadened, when fate lays a heavy hand upon them.

THE MIND OF MAN IN SLEEP.

The mind freed from the shackles of the body, never resting, being under the impressions which

cares and anxieties have made upon fore us those night visions which visit.

Longfellow ("A Psalm of Life") expresses wise:—

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

But Byron ("The Dream," l. 8) says:—

"Dreams in their development have
And tears and tortures and the touch of
They have a weight upon our waking life
They take a weight from off our waking
They do divide our being."

Shakespeare ("Romeo and Juliet," act I. sc. 5)

"I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, wif
Even now the frozen bosom of the north
And being anger'd, puffs away from the
Turning his face to the dew-dropping east."

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

Adrasteia, whom we also call Nemesis, often (I wish it were always so!) avenger of the deeds of the impious, warder of the righteous—being a celestial law of the Almighty placed over the world, or as others define it, a self-existent angel watching over each individual, controlled power; which theologians call assuming to be the daughter of Justice to look down on all things earthly from the seats of eternity. She, as the director of causes, the arbitress and judge of all, over the urn containing the fates of all, out at will the lots of life; and endlessly at times from what she seemed tended, turns round our fates with end And binding with the indissoluble chain the pride of man, vainly puffed up, ing the ups and downs of life, as she to turn them; now she throws him down from his lofty seat, and again lifting the upmost lowest bottom raises him to the pinnacle.

EXCEPTIONS TO EVERY RULE.

But in the midst of thorns roses spring up, and amidst savage beasts some are tame.

So Psalm xxx. 5:—

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

ALMOST ALL DIFFICULTIES MAY BE OVERCOME
BY PRUDENCE.

Almost all difficulties may be got the better of by prudent thought, revolving and pondering much in the mind.

MAN ABLE TO FORESEE GOOD AND BAD.

It is not wonderful that men sometimes are able to discern what is profitable and what is hurtful to them, since we regard their minds to be related to the heavenly beings.

THE GENIUS WATCHING OVER EACH.

His particular Genius, who was placed to watch over his life, was thought to have abandoned him, as he was on the point of leaving the world. For theologians say, that to all men, when they are born, certain divine beings are attached to direct their actions, though visible to very few, only to those who are distinguished by many virtuous qualities.

THE WILL OF HEAVEN.

No power or virtue of man could ever have deserved that, what has been fated, should not have taken place.

Shakespeare ("Henry VI.," Part III., act iv. sc. 3) says:—

"What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide."

So Psalm cxxxv. 5:—

"For I know that the Lord is great, and that our Lord is above all gods. Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places."

MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES.

Yet the success of plans and the advantage to be derived from them do not at all times agree, seeing the Gods claim to themselves the right to decide as to the final result.

So Proverbs xvi. 9:—

"A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps."

TRUTH SOMETIMES DANGEROUS.

Truth is often attended with danger.

There is a French proverb of the thirteenth century, which expresses this idea:—

"Every truth is not good to be said."

So Mark vi. 18:—

"For John had said unto Herod, It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife. Therefore Herodias had a quarrel against him, and would have killed him; but she could not."

VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

Any one that is prosperous may before evening by the turn of fortune's wheel become most wretched.

THE SAME CHARACTER PROUD AND HUMBLE.

So that he seemed, when he felt confidence in himself, to be like a tragic actor declaiming from the high-heeled buskin; and when he was cast down, to be more humble than any low comedian in his sock.

BUSINESS FOR IDLE HANDS.

Wicked acts are accustomed to be done with impunity for the mere desire of occupation.

AUSONIUS.

BORN ABOUT A.D. 315—DIED ABOUT A.D. 392.

DECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS, a Latin poet and grammarian, was a native of Bordeaux, born about the beginning of the fourth century of the Christian era. He devoted himself to the study of law, and became tutor to Gratian, son of the Emperor Valentinian, by whom he was appointed prefectus of Latium, of Libya, and of Gaul, and at last, in the year 379, was made consul. The letter of Gratian conferring the dignity, and the grateful reply of Ausonius are both extant. After the death of Gratian he retired from public life, and ended his days in a country retreat at no great distance from his native city about A.D. 392, in the reign of Honorius. There can be no doubt from several passages in his works that he was a Christian, though the licentious nature of some of his writings proves that he did not at all times attend to its pure doctrines. He was the author of many works, which have been preserved, but the most celebrated are his twenty Eclogues, of which the tenth, entitled *Mosella*, is a description of the river Moselle, one of the best specimens of his powers as a poet, though the same faults pervade it as his other works—want of simplicity, taste, easiness of versification, and purity of language.

ADVICE TO THE UPSTART.

Whoever thou art that hast become rich from great poverty, use thy good fortune with moderation.

EVERYTHING HUMAN PERISHES.

Can we wonder that men perish and are forgotten when their noblest and most enduring works decay? Death comes even to monumental structures, and oblivion rests on the most illustrious names.

A MAN OF LETTERS.

Because thy library is full of books, which thou hast bought, dost thou think thyself a man of letters? In the same way, lay up strings, plectra, and lyres; having bought all these, to-morrow thou wilt be a musician.

WELL BEGUN, HALF DONE.

Begin; to have begun is half of the work. Let the half still remain; again begin this and thou wilt have done all.

A FAVOR SLOWLY BESTOWED.

A favor which is tardily bestowed is no favor; for a favor which has been quickly granted is a more agreeable favor.

WHATEVER THOU DOEST, DO IT QUICKLY.

If thou intendest to do a kind act do it quickly, and then thou mayest expect gratitude: a favor grudgingly conferred causes ingratitude.

THE UNGRATEFUL.

The earth produces nothing worse than an ungrateful man.

Shakespeare ("As You Like It," act ii. sc. 7) says:—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not."

And ("Twelfth Night," act iii. sc. 1):—

"I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness
Or any taint of vice."

FICKLENESS OF FORTUNE.

Fortune is never stable, is always turning, always changing; throws down the prosperous and raises the humble.

Euripides (Fr. Ino. 28) says:—

"Thou seest what small things are sufficient to bring down tyrants who have had a long course of prosperity; even one day pulls this man from his lofty seat and raises another. Riches have wings: for I see those who once had them falling from their high hopes."

Diphilus (Fr. Com. Gr., p. 1008, M.) says:—

"As Fortune sometimes, while she is conferring on us one good, is doing so pumps up three evils."

HOW ENEMIES ARE INCREASED.

When thou causeth fear to many, then is the time to be on thy guard.

PRESERVE EQUANIMITY.

If fortune is favorable, be not elated; if fortune thunders, be not cast down.

FEAR CONSCIENCE.

When about to commit a base deed, respect thyself if thou hast no other witness.

Diphilus, who flourished B.C. 300 (Fr. Com. Gr., p. 1001, M.), says much to the same effect:—

"For whoever does not feel ashamed before his own conscience, when he has committed a base deed, why will he feel ashamed before another who is unconscious of it?"

LARGE DOWRY CAUSE OF MISCHIEF.

When the dowry is too large, it is often the cause of much mischief.

BEGUN HALF DONE.

Set about whatever thou intendest to do: the beginning is half the battle.

BETTER NOT TO BE BORN.

Therefore the sentiment of the Greeks is best, for they say that it is best for man not to be born, or being born, quickly to die.

THE SUSPECTED.

The suspected and the man really guilty seem to differ only slightly.

CÆSAR.

BORN B.C. 100—DIED B.C. 44.

C. JULIUS CÆSAR, the dictator, the son of C. Julius Cæsar and Aurelia, was born on the 12th July B.C. 100, and murdered on the 15th March B.C. 44. He attached himself to the popular party, and married, B.C. 83, Cornelia, the daughter of L. Cinna, one of the chief opponents of Sulla; being in consequence proscribed and obliged to conceal himself for some time in the country of the Sabines. He served for several years in the wars of Asia, but returned to Rome B.C. 78, on hearing of the death of Sulla. He became quæstor B.C. 68, prætor B.C. 62, reaching the consulship B.C. 59, when he joined Pompey and Crassus in an agreement to support one another and divide the power between themselves. This was what was called the first triumvirate; and to make his union with Pompey still more intimate, he gave him his daughter Julia in marriage. He married at the same time Calpurnia, the daughter of L. Piso, who was consul the following year. Obtaining the province of Gaul, he was occupied for nine years in its subjugation, conquering the whole of Transalpine Gaul, which had hitherto been independent of the Romans, with the exception of the part called Provincia: he twice crossed the Rhine, and carried the terror of the Roman arms across that river, and he twice landed in Britain, which had hitherto been unknown to the Romans. While Cæsar had been thus actively engaged in Gaul, affairs in Rome had taken a turn which threatened a speedy rupture between him and Pompey. The ten years of Cæsar's government would expire at the end of B.C. 49, and he was therefore resolved to obtain the consulship for B.C. 48, as he would otherwise be reduced to a private station. Pompey joined the aristocratical party, and prepared to resist the proceedings of his opponent; but Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, which separated his province from Italy, and in three months subdued the whole of Italy. Having defeated his rival Pompey in the plains of Pharsalia B.C. 48, he became undisputed master of the Roman empire. He caused himself to be proclaimed perpetual dictator, and had actually consented to accept the imperial throne, when he was murdered by the republican party, who hoped by his death to restore the old constitution. He fell in the Senate House on the 15th March B.C. 44.

PUNISHMENT OF WICKEDNESS.

The gods sometimes grant greater prosperity and a longer period of impunity to those whom they wish to punish for their crimes, in order that they may feel more acutely a change of circumstances.

RIGHTS OF WAR.

It is the right of war for conquerors to treat those whom they have conquered according to their pleasure.

WINE.

They allowed no wine or other luxuries to be imported, because they believed they had a tendency to enervate the mind and make men less brave in battle.

GAULS.

The Gauls are hasty and precipitate in their resolutions.

GAULS.

Almost all the Gauls are fond of change, and easily excited to war, while they are at the same time attached to liberty and hate slavery.

THE WISH IS FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

Men willingly believe what they wish.

IMITATIVE CHARACTER OF THE GAULS.

They are a race of consummate ingenuity, and possess wonderful powers to imitate whatever they see done by others.

FEAR.

In extreme danger, fear turns a deaf ear to every feeling of pity.

TO THROW BLAME ON THE DEAD.

That he knew, and was well aware, that nothing was easier than to ascribe the blame of an act to the dead.

The French have a proverb, "Les mort font toujours tort."

TRIVIAL CAUSES IN WAR.

In war important events are produced by trivial causes.

CATULLUS.

BORN B.C. 87—DIED ABOUT B.C. 47.

CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS, a celebrated Latin poet, was born at Sirmio, in the vicinity of Verona, B.C. 87, one year before the historian Salust. His father was the friend of Julius Cæsar, and Catullus himself was on intimate terms of friendship with all the most illustrious men of his age. His time was spent principally at Rome or in his villa near Tibur. It is not known when he died, but it must have been subsequently to B.C. 47, as he mentions the consulship of Vatinius.

He was the author of 116 poems, which we still possess. They are partly epigrammatic, partly elegiac, with a few lyrical pieces. Catullus was deeply imbued with the spirit of Greek poetry, and had formed his taste on that model.

THE GRAVE.

He is now travelling along that darksome path to the bourne from which, they say, no one ever returns.

THE WHISPERING OF THE TREES.

For on the ridge of Cyturus it often gave forth a hissing, while the leaves spoke.

Tennyson ("The Princess") thus expresses the same idea:—

"As in a poplar grove when a light wind wakes
A hisping of the innumerable leaf, and dice,
Each hissing in his neighbor's ear."

ONE ETERNAL NIGHT TO ALL.

Suns may set and rise; we, when our short day has closed, must sleep on during one never-ending night.

Young, in his "Night Thoughts" (No. 6), says in a very different tone:—

"Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change, no death; day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set and rise.
Earth takes the example. See the Summer, gay
With her green chaplets and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with frost and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the South
Recalls the first. All, to reflowerish, fades;
As in a wheel all sinks, to reascend;
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires."

See Sir Walter Scott's lament over Pitt and Fox in the introduction to "Marmion," beginning—

"To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings," etc.

GROSS PLEASURES.

Gross and vulgar pleasures.

A STUPID BOOBY.

That stupid booby of mine is so crazy that he neither sees nor hears, and even knows not who he is, or whether he exists at all.

"So benumbed in his wits is my booby, that he
Is as deaf and as blind as a buzzard can be;
Yea, he knows not, the oaf, who himself is or what,
Or whether in fact, he exists or does not."—MARTIN.

THE MOTE IN OUR OWN EYE.

Every one has his faults, but we see not the mote in our own eye.

Burns says:—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

So Psalm xix. 13:—

"Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults."

THE PLEASURE OF REST AFTER LABOR.

Oh, what is more sweet than, when the mind, set free from care, lays its burden down; and,

when spent with distant travel, we come back to our home, and rest our limbs on the wished-for bed? This, this alone, repays such toils as these!

SILLY LAUGHTER.

A silly laugh's the silliest thing I know.

SWEET MEETINGS, FAREWELL.

O sweet meetings of friends, farewell.

Tennyson ("The Princess," cant. iv.) expresses the same idea very beautifully:—

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather in the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

THE LOVE-SICK.

Peer for the gods he seems to me
And mightier, if that may be,
Who, sitting face to face with thee,
Can there serenely gaze;
Can hear thee sweetly speak the while,
Can see thee, Lesbia, sweetly smile,
Joys that from me my senses wile,
And leave me in a maze.

For, ever, when thy face I view,
My voice is to its task untrue,
My tongue is paralyzed, and through
Each limb a subtle flame
Runs swiftly, murmurs dim arise
Within my ears, across my eyes
A sudden darkness spreads, and sighs
And tremors shake my frame.

MARTIN.

PALSIED OLD AGE.

Till hoary age shall steal on thee,
With loitering step and trembling knee,
And palsied head, that ever bent,
To all in all things nods assent.—MARTIN.

THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN.

What is granted by the gods more desirable
Than a lucky moment?

THE VIRGIN.

As the flower grows apart in the secluded garden
Unknown to the cattle, bruised by no plough,
Fondled by the breezes, strengthened by the rays
Of the sun, and nourished by the rains of heaven;
Many a boy and girl have desired to pluck it; when
The same flower, plucked by some tiny hand, has
Lost its beauty, no boys or girls have desired it; so
Is the virgin, while she remains so, while she is
Beloved by her friends, but when she has lost her
Chaste flower, she is neither pleasing to the youth
Nor beloved by the girls.

THE RISING BREEZE.

As when at early dawn the western breeze
Into a ripple breaks the slumbering seas,
Which gently stirr'd, move slowly on at first,
And into gurglings low of laughter burst
Anon, as fresher blows the rising blast,
The waves crowd onward faster and more fast,

Floating away till they are lost to sight
Beneath the glow of the empurpled light,
So from the royal halls, and far from view,
Each to his home with wand'ring steps withdrew.
MARTIN.

CONFOUNDING OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

The confounding of all right and wrong in the
wild fury of war has averted from us the gracious
smile of heaven.

FICKLENESS OF WOMAN.

The vows that woman makes to her fond lover
are only fit to be written on air or on the swiftly-
passing stream.

DIFFICULT TO RELINQUISH A CONFIRMED PASSION.

It is difficult to give up at once a long-cherished
passion.

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF LOVE.

I hate and I love. Why I do so, thou mayest
perhaps inquire: I know not; but I feel that it is
so, and I am tormented.

CICERO.

BORN B.C. 106—DIED B.C. 43.

M. TULLIUS CICERO, born on the 8d January B.C. 106, was a native of the city of Arpinum, but received his education at Rome under Greek masters, more particularly under the renowned Archias of Antioch. During the scenes of strife and bloodshed between Marius and Sulla, he identified himself with neither party, devoting his time to those studies which were essential to him as a lawyer and an orator. When tranquillity was restored, he came forward as a pleader at the age of twenty-five, but thinking that there was great room for improvement in his style of composition and mode of delivery, he determined to quit Italy and visit the great fountains of arts and eloquence. He remained six months at Athens, and then made a complete tour of Asia Minor, returning to Rome after an absence of two years, B.C. 77. His great talents, developed by such careful and judicious training under the most cultivated masters, could not fail to command success. Though possessed of no family influence, he was elected quaestor B.C. 76, and, having Sicily as his province, he discharged his trust so faithfully that he gained the love and esteem of all the Sicilians. He undertook some years afterwards the prosecution of Verres, who had been praetor of Sicily, and was charged with many flagrant acts of extortion. This prosecution was successful, and Verres, despairing of being able to defend himself, went into voluntary exile. He was appointed consul B.C. 63, and gained great glory by suppressing the conspiracy formed by Catiline and his accomplices for the subversion of the commonwealth. For this great service

he was honored with the title of *Pater Patriæ*, father of his country. His good fortune, however, at last failed him, and he was compelled to yield to the storm that broke upon him. He quitted Rome B.C. 58, and crossed over to Greece. His correspondence during the whole period of his exile presents the melancholy picture of a man crushed and paralyzed by a sudden reverse of fortune. The following year he was recalled, and we then find him employing the greater part of his time in pleading causes or living in the country, where he composed his two great political works, the *De Republicâ* and the *De Legibus*. He was appointed pro-consul of Cilicia, and his administration of that province gained him great honor. At the close of the year he returned to Rome, where he fell, as he says, into the very flame of civil discord, and found war had broken out between Pompey and Cæsar. After much vacillation he joined Pompey, but after the battle of Pharsalia B.C. 48, he threw himself on the mercy of the conqueror, by whom he was forgiven. Cicero was now at liberty to follow his own pursuits without interruption, and accordingly, until the death of Cæsar B.C. 44, devoted himself with assiduity to literary studies. During these years he composed nearly the whole of his most important works on rhetoric and philosophy. However, he paid constant attention to public affairs. From the beginning of the year B.C. 43 to the end of April, Cicero was at the height of his glory; within this space the last twelve Philippics were all delivered, and listened to with rapturous applause. Octavius, however, joined with Lepidus and Antony, usurping the whole power of the state, and their first step was to make out a list of the proscribed, among whom Cicero was marked for immediate destruction. He made an attempt to escape, but thinking it vain, submitted to his fate. The assassins cut off his head and hands, which were conveyed to Rome, and by the orders of Antony nailed to the rostra.

ARTS.

All the arts, which have a tendency to raise man in the scale of being, have a certain common bond of union, and are connected, if I may be allowed to say so, by blood relationship with one another.

LITERATURE.

Do you imagine that I could find materials for my daily speeches on such a variety of subjects, if I did not improve my mind by literary pursuits; or that I could bear up against such a strain, if I did not relieve it occasionally by philosophical inquiries?

GLORY AND HONOR ONLY DESIRABLE.

For, if I had not been thoroughly convinced from my youth upwards by the precepts of many philosophers, and by my own literary investigations, that there is nothing in this life really worthy of being desired except glory and honor, and that, in the pursuit of these, even bodily torture, death, and banishment are of little account, never would I have rushed in your defence to so

many, and such severe struggles, nor exposed myself to the daily attacks of these abandoned citizens.

NATURAL ABILITIES AND EDUCATION CONTRASTED.

I add this also, that nature without education has oftener raised man to glory and virtue, than education without natural abilities.

We find the very opposite statement made by Critics in 1 elegies (Fr. 6 Sc.):—

"There are more men ennobled by study than by nature."

And Epicharmus (Stob. xxix. 84) has the same idea:—

"Friends, study gives more than a noble nature."

LITERATURE.

For the other employments of life do not suit all time, ages, or places; whereas literary studies employ the thoughts of the young, are the delight of the aged, the ornament of prosperity, the comfort and refuge of adversity, our amusement at home, no impediment to us abroad, employ our thoughts on our beds, attend us on our journeys, and do not leave us in the country.

Jeremy Taylor thus speaks of literature:—

"Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment in age. They help us to forget the crossness of men and their misdeeds, compose our cares, and lay our disappointments aside. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation."

And Addison says:—

"Books are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind, to be delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn."

And Milton says:—

"Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that Soul whose progeny they are."

A POET.

I have always learned from the noblest and wisest of men, that a knowledge of other things is acquired by learning, rules, and art, but that poetry derives his power from nature herself,—the qualities of his mind are given to him, he may say so, by divine inspiration. Wherefore rightly does Ennius regard poets as under a special protection of heaven, because they are to be delivered over to us as a beneficent gift from the gods. Let then, judges, this name of poet which even the very savages respect, be sacred to your eyes, men as you are of the most cultivated mind. Rocks and deserts re-echo to their voices, even the wildest animals turn and listen to the music of their words; and shall we, who have been brought up to the noblest pursuits, not yield to the voice of poets?

So Psalm xcii. 4:—

"For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work."

ACHILLES.

How many historians is Alexander the Great said to have had with him to transmit his name to posterity? And yet, as he stood on the promontory of Sigeum by the tomb of Achilles, he exclaimed: "O happy youth, who found a Homer!"

to herald thy praise!" And with reason did he say so; for if the Iliad had never existed, the same tomb which covered his body would have also buried his name.

PRaise.

We are all excited by the love of praise, and it is the noblest spirits that feel it most.

VIrTUE.

For virtue wants no other reward for all the labors and dangers she undergoes, except what she derives from praise and glory; if this be denied to her, O judges, what reason is there why we should devote ourselves to such laborious pursuits, when our life is so brief, and its course narrowed to so small a compass? Assuredly, if our minds were not allowed to look forward to the future, and if all our thoughts were to be terminated with our life, there would be no reason why we should weary ourselves out with labors, submit to all the annoyances of cares and anxiety, and fight so often even for our very lives. In the noblest there resides a certain virtuous principle, which day and night stimulates a man to glorious deeds, and warns him that the recollection of our names is not to be terminated by time, but must be made boundless as eternity.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Everything in which I have been engaged in this world, as the wisest of men think, will be regarded in after ages as belonging to my soul; at present, at all events, I delight myself with such thoughts and hopes.

So Romans viii. 24:—

"For we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?"

THE VOICE OF GOD.

This ought almost to be regarded as the voice and words of the immortal gods, when the globe itself, the air and the earth, shake with an unusual agitation and prophecy to us in accents that we have never before heard and which seem incredible.

So Acts xii. 22:—

"It is the voice of a god, and not of a man."

HOW THE WICKED ARE PUNISHED.

The darts of the gods are fixed in the minds of the wicked.

So Colossians iii. 6:—

"For which things' sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience."

PUT AWAY ANGER.

Our anger and quarrels must be put away.

So Genesis xiii. 8:—

"Let there be no strife between thee and me."

FALSE ACCUSATIONS AGAINST THE GOOD ARE WITHOUT EFFECT.

As fire, when it is thrown into water, is cooled down and put out, so also a false accusation, when

brought against a man of the purest and holiest character, falls away at once and vanishes.

So Titus i. 15:—

"Unto the pure all things are pure."

THE POPULACE.

The common rabble estimate few things according to their real value, most things according to the prejudices of their minds.

PUNISHMENT OF THE PERJURED AND THE LIAR.

The same punishment, which the gods inflict on the perjured, is prepared for the liar. For it is not the form of words, in which the oath is wrapped up, but the perfidy and malice of the act that excite the wrath and anger of the immortal gods against men.

THE PERJURED AND THE LIAR.

The man, who has once deviated from the truth, is usually led on by no greater scruples to commit perjury than to tell a lie.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

The connection of blood is of great power. It is a most undeniable portent and prodigy that there should be one having the human shape, who should so exceed the beasts in savage nature as to deprive those of life, by whose means he has himself beheld this most delicious light of life.

So Genesis ix. 5:—

"And surely your blood of your lives will I require: at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man."

GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

It is the terror that arises from his own dishonest and evil life that chiefly torments a man: his wickedness drives him to and fro, racking him to madness; the consciousness of bad thoughts and worse deeds terrifies him: these are the never-dying Furies that inwardly gnaw his life away; which day and night call for punishment on wicked children for their behavior to their parents.

THE SELF-MADE MAN.

He is, in my opinion, the noblest, who has raised himself by his own merit to a higher station.

AN ADVANTAGE TO WHOM.

L. Cassius, whom the Roman people used to regard as the best and wisest of judges, inquired ever and anon at a trial:—For whose advantage the deed was committed.

DIFFERENCES OF POWERS.

For we cannot do everything by ourselves: different men have different abilities.

FRIENDSHIP.

Nor is there any more certain tie of friendship than when men are joined and bound together in their objects and desires.

So Shakespeare ("Merchant of Venice," act iii. sc. 4) says:—

"For in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit."

THE POPULACE.

There is no sagacity, no penetration, no powers of discrimination, no perseverance in the common people: the wise have always regarded their acts rather to be endured than to be praised.

BALLOT.

The voting tablet is pleasing to the people, which holds up to view the countenance, while it conceals the intentions, and gives a man liberty to do what he wishes, but to promise what is asked of him.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

The dutifulness of children is the foundation of all the virtues.

SLANDER.

There is nothing which wings its flight so swiftly as calumny, nothing which is uttered with more ease; nothing is listened to with more readiness, nothing dispersed more widely.

Shakespeare ("Cymbeline," act iii. sc. 4) says:—

"'Tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,
Maid, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters."

So Psalm xxxiv. 13:—

"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile."

A CANDIDATE.

Virtue, honesty, uprightness are the qualities that are required in a candidate, not fluency of language, nor knowledge of arts and sciences.

VIRTUE.

In the approach to virtue there are many steps.

So Ephesians iv. 13:—"Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

RULES FOR LIFE.

The illustrious and noble ought to place before them certain rules and regulations, not less for their hours of leisure and relaxation than for those of business.

GRATITUDE.

A grateful mind is not only the greatest of virtues, but the parent of all the other virtues.

GRATITUDE TO BE FELT FOR EARLY TEACHING.

Who of us is there liberally brought up, who does not gratefully remember those who have

brought him up, his masters, and teachers, even the very dumb place where he has been nourished and taught?

CHANGE OF OPINIONS ALLOWABLE.

I have learnt, seen and read, that the following are the proper principles for the guidance of man:—Ancient records and the annals of literature, both of this state and of others, have handed it down to us as the words of the wise and noble, that the same opinions and sentiments are not invariably to be supported by the same individuals, but that they ought to adopt those which may be required by the circumstances of the times, the position in which the state is placed, and according as the peace and agreement of parties may require.

HATRED.

Let them hate, provided they fear.

AN ABYSS OF EVILS.

An abyss and gulf of evils.

SECRET ENMITY.

There is nothing more difficult to guard against than what is concealed under the pretence of duty. For when you have one, who is your openly declared enemy, you may easily avoid his attacks by caution: while a hidden ill not only exists but overwhelms you, before you are able to foresee it or examine into its existence.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

It is uncertain how long the life of each of us will be

INTEGRITY.

There is no cause for glorying in being upright, where no one has the power or is trying to corrupt you.

A TRAITOR.

No wise man ever thought that a traitor ought to be trusted.

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF.

When a man takes upon himself to correct the manners of his neighbor, and to reprove his faults, who will forgive him if he has deviated in the slightest degree from the precise line of his duty?

So Matthew xviii. 33:—"Shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee? And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him."

THE UNCERTAINTY OF CROPS.

All the results of agriculture are dependent not so much on reason and diligence, as on those most uncertain of all things, winds and weather.

FINDING FAULT WITH OTHERS.

Everything that thou reprovest in another, thou must above all take care that thou art not thyself guilty of.

COVETOUSNESS.

That evil, if implanted in man's nature, creeps in such a way, when the habit of sinning has emancipated itself from control, that no limits can be put to its bold proceedings.

RELATIONSHIP OF PURSUITS AND HABITS.

A relationship in pursuits and habits is almost as important as the relationship of name and family.

SACRILEGE.

Things sacred should not only not be touched with the hands, but may not be violated even in thought.

So Luke xix. 46:—"My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."

SECRET ENMITIES.

Secret enmities are more to be feared than open.

HIS OWN CONFESSION CONDEMNS HIM.

He must be convicted by his own confession.

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

Let friends perish, provided our enemies are destroyed along with them.

MASTER AND SLAVE.

He, who should be the master, sometimes takes the place of the slave; he, who should be the slave, becomes the master.

THE RESULT OF A PLAN.

Men usually judge of the prudence of a plan by the result, and are very apt to say that the successful man has had much forethought, and the unsuccessful shown great want of it.

LIBERTY.

What is so much beloved by the people as liberty, which you see not only to be greedily sought after by men, but also by beasts, and to be preferred to all things?

MANNERS.

Men's characters and habits are not influenced so much by the peculiarities of family and race as by the physical features of their native land and their mode of life—things, by which we are supported and by which we live.

PROSPERITY.

An individual in a private station, unless he be adorned with great wisdom, cannot confine himself to due bounds if he reach high fortune and wealth.

THE SOUL.

Therefore, for many other reasons, the souls of the good appear to me to be divine and eternal; but chiefly on this account, because the soul of the

best and the wisest has such anticipation of a future state of being, that it seems to centre its thoughts only on eternity.

REVENGE.

We can more easily avenge an injury than requite a kindness; on this account, because there is less difficulty in getting the better of the wicked than in making one's self equal with the good.

VITUPERATION.

Scurrility has no object in view but incivility; if it is uttered from feelings of petulance, it is mere abuse; if it is spoken in a joking manner, it may be considered raillery.

SOWING WILD OATS.

There have been many most illustrious men, who when their youthful passions had cooled down, displayed in mature age the most exalted virtues.

THE APPETITES.

The appetites of the belly and the throat are so far from diminishing in men by time that they go on increasing.

So Proverbs xiii. 25:—

"The righteous eateth to the satisfying of his soul: but the belly of the wicked shall want."

TRUTH.

Oh! great is the power of truth, which is easily able to defend itself against the artful proceedings of men, their cunning, and subtlety, not less than against their treachery.

So John vii. 25:—

"Then said some of them of Jerusalem, Is not this he whom they seek to kill? But, lo, he speaketh boldly, and they say nothing unto him."

DESIRE OF PLEASURE.

He was not accustomed to pleasures; which, when they are pent up for a long while and have been curbed and kept down in the early period of youth, sometimes burst forth suddenly and overthrow every obstacle.

THE SEEDS IN YOUTH.

The desires in the young, as in herbs, point out what will be the future virtues of the man, and what great crops are likely to reward his industry.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our country is the common parent of all.

FOR WHAT PURPOSE WORDS WERE INVENTED.

Because our intentions cannot be made out if we be silent, words have been invented not to be a curb, but to point them out.

JUSTICE MUST NOT BE WARPED.

The administration of justice ought neither to be warped by favor, nor broken through by the power of the noble, nor bought by money.

THIS IS THE POINT OF MY ARGUMENT.

This is the point of my defence.

TAXES THE SINEWS OF THE STATE.

We have always considered taxes to be the sinews of the state.

FALSEHOOD.

It is the act of a bad man to deceive by falsehood.

THE COUNTENANCE.

The whole countenance is a certain silent language of the mind.

Shakespeare ("Pericles," act i. sc. 1) says:—

"Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever raised, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion."

THE BELLY.

Born for the gratification of his appetite and not for the acquisition of glory and honor.

GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

It is a man's own dishonesty, his crimes, his wickedness, and barefaced assurance, that takes away from him soundness of mind; these are the furies, these the flames and firebrands of the wicked.

So Job xv. 20:—

"The wicked man travaileth with pain all his days."

SIGNS OF A TRIFLING CHARACTER.

It is the sign of a trifling character to catch at fame that is got by silly reports.

THE MURDERER.

They say that it is unlawful for one to live who confesses that he has slain a man.

So Romans xiii. 4:—

"For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

LAW.

This, therefore, is a law not found in books, but written on the fleshly tablets of the heart, which we have not learned from man, received or read, but which we have caught up from nature herself, sucked in and imbibed; the knowledge of which we were not taught, but for which we were made: we received it not by education but by intuition.

LAWS.

The law is silent amidst the din of civil war.

FICKLENESS OF THE MULTITUDE.

It is the duty of men of high rank to oppose the fickle disposition of the multitude.

IMPUNITY.

The hope of impunity is a very great inducement for a man to commit wrong.

CONSCIENCE.

Great is the power of conscience—great in both ways—so that those should not fear who have done no wrong, and that those who have should always have punishment hanging before their eyes.

SUSPICION.

Men not only forget the mighty deeds which have been performed by their fellow-citizens, but even suspect them of the most nefarious designs.

THE THOUGHTS ARE UNFETTERED.

Our thoughts are free and contemplate whatever they choose in a way that we really discern those things which we think that we see.

THE POWER OF GOD.

Ye immortal gods (for I shall grant what is yours), it was you doubtless that then roused me to the desire of saving my country; it was you who turned me away from all other thoughts to the one idea of preserving the republic; it was you in short who amidst all that darkness of error and ignorance held up a bright light before my mind.

So 1 Corinthians iv. 6:—

"For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts."

HONOR THY PARENTS.

I am quite aware that men ought not only to be silent about the injuries which they suffer from their parents but even to bear them with patience.

A WISE MAN.

They say that he is wisest to whom, whatever is necessary for the success of a scheme, comes into his mind; that he is next who is ready to yield to the experience of others. In the case of folly, however, it is the very opposite: for he is less silly to whom nothing foolish comes into his mind than he who yields to the unwise suggestions of another.

THE FURY OF THE PEOPLE LIKE THE BOISTEROUS SEA.

Hence that was easily understood, which has been often said, that as the sea, which is calm when left to itself, is excited and turned up by the fury of the winds, so, too, the Roman people, of itself placable, is easily roused by the language of demagogues as by the most violent storms.

So Solon (Fr. 7 S.) says:—

"From the clouds issue storms of snow and hail, and thunders from the bright lightning, and the city is raised to mighty demagogues."

LAW.

For law is the security for the enjoyment of the high rank, which we possess in the republic; this is the foundation of our liberty, this is the fountain-head of all justice; in the laws are found the

will, the spirit, the prudence, and the decision of the state. As our bodies cannot be of use without our intellectual faculties, so the state, without law, cannot use its various parts, which are to it like nerves, blood, and limbs. The ministers of the law are its magistrates; the interpreters of the laws are the judges; we are therefore all slaves of the law that we may enjoy freedom.

Pindar (Fr. Incert. 3) says:—

"Law, the king of all mortals and immortals, rules over the most violent with a high hand, assigning what is most just."

So Galatians iii. 24:—

"Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith."

And Romans viii. 2:—

"For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

BRINGERS OF GOOD NEWS.

For it generally happens that those who wish to tell us good news make some fictitious addition, that the news which they bring us may give us more joy.

FRIENDS.

To take the companionship of life from life, what else is it than to take away the means of absent friends conversing together?

ARMS.

Let the soldiers yield to the civilian.

RELAXATION OF THE MIND NECESSARY.

Men, in whatever state of anxiety they may be, provided they are men, sometimes indulge in relaxation.

So Psalm xciv. 12:—

"Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord."

ILL-GOTTEN GAINS.

What is dishonestly got, vanishes in profligacy.

Antiphanes (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 555, M.) says:—

"The gains of the wicked bring short-lived pleasure, but afterwards long-continued grief."

Euripides (Fr., Erechth. 10) says:—

"For it is right to prize what is our own, rather than what has been acquired by robbery: for ill-gotten wealth is never stable."

So Proverbs x. 2:—

"Treasures of wickedness profit nothing: but righteousness delivereth from death."

THE DRUNKEN.

Prudence is not to be expected from a man that is never sober.

FEAR.

Fear is never a lasting teacher of duty.

So 2 Timothy i. 7:—

"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

And Isaiah xl. 7:—

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation."

PEACE.

Peace is delightful, and in every way an object of desire; but between peace and slavery there is a vast difference. Peace is liberty calmly enjoyed; slavery is the most pernicious of all evils—to be resisted not only by war, but even by death.

So Psalm lxxxv. 10:—

"Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

GLORIOUS ACTION.

There is a sufficient recompense in the very consciousness of a noble deed.

So Psalm cxix. 165:—

"Great peace have they which love thy law."

THE UNPREPARED.

A short time is long enough for those that are unprepared.

THE WOLF.

What a noble guardian of the sheep is the wolf! as the proverb goes.

So Matthew vii. 15:—

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves."

SLAVERY.

There is nothing more painful than dishonor, nothing more vile than slavery. We have been born for the enjoyment of honor and liberty; let us either retain these or die with dignity.

In the scholia to the "Plutus" of Aristophanes (l. 5) there is a couplet which says:—

"For far-seeing Jupiter deprives man of half of his manly existence when he plunges him into slavery."

VIRTUE.

While all other things are uncertain, evanescent, and ephemeral, virtue alone is fixed with deep roots; it can neither be overthrown by any violence or moved from its place.

So Jeremiah xvii. 8:—

"For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river."

And Psalm i. 3:—

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

MONEY THE SINEWS OF WAR.

Plenty of money, the sinews of war.

HOW EVENTS ARE DETERMINED.

The most important events are often determined by very trivial influences.

So Isaiah lx. 22:—

"A little one shall become a thousand."

THE BEGINNING TO BE OPPOSED.

Every evil in the bud is easily crushed; when it has continued a long time, it is usually more difficult to get rid of.

So Proverbs vii. 25:—

"Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths."

PROCRASTINATION.

In the management of most things slowness and procrastination are hateful.

PILOTS.

Even the ablest pilots are willing to receive advice from passengers in tempestuous weather.

PROMISES OF WHAT IS UNJUST.

The promise of what is unjust brings evil both on those who are expecting it, and on those who make the promise.

LIFE OF THE DEAD.

The life of the dead arises from being present to the mind of the living.

Euripides (Fr. Erechth. 11) says:—

"I maintain that those who have died honorably, are alive rather than that those live, who lead a dishonored life."

PATIENCE.

The wise should recollect that every event of life must be borne with patience, but it shows a still higher character to anticipate and prevent coming evils, though it is not less noble to bear them with fortitude when they have overtaken us.

SUFFERINGS OF THE MIND.

For in the same way as the strength of the mind surpasses that of the body, in the same way the sufferings of the mind are more severe than the pains of the body.

LAW.

Law is nothing else but right reason, derived from the inspiration of the gods, calling us imperiously to our duty, and peremptorily prohibiting every violation of it.

AGE SUCCEEDS AGE.

Nothing maintains its bloom forever; age succeeds to age.

TO ERR IS HUMAN.

Any man may commit a mistake, but none but a fool will continue in it. Second thoughts are best, as the proverb says.

Cato (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1134, M.) says:—

"Being a mortal you have stumbled; in this mortal life it is a wonder, when a man has been happy throughout his life."

And Spenser in the "Faerie Queen" (xii. 52) thus expresses himself:—

"For he was flesh (all flesh doth frailty breed!)"

And Pope ("Essay on Criticism," pt. ii. l. 526):—

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

And still more beautifully Burns ("Address to the Unco Guid"):—

"Then gently scan your brother man,

Still gentler, sister woman;

Though they may gang a' kennin' wrang,

To step aside is human."

So Proverbs xii. 15:—

"The way of a fool is right in his own eyes."

A PENITENT.

Change of conduct is the best refuge for a repentant sinner.

LIFE NOT THE HIGHEST GOOD.

The worst of all is to undergo the greatest disgrace from a desire of life.

DEATH FOR ONE'S COUNTRY.

O happy death, which, though we owe it to nature, it is noble to suffer in defence of our country.

LIFE.

It is a brief period of life that is granted us by nature, but the memory of a well-spent life never dies.

FORTUNE.

Fortune is the ruler of human affairs.

WHAT MAKES MEN EQUAL TO GOD.

To conquer our inclinations, to curb our angry feelings, to be moderate in the hour of victory, not merely to raise a fallen adversary, distinguished for noble birth, genius and virtue, but even to increase his previous dignity; these actions are of such a nature, that he who does them, I would compare not with the most illustrious of men but with God himself.

VICTORY.

Victory is by nature insolent and haughty.

THE FRAILTY OF ALL HUMAN THINGS.

There is nothing done by the labor and hands of man, which sometime or other length of time does not bring to an end and destroy.

THE FAULT OF THE AGE TO ENVY VIRTUE.

It is the stain and disgrace of this age to envy virtue, and to be anxious to crush the budding flower of dignity.

So Proverbs xxiv. 17:—

"Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth; and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth."

RESULT OF DEVOTION TO ONE PARTICULAR BUSINESS.

Constant devotion to one particular line of business often proves superior to genius and art.

CHANGE OF OPINION ALLOWABLE TO POLITICIANS.

I deem it no proof of inconsistency to regulate our opinions as we would do a ship and a ship's course on a voyage, according to the weather which might be prevailing in the commonwealth.

THE FOREHEAD.

The forehead is the gate of the mind.

EAT TO LIVE.

Thou shouldst eat to live, not live to eat.

HIS HOUSE IS A MAN'S CASTLE.

What is more sacred, what more closely fenced round with every description of religious reverence than the house of every individual citizen? This is the asylum of every one, so holy a spot that it is impious to drag any one from it.

HOW MEN APPROACH NEAR TO THE GODS.

Men approach nearer to the gods in no way than by giving safety to men.

So Colossians i. 13:—
"Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son."

THE FOOL.

For know this, that those who have no aid or support within themselves to render their lives happy, will find every state irksome; while such as are convinced they must owe their happiness to themselves, will never consider anything as an evil that is but a necessary effect of the established order of nature, which old age most undoubtedly is.

DEATH.

It was absolutely necessary that some term should be set, and that, as it is with the fruits of trees, and of the earth, seasons should be allowed for their springing, growing, ripening, and at last to drop. This wise men will cheerfully submit to; nor could anything else be meant by the stories told of the giants warring against the gods, than men's rebelling against nature and its laws.

DISCONTENT.

But a perverse temper and fretful disposition, will, wherever they prevail, render any state of life whatsoever unhappy.

VIRTUE.

But the best armor of old age, Scipio and Lælius, is a well-spent life preceding it; a life employed in the pursuit of useful knowledge, in honorable actions and the practice of virtue; in which he who labors to improve himself from his youth will in age reap the happiest fruits of them; not only because these never leave a man, not even in the extremest old age, but because a conscience bearing witness that our life was well spent, together with the remembrance of past good actions, yields an unspeakable comfort to the soul.

So 1 Peter iii. 16:—"Having a good conscience."

GLORIOUS ACTIONS.

For it is neither by bodily strength, nor swiftness, nor agility, that momentous affairs are carried on, but by judgment, counsel, and authority, the abilities for which are so far from failing in old age, that they truly increase with it.

RASHNESS.

For it is a truth but too well known, that rashness attends youth, as prudence does old age.

POSTERITY.

Nor, if you ask one of these men for whom it is he is thus laboring, will he be at any loss to answer thus: "I do it," he will say, "for the immortal gods, who, as they bestowed these grounds on me, require at my hands that I should transmit them improved to posterity, who are to succeed me in the possession of them."

ENERGY.

What one has, that one ought to use; and whatever we take in hand, we ought to do it with all our might.

RESULT OF SENSUALITY IN YOUTH.

A youth of sensuality and intemperance delivers over a worn-out body to old age.

ITS OWN PECULIAR PERIOD ASSIGNED TO EVERY PART OF LIFE.

Now, if the choice were given you, which would you prefer, Milo's strength of body, or Pythagoras's abilities of mind? In short, while you have strength use it; when it leaves you, no more repine for the want of it, than you did when lads that your childhood was past, or at the years of manhood that you were no longer boys. The stages of life are fixed; nature is the same in all, and goes on in a plain and steady course: every part of life, like the year, has its peculiar season: as children are by nature weak, youth is rash and bold; staid manhood more solid and grave; and so old age in its maturity has something natural to itself that ought particularly to recommend it.

So Ecclesiastes iii. 1:—

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

MIND.

The body, we know, when over-labored, becomes heavy, and, as it were, jaded; but it is exercise alone that supports the spirits and keeps the mind in vigor.

Dryden ("Ep. to John Dryden of Chesterton," v. 94) says:—

"The wise, for cure on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend."

PASSIONS.

"The greatest curse," said he, "derived by man from nature, is bodily pleasure when the passions are indulged, and strong inordinate desires are raised and set in motion for obtaining it. For this have men betrayed their country; for this have states and governments been plunged in ruin; for this have treacherous correspondences been held with public enemies."

In Howard's trag. comedy, "The Blind Lady," he says:—

"Passions are like thieves,
That watch to enter undefended places."

So 1 John ii. 16:—

"For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world."

MIND.

It is owned that the most noble and excellent gift of heaven to man is reason; and it is as sure, that of all the enemies reason has to engage with, pleasure is the most capital.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure blinds, so to say, the eyes of the mind, and has no fellowship with virtue.

PLEASURE.

Yet as nature has so ordered it, that pleasure should have a very strong hold of us, and the inclination to it appears deeply founded in our very composition (and it is with too much justice that the divine Plato calls it the bait of evil, by which men are caught as fish with a hook); therefore though age is not taken, nor can well bear with those splendid sumptuous feastings and revels, yet we are not so insensible to the pleasures of life, but that we can indulge ourselves.

PLEASURES OF AGRICULTURE.

But I am now come to speak of the pleasures of a country life, with which I am infinitely delighted. To these old age never is an obstruction. It is the life of nature, and appears to me the precise course which a wise man ought to follow.

OLD AGE.

Old age in a person graced with honors is attended with such respect and authority, that the sense of this alone is preferable to all the pleasures youth can enjoy.

Phæcrates (Fr. Com. Gr. l. 129, M.) says:—

"O old age, how burdensome and grievous thou art to men in every way, and not in one thing only. For when we have neither strength nor power, then thou teachest us to have good understanding."

Euripides (Fr. Beller, 13) says:—

"My child, the hands of the young are active in deeds, but the judgment of the old is superior: for time gives a variety of lessons."

Antiphanes (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 555, M.) says:—

"Therefore old age possesses a peculiar power in counsel, for this reason, because it has seen and suffered much."

AVARICE.

For can anything be more senselessly absurd, than that the nearer we are to our journey's end, we should still lay in the more provision for it?

WHAT CAN BE CALLED LONG IN LIFE.

Yet, O good gods! what is it in life that can be said to be of long duration? Though we should hold it to the utmost extent of age, or admit we should live the days of that Tartessian king (for I have read that one Arganthonius reigned at Cadiz fourscore years, and lived to a hundred and twenty), yet in my opinion nothing can properly be termed lasting that has a certain period fixed: for when that is once come, all the past is over and gone; and in the business of life, when that is run out, nothing remains to us but what results from past good and virtuous actions. The hours, the days, and months, and years, all slide away, nor can the past time ever more return, or what is to

follow be foreknown. We ought all to be content with the time and portion assigned us. No man expects of any one actor on the theatre that he should perform all the parts of the piece himself: one rôle only is committed to him, and whatever that be, if he acts it well, he is applauded. In the same way, is not the part of a wise man to desire to be busy in these scenes to the last plaudit. A short term may be long enough to live it well and honorably.

Young ("Night Thoughts," Night v. 773) expresses the same idea:—

"That life is long which answers life's great end."

DEATH.

No man can be ignorant that he must die, nor be sure that he may not this very day.

THE BEST CLOSE OF LIFE.

The best close to life is when the same nature, which has united, puts a period to its work, while the mind is uninjured and all the other senses are sound.

THE SOUL.

For while we are closed in these mortal frames, our bodies, we are bound down to a law of necessity, that obliges us with labor and pains to attend to the discharge of the several incumbent duties it requires. But our minds are of a heavenly original, descended from the blissful seats above, thrust down and immersed into these gross habitations of the earth, a situation altogether unsuitable to a divine and eternal nature. But the immortal gods, I believe, thought fit to throw our immortal minds into these human bodies, that the earth might be peopled with inhabitants proper to contemplate and admire the beauty and order of the heavens, and the whole creation; that from this great exemplar they might form their conduct and regulate their lives, with the like unerring steadiness.

So 2 Corinthians v. 8:—

"We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."

THE SOUL.

I never, indeed, could persuade myself that souls confined in these mortal bodies can be properly said to live, and that, when they leave them, they die; or that they lose all sense when parted from these vehicles; but, on the contrary, when the mind is wholly freed from all corporeal mixture, and begins to be purified, and recover itself again; then, and then only, it becomes truly knowing and wise.

DREAMS EVINCE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

But the soul in sleep, above all other times, gives proofs of its divine nature; for when free and disengaged from the immediate service of the body, it has frequently a foresight of things to come; from whence we may more clearly conceive what will be its state when entirely freed from this bodily prison.

LIFE A TEMPORARY LODGING.

For I am not at all uneasy that I came into, and have so far passed my course in this world; because I have so lived in it, that I have reason to believe I have been of some use to it; and when the close comes, I shall quit life as I would an inn, and not as a real home. For nature appears to me to have ordained this station here for us, as a place of sojournment, a transitory abode only, and not as a fixed settlement or permanent habitation.

So Hebrews xiii. 14:—

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

This idea is adopted by Sir Philip Sidney in his "Arcadia" (10th ed. London, 1655, p. 14):—

"Making a perpetual mansion of this poor halting-place of man's life."

SOULS ARE IMMORTAL.

But if I should be mistaken in this belief, that our souls are immortal, I am, however, pleased and happy in my mistake; nor while I live, shall it ever be in the power of man to beat me out of an opinion that yields me so solid a comfort, and so durable a satisfaction.

LIFE NOT TO BE LIVED OVER AGAIN.

But if any god were to grant that at this age I should become a child again and cry in the cradle, I should decidedly refuse, nor should I wish to be recalled from the goal to the starting-post, as if it were a race-course.

SOULS ANNIHILATED BY DEATH.

Nor am I able to agree with those who have begun to affirm that the soul dies with the body, and that all things are destroyed by death. I am more inclined to be of the opinion of those among the ancients, who used to maintain that the souls of men are divine, and when they leave the body they return to heaven, and those who are the most virtuous and upright have the most speedy entrance.

FRIENDSHIP WITH RELATIONS.

Nature herself has produced friendship with relations, but it is never very stable.

FRIENDSHIP A UNION OF FEELING ON ALL SUBJECTS.

Friendship only truly exists where men harmonize in their views of things human and divine, accompanied with the greatest love and esteem; I know not whether, with the exception of wisdom, the gods have given us anything better.

Blair ("The Grave," l. 88):—

"Friendship: mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society."

FRIENDSHIP RENDERS PROSPERITY MORE BRILLIANT.

Friendship throws a greater lustre on prosperity, while it lightens adversity by sharing in its griefs and anxieties.

So Proverbs xvii. 17:—

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity."

ABSENT FRIENDS.

For in this way we may say that the absent are present, the needy have abundance, the weak are in health, and, what may seem absurd, the dead are alive.

This is the idea in the well-known line:—

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear." e

And in 1 Corinthians v. 8:—

"Absent in body, but present in spirit."

Antiphanes (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 502, M.) says:—

"Lament your kinsmen with moderation, for they are not dead, but have gone before on the same road, along which we must all necessarily pass; then we, too, hereafter, shall come to the same resting-place, about to spend the remainder of our time along with them."

IN FRIENDSHIP NOTHING FALSE.

In friendship we find nothing false or insincere; everything is straightforward, and springs from the heart.

THAN FRIENDSHIP NOTHING MORE DELIGHTFUL.

O matchless wisdom; those seem to take the sun out of the world who remove friendship from the pleasures of life; than which we have received nothing better or more pleasant from the gods.

Euripides (Fr. Incert. 47) says:—

"There is no better medicine for grief than the advice of a good and honored friend. He who, in his sufferings, exults and tries to soothe his mind by wine, though he may have pleasure for a moment has a double portion of pain afterwards."

A MIND WELL REGULATED.

This, then, is a proof of a well-trained mind, to delight in what is good, and to be annoyed at the opposite.

WHO CAN LOVE HIM WHOM HE FEARS?

For who can love either him whom he fears, or him by whom he thinks that he is feared?

THE RESULTS OF PROSPERITY.

For not only is Fortune herself blind, but she generally causes those men to be blind whose interests she has more particularly embraced. Therefore they are often haughty and arrogant; nor is there anything more intolerable than a prosperous fool. And hence we often see that men, who were at one time affable and agreeable, are completely changed by prosperity, despising their old friends, and clinging to new.

Pope (Prologue to the Satires, l. 84) thus speaks of a fool:—

"No creature smarts so little as a fool."

TO LOVE AS IF ONE DAY WE WERE TO HATE.

He used to maintain that there was no maxim more at variance with friendship than that of the man who said, "that we ought always to indulge in love as if we might one day hate."

A SURE FRIEND.

Ennius has well remarked, "that a real friend is known in adversity."

TO HATE OPENLY.

Open and avowed hatred far more becomes a man of straightforward character than concealing our sentiments with a smooth brow.

THE DUTIES DUE TO FRIENDSHIP.

It is a common proverb that many bushels of salt must be eaten together, before the duties due to friendship can be fulfilled.

REMINDING KINDNESSES.

That is a detestable race of men who are always raking up kindnesses conferred; he, who has received them, ought to have them on his memory, and not the man who has conferred them.

EXCELLENCE RARE.

A kind of men, few and far between (all good things are rare) for there is nothing more difficult to find than perfection.

A SECOND SELF.

Unless this idea be adopted in friendship a true friend will never be found; for he is like a second self.

A THING DONE.

For this is a preposterous idea, and we do over that which has been done, which we are prohibited to do by the ancient proverb.

MODESTY GREATEST ORNAMENT OF FRIENDSHIP.

He takes the greatest ornament from friendship, who takes modesty from it.

SOCIETY NECESSARY.

If a man could mount to heaven, and survey the mighty universe with all the planetary orbs, his admiration of their beauties would be much diminished, unless he had some one to share in his pleasure.

ENEMIES BETTER THAN FRIENDS.

Bitter and unrelenting enemies often deserve better of us than those friends whom we are inclined to regard as pleasant companions; the former often tell us the truth, the latter never.

FLATTERY.

Let flattery, the handmaid of vices, be far removed from friendship.

So Luke vi. 26:—

"Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets."

HYPOCRISY.

The truth is that few are endowed with virtue in comparison with the number of those who wish us to believe that they possess it.

AFFECTION AND KINDLY FEELING.

When affection and kindly feeling are removed, all cheerfulness also is banished from existence.

AVARICE.

I have never, by Hercules, considered heaps of money, magnificent palaces, influence in the state, military commands, nor any of those pleasures of which men are particularly fond, as things either good in themselves or to be desired; inasmuch as I saw that those who abounded in them still desired them the most. The thirst of desire is never filled nor fully satisfied; those who possess such things are tormented not only with the wish to increase them, but also with the fear of losing them.

Diphilus (Fr. Com. Gr., p. 1091 M.) says:—

"Certainly a sordid love of money is a most foolish thing for the mind being intent on gaining sees nothing else."

GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Death is terrible to those with whose life all things come to an end, not to those whose fame cannot die; but banishment is terrible to those who possess, as it were, a confined and circumscribed abode; not to those who consider the whole habitable globe as one city. Miseries and calamities press upon thee who thinkest thyself rich and increased with goods. Thy lusts torture thee; thou art tormented night and day; who never considerest enough what thou hast, and even fearest, lest that which thou hast should not continue with thee. The consciousness of thy evil deeds goads thee to madness: the fear of judgment and of the laws racks thy mind; wherever thou turnest thy eyes, thy unjust deeds, like furies, meet thee, and do not suffer thee to breathe.

THE UPRIGHT.

Who therefore lives as he wishes, but the man who leads an upright life, who rejoices in the performance of his duty, who has considered well and thoughtfully the path of life he ought to pursue? who does not submit to the laws from fear, but pays respect and obedience to them because he considers that this is the most proper course; who says, does, and thinks nothing, in short, but of his own will, and freely; all whose plans and all whose acts are derived from and return to himself; nor is there anything which has more authority with him than his own wishes and judgment. Even Fortune herself, which is said to have the greatest power, gives way to him: as the wise poet has said—"A man's fortune has its form given to it by his habits."

FRUGALITY.

Ye immortal gods! men know not how great a revenue economy is.

VIRTUE NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM US.

For, if those cunning valuers of things prize highly meadows and certain pieces of ground, because such kind of possessions can be but little injured, at what a rate ought virtue to be esteemed, which can neither be taken away nor stolen; nor can we lose it by shipwreck or fire; nor, is it to be changed by the power of tempests, or time? those who possess it are alone rich.

STATESMEN.

Be persuaded that there is a certain separate place in heaven for those who have preserved, aided, and ameliorated their country, where they may enjoy happiness to all eternity. For there is nothing on earth which gives more pleasure to that Supreme Being who governs this world, than the meetings and assemblies of men, bound together by social rights, which are called states; the governors and the preservers of these coming thence return to the same place.

So Hebrews v. 9:—

"He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him."

THE SOUL.

No doubt, replied Scipio, those are alive who have broken loose from the chains of the body as from a prison; it is yours that is called life that is really death.

THE WORLD IS THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

Unless the God, whose temple the whole of this is which thou beholdest, shall release thee from these bonds of the body, thou canst not enter here.

SUICIDE UNLAWFUL.

Wherefore, Publius, thou and all the good must keep the soul in the body, nor must men leave this life without the permission of the Being by whom it has been given, lest thou shouldst seem to treat contemptuously the gift of life conferred on thee by the Supreme Being.

So Philippians i. 23:—"For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you."

VIRTUE OUGHT TO ATTRACT TO TRUE GLORY.

Therefore, if thou wilt only turn thy eyes upwards, and look to that heavenly abode and eternal dwelling-place, thou wilt pay no regard to the gossip of the vulgar, nor place thy hopes in the rewards of men; virtue by its allurements must attract thee to true honor; what others say of thee let them see to it, yet talk they will.

THE MIND IS THE MAN.

Do thou exert thyself, and believe that it is not thou but thy body that is mortal. For thou art not the being whom this figure shows, but the mind is the man, and not the figure which can be pointed at with the finger. Know therefore that thou art a divine being, since it is a deity in thee which moves, feels, remembers, foresees, rules, and governs that body, over which it is placed, in the very same way as the Supreme Being governs this world; and as the Eternal God directs this world; which is in a certain degree mortal, so the never-dying spirit directs the frail body.

THE BRAVE.

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life, nor temperate who considers pleasure to be the highest good.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF LIFE.

There is no kind of life, whether we are transacting public or private affairs, at home or abroad—those in which we are alone concerned or with others—that is free of obligations. In the due discharge of these consists all the dignity, and in their neglect all the disgrace, of life.

REASON AND INSTINCT.

Between man and the lower animals there is this great distinction, that the latter, moved by instinct, look only to the present and what is before them, paying but little attention to the past or the future. Whereas man, from being endued with reason, by means of which he sees before and after him, discovers the causes of events and their progress, is not ignorant of their antecedents, is able to compare analogies, and to join the future to the present; he easily sees before his mind's eye the whole path of life, and prepares things necessary for passing along it.

VIRTUE.

Thou seest, my son Marcus, the very form and features, as it were, of virtue; and could it only be beheld by our eyes, it would rouse in us a wonderful love of wisdom.

LEARNING.

We are all drawn and attracted to the desire of knowledge and learning, in which we think it honorable to excel; but to make mistakes and to be ignorant, we regard as base and disgraceful.

THE EARTH CREATED FOR THE USE OF MAN.

But seeing (as has been well said by Plato) we have not been born for ourselves alone, but our country claims one part of us, our friends another, and, as the Stoics declare, all the productions of the earth have been created for the use of men, whereas men are born in order that they should assist one another: in this we ought to follow nature as our guide, to bring into the common stock whatever is useful by an interchange of good offices, at one time giving, at another receiving, to bind men in union with each other by arts, by industry, and by all the faculties of our mind.

So 1 Thessalonians iv. 9:—"For ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another."

THE AMBITIOUS.

In men of the highest character and noblest genius there generally exists insatiable desire of honor, command, power, and glory.

DO NOTHING WHICH IS DOUBTFUL.

Wherefore wisely do those admonish us who forbid us to do anything of which we may be in doubt, whether it is right or wrong. What is right shines with unreflected lustre, whereas hesitation insinuates a suspicion of something wrong.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE.

The fundamental principles of justice are, in the first place, that no injury be done to any one; and,

secondly, that it be subservient to the public good.

RIGOR OF LAW.

Hence "strictness of law is sometimes extreme injustice" has passed into a trite proverb.

JUSTICE TOWARDS INFERIORS.

Let us remember that justice must also be observed even to inferiors.

TRUE HONORABLE DEALING.

In honorable dealing we must consider what we intended, not what we said.

HYPOCRISY.

In acts of wickedness there is nothing greater than that of those who, when they deceive, so manage that they seem to be virtuous and upright men.

FALSE GENEROSITY.

For many men act recklessly and without judgment, conferring favors upon all, incited to it by a sudden impetuosity of mind: the kindnesses of these men are not to be regarded in the same light or of the same value as those which are conferred with judgment and deliberation. But in the conferring and requiting of a favor, if other things be equal, it is the duty of a man to assist where it is most required. The very opposite of this often takes place, for men assist those from whom they hope to receive in return, even though they do not require it.

REASON AND SPEECH.

It is reason and speech that unite men to each other; nor is there anything else in which we differ so entirely from the brute creation.

MARRIAGE THE CLOSEST BOND OF SOCIETY.

The first bond of society is the marriage tie: the next our children; then the whole family of our house, and all things in common.

So Genesis II. 24 :—

"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh."

FATHERLAND.

But, when thou considerest everything carefully and thoughtfully, of all societies, none is of more importance, none more dear than that which unites us with the commonwealth. Our parents, children, relations, and neighbors are dear, but our fatherland embraces the whole round of these endearments; in defence of which, who would not dare to die if only he could assist it?

POPULARITY.

The man who is of the highest spirit and most influenced by the desire of glory, is most easily excited to the commission of injustice. Such a position is indeed of a slippery character, for there is scarcely to be found a man who, when he has undertaken labors and undergone dangers, does not look to glory as their reward.

POPULARITY—HUNTING.

That man is not to be considered among the great who depends on the errors of the foolish multitude.

RETIREMENT.

There are, and have been, many men who, desiring that life of tranquillity which I have been describing, have retired from public affairs, and devoted themselves to the pleasures of private life. These have had the same object in view as men in high rank—namely, that they should stand in need of nothing, be the slave of no one, enjoy perfect liberty; the peculiar characteristic of which kind of life is, that a man lives according to his own will and pleasure. Wherefore, since those desirous of power have this in common with those lovers of retirement whom I have described, the one think they are able to obtain it by the possession of great wealth, and the other by being content with their own small competency. The idea of neither of these is to be altogether disregarded, but the life of the inactive is easier, safer, less burdensome and annoying to others, whereas those, who devote themselves to public life and the management of great affairs, are more advantageous to mankind, and rise to greater glory and honor.

TO DESPISE RICHES.

Nothing is a greater proof of a narrow and grovelling disposition than to be fond of riches, while nothing is more noble and exalted than to despise money, if thou hast it not; and if thou hast it, to employ it in acts of beneficence and liberality.

So Hebrews xiii. 16:—

"But to do good and communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

IN ALL AFFAIRS THERE SHOULD BE DILLIGENT PREPARATION.

In all affairs before thou undertakest them, a diligent preparation should be made.

WISE ADMINISTRATION.

An army abroad is of little use unless there is prudent conduct in affairs at home.

WAR ONLY TO BE MADE TO SECURE PEACE.

Let war be so carried on that no other object may seem to be in view except the acquisition of peace.

FORESIGHT.

Though the one is a proof of a high spirit, the other is that of a lofty intellect to anticipate by forethought coming events, and to come to a conclusion somewhat beforehand what may possibly happen in either case, and what ought to be done in that event, and not to be obliged sometimes to say, "I had never thought it." These are the acts of a powerful and sagacious mind, one who trusts in his own prudence and schemes.

DEATH TO BE PREFERRED TO SLAVERY.

When time and necessity require it, we should resist with all our might, and prefer death to slavery and disgrace.

Euripides (Fr. Archel. 14) says:—

"For a few brave men are better than many cowards."

And Euripides (Fr. Archel. 28):—

"One thing only I declare to you, that you ought never willingly to sink in life to slavery, when you may die in freedom."

THE CHARACTER OF A RESOLUTE MAN.

It is the character of a brave and resolute man not to be ruffled with adversity and not to be in such confusion as to desert his post, as we say, but to preserve presence of mind and the exercise of reason without departing from his purpose.

So 1 Peter v. 7:—

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."

THE NOBLE.

It is the duty of a great man, in a revolutionary age, to punish the guilty, to be kind to the lower orders, and in all states of fortune to do what is straightforward and honorable.

THE CONTEMPT OF DANGERS.

We should never by shunning dangers cause that we should seem cowardly and timid, but we should also avoid unnecessarily exposing ourselves to danger, than which nothing can be more foolish.

MODERATION WORTHY OF A GREAT AND GOOD MAN.

Nothing is more praiseworthy, nothing more suited to a great and illustrious man than placability and a merciful disposition.

So Romans xii. 18:—

"If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

PUNISHMENT TO BE PROPORTIONED TO THE OFFENCE.

We must take care that crimes be not more severely punished than they deserve, and that one should not be punished for a fault, respecting which another is not even called in question.

ANGER IN PUNISHING.

Above all things in punishing we must guard against passion; for the man who is in a passion will never observe the mean between too much and too little.

LET US AVOID PRIDE.

In prosperity let us particularly avoid pride, disdain, and arrogance.

EQUANIMITY IN ALL THINGS.

It shows a weak mind not to bear adversity and prosperity with moderation.

AFFABILITY IN HIGH FORTUNE.

Rightly do those teach who admonish us that

we should be the more humble in proportion to our high rank.

So Matthew xviii. 4:—

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

THE OPINION OF THE WORLD.

To treat with contempt what the world thinks of us is the mark not merely of arrogance but of a character utterly shameless.

THE APPETITES MUST OBEY REASON.

We must take care that our appetites be obedient to reason, neither outrunning it nor lagging behind from sluggishness or languor, and that these be in a state of tranquillity, and free from all disturbing influences.

JOKES.

The distinction between a delicate witticism and a low, rude joke is very perceptible; the former may be indulged in, if it be seasonable, and in hours of relaxation, by a virtuous man; the latter, if indecent gestures and obscenity of language be used, is unworthy even of a human being.

Earl of Roscommon ("Essay on Translated Verse"):—

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense."

A LIMIT TO BE SET TO OUR AMUSEMENTS.

There is a certain limit to be observed even in our amusements, that we do not abandon ourselves too much to a life of pleasure, and carried away by such a life sink into immorality.

AMUSEMENT NOT DISALLOWABLE.

Sport and merriment are at times allowable; but we must enjoy them as we do sleep and other kinds of repose when we have performed our weighty and important affairs.

THE MIND.

The mind of man is improved by learning and reflection; it is always searching into or doing something, and is led forward by the pleasurable enjoyment of the eye and the ear.

THE UNWILLING MINERVA.

Hence it is the more evident in what the graceful consists, on this account, because there is nothing becoming which goes against the grain (as is the proverb)—that is to say, when nature resists and opposes.

A MAN'S OWN MANNERS.

A man's own manner and character is what best becomes him.

A PROFESSION.

We ought particularly to determine what kind of characters we wish to be, and what is to be the course of our life which is a matter of great difficulty. For in early youth, when the judgment is weak, every one selects the kind of life which he prefers; therefore he is fixed in a certain definite course before he is able to judge which is best for him.

FEW CAN DECIDE THE MODE OF THEIR FUTURE LIFE.

The rarest class is made up of those who, either from the possession of exalted genius, or furnished with excellent education and learning, or having both have been allowed time to make up their mind what course of life they would wish to embrace.

VIRTUOUS EXAMPLE OF A FATHER.

The best inheritance that a father can leave to his children, and which is superior to any patrimony, is the glory of his virtue and noble deeds; to disgrace which ought to be regarded as base and impious.

DUTIES OF CITIZENS.

A private citizen ought to live on terms of equality with his fellow-citizens, neither cringing nor subservient, nor haughty nor insolent; he ought to be favorable to measures in the state which lead to peace and quietness, for such we consider to be the character of a virtuous and upright citizen.

AN ALIEN.

A foreigner and an alien ought to attend to nothing but his own business, never to meddle with the affairs of others, and least of all to pry into the concerns of a foreign state.

OBSERVE CONSISTENCY OF CONDUCT.

Nothing is more becoming than in all our actions and in all of our deliberations to observe consistency of conduct.

BEAUTY AND DIGNITY.

But, as there are two kinds of beauty, in the one of which is loveliness, in the other dignity; we ought to regard loveliness as the quality of woman, dignity that of man. Therefore, let every ornament unworthy of a man be removed from his person, and let him guard against any similar defect in his gestures and movements.

CLOWNISHNESS TO BE AVOIDED.

Besides, we must be neat in our person, though not over particular, and let us shun boorish and ungentlemanlike slovenliness. The same principles must be applied to our dress, in which as in most things, a mean is to be observed.

CONVERSATION.

A conversationalist must not exclude others from conversation at the dinner-table, as if it were his own possession, but he ought to regard mutual interchange of ideas to be the rule in conversation as in other things.

BRAGGING.

It is a silly thing to brag loudly of one's own doings (the more so if it be false), and to imitate the braggadocio-soldier in the play, telling falsehoods to the great amusement of the company.

DEGENERACY.

It is a disgraceful thing when the passers-by exclaim, "O ancient house! alas, how unlike is thy present master to thy former lord!"

A PALACE.

A man's dignity should be increased by his house, and yet not wholly sought from it; the master ought not to be ennobled by the house, but the house by the master.

QUICK TO SEE THE FAULTS OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

For it happens that we are more quicksighted as to the faults of others than of our own.

PRUDENCE.

Prudence is the knowledge of things to be sought and to be avoided.

IMPORTANCE OF LEGAL STUDIES.

Hence, it may be understood that the studies and pursuits of literature ought to be deferred to the study of law, which relates to the interests of the human race, than which there ought to be nothing more important to man.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

On this account it is more serviceable to the public to speak eloquently, provided it is with prudence, than to think ever so accurately, if it be destitute of eloquence; for thought terminates in itself, whereas eloquence embraces all those with whom we are united in the society of life.

THE LEARNED TEACH AFTER THEIR DEATH.

Learned men not only instruct and educate those who are desirous to learn, during their life, and while they are present among us, but they continue to do the same after death by the monuments of their learning which they leave behind them.

PIETY AND HOLINESS.

Piety and holiness of life will propitiate the gods.

So Micah vi. 6:—

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord."

And 1 Peter iii. 15:—

"Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts."

MAN THE CAUSE OF MISCHIEF TO MAN.

There is no plague of so fearful a character that it may not arise to man from man.

FORTUNE.

Who does not know the influence that fortune exercises both upon our prosperity and adversity? For when we sail with her favoring breeze, we are carried forward to the wished-for port, and when she blows against us, we are in distress.

Sir Thomas Browne ("Religio Medici," c. 17, 18) expresses the same idea very beautifully:—

"All cannot be happy at once; for because the glory of one state depends upon the ruin of another, there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatness which must obey the

spring of that wheel not proved by intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all estates rise to their zenith and vertical points, according to their predestinated periods. For the lives not only of men but of commonweals, and the whole world, run not upon an helix that still enlargeth, but on a circle, where arising to their meridian, they decline in obscurity, and fall under the horizon again.

"These must not therefore be named the effects of fortune, but in a relative way, and as we term the works of nature. It was the ignorance of man's reason that begat this very name, and by a careless term mis-called the providence of God; for there is no liberty for causes to operate in a loose and straggling way, nor any effect whatsoever but hath its warrant from some universal or superior cause. 'Tis not a ridiculous devotion to say a prayer before a game at tables; for even in sortileges and matters of greatest uncertainty, there is a settled and pre-ordered course of effects. It is we that are blind, not fortune; because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty. I cannot justify that contemptible proverb that fools only are fortunate; or that insolent paradox, that a wise man is out of the reach of fortune; much less those opprobrious epithets of poets, whore, bawd, and strumpet. 'Tis, I confess, the common fate of men of singular gifts of mind to be destitute of those of fortune; which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgments, who thoroughly understand the justice of this proceeding, and being enriched with higher donatives, cast a more careless eye on these vulgar parts of felicity. It is a most unjust ambition to desire to engross the mercies of the Almighty, nor to be content with the goods of mind without a possession of those of body or fortune: and is an error worse than heresy to adore these complimental and circumstantial pieces of felicity, and undervalue those perfections and essential points of happiness wherein we resemble our Maker."

Simonides of Ceos (Fr. 36, S.) thus expresses himself:—

"For the life of man is unstable; having nothing certain, it is moved here and there by accidents. Yet hope cheers the mind: no one knows what an hour may bring forth; God rules all the affairs of men, and often a bolst'rous storm overwhelms them in calamity."

FEAR.

Fear is a bad guardian of a thing that requires to last, while on the other hand, affection is faithful to the end.

So Galatians III. 23:—

"But before faith came, we were kept under the law, shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed."

PLEASURES.

Pleasures, those alluring mistresses, divert the great majority of mankind from the path of virtue; and when the torch of affliction is applied they are terrified beyond measure. All men feel strongly life, death, riches, and poverty. As to those who, with a high and noble spirit, look on such things with an indifferent eye, men, whom a great and lofty object, when it is presented, draws and absorbs to itself, in such cases who can refrain from admiring the splendor and beauty of their high-principled conduct?

Euripides (Fr. Archel. 10) says:—

"There is no one who seeks to live in pleasure that has reached fame: man must labor."

INCORRUPTIBILITY.

Men particularly admire him who is not to be influenced by money; for in whosoever they see this quality strongly marked, they regard him as ore purified by fire.

HYPOCRISY AND TRUE POPULARITY.

Well did Socrates say, that this was the nearest

and the shortest road to glory, when a man acted so that he was such as he wished to be considered. Whereas those are greatly mistaken who think that they can obtain permanent glory by hypocrisy, vain pretence, and disguised words and looks. True glory strikes its roots deep, and spreads them on all sides; everything false disappears quickly, like spring flowers, nor can anything, that is untrue, be of long duration.

So Proverbs xix. 5:—

"He that speaketh lies shall not escape."

Also Acts v. 38, 39:—

"And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

THE CHIEF RECOMMENDATION OF A YOUNG MAN.

The chief recommendation of a young man is modesty, obedience to parents, and affection for relations.

CONVERSATION.

But yet it is difficult to say how much men's minds are conciliated by a kind manner and affability of speech.

DUTY OF AN ADVOCATE.

We ought to consider it a duty to defend the guilty, provided he be not an abominable and impious wretch. Mankind desire this, custom allows it, and even humanity is willing to tolerate it.

THE DUTY OF A JUDGE.

It is the duty of a judge in all trials to follow truth.

IN WHAT WAY GENEROSITY IS TO BE SHOWN.

Our purse should not be so closed that our kind feelings cannot open it, nor yet so unfastened that it lies open to all. A limit should be set, and it should depend on our means.

So Isaiah lviii. 7:—

"Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?"

BOUNTY.

We ought particularly to remember this, as it is often in the mouths of the men of the present day, and has even passed into a proverb, "That a bountiful disposition has no bottom." For where can there be any moderation when both those who are accustomed to get and others are anxious for the same thing?

BENEFITS ILL BESTOWED.

Well has Ennius said, "Kindnesses misplaced are nothing but a curse and disservice."

"Praise undeserved is satire in disguise."

GRATITUDE.

Now it was well said, whoever said it, "That he, who hath the loan of money has not repaid it; and he, who has repaid it, has not the loan; but

he, who has acknowledged a kindness, has it still; and he, who has a feeling of it, has requited it."

LEVELLING PRINCIPLE, NO MISCHIEF GREATER.

He said very unwisely, "That there were not two thousand men of property in the whole state." A speech well worthy of notice, and which aimed at the equalizing of property, than which there is no principle more pernicious in a state.

HEALTH.

Good health is to be secured by an acquaintance with our constitutions, and by observing what things benefit or injure us; by temperance in living, which tends to preserve the body; by refraining from sensuality; in short, by employing the skill of those who have devoted themselves to the study of the human body.

LEISURE.

My son Marcus, Cato tells us that Publius Scipio, he who was called Africanus the Elder, used to say "that he was never less at leisure than when he was at leisure, nor less alone than when he was alone." A splendid saying, and worthy of a great and wise man, which shows that he used to deliberate on affairs in his leisure hours, and to converse with himself when he was alone, so that he never was idle, and sometimes did not require the society of others. Therefore the two things which cause ennui to others—namely, retirement and solitude—roused him.

Sir P. Sidney ("Arcadia," b. l.) expresses the same idea:—"They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts."

DO GOOD UNTO ALL MEN.

It is more in accordance with nature to undergo the greatest labors and annoyances, for the sake, if it were possible, of preserving or assisting all nations.

EVERY ONE SHOULD BEAR HIS OWN BURDEN.

Every one should bear his own burden rather than abridge the comforts of others.

THE ABANDONMENT OF THE COMMON GOOD.

The desertion of the common interest is contrary to nature.

NOTHING EXPEDIENT WHICH IS NOT ALSO VIRTUOUS.

He often assures us that there is nothing expedient which is not also honorable, nothing honorable which is not also expedient; and he maintains that there is no greater injury done to men than by those who try to separate them.

GUILT IN THE HESITATION OF A WICKED ACT.

Wickedness resides in the very hesitation about an act, even though it be not perpetrated.

THE TRUE WAY OF LIFE.

He who runs in a racecourse ought to exert himself as much as he can to conquer, but ought by no means to trip up, or throw down the man with whom he is contending; so in the affairs of life there is nothing wrong in a man trying to obtain what may be for his advantage, yet roguery is unlawful.

THE BUYER AND SELLER.

Everything should be disclosed, that the buyer may be ignorant of nothing which the seller knows.

IGNORANCE OF ANOTHER NOT TO BE PREYED ON.

No one should act so as to take advantage of the ignorance of his neighbor.

MAN OF INTEGRITY.

For when they praise the faith, the honor, the goodness of a man, they say, "He is one with whom we may play at odd and even in the dark."

PERJURY.

For to swear falsely is not at all times to be accounted perjury, but not to perform that which you have sworn according to the intentions of your mind—"ex animi tui sententiâ," as our law books have it—is perjury.

PERJURY.

I have sworn with my tongue, but I have a mind unsworn.

IPSE DIXIT.

Nor am I accustomed to approve of that which we have heard about the Pythagoreans, who they say used to answer, when they made an assertion in discussing a subject, if they were asked why it was so, "He himself has said it." Now this "he" was Pythagoras.

ALL NATIONS HAVE AN IDEA OF A GOD.

Nature herself has imprinted on the minds of all the idea of a God. For what nation or race of men is there that has not, even without being taught, some idea of a God?

So Acts xvii. 28:—

"Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

GOD IS ETERNAL.

For the same nature, which has given to us a knowledge of the gods, has imprinted on our minds that they are eternal and happy.

THE HAPPINESS OF LIFE.

We place a happy life in tranquillity of mind.

GOD KNOWS ALL THINGS.

Who should not fear God, who foresees, considers, and perceives all things?

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

For the gods have always been, and never were born.

AN APE.

How like to us is that filthy beast the ape!

SUPERSTITION AND TRUE RELIGION CONTRASTED.

Superstition is a senseless fear of God, religion the pious worship of God.

TIME DESTROYS THE ERRONEOUS OPINIONS OF MEN.

Time destroys the groundless conceits of man, but confirms that which is founded on nature and reality.

Byron says:—

"But time strips our illusions of the soul,
And one by one in turn some grand mistake
Casts off its bright akin yearly like a snake."

ALL THE SICK ARE NOT CURED.

Because all the sick do not recover, therefore medicine is no art.

ART.

It is above all the property of art to create and bring into being.

HOW GOD IS TO BE WORSHIPPED.

The best, the purest, the most holy worship of the gods, and that which is most consistent with our duty, is to worship them always with purity and sincerity of words and thoughts; for not only philosophers, but even our ancestors have drawn a distinction between superstition and religion.

Euripides (Fr. Antig. 38) says:—

"There are three virtues, my child, which you ought to observe, to honor the gods, reverence your parents, and respect the common laws of Greece; and doing so, you will always have the fairest crown of glory."

So John iv. 24:—

"God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

Epictetus (l. 16) thus exhorts man to the praise of God:—

"Are these the only works of Providence with regard to us? And what speech can fitly celebrate their praise? For, if we had any understanding, ought we not, both in public and in private, incessantly to sing and praise the Deity and rehearse his benefits? Ought we not, whether we dig, or plough, or eat, to sing this hymn to God, 'Great is God, who has supplied us with these instruments to till the ground; great is God who has given us hands and organs of digestion; who has given us to grow insensibly, to breathe in sleep'? These things ought we ever to celebrate; but to make it the theme of the greatest and divinest hymn, that he has given us the power to appreciate these gifts and to use them well. But because some of you are blind and insensible, there must be some one to fill this station and lead, in behalf of all men, the hymn to God; for what else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God? Were I a nightingale, I would act the part of a nightingale; were I a swan, I would act the part of a swan. But since I am a reasonable creature, it is my duty to praise God. This is my business, I do it. Nor will I ever desert this post so long as it is permitted me, and I call on you to join in the same song."

GOD.

Nothing is superior to God; he must therefore govern the world. God is subject to no principle of nature, therefore he rules the whole of nature.

NATURE BETTER THAN ART.

Those things are better which are perfected by

nature than those things which are finished by art.

THE WORLD WILL BE BURNT UP.

From which some philosophers think that that will happen which Panætius doubts, that the whole world will at last be burnt up.

So 2 Peter iii. 7:—

"But the heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men."

MEN NOT SIMPLY INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH.

God has made men, springing from the ground, tall and upright, that, with eyes looking to heaven, they might acquire a knowledge of the Divine Being. For men are not to consider themselves as mere dwellers on earth, but as it were placed there to gaze on the heavens and heavenly bodies, which is the privilege of no other animated creature.

THE EYES PLACED LIKE SENTINELS.

The eyes, like sentinels, occupy the highest place in the body.

ELOQUENCE.

How noble and divine is eloquence! the mistress of all things, as you are accustomed to say. Which, in the first place, enables us to learn those things of which we are ignorant, and to teach others those things which we know; by this we exhort; by this we persuade; by this we console the afflicted; by this we dissipate the fears of the timid; by this we restrain the eager; by this we put an end to passions and desires; it is this that has bound mankind by the community of privileges, of laws, and civil society; this it is which has removed us far from the ills of a savage and barbarous life.

MAN.

Everything that the earth produces belongs to man: we enjoy the fields and the mountains; ours are the rivers and the lakes; we sow corn and plant trees; we give fruitfulness to the earth by irrigating the ground; we confine, direct, and turn the course of rivers; in short, by our proceedings we endeavor to form, as it were, a second nature.

Euripides (Fr. Aiol. 25) says:—

"Man's strength lasts only a short time; yet by his cunning devices he brings under him the various tribes of the sea, earth, and air."

INSPIRATION.

No man was ever great without divine inspiration.

So Daniel ii. 21:—

"He giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding."

And Matthew x. 20:—

"For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you."

REASONING OFTEN DARKENS MATTERS.

The clearest subjects are often obscured by lengthened reasoning.

BEST NOT TO KNOW THE FUTURE.

Often it is disadvantageous to know what is to happen; for it is wretched to be grieved without the power of changing events.

THE EXPERIENCED.

I call those experienced whose minds are strengthened by knowledge, as the hands are hardened by labor.

JUSTICE.

Justice renders to every one his due.

MALICE.

Malice is a subtle and deceitful engine to work mischief.

VIRTUE.

No one has ever acknowledged having received virtue from a god.

EVERY POET MAD.

Democritus maintains that there can be no great poet without a spice of madness.

CAREFUL OBSERVATION.

A long course of careful observations, conducted for a length of time, brings with it an incredible accuracy of knowledge.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

Certain signs precede certain events.

Cicero says:—

"Often do the spirits
Of great men stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

PREDESTINATION.

Since this is so, nothing has ever happened which has not been predestinated, and in the same way nothing will ever occur, the predisposing causes for which may not be found in nature.

IMPOSTORS.

In short, I care nothing for the Marsian augurs, nor the village haruspices, nor strolling astrologers, nor for the gypsy priests of Isis, nor for the interpreters of dreams; for these possess neither science nor art, but are superstitious priests and impudent impostors. They are either lazy or mad, or act to gain a livelihood; knowing not the right path themselves, they pretend to show it to others, promising riches to gain a penny.

TEACHERS.

What nobler employment, or more advantageous to the state, than that of the man who instructs the rising generation!

A WISE PROPHET.

The best guesser I shall always call the most sagacious prophet.

Euripides (Fr. Incert. 85) says:—

"He is the best prophet who is the best guesser."

And Theocritus (Idyl. xxi. 32) says:—

"He is the best diviner of dreams who is taught by his understanding."

KNOWLEDGE OF FUTURITY.

For my own part, I can never believe that a knowledge of future events would be of advantage to us; for what a miserable life Priam would have led, had he known the occurrences that were to befall him in his old age!

STAR-GAZING.

Nobody looks at what is immediately before them; we are all employed in gazing at the stars.

IT IS WELL TO OBSERVE THE FACTS OF NATURE.

Though it be impossible to discover the occult causes of natural phenomena, still it is well to observe and animadvert upon the facts themselves.

EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS.

In extraordinary events ignorance of their causes produces astonishment.

ONE IS NOT SURPRISED AT WHAT HAPPENS OFTEN.

A man is not surprised at what he sees frequently, even though he be ignorant of the reason; whereas if that which he never beheld before happens, then he calls it a prodigy.

CHANGEABLENESS OF FORTUNE.

No one will separate fortune from inconstancy and rashness.

HOW SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR IS TO BE DRIVEN AWAY.

Drive away by the principles of nature that terror which may have been caused by the strangeness of the event.

THERE ARE NO PRODIGIES.

Nothing can be done without a cause, nor has anything been done which cannot again be done. Nor, if that has been done which could be done, ought it to be regarded as a prodigy. There are, therefore, no prodigies.

GOD IS OMNIPOTENT.

There is nothing which God cannot accomplish.

GOD KNOWS THE CHARACTER OF MAN.

God cannot be ignorant of the character of man. So Psalm xciv. 11:—

"The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man, that they are vanity."

GOD KNOWN BY HIS WORKS.

The beauty of the world and the orderly arrangement of everything celestial makes us confess that there is an excellent and eternal nature, which ought to be worshipped and admired by all mankind.

So Psalm cii. 25-27:—

"Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION.

Religion is not removed by removing superstition.

MAN PRESIDENT AND SAGACIOUS.

This provident, sagacious, versatile, subtle, thoughtful, rational, wise animal, which we call man, has been created by the supreme God with a certain noble privilege; for he alone of so many different kinds and sorts of animals is partaker of reason and reflection, when all others are destitute of them. But what is there, I will not say in man, but in all heaven and earth, more divine than reason? which, when it has arrived at maturity, is properly termed wisdom.

So John i. 13:—

"Which were born of God.

NO NATION SO SAVAGE THAT DOES NOT ACKNOWLEDGE GOD.

Therefore, of all kinds of animals there is none except man that has knowledge of a God; among men there is not a nation so savage and brutish which, though it may not know what kind of a being God ought to be, does not know that there must be one. From this we may infer that, whoever, as it were, recollects and knows whence he is sprung, acknowledges the existence of a God.

NATURE TEACHES MAN TO LOOK UPWARD.

Nature has bestowed on man alone an erect stature and raised his thoughts to the contemplation of heaven, as if it were connected with him by relationship and his ancient home.

EVIL HABITS.

There is in fact such corruption engendered in man by bad habits, that the sparks, as it were, of virtue, furnished by nature, are extinguished, and vices of an opposite kind arise around and become strengthened.

So Romans xvi. 18:—

"They by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple."

THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.

Let man love himself not more than his neighbor.

So Matthew v. 43:—

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor."

And John xiii. 34:—

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

REMORSE OF CONSCIENCE.

The furies pursue men, not with burning torches, as the poets feign, but with remorse of conscience and the tortures arising from guilt.

So Job xv. 34, 35:—

"Trouble and anguish shall make him afraid, . . . for he stretcheth out his hand against God."

JUSTICE.

Justice is obedience to the written laws.

INSPIRATION OF MAN.

For whoever is acquainted with his own mind, will, in the first place, feel that he has a divine

principle within him, and will regard his rational faculties as something sacred and holy; he will always both think and act in a way worthy of so great a gift of the gods; and when he shall have proved and thoroughly examined himself, he will perceive how well furnished by nature he has come into life, and what noble instruments he possesses to obtain and secure wisdom.

THE SPOTS WHERE OUR FRIENDS HAVE BEEN.

We are moved, I know not how, by the spots in which we find traces of those who possess our esteem and admiration.

BEGIN WITH A PRAYER TO GOD.

We must begin our acts with a prayer to the immortal gods.

LAW.

I see, therefore, that this has been the idea of the wisest, that law has not been devised by the ingenuity of man, nor yet is it a mere decree of the people, but an eternal principle which must direct the whole universe, ordering and forbidding everything with entire wisdom. Thus they used to say that the mind of the divinity was the real and ultimate law which orders or forbids everything justly; hence that law which the gods have assigned to mankind is justly deserving praise, for it is the reason and mind of a wise being well fitted to order or forbid.

This idea is beautifully expressed by Hooker ("Ecclesiastical Polity," book I):—

"Of law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

LAW.

For it was reason, derived from the nature of things, impelling man to what is right, and deterring him from what is wrong, which does not then begin to be law, when it is found written down in books, but was so from the first moment of its existence. It was co-eternal with the divine mind, wherefore true and ultimate law fitted to order and to forbid is the mind of the Supreme Being.

Coke ("Institute," b. i. fol. 97b) says:—

"Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason. . . . The law, which is the perfection of reason."

LAW.

Law, therefore, is what distinguishes right and wrong, derived from nature herself the most ancient principle of all things, to which the laws of men direct themselves, when they impose penalties on the wicked, and protect and defend the good.

Sir W. Jones ("Ode in Imitation of Alcaeus"):—

"Sovereign law—that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

GOD KNOWS MAN.

The gods know what sort of a person every one really is; they take notice with what feelings and with what piety he attends to his religious duties, and are sure to make a distinction between the good and the wicked.

So Psalm v. 4-6:—

"For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee. The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity. Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man."

STAINS OF THE CONSCIENCE CANNOT BE OBLITERATED.

The stains that effect the mind cannot be got rid of by time, nor yet can the multitudinous waters of the sea wash them away.

RELIGIOUS FEELINGS.

That is a noble sentence of Pythagoras—"That then chiefly do piety and religion flourish in our souls, when we are occupied in divine services."

GOD IS NOT TO BE PROPITIATED BY THE GIFTS OF THE WICKED.

Let the impious listen to Plato, that they may not dare to propitiate the gods with gifts, for he forbids us to doubt what feelings God must entertain towards such, whenever a good man is unwilling to accept gifts from the wicked.

AN ART IN TEACHING.

For not only is art shown in knowing a thing, but there is also a certain art in teaching it.

THE MAGISTRATE A SPEAKING LAW.

It may be truly said that the magistrate is a speaking law, and the law is a silent magistrate.

MAGISTRATES ARE NECESSARY.

A state cannot exist without the foresight and diligence of magistrates.

So 1 Peter ii. 13, 14:—

"Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the king, as supreme; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well."

OBEDIENCE.

He who obeys with modesty, appears worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.

So Ephesians vi. 5, 6:—

"Servants be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart."

SAFETY OF THE PEOPLE IS THE SUPREME LAW.

Let the safety of the people be the supreme law.

SONGS ABLE TO CHANGE THE FEELINGS OF A NATION.

This observation is much more certain than that of Plato, who pretends that a change in the

songs of musicians is able to change the feelings and conditions of a state.

This is very much the idea of Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun:—

"I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

MEN ARE IMITATORS OF THOSE ABOVE THEM.

Thou mayst plainly see that such as the chief men of the state have been, such also has been the character of the state; and whatever change of manners took place in the former, the same always followed in the latter.

CICERO OPPOSED TO BALLOT.

For I am of the same opinion as you have always been, that open "viva voce" voting is the best method at elections.

BALLOT A COVER FOR CORRUPT VOTES.

Wherefore the powerful ought rather to have been deprived of their power of influencing votes for bad purposes, than that the ballot should have been conferred on the people, whereby corrupt votes are concealed, virtuous citizens being left in the dark as to the sentiments of each. Wherefore no good man has ever been found to bring forward or propose such a law.

BREVITY THE SOUL OF A SPEECH.

For brevity is the best recommendation of a speech, not only in the case of a senator, but in that, too, of an orator.

So Shakespeare ("Hamlet," act ii. sc. 2):—

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

MEMORY.

Memory is the treasury and guardian of all things.

POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

Nothing appears to me to be nobler than to keep assemblies of men entranced by the charms of eloquence, wielding their minds at will, impelling them at one time, and at another dissuading them from their previous intentions.

NOTHING MORE NOBLE THAN TO ASSIST THE WRETCHED.

What is there so kinglike, so noble, so generous, as to bring aid to the suppliant, to raise up the broken in heart, to save and deliver from dangers?

So Psalm lxxii. 12:—

"For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper."

RHETORICIANS WITH VOLUBLE TONGUES.

Mnesarchus used to say that those whom we called orators, were nothing else but artisans with voluble and well-trained tongues, but that no one was an orator unless he was wise.

THE LAWYERS.

The house of the lawyer is, no doubt, the oracle of the whole state.

THE GOOD.

Socrates used to say that to those who were convinced that they should prefer nothing so much as to be good men, every other kind of learning was easy.

USE THE GIFT OF THE SPIRIT.

Be unwilling to allow us to be the slave of only one, but rather of you all in whatever we can and ought.

So 1 Peter iv. 10:—

"As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

THE SMALLEST PLEASURE.

Many prefer the smallest pleasure to the most important advantage.

ELOQUENCE FLOURISHES IN A FREE STATE.

The practice of public speaking flourishes in every peaceful and free state.

HISTORY.

History is the witness of the times, the torch of truth, the life of memory, the teacher of life, the messenger of antiquity.

THE PRIMARY LAW OF HISTORY.

Who does not know that the primary law of history is that it should not dare to say anything false, next that it should dare to state the truth, that there should be no suspicion of favor nor yet of hatred in its words?

PRECOCITY.

There cannot be long continued sap in that which has too quickly acquired maturity.

THE RESULT OF DULNESS OF MIND.

It is the part of the slow of perception to follow up the rivulets of learning and never to see the fountain-head.

DILIGENCE.

Diligence has greatest power in everything, particularly in defending causes; it is above all to be cultivated, it is always to be attended to; there is nothing which it does not accomplish.

AVARICE AND LUXURY.

If you wish to destroy avarice, you must destroy luxury, which is its mother.

THE ABLE PHYSICIAN.

The able physician, before he attempts to give medicine to his patient, makes himself acquainted not only with the disease, which he wishes to cure, but with the habits and constitution of the sick man.

A POET MUST BE DIVINELY INSPIRED.

I have often heard that no real poet can exist without the spirit being on fire, and without, as it were, a spice of madness.

So also Plato ("Phædrus," c. 25) says:—

"Whoever, without the madness of the Muses, approaches to the gates of poetry, with the persuasion that by means of art he can become an able poet, fails in his purpose."

See the opening of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," act v.

ENVY.

Men envy high and successful fortune.

THE ENVIOUS.

Most men are envious, and this is above all a common fault.

A HARVEST.

As thou sowest, so shalt thou reap.

TRUE GLORY.

True praise is due to virtue alone.

MAN KNOWS HIMSELF LEAST.

Every one is least known to himself, and the most difficult task is to get acquainted with one's own character.

SATIETY OF PLEASURE.

In everything satiety is closest on the greatest pleasures.

UNLEARNED GOOD SENSE RATHER THAN LOQUACIOUS FOLLY.

I prefer the wisdom of the unlearned to the folly of the loquacious.

This is something like what Cratinus (Etymolog. M., p. 196, T.) says in a fragment:—

"The fool goes on saying baa, baa, like the sheep."

Nicostratus (Fr. Com. Gr., p. 683, M.) says:—

"If it were the sign of wisdom to speak unceasingly, much and quickly, the swallows would be accounted much more wise than we are."

Posidippus (Fr. Com. Gr., p. 1148, M.) says:—

"It is no hard task to speak fluently, but to act well is not so easy; for many, who talk fluently, have no sense."

Pope ("Moral Essays," Ep. iv. l. 43) thus expresses the same idea:—

"Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven."

And Spenser, in his "Shepherd's Calendar" (May, 140) says:—

"But of all burdens that a man can bear,
Most is, a fool's talk to bear and hear."

DISSIMULATION.

Dissimulation creeps gradually into the minds of men.

THE COUNTENANCE.

The countenance is the very portrait of the soul, and the eyes mark its intentions.

So Matthew vi. 22:—

"The light of the body is the eye."

HIGHEST PLACE.

When you are aspiring to the highest place, it is honorable to reach the second, or even linger in the third rank.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE MIND ONLY.

I am of opinion that there is nothing of any kind so beautiful, but there is something still more beautiful, of which this is the mere image and expression—as a portrait is from a person's face—a something which can neither be perceived by the eyes, the ears, nor any of the senses; we comprehend it merely in the thoughts of our minds.

GRANDILOQUENT ORATORS.

For there have been grandiloquent orators, so to speak, impressive and sonorous in their language, vehement, versatile, and copious; well trained and prepared to excite and turn the minds of their audience. While the same effect has been produced by others, by a rude, rough, unpolished mode of address, without finish or delicacy; others, again, have effected the same by smooth, well-turned periods.

NEAT ORATORS.

On the other hand, there are orators of subtle and acute minds, well educated, making every subject which they treat clear, but adding little in reality to our knowledge, refined and correct in their language. Among these some are crafty, but unpolished, and on purpose rude and apparently unskilful; while others exhibit more elegance in their barrenness and want of spirit—that is to say, they are facetious, flowery in their language, and admit of a few ornaments.

THE POWER OF THE VOICE DERIVED FROM THREE SOUNDS.

Wonderful indeed is the power of the voice which, though consisting merely of three sounds—the bass, treble, and tenor—yet possesses great strength, and a sweet variety, as is shown in songs.

EXCESS OFFENDS MORE THAN FALLING SHORT.

In everything we must consider how far we ought to go, for though everything has its proper medium, yet too much is more offensive than too little. Hence Apelles used to say, that those painters committed a fault who did not know what was enough.

THE ELOQUENT MAN.

He is the eloquent man who can treat subjects of an humble nature with delicacy, lofty things impressively, and moderate things temperately.

IGNORANCE OF THE PAST.

Not to know what happened before one was born, is always to be a child.

IN GREAT ARTS THE HEIGHT DELIGHTS US.

For in all great arts, as in trees, it is the height that charms us; we care nothing for the roots or trunks, yet it could not be without the aid of these.

TO BE ASHAMED OF OUR PROFESSION.

That very common verse which forbids us "to be ashamed of speaking of the profession which

we practise," does not allow me to conceal that I take delight in it.

NECESSITY.

The inventions dictated by necessity are of an earlier date than those of pleasure.

WISDOM IN NOT THINKING THAT ONE KNOWS THAT OF WHICH HE IS IGNORANT.

For this cause he imagined that Socrates was called the wisest of men by Apollo, because all wisdom consists in this, not to think that we know what we do not know.

Voltaire in the "Histoire d'un bon Bramin" says:—"The Brahmin said to me one day: I should wish never have been born. I asked him why. He answered: I have been studying for forty years: they are forty years lost: I have been teaching others, and I am ignorant of everything." The Earl of Sterling (Lond. fol. 1687, p. 7) says in "Recreations with the Muses":—

"Yet all that I have learned (belong to toys now past),
By long experience, and in famous schools,
Is but to know my ignorance at last.
Who think themselves most wise are greatest fools."

TRUTH AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL.

Accuse nature, who has completely hid, as Democritus says, truth in the bottom of a well.

Shakespeare ("Hamlet," act ii. sc. 2) says something to the same effect:—

"If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre."

This is not unlike what Æschylus (Supp. 1044) says:—"Who is able to fathom with the eye the mind of mighty Jove, a vista, the depth of which cannot be reached." There is a very pretty idea in "Don Quixote," v. 16, which seems to refer to this proverbial expression:—"Truth may be stretched out thinly, but there can be no rent, and it always gets above falsehood as oil does above water."

PAINTERS.

Painters see many things in the shade and the height which we do not see.

THE SENSES.

In my opinion there is the greatest truth in the senses, if they are sound and strong, and if all things are removed which oppose and impede them.

PAINTING.

The eyes are charmed by paintings, the ears by music.

REASON A LIGHT TO LIGHTEN OUR STEPS.

Reason is as it were a light to lighten our steps and guide us through the journey of life.

TRUTH.

Nothing is more delightful than the light of truth.

LIKE AS TWO EGGS.

Like as two eggs, according to the proverb.

FALSEHOOD OFTEN BORDERS ON TRUTH.

So close does falsehood approach to truth, that he wise man would do well not to trust himself in the narrow ledge.

THE CONTEMPLATION OF NATURE IS THE FOOD OF THE MIND.

When we are contemplating and pondering on the works of nature, we are supplying, as it were, the natural food to the mind: our thoughts assume a loftier character, and we learn to look down on what is human; while we meditate on the vault of heaven above, our own affairs appear petty and contemptible; our mind derives delight from what is so sublime and inscrutable.

So Psalm viii. 4:—

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou dost esteem him?"

VIRTUE AND ITS COUNTERFEIT.

It is not virtue, but a deceptive copy and imitation of virtue, when we are led to the performance of duty by pleasure as its recompense.

THE EFFECT OF IGNORANCE.

Through ignorance of what is good and what is bad, the life of man is greatly perplexed.

DEATH ALWAYS IMPENDING.

Death approaches, which is always impending over us, like the stone over Tantalus; then comes superstition, with which he, who is racked, can never have peace of mind.

HOW WE ARE RELIEVED FROM SUPERSTITION.

When we know the nature of all things, we are relieved from superstition, freed from the fear of death, and not disturbed by ignorance of circumstances, from which often arise fearful terrors.

TERSE SENTENCES.

Terse sentences briefly expressed, have great weight in leading to a happy life.

MAN BORN FOR TWO THINGS.

Man has been born for two things—thinking and acting.

THE TRUTH.

Nature has inspired man with the desire of seeing the truth.

HOW BEAUTIFUL VIRTUE IF SHE COULD BE SEEN.

What fervent love of herself would Virtue excite if she could be seen!

Plato speaks ("Phædrus," c. 81 or 86 D.) in the same noble language:—For sight is the sharpest of our bodily senses, though wisdom cannot be seen by it. How vehement would be the love she would inspire, if she came before our sight, and showed us any such clear image of herself, and so would all other lovable things.

MONEY.

Money is the creator of many pleasures.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance is the moderating of one's desires in obedience to reason.

RARE THINGS.

In every art, science, and we may say even in virtue itself, the best is most rarely to be found.

HUNGER BEST SEASONING FOR FOOD.

I hear Socrates saying that the best seasoning for food is hunger, for drink, thirst.

WHO CAN KNOW WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH?

Can any one find out how his body shall be, I do not say a year hence, but even at evening?

HIS DEEDS DIFFER FROM HIS WORDS.

His deeds do not agree with his words.

PAST LABORS.

It is generally said "Past labors are pleasant," Euripides says, for you all know the Greek verse, "The recollection of past labors is pleasant."

THE FICKLE AND TRIFLING.

Who does not hate the mean, the vain, the fickle, and the trifling?

MANKIND BORN FOR SOCIETY.

We have been born to unite with our fellow-men, and to join in community with the human race.

So 1 John i. 7:—

"But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another."

LITERATURE NECESSARY TO THE MIND.

The cultivation of the mind is a kind of food supplied for the soul of man.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THINGS.

The beginnings of all things are small.

JUSTICE.

Justice is seen in giving every one his own.

HABIT.

Habit is as it were a second nature.

ARTS CHERISHED BY RESPECT SHOWN TO THEM.

The honor shown to arts cherishes them, for all are incited to their pursuit by fame; the arts which are contemned by a people make always little progress.

Moore says:—

"Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle."

PROPER EXPRESSION DOES NOT ALWAYS FOLLOW CORRECT THOUGHT.

It may happen that a man may think rightly, yet cannot express elegantly what he thinks. But that any one should commit his thoughts to writ-

ing, who can neither arrange or explain them, nor amuse the reader, is the part of a man unreasonably abusing both his leisure and learning.

DEATH.

I am unwilling to die, but I care not if I were dead.

WHILE I READ, I ASSENT.

While I read, I assent; when I have laid down the book, and have begun to meditate on the immortality of the soul, all this feeling of acquiescence vanishes.

ANTIQUITY.

Antiquity, the nearer it was to its divine origin, perhaps perceived more clearly what things were true.

ALL NATIONS ACKNOWLEDGE A GOD.

No nation is so barbarous, no one is so savage, whose mind is not imbued with some idea of the gods. Many entertain foolish ideas respecting them, yet all think that there is some divine power and nature.

So 1 John vi. 1:—

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God."

LAW OF NATURE IS THE CONSENT OF ALL NATIONS.

In everything the consent of all nations is regarded as the law of nature.

THE HUSBANDMAN PLANTS FOR POSTERITY.

The industrious husbandman plants trees, of which he himself will never see a berry.

TO DIE FOR ONE'S COUNTRY.

Nobody could ever meet death in defence of his country without the hope of immortality.

THE POET.

I fly from mouth to mouth, ever living.

ANTICIPATION OF FUTURE AGES.

There resides in the human breast, I know not how, a certain anticipation of future ages; this exists and appears chiefly in the noblest spirits; if it were taken from us, who is there so mad as to lead a life of danger and anxiety?

THE SOUL EXISTS BY CONSENT OF ALL NATIONS.

As nature tells us, there are gods, and we know, by the understanding, what like they must be, so, by the consent of all nations, we believe that the soul exists for eternity; but where it is to exist, and of what nature it is, we must learn from the understanding.

DIFFICULT TO RELIEVE THE MIND FROM THE THRALDOM OF THE SENSES.

It requires a powerful intellect to release the mind from the thraldom of the senses, and to wean the thoughts from confirmed habits.

TO ERR WITH PLATO!

By Hercules, I prefer to err with Plato, whom I know how much you value, than to be right in the company of such men.

A PROFESSION.

Let a man practise the profession which he best knows.

THE TRUTH.

Nature has imbued our minds with an insatiable desire to be acquainted with the true.

THE SOUL IMPRISONED IN THE BODY.

When I reflect on the nature of the soul, it is much more difficult for me to conceive what like the soul is in the body, where it dwells as in a foreign land, than what like it must be when it has left the body and ascended to heaven, its own peculiar home.

So 1 Chronicles xxix. 15:—

"For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers."

And Matthew xxv. 34:—

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

THE MIND OF THE ASTRONOMER IS DIVINE.

The mind that has comprehended the revolutions and the complicated movements of the heavenly bodies, has proved that it resembles that of the Being who has fashioned and placed them in the vault of heaven.

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy, the mother of all arts, what else is it, except, as Plato says, the gift, as I say, the invention, of the gods? It is she that has taught us first to worship them, next has instructed us in the legal rights of mankind, which arise out of the social union of the human race, then has shown us the moderation and greatness of the mind; and she too has dispelled darkness from the mind as from the eyes.

So Ecclesiastes ii. 26:—

"For God giveth to a man that is good in his sight wisdom, and knowledge, and joy."

THE SOUL.

Whatever that principle is which feels, conceives, lives, and exists, it is heavenly and divine, and therefore must be eternal.

So Romans v. 5:—

"The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us."

THE MIND.

Although thou art not able to see the mind of man, as thou seest not God, yet as thou recognizest God from His works, so thou must acknowledge the divine power of the mind from its recollection of past events, its powers of invention, from its rapidity of movement, and the desire it has for the beautiful.

So Romans i. 20:—

"For the invisible things of him from the creation of the

world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and God-head."

THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

The opinion of Socrates was to the following effect, and thus he spoke: "There are two roads and two directions which souls take on leaving the body. Those who have spent their lives in vicious practices, giving themselves wholly up to the lusts of the body, so as to become blinded to all that is good, or who have sunk into the mire of private filth and wickedness, or who have committed inexpressible crimes against their country, such go to a separate abode, away from the gods. Those, on the other hand, who have kept themselves pure and chaste, little subject to fleshly lusts, but imitating the life of the gods, find no difficulty in returning to those from whom they came.

SUICIDE.

That divine principle, that rules within us, forbids us to leave this world without the order of the Divinity.

THE LIFE OF PHILOSOPHERS.

The whole life of philosophers is a commentary on death.

LIFE LENT TO US AT INTEREST BY NATURE.

Nature has bestowed on us life at interest like money, no day being fixed for its repayment.

INNUMERABLE ROADS TO THE GRAVE.

There are innumerable roads on all sides to the grave.

THE MAN WHO HAS LIVED LONG ENOUGH.

Every man has lived long enough who has gone through all the duties of life with unblemished character.

GLORY.

Glory follows virtue as if it were its shadow.

MAN NOT MADE BY CHANCE.

For we have not been framed or created without design nor by chance, but there has been truly some certain power, which had in view the happiness of mankind; neither producing nor maintaining a being, which, when it had completed all its labors, should then sink into the eternal misery of death: rather let us think that there is a haven and refuge prepared for us.

OUR LAST DAY.

That last day brings not to us extinction but merely change of place.

FEW ACT ACCORDING TO REASON.

How few philosophers are there whose habits, mind, and lives are constituted as reason demands.

So Proverbs xx. 9:—

"Who can say, I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin;"

ALL MEN NOT SUSCEPTIBLE OF IMPROVEMENT.

All fields are not fruitful.

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy is the cultivation of the mental faculties; it roots out vices and prepares the mind to receive proper seed.

DEATH.

He who is preparing destruction for another, may be certain that his own life is in danger.

HABIT.

Great is the power of habit.

REASON.

Reason is the mistress and queen of all things.

CONSCIENCE.

There is no greater theatre for virtue than conscience.

THE WICKEDNESS OF MAN.

Now as soon as we have been ushered into the light of day and brought up, at once we are engaged in every kind of wicked practice and the utmost perversity, so that we seem to have sucked in error almost with our nurse's milk.

GLORY.

Glory is something that is really and actually existing, and not a mere sketch; it is the united expression of approval by the good, the genuine testimony of men who have the power of forming a proper judgment of virtuous conduct; it is the sound given back by virtue, like the echoes of the woods, which, as it usually attends on virtuous actions, is not to be despised by the good.

Milton ("Paradise Regained," b. iii. l. 25) thus speaks of glory:—

"Glory, the reward
That sole excites in high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits, most tempered pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise."

DISEASES OF THE MIND.

The diseases of the mind are more destructive and in greater number than those of the body.

HEALTH.

When the mind is in a disturbed state, like the body, health cannot exist.

THE ANTICIPATION OF EVILS.

Epicurus thinks that it is foolish to anticipate future evils, which may never happen: "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

PAIN AND DISEASE.

There is no mortal whom pain and disease do not reach.

FOLLY TO TEAR ONE'S HAIR IN SORROW.

It is folly to tear one's hair in sorrow, as if grief could be assuaged by baldness.

THE FOOL LYNX-EYED TO THE FOLLIES OF HIS NEIGHBORS.

It is the peculiar quality of a fool to be quick in seeing the faults of others, while he easily forgets his own.

Socrates (Fr. Com. Gr., p. 1189) says:—

"We are quick to see the evil conduct of others, but when we ourselves do the same, we are unconscious of it."

WHAT IS ILLUSTRIOUS IS ATTAINED BY LABOR.

What is there that is illustrious, that is not also attended by labor?

DUST TO DUST.

Dust must be consigned to dust.

So Ecclesiastes xii. 7:—

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was."

And iii. 20:—

"All are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

HATRED.

Hatred is ingrained anger.

ANGER.

Anger is the desire of punishing the man who seems to have injured you.

So Proverbs xxvii. 4:—

"Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous."

DISCORD.

Discord is anger more bitter than hatred, conceived in the inmost breast.

AVARICE.

When money is coveted, and reason does not cure the desire, there a disease of the mind exists, and that disease is called "avarice."

THE CORRUPTION OF OPINIONS.

Hence it happens that mental diseases take their rise from the corrupt state of the sentiments.

A LAUGH ADMISSIBLE, BUT NOT A GUFFAW.

Though a laugh is allowable, a horse-laugh is abominable.

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy, thou guide of life! Thou searcher after virtue, and banisher of vice! What would not only we ourselves, but the whole life of men, have been without thy aid? It is thou that foundedst cities, collectedst men in social union; thou that broughtest them together first in dwellings, then in marriage, then in all the delights of literature; thou discoveredst laws, bestowedst on men virtuous habits: to thee we fly for aid. One day spent virtuously, and in obedience to thy precepts, is worth an immortality of sin.

Sophocles (Antig. 354) thus speaks of man:—

"And he hath taught himself language, lofty wisdom, and the customs of civic law."

In fact he represents speech and language as the beginning of civilization.

Milton in his "Comus" (l. 484) thus eulogizes philosophy:—

"How charming is Divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

SOCRATES.

Socrates was the first who brought down philosophy from heaven, introducing it into the abodes of men, and compelling them to study the science of life, of human morals, and the effects of things good and bad.

Milton ("Paradise Regained," b. iv. l. 261) says of Socrates:—

"To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
Of Socrates: see there his tenement,
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
Wiseest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
Of Academicks, old and new."

So Psalm lxxxiv. 10:—

"For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of wickedness."

HUMAN LIFE.

It is fortune, not wisdom, that rules the life of man.

THE MIND OF MAN.

The mind of man, a particle plucked from the intellect of the Almighty, can be compared with nothing else, if we may be forgiven for saying so, than with God himself.

So Joel ii. 28:—

"I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh."

And Luke iv. 18:—

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me."

THE POET.

I have not yet known a poet who did not think himself superexcellent.

ONE'S OWN.

His own is beautiful to each.

STRIVING AFTER DIVINE THINGS.

The very meditating on the power and nature of God excites the desire to imitate that eternal Being.

So Colossians iii. 2:—

"Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."

VIRTUE

Virtue joins man to God.

So 3 John ii:—

"He that doeth good is of God: but he that doeth evil hath not seen God."

BETTER TO RECEIVE THAN DO AN INJURY.

It is far better to receive than to do an injury.

THE MIND OPPRESSED BY EXCESSIVE EATING.

We cannot use the mind aright, when the body is filled with excess of food and drink.

FATHERLAND WHEREVER WE ENJOY OURSELVES.

Our country is wherever we find ourselves to be happy.

When Socrates was asked to what country he belonged, he said that he was a citizen of the world. For he thought himself an inhabitant and citizen of the whole universe.

"I THINK, THEREFORE I AM."

To think is to live.

DRINK OR DEPART.

In life we ought, in my opinion, to observe that rule, which prevails in the banquets of the Greeks: "Let him either drink or depart."

ELOQUENCE THE COMPANION OF PEACE.

Eloquence is the companion of peace, the associate of a life of leisure, and the pupil, as we may say, of a state that is properly constituted.

NEXT, BUT AT A LONG INTERVAL.

Next, but at a long interval.

HONOR IS THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

Honor is the reward of virtue.

VIRTUE TO BE PUT IN PRACTICE.

Nor is it sufficient merely to be in possession of virtue, as if it were an art, but we must practise it.

VIRTUE CONSISTS IN ACTION.

The whole of virtue consists in practice.

FATHERLAND NOT A REFUGE FOR OUR IDLENESS.

Nor has our fatherland produced and brought us up, so that she should derive no advantage from us, or that we should regard it as created for our mere convenience—as a place where we may tranquilly while away our useless existence in idleness and sloth. Such is not the proper view in which we should regard our country. She claims from us the mightiest exertions of our mind, and of all our powers, and only gives back for our private use what remains of our stock of time after we have been so employed.

Empidius (Fr. Incert. 19) says:—

"The whole heaven can be traversed by a bird; the whole earth is the fatherland of the noble-minded."

STATESMEN RESEMBLE THE DIVINE POWERS.

Nor is there anything in which the virtue of mankind approaches nearer to the gods than when they are employed in founding new commonwealths, and in preserving those already founded.

BOOKS.

My books are always at leisure for me, they are never engaged.

A COMMONWEALTH BOUND BY THE COMPACT OF JUSTICE.

A state is the common weal of a people: but a people is not every assembly of men brought together in any way; it is an assembly of men united together by the bonds of just laws, and by common advantages.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE STATE.

Every state, every commonwealth is to be governed by prudence, that it may be lasting.

DIFFERENT FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

When the government is in the hands of one individual, we call such a man a king and the state a kingdom. When it is in the hands of a select body, that form of government is aristocratic. But that state is a republic, so they call it, when everything is dependent on the people.

EQUALITY OF DEMOCRACIES.

For equality of rights, of which a free people is so fond, cannot be maintained; for the very people themselves, though they are their own masters, and perfectly uncontrolled, give up much power to many of their fellow-citizens, showing cringing respect to men and dignities. That, which is called equality, is most iniquitous in its acts.

LIBERTY.

In no other state except that in which the power of the people is supreme has liberty any abode, than which nothing assuredly can be more delightful.

A FREE STATE.

If the people hold the supreme power, they affirm that no form of government is more excellent, more free, more happy, inasmuch as they are the masters of laws, courts, war, peace, leagues, lives, and fortunes of every one.

LAWS OUGHT TO BE EQUAL TO ALL.

If all cannot be equal in property, if the talents of all cannot be the same, the laws at least should be the same to those who are citizens in the same state.

THE WEALTHIEST REGARDED THE NOBLEST.

For riches, great fame, wealth unaccompanied by wisdom and the knowledge of living virtuously and commanding properly, are only the cause of greater disgrace, and of exhibiting insolence in more glaring colors; nor is there any form of state more disgraceful to men than that in which the wealthiest are regarded the noblest.

AUTHORITIES LESS THAN ARGUMENTS.

In the eyes of a wise judge, proofs by reasoning are of more value than witnesses.

REVOLUTIONARY MADNESS.

When a people has once treated with violence a just king, or hurled him from his throne, or even, what has often happened, has tasted the blood of the nobles, and subjected the whole commonwealth to their fury, do not be foolish enough to imagine that it would be easier to calm the most furious hurricane at sea, or flames of fire, than to curb the unbridled insolence of the multitude.

CHANGES OF GOVERNMENT LIKE A GAME OF BALL.

Then tyrants snatch the government from kings like at a game of ball; from them the nobles or people in their turn, to whom succeed factious parties or tyrants; nor does the same form of government ever remain for any length of time.

THE RESULT OF TOO GREAT LICENCE.

Excessive licence leads both nations and private individuals into excessive slavery.

So Matthew v. 17:—

"I am not come to destroy the law."

KING, LORDS, COMMONS.

Since this is so, in my opinion monarchy is by far the best of the three forms; but the monarchical is excelled by that which is made up and formed of the three best kinds of government. In a state there ought to be something super-eminent and royal; another portion of power ought to be assigned to the nobles, and some ought to be reserved for the lower classes.

WHAT PRODUCES CHANGE IN MANNERS.

In maritime cities there is a certain corruption and change of habits; for they are intermingling with new modes of speech and manners, and there are imported not only foreign merchandise but manners also, so there is no fixedness in the institutions of the country.

GREATEST NUMBER.

In a state this rule ought always to be observed, that the greatest number should not have the predominant power.

A MONARCHICAL FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

A royal form of government is not only not to be found fault with, but I know not whether it is not to be far preferred to other simple forms.

JUSTICE ORDERS TO CONSULT THE GOOD OF ALL.

Justice commands us to have mercy on all men, to consult for the interests of mankind, to give every one his due, not to commit sacrilege, and not to covet the goods of others.

LAW.

True law is right reason, in unison with nature, pervading all, never varying, eternal, which summons man to duty by its commands, deters him from fraudulent acts, which, moreover, neither commands nor forbids the good in vain, nor yet affects the bad by commanding or forbidding. It is not allowable to annul this law, nor is it lawful to take anything from it, nor to abrogate it altogether; nor are we able to be released from it, either by the senate or by the people; nor is there any other expounder or interpreter to be sought; nor will there be one law at Rome, another at Athens, one now, another hereafter; but one eternal and immutable law will rule all nations, and at all times, and there will be one common, as it were, master and ruler of all—namely, God, the

Creator, the decider and passer of the law. Whoever does not obey it will fly from himself, and despises the nature of man, and by that very circumstance will suffer the severest punishments, though he may escape other things which men are wont to regard as punishments.

So Psalm xix. 7:—

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."

RIGORS OF LAW.

The path of law is of such a kind in some things that there is no room for favor.

INTERCOURSE BY LETTERS.

You are aware that there are many kinds of epistolary correspondence, but that alone is the most assured, for the sake of which it was invented—namely, to inform the absent, if there be anything which it is of importance that they should know, either about our affairs or their own.

A MODEST MAN.

It is annoying to a modest man to ask anything of value from one on whom he thinks that he has conferred a favor, lest he should seem to demand as a right rather than ask as a favor: and should appear to account it as a remuneration rather than a kindness. It is the feeling of a noble and liberal mind to be willing to owe much to the man to whom you already owe much.

ADVICE WISEST FROM YOURSELF.

Nobody can give you wiser advice than yourself; you will never err if you listen to your own suggestions.

LETTERS.

We write differently when we think that those only to whom we write will read our letters, and in a different style when our letters will be seen by many.

WHERE THERE IS A PRECEDENT, THAT IS THOUGHT RIGHT.

Men think that they may justly do that, for which they have a precedent.

VICTORY IN CIVIL WAR.

Spirit of insolence, which victory in all civil wars never fails to inspire.

EMPIRICS.

Do not imitate those unskillful empirics, who pretend to cure other men's disorders, but are unable to find a remedy for their own.

GRIEF LESSENED BY TIME.

There is no grief which time does not lessen and soften.

Philetas of Cos (Fr. 1, S.) says:—

"But when time has come round, which has been assigned by Jupiter to assuage grief, and which alone possesses a remedy for pains."

And Simonides of Ceos (Fr. 73, S.) says:—

"Jupiter alone possesses a remedy for all sorrows."

SWEET HOME.

There is no place so delightful as one's own fireside.

TO YIELD TO NECESSITY.

To yield to the times, that is, to obey necessity, has always been regarded as the act of a wise man.

CIVIL WARS.

All civil wars are full of numberless calamities, but victory itself is more to be dreaded than anything else. For though it should decide itself on the side of the more deserving, yet it will be apt to inspire even those with a spirit of insolence and cruelty, and though they be not so by inclination, they at least will be by necessity. For the conqueror must, in many instances, find himself obliged to submit to the pressure of those who have assisted him in his conquest.

CHANGES SUITED TO AMUSE.

There is nothing more suited to amuse the reader than the changes to which we are subject and the vicissitudes of fortune.

So Cowper ("The Timepiece," bk. II.):—

"Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

TRUE WISDOM.

I regard the greatest praise of wisdom to be, that man should be self-dependent, and to have no doubts as to the proper method of living well or ill.

NOTHING TO BE MORE GUARDED AGAINST THAN CRIME.

Let us be of that opinion, which reason and virtue dictate, that we have nothing to guard against in life except crime; and when we are free from that, we may endure everything else with patience and moderation.

EVERY ONE DISSATISFIED WITH HIS CONDITION.

Every man is dissatisfied with his own fortune.

THE MISERY OF OTHERS.

The comfort derived from the misery of others is slight.

CONSOLATION UNDER ADVERSITY.

It is, indeed, the greatest consolation under adversity, to be conscious of having always meant well, and to be persuaded that nothing but guilt deserves to be considered as a severe evil.

So Hebrews xiii. 18:—

"We trust we have a good conscience, in all things willing to live honestly."

ALLEVIATION OF MISFORTUNE.

For to reflect on the misfortunes to which mankind in general are exposed, greatly contributes to alleviate the weight of those which we ourselves endure.

TO BE FREE FROM FAULTS.

To be free from faults is a great comfort.

So Proverbs xxviii. 1:—

"The righteous are bold as a lion."

VIRTUE.

Nothing, believe me, is more beautiful than virtue; nothing more fair, nothing more lovely.

So Psalm cxix. 35, etc.:—

"Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight: . . . for thy judgments are good: . . . quicken me in thy righteousness."

LOVE SOMETIMES COUNTERFEIT.

A pretended affection is not easily distinguished from a real one, unless in seasons of distress. For adversity is to friendship what fire is to gold—the only infallible test to discover the genuine from the counterfeit. In all other cases they both have the same common marks.

FOOLS.

All places are replete with fools.

So Psalm xciv. 8:—

"Ye fools, when will ye be wise?"

VIRTUE AND FORTUNE.

Thou hast attained the highest rank, with virtue leading the way and fortune attending thee.

TO DESERVE WELL OF ONE'S COUNTRY.

Of all human things there is nothing more full of honor or better than to deserve well of one's country.

BLUNDERS.

For to stumble twice against the same stone is a disgrace, you know, even to a proverb.

THE MENACES OF ANY ONE ARE IMPOTENT TO THE FREE.

To the free and independent, the menaces of any man are perfectly impotent.

THE MISERY OF THE VANQUISHED IN CIVIL WARS.

In civil wars these are always the results, that the conquered must not only submit to the will of the victor, but must obey those who have aided in obtaining the victory.

THE FIRST APPROACHES OF FRIENDSHIP ARE IMPORTANT.

In the formation of new friendships it is of importance to attend to the manner in which the approaches are made, and by whose means the avenues of friendship (if I may so express myself) are laid open.

TO BE PRAISED BY ONE PRAISED BY ALL THE WORLD.

I am delighted to be praised by one who is praised by all the world.

A MAN WITHOUT GUILT.

A man without guile and deceit.

THE POPULACE.

The hungry and wretched proletarians, those city leeches that suck dry the public treasury.

CONVERSATION IN PRIVATE HOUSES.

Conversation in private meetings and dinner parties is more unreserved.

VENGEANCE.

I hate and shall continue to hate, the man; would that I could take vengeance on him! But his own shameless manners will be a sufficient punishment.

So Romans xii. 19:—

"Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

SADDLING THE WRONG HORSE.

The pack-saddle has been put on the ox.

THE CAUSES OF EVENTS.

The causes of events always excite me more than the events themselves.

THERE IS HOPE WHILE THERE IS LIFE.

While there is life, there is hope.

So Psalm ix. 18:—

"The expectation of the poor shall not perish forever."

Theocritus (Idyl. iv. l. 42) says:—

"There are hopes in the living, but the dead are without hope."

And Gay ("The sick Man and the Angel") says:—

"'While there's life, there's hope,' he cried."

The idea is also thus expressed—"Dum spiro, spero."

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA GIVES SUPREME POWER.

His plan is evidently that of Themistocles, for he thinks that he who gains the command of the sea must obtain supreme power.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

During the whole of our life we ought not to depart a nail's breadth from a pure conscience.

So Acts xxi. 16:—

"And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men."

A POET.

There has never been a poet who thought any one else superior to himself.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow will give something as food for thought.

CHANGE OF PLAN.

No wise man has ever said that change of plan is inconstancy.

THE VIRTUOUS ARE NOT SUSPICIOUS.

For the more virtuous any man is, the less easily does he suspect others to be vicious.

THE JUDGMENTS OF POSTERITY.

The judgment of those who come after us is truer, because it is freed from feelings of envy and malevolence.

HYPOCRISY IN MOST MEN.

For every man's nature is concealed with many folds of disguise, and covered as it were with various veils. His brows, his eyes, and very often his countenance are deceitful, and his speech is most commonly a lie.

THE EVILS WHICH ARE BORNE WITH MOST PAIN.

Men ought to bear with greatest difficulty those things which must be borne from their own fault.

RAILINGS AND ABUSIVE LANGUAGE.

While railing and abusive language are altogether unworthy of men of letters and of gentlemanly feeling, they are not less unsuitable to high rank and dignified behavior.

MOROSENESS AND PASSIONATENESS.

While passionateness is the mark of a weak and silly mind in the daily intercourse of private life, so also there is nothing so out of place as to exhibit moroseness of temper in high command.

SELF-LOVE.

How much in love with himself, and that without a rival.

CLAUDIAN.

FLOURISHED ABOUT A.D. 400.

CLAUDIUS CLAUDIANUS, a Latin poet, flourished during the reigns of Theodosius and his sons Honorius and Arcadius, A.D. 395-408. He was certainly a native of Alexandria in Egypt, as he himself alludes to the fact, though some assert that he was born in Gaul or Spain. We have no information respecting his education, and little regarding the circumstances of his life. We know that he spent much time at Rome, and that he accompanied Stilicho the general of Arcadius, to the North of Italy. Many of his poems are in praise of Stilicho, whose favor and protection he enjoyed. At Rome he acquired such reputation that the senate ordered a statue to be erected to his honor, and in the inscription, which was found in the twelfth century, compared him to Virgil and Homer. Though in some of his writings he speaks favorably of the Christian religion, there seems every reason to believe that he was a pagan. He left a number of poems, partly epic, partly panegyric, partly lyric. His largest work is entitled "De Raptu Proserpinæ," in three books, but it is unfinished.

A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

Nothing is more unendurable than a low-born man raised to high estate.

WE PITY THOSE WHO SUFFER LIKE OURSELVES.

All feel pity for those like themselves.

GREAT POWER REQUIRES TO BE ADMINISTERED WITH A FIRM HAND.

The administration of public affairs requires a stern heart.

THE CAUTIOUS SAILOR.

The cautious sailor sees long before the approach of the south-west wind.

REPENTANCE AT POINT OF DEATH.

What use to confess our faults at the moment the vessel is sinking? What use are tears which follow the sins we have committed?

HOW BLIND MEN ARE TO THE RESULTS OF VICIOUS CONDUCT.

How blind to consequences is the love of vicious indulgence! The future is disregarded; the present allures us to a short-lived enjoyment, and lust, forgetful of future suffering, hurries us along the forbidden path.

MEN EASILY RETURN TO THEIR ORIGINAL HABITS.

Nature easily reverts to her original habits.

WHAT WILL NOT TIME CHANGE?

What will not length of time be able to change?

THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED.

Hence let ages learn that there is nothing insuperable to the good or safe to the bad.

VIRTUE CONCEALED.

Virtue when it is concealed is worthless.

HONORABLE CONDUCT.

Restrain your feelings, and consider not what you may do, but what it will become you to have done, and let the sense of honor restrain your conduct.

Antiphanes (Fr. Com. Gr., p. 556, M.) says:—

"Honorable habits are a most valuable possession."

THE LIGHT OF FATE.

The bright light of fate leaves nothing concealed.

CLEMENCY.

Clemency alone makes us equal with the gods.

HOW THE PEOPLE MAY BE MADE OBSERVANT OF JUSTICE.

The people become more observant of justice, and do not refuse to submit to the laws, when they see the enactor of them obeying his own enactments.

THE EXAMPLE OF THE REIGNING PRINCE.

The people follow the example of their prince, and laws have less influence in moulding their lives than the model which his life exhibits.

THE FICKLE PEOPLE.

The fickle populace always change with the opinions of the prince.

PRIDE.

The noblest conduct is stained by the addition of pride.

VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD.

Virtue indeed is its own reward.

VIRTUE.

Virtue desires no foreign aid; cares not for praise; is full of life by her own resources; not to be moved by any of the chances of life; looks down on the affairs of mortals from her seat aloft.

REASON, NOT PASSION, OUGHT TO GUIDE MAN.

That man approaches the gods, who is guided by reason and not by passion, and who, weighing the facts, can proportion the punishment with discretion.

HOW A KINGDOM OUGHT TO BE GOVERNED.

Power will accomplish more by gentle than by violent means, and calmness will best enforce the imperial mandates.

NO MAN PERFECT.

The man who is fair in face, is often of a dark dye in morals; he who is fair in mind, is deformed in body; this man is distinguished in war, but in private life is disgraced by his vices.

MAN OF HONOR.

He cherished lofty thoughts from his boyhood, and his high fortune threw its shadow before from his earliest years. Of an erect and bold spirit, he aimed at mighty objects, and was no flatterer of the great.

THE EFFECT OF A RULER'S EXAMPLE.

Doubtless the example set by rulers insinuates itself into the common herd.

AVARICE.

Avarice, the mother of every wickedness, which, always thirsting for more, gapes for gold with open jaws.

Bion says:—

"The love of money, the mother of every crime."

1 Timothy vi. 10:—

"For the love of money is the root of all evil."

LUXURY.

Nor have you been led astray by luxury, that alluring pest with fair forehead, which, yielding always to the will of the body, throws a deadening influence over the senses, and weakens the limbs more than the drugs of Circe's cup.

A PIOUS KING.

That man is deceived who thinks it slavery to live under a noble prince. Liberty never appears in a more gracious form than under a pious prince.

HEAVEN NOT ALWAYS AT PEACE.

Nor is heaven always at peace.

EXCESSIVE FURY FAILS IN ITS OBJECT.

But excessive fury fails in its object; the joy of the wicked never lasts long.

DEATH LEVELS ALL THINGS.

Death levels all things.

COMMON THINGS AFFECT US LESS.

Common calamities affect us more slightly.

THE SLIPPERY NATURE OF YOUTH.

Alas, the slippery nature of tender youth!

ENVY.

Nothing can allay the rage of biting envy.

THE LOVES OF PLANTS.

Leaves live only to enjoy love, and throughout the forest every tree is luxuriating in affectionate embrace; palm, as it nods to palm, joins in mutual love; the poplar sighs for the poplar; plane whippers to plane, and alder to alder.

COLUMELLA.

FLOURISHED A.D. 70.

L. JUNIUS MODERATUS COLUMELLA, a celebrated writer on agriculture, was a native of Gades in Spain, and was the contemporary of Seneca, the philosopher, who died A.D. 62 in the reign of Nero. He was the friend of Cornelius Celsus, the author of a book on medicine, and who also wrote on agriculture. The work of Columella is entitled *De Re Rusticâ*, and is contained in twelve books. He begins by supposing that a person is inclined to invest his money in land, and points out the various circumstances that ought to be considered in making a selection. The healthiness of the surrounding country, and the sufficiency of water, are two main points to be regarded. He next thinks it necessary to give some advice respecting the qualities of the servants and slaves, who ought to be employed in its cultivation. He then enumerates the various kinds of soil, seeds, manure, the proper mode of reaping and threshing the grain. He gives a detailed account of everything connected with the vine and various kinds of fruit-trees. All the different varieties of domestic animals are carefully enumerated, with their diseases and remedies. The tenth book, on the cultivation of gardens, is in hexameter verse. We possess also a work on trees, *De Arboribus*, which seems to have been a part of a larger work.

WHAT IS MOST IMPORTANT IN ANY BUSINESS.

The most important part in every affair is to know what is to be done.

PRACTICE AND EXPERIENCE.

Practice and experience are of the greatest moment in arts, and there is no kind of occupation in which men may not learn by their abortive attempts.

MASTER'S EYE.

He allows very readily that the eyes and footsteps of the master are things most salutary to the land.

HIS OWN TO EACH.

We have assigned his own to each.

QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

FLOURISHED ABOUT A.D. 150.

QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS, the Roman historian of Alexander the Great, seems to have lived during the first or second century, but we have no means of fixing the precise period, nor indeed do we know anything of his personal history.

A COUNSELLOR OUGHT TO ADVISE WITH SAFETY.

No one ought to pay for foolish advice with his life. Counsellors would be wanting if there were danger in giving advice.

THE CAUSE OF POVERTY.

Honesty is the cause of poverty to many.

THE RESULTS OF FEAR.

Fear makes men prone to believe the worst.

NECESSITY.

Necessity, when threatening, is more powerful than every art.

THOSE WHO TRUST IN FORTUNE.

Those whom Fortune has induced to trust to her, she makes in a great measure rather desirous of glory than able to seize it.

So Psalm lxxi. 10:—

"If riches increase, set not your heart upon them."

THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

Nothing has more power over the multitude than superstition: in other respects powerless, ferocious, fickle, when it is once captivated by superstitious notions, it obeys its priests better than its leaders.

THE TRUE AND FALSE.

When the truth cannot be clearly made out, what is false is increased through fear.

A COMFORT IN MISFORTUNE.

It is often a comfort in misfortune to know our fate.

REASON.

Nothing can be lasting where reason does not rule.

THE VICISSITUDES OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

The fashions of human affairs are short and changeable, and fortune never remains long indulgent to men.

FEAR.

When fear has seized upon the mind, man fears that only which he first began to fear.

HOW WAR IS CARRIED ON.

Wars are carried on with the sword, not with gold; by men, not by the houses of cities; everything belongs to the soldiers.

NECESSITY AND DESPAIR.

Necessity rouses from sloth, and despair is often the cause of hope.

HABIT MORE POWERFUL THAN NATURE.

Habit is more powerful than nature.

EVERYTHING PREDESTINATED.

For my own part I am persuaded that everything advances by an unchangeable law through the eternal constitution and association of latent causes, which have been long before predestinated.

A SMALL SPARK.

Often has a small spark if neglected raised a great conflagration.

THE COUNTRY OF THE BRAVE.

Wherever the brave man chooses his abode, that is his country.

MISFORTUNE.

Misfortune is evil-tempered, and he who is really guilty, when he is tormented by his own punishment, feels pleasure in that of another.

THE WICKED.

When the wicked cannot sleep from the stings of conscience, it is because the furies pursue them.

THE AFFAIRS OF OTHERS.

Every one is more dull in his own affairs than in those of another.

A COWARDLY CUR.

A cowardly cur barks with more fierceness than it bites.

DEEP RIVERS.

The deepest rivers have the least sound.

Shakespeare ("Henry VI." Part II. act. III. scene 1) says:—
"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

THE SINS OF OUR FATHERS.

Posterity pay for the sins of their fathers.

So Exodus xxxiv. 7:—

"Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, unto the third and to the fourth generation."

THE FOOL.

He is a fool who looks up to the fruit of lofty trees and measures not their height.

So 2 Thessalonians III. 10:—

"If any would not work, neither should he eat."

DANGER EVEN FROM THE WEAKEST.

Nothing is so strong but may be endangered even by the weakest.

VIRTUE.

Nature has placed nothing so high that virtue cannot reach.

THE FOOLISH CONDUCT OF MAN.

Nature has paid slight attention to the formation of man's mind, inasmuch as we generally think not so much on the future as the past.

KINDNESS.

That is no lasting possession which we gain by the sword: gratitude for kindnesses is eternal.

THE ENVIOUS A TORMENT TO THEMSELVES.

The envious are only a torment to themselves.

So James iv. 2:—

"Ye lust and have not: ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain."

DESPAIR.

Despair, a great incentive to dying with honor.

PROSPERITY.

Prosperity is able to change the nature of man, and seldom is any one cautious enough to resist the effects of high fortune.

ENNIUS.

BORN B.C. 239—DIED B.C. 169.

Q. ENNIUS, a poet of Rhodiæ in Calabria, was born B.C. 239, two years after the conclusion of the first Punic war (Str. vi. 281, Gell. xvii. 21). He is said to have been descended from one of those petty princes who once ruled over this portion of Italy, but we hear of him first B.C. 204, when he was thirty-five years of age, serving as a soldier in Sardinia, where he attracted the notice of Cato the censor, at that time commander of the island. By him he was brought to Rome (Nep. Cat. i. Euseb.), where his high character and literary attainments introduced him to the notice of the distinguished characters of that age. Scipio the Elder was his intimate friend (Cic. Arch. 9). He passed into Ætolia, B.C. 189, with the consul

Fulvius Flaccus, to whose care the war in that country was entrusted (Arch. 11). He seems, however, to have returned to Rome, where he died of gout B.C. 169, in the seventieth year of his age (Sen. 5, Br. 20). Scipio, before he died, had expressed a wish that their bodies should rest in the same grave, and we know that a statue was erected to his honor on the tomb of the Scipios. Ennius must be considered as the father of Roman epic poetry, and the eminent services he performed for the literature of Rome were fully appreciated by ancient writers. Throughout his works there ran a strain of noble and passionate feeling; the language, though sometimes rough and unpolished, was full of power and even of sublimity: the structure of the verse was more regular than that in which his predecessors had sung. The principal work, of which we have numerous fragments, was the *Annales*, an epic poem in eighteen books, in which Ennius sang the history of Rome from its foundation till his own times. In another work, written in catalectic tetrameter, he had celebrated the deeds of the Elder Scipio. Besides, he had composed satires and other minor poems, which seem, however, to have been rather translations from Greek writers. *Edesphagetica*, or *Phagetica*, in hexameter verse, a gastronomic poem in imitation of Archestratus; *Epicharmus*, a didactic poem on the nature of things, from the Greek of Epicharmus; a Latin prose translation of the Greek work of Euhemerus on the gods, and several other smaller works. The fragments of Ennius were published by Columna, Napl. 1500, and those of *Annales* by Spangenberg, Leips. 1825.

THE ANSWER OF PYRRHUS.

"I ask no gold for the captives, nor shall you give me a ransom; we are not making a gainful trade of war; but, quitting ourselves like men, let us determine which of us shall live with the sword and not with gold. Let us try by valor whether dame Fortune wishes you or me to live and what fate she brings: and hear this, too, I am resolved to give liberty to those whom the fortune of war has spared; I present them, take them away, I give them with the will of the great gods." Sentiments truly royal, and worthy of the race of the *Æacids*.

We find in Judges v. 19 a similar expression:—

"The kings came and fought . . . they took no gain of money."

THE ROMAN COMMONWEALTH.

The Roman commonwealth is firmly established on ancient customs and heroes.

Of this verse Cicero (De Rep. v. 1) says:—

"Vel brevitate, vel veritate, tamquam ex oraculo mihi quodam esse effatus videtur."

TRUE LIBERTY.

That is true liberty which has a pure and firm basis.

So Romans vill. 2:—

"For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

HORACE.

BORN B.C. 65—DIED B.C. 8.

Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS, son of a freedman, was born at Venusia, on the confines of Apulia and Lucania, on the 8th December B.C. 65. His father was a collector of indirect taxes at sales by auction, and with the profits of this office he had purchased a small farm in the neighborhood of Venusia, where the poet was born. Dissatisfied with the education to be procured at this village, he carried his son, probably about his twelfth year, to Rome, to receive the usual education of a knight's or senator's son. Horace speaks always in the highest terms of his father's care in saving him from the dangers and temptations of a dissolute capital, keeping him not only free from vice, but from the suspicion of it. Horace proceeded in his eighteenth year on a visit to Athens, where he was found by Brutus, and induced to join the Republican party. The battle of Philippi, B.C. 42, put an end to his military career, and he withdrew at once from what his sagacity felt to be a desperate cause. Having obtained his pardon, he returned to Rome with the loss of his paternal estate, but he seems to have saved enough to buy a clerkship in the quaestor's office, with the profits of which he managed to live with the utmost frugality. He was introduced by the poets Varius and Virgil to Mæcenas, and was admitted after a short interval to his intimate friendship. Mæcenas bestowed upon the poet a Sabine farm, sufficient to maintain him in comfort and ease. This estate indeed was not extensive, but it produced corn, olives, and vines, being surrounded by pleasant and shady woods. From this time his life glided away in enjoyable repose, mingling with the intellectual society of a luxurious capital. He died on the 17th November B.C. 8, aged nearly fifty-seven years, being buried on the slope of the Esquiline hill, close to his friend and patron Mæcenas, who had died before him in the same year.

A POET'S VANITY.

So proud am I of thy approbation, that I shall strike my head against the starred clusters of heaven.

This idea is constantly recurring both in Greek and Roman writers. Thus Euripides (Bacch. 979):—

"So that thou shalt find fame that reaches heaven."

Aristophanes (450):—

"Thou shalt have fame high as heaven itself."

Propertius (l. 8, 43):—

"Now I may enjoy the highest fortune."

And even Cicero introduces the idea, sneering at the chiefs of the state (Ad. Att. 2, 1):—

"The chiefs of the state think that they can touch heaven with their finger."

We may add the following passage from Wordsworth's Sonnet on "Personal Talk":—

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
Who give us nobler loves and nobler cares:
The poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays
Oh might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days."

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

May thy return to heaven be far distant, and
 ag may thy reign fill this mighty empire with
 casings.

Ovid (Trist. v. 2, 51) expresses the same idea very beautifully:—

'So mayst thou dwell on earth, so may heaven long have
 use to be longing for thy presence; so mayst thou go at
 me far distant day to the sky, thy predestined place.'

PRESUMPTION OF MANKIND.

Presumptuous man, ready to face every danger,
 aches on to crimes of deepest dye forbidden by
 the laws of nature.

Seneca (Q. N. iv. Pref. ad finem) speaks to the same effect
 citing from the poet Menander:—

'Who is there that has not risen up with all his powers of
 mind to withstand such conduct, hating with a perfect hatred
 the humanity of mankind to do all wickedness greedily? Men-
 ander says: None are righteous, no, not one, excepting nei-
 ther young nor old, woman nor man, and adding that not
 a single individual or a few have gone astray, but wickedness
 is covered all, as doth a garment.'

BOLDNESS OF MAN.

Nothing is too high for the daring of mortals:
 the storm heaven itself in our folly.

This character of man is beautifully bodied forth in a frag-
 ment of the poet Rhianus, who flourished about a.c. 222 (Anal.
 t. i. p. 479):—

'Man forgets why he treads the ground with his feet, and
 his arrogance of spirit and wicked thought speaks authori-
 tatively like Jupiter, or is devising some path to heaven, that
 he may revel as one of the immortals.'

And Pindar (Isthm. vii. 61) says:—

'If a man looks steadily into the future, he will feel that he
 is too weak in himself to reach the brazen seats of the gods.'
 Shakespeare ("Measure for Measure," act ii. sc. 2) says:—

"But man, proud man!

Dress'd in a little brief authority;

Most ignorant of what he's most assured,

His glassy essence—like an angry ape,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,

As make the angels weep."

DEATH.

Pale Death enters with impartial step the cot-
 tages of the poor and the palaces of the rich.

Seneca speaks of this equality in death: "Death comes
 equally to us all, and makes us all equal, when it comes. The
 dust of an oak in a chimney are no epitaph of that, to tell me
 how high or how large that was; it tells me not what flocks it
 sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell.
 The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too; it says
 nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a
 wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou
 wouldst not look upon, will trouble thine eyes, if the wind blow
 hither; and when the whirlwind hath blown the dust of
 the churchyard into the church, and the man sweeps out the
 dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to
 distinguish these dusts again, and to pronounce, 'This is the patrician,
 this is the noble flour; and this the yeoman, this is the plebe-
 in bran.'"

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

The short span of life forbids us to begin schemes
 which require a distant future for their accom-
 plishment.

So Shakespeare ("Macbeth," act v. sc. 5) says:—

"Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow."

Simonides, who flourished a.c. 450, speaks thus of the weak-
 ness of man (Fragm. 24, S.):—

"Fleeting is the strength of man, and vain are all his cares;
 for a brief space labor succeeds labor, but inexorable
 death impends. for the righteous and the wicked have one
 fate."

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

Plain in thy neatness.

This idea is expressed by Ovid (Fast. xi. 764) in these
 words:—

"I am delighted with her beauty, her fair complexion, and
 auburn hair and the gracefulness of her person, which is in-
 creased by no artifice."

Ben Jonson ("The Silent Woman," act i. sc. 5) has the same
 idea:—

"Give me a look, give me a face,

That makes simplicity a grace,

Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;

Such sweet neglect more taketh me,

Than all the adulteries of art;

They strike mine eyes but not my heart."

We may refer to Milton's description of Eve ("Paradise
 Lost," b. v. l. 379):—

"But Eve

Undeck'd, save with herself, more lovely fair

Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd

Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,

Stood to entertain her guest from heaven."

NEVER DESPAIR.

You must never despair under the guidance and
 auspices of Teucer.

The following fragment (Hyps. 9) from Euripides has the
 same idea:—

"Nothing is to be despaired of, we must hope all things."

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

Shun to seek what is hid in the womb of the
 morrow, and set down as gain in life's ledger what-
 ever time fate shall have granted thee.

Philetaerus, who flourished probably about a.c. 320, speaks
 thus in one of his fragments (Fr. Com. Gr. Ed. p. 642, M.):—

"For what, pray, ought you, short-lived being as you are,
 to do but to pass your time day by day in pleasure, and not
 to fret yourself as to what will be to-morrow."

And Theocritus (Idyl. 13, 4) says:—

"We are mortals, we may not behold to-morrow."

P. Doddridge ("Epigram on his Family Motto") says:—

"Live while you live, the epicure would say,

And seize the pleasures of the present day;

Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,

And give to God each moment as it flies."

Milton ("Comus," 309) says:—

"What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?"

And Isaac Watts says:—

"I am not concerned to know

What to-morrow fate will do;

'Tis enough that I can say

I've possessed myself to-day."

FLEETNESS OF TIME.

How much better is it to submit with patience
 to whatever may happen! Whether thou art to
 enjoy many winters or this be the last, which is
 now weakening the fury of the Tuscan waves by
 being dashed on the resisting rocks. Be wise, fil-
 trate thy wines, and curtail distant schemes which
 the brief span of life may never enable thee to re-
 alize. While we are talking, envious time will be
 gone. Seize the present moment, trusting as lit-
 tle as possible to the morrow.

This idea of the fleetness of time is a favorite with poets of all nations. Thus Herrick, "To the Virgins to make much of Time" (No. 33):—

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

Chalmers, the preacher, says:—

"Time, with its mighty strides, will soon reach a future generation, and leave the present in death and in forgetfulness behind it."

Moore ("Irish Melodies") says:—

"This moment's a flower too fair and brief."

And again:—

"Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Mem'ry gild the past."

Congreve says:—

"Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise."

And Gray:—

"We frolic while 'tis May."

And Solomon:—

"Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered."

GROWTH OF REPUTATION.

The fame of Marcellus grows imperceptibly as a tree in the unmarked lapse of time.

The gradual and imperceptible growth of the reputation of a virtuous man is remarked by other poets. Thus Pindar (Nem. viii. 68):—

"Virtuous deeds expand gradually before the world, as a tree shoots up under the influence of the freshening dew."
Homer introduces (Il. xviii. 56) Thetis thus speaking of Achilles:—

"He sprung up rapidly, like a plant: I having brought him up, like a tree in a fertile field."

And Shakespeare ("Henry V., act i. sc. 1") says:—

"Which no doubt
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in its faculty."

WEDDED LOVE.

Thrice happy and more are those who are bound by an unbroken chain of love, and, unruffled by a querulous temper, live affectionately till their latest hour.

J. Middleton thus speaks of the delights of a married life:—

"What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet's bed not sweeter! Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house, built in a garden,
On which the spring flowers take delight
To cast their modest odors."

Spenser ("Faery Queen," l. 12, 37) says:—

"His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide."

And Thomson:—

"Oh happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortune, and their beings blend."

RESOLUTE IN CONDUCT.

Make every effort to get into port while you may.

ANGER.

Thy wrath control.

Theognis (365), who flourished B.C. 544, used the expression, *δοξε νόον*, "curb thy temper."

WINE AND ITS ADVANTAGES.

Whoever prates of war or want after his wine.

This idea is found in Theognis (1130):—

"When I have enjoyed my wine, I care not for the anxieties of mind-racking poverty."

Burns says:—

"John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise;
'Twill make a man forget his woe,
'Twill heighten all his joy."

SELF-LOVE AND INDISCRETION.

Blind Self-love, Vanity lifting aloft her empty head, and Indiscretion, prodigal of secrets, more transparent than glass, follow close behind.

INNOCENCE OF LIFE.

The man whose life has no flaw, pure from guile, needs not for defence either Moorish javelins, or bow, or quiver full of poisoned arrows; though his path be along the burning sands of Africa, or over the inhospitable Caucasus, or those regions which Hydaspes (the Jhylum), famed in fable, licks languid-flowing.

Milton ("Comus," 481) says:—

"She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph, with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests and unharbor'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds."

DESCRIPTION OF FRIGID AND TORRID ZONES.

Place me lone in the barren wastes, where no tree bursts into bloom in the breezes of summer; mist-clad, and with an inclement sky! place me lone where the earth is denied to man's dwelling, in lands too near the car of the day-god, I still should love my Lalage—behold her sweetly smiling, hear her sweetly talking.

Sappho (Fr. 2, S.) expresses herself much to the same effect:—

"That man seems to me to be like the gods, who sits beside thee and hears thee sweetly speaking and thy winning laughter; however short a time I see thee, how does my voice fail me!"

This idea is found in Cowper's "Table Talk" (l. 284):—

"Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if Liberty be there;
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet
In Africa's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat."

GRIEF FOR A FRIEND'S DEATH.

Why should we be ashamed to weep, or set bounds to our regret for the loss of so dear a friend? Lead off with plaintive lays, Melpomene, thou who hast received from thy father a tuneful voice with the music of the lyre. Are then the eyes of Quinctilius sealed in endless sleep! What will modesty and unspotted faith, the sister of justice and unadorned truth, ever find an equal to him? He is gone, bewailed by many good men, by none more than by thee, O Virgil.

Byron thus speaks of the loss of friends:—

"What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided, and o'er hopes destroyed."

Monchus (ll. 110) thus speaks of death:—
 "We, who are the great, the powerful, and the wise, when we are dead, without hearing in hollow earth, sleep soundly a long, endless sleep, without waking."

Montgomery thus alludes to loss of friends:—

"Friend after friend departs,—
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end."

This eulogy of Quinctilius reminds us of Ben Jonson's epitaphs on the Countess of Pembroke and Elizabeth L. R.:—

EPITAPH ON COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

"Underneath this marble hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse—
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
 Death, ere thou hast slain another
 Learn'd and fair and good as she,
 Time shall throw his dart at thee."

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. R.

"Underneath this stone doth lie,
 As much beauty, as could die,
 Which in life did harbor give
 To more virtue than doth live."

PATIENCE.

It is hard to bear, but patience renders more tolerable evils to which we can apply no remedy.

Archilochus, in a fragment, thus speaks of the effect of patience (Fragm. 8, S.):—

"But, my friend, the gods have given unyielding patience as a medicine for incurable evils."

Pindar says somewhat to the same effect (Pyth. ll. 171):—

"It eases me when I bear with patience the yoke upon my neck."

There is a fragment of Sophocles (Tereus, xi. 3) to the same effect:—

"But yet it is proper for us, miserable mortals as we are, to bear patiently what is inflicted on us by the gods."

Shakespeare ("Much Ado about Nothing," act v. sc. 1) says:—

"Tis all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself."

A POET'S FREEDOM FROM CARE.

So long as I am the favorite of the muses, I shall deliver over sadness and fears to be wafted by the boisterous winds to the Cretan sea.

Homer (Odys. viii. 408) speaks of words being carried off by the winds:—

"If I have uttered a single irritating word, may the winds take it up and hurry it off immediately."

Euripides (Her. Fur. 650) says somewhat to the same effect:—

"I hate old age: may it go to the waves and be drowned."

Marlowe ("Lust's Dominion") says:—

"Are these your fears: thus blow them into air."

A POET'S POWER.

Without the inspiration of the muse my efforts as a poet can do nothing.

Virgil (Æn. ix. 446) says somewhat to the same effect:—

"Fortunate both, if my verses have any power."

Monchus (ll. 128) says:—

"If I possessed any power of song, I would raise my voice in presence of Pluto."

DANGERS OF LOVE.

Unhappy youth! how art thou lost,
 In what a sea of trouble tost!

Anaxilans, who flourished B.C. 300, in his Neottis (Athen. xiii. 558, A.), speaks thus feelingly of such dangers:—

"The man, who has ever been enamoured of a mistress, will tell you that there is no race more full of wickedness. For what fearful dragon, what Chimæra vomiting fire, or Chærybdis, or three-headed Scylla, that sea-dog, or Sphinx, or hydra, or serpent, or winged harpy, or lioness could surpass in voracity that execrable race?"

PRAYER FOR HEALTH AND SOUNDNESS OF MIND.

Son of Latona, grant me a sound mind in a sound body, that I may enjoy what I possess, and not pass a dishonored old age without the innocent pleasures of music.

We may expect that such a prayer as this would be not uncommon, and accordingly we find it in a fragment of Menander (Fr. Com. Gr., p. 923, M.):—

"Let us pray to all the Olympian gods and goddesses to grant us safety, health, many blessings, and the enjoyment of what we now possess."

Cicero, too (De Senect. 30), speaks feelingly of the retention of all our faculties till death:—

"This is the best close of life, that the same nature, which has formed us, should bring us to an end, while our mind is sound and all our faculties in full play."

In Ecclesiastes v. 19 we find:—

"Every man also to whom God hath given riches and wealth, and hath given power to eat thereof, and to take his portion, and to rejoice in his labor: this is the gift of God."

The ancients had great enjoyment in music, thus Euripides (Her. Fur. 676) says:—

"Never may I live without the pleasures of music, and ever may I be crowned as a poet. Still do I, an aged bard, celebrate Mnemosyne."

Sir W. Temple speaks of health in these terms:—

"Socrates used to say that it was pleasant to grow old with good health and a good friend, and he might have reason: a man may be content to live while he is no trouble to himself or his friends; but after that, it is hard if he be not content to die. I knew and esteemed a person abroad, who used to say, a man must be a mean wretch who desired to live after three-score years old. But so much, I doubt, is certain, that in life as in wine, he that will drink it good must not drain it to the dregs. Therefore men in the health and vigor of their age should endeavor to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation and the worthiest actions, either in public or private stations, that they may have something agreeable to feed on when they are old, by pleasing remembrances."

APOLLO'S LYRE.

Charming shell, grateful to the feasts of Jove, thou softener of every anxious care.

This reminds us of what Homer (Il. i. 602) says of the lyre:—

"They feasted and all had an equal share of the feast, enjoying the music of the very beautiful lyre on which Apollo played."

Gray ("Elegy in a Churchyard," St. 12) says:—

"Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Milton ("Comus," l. 476):—

"How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose:
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets
 Where no rude surfeit reigns."

THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

God can raise on high the meanest serf and bring low the proudest noble. Fortune, swooping with the dash of an eagle, snatches the imperial diadem from this man, and delights to place it on the head of some other.

The vicissitudes of the life of man was a common theme for the poets.

In Homer (*Odys.* xvi. 211) we have:—

"It is an easy task for the gods, who rule the wide heaven, either to raise or cast down mortal man."

And, again, Archilochus (*Fr.* 49, 8.):—

"All things depend on the gods; often do they raise men from misfortunes who are reclining on the dark earth; often do they throw down those who are walking proudly; then many evils come, and they wander in lack of food and out of their senses."

And, again, Aristophanes (*Lysistr.* 772):—

"The loud-thundering Jupiter shall turn things upside down."

Spenser ("Faery Queen") says:—

"He maketh kings to sit in sovereignty;
He maketh subjects to their power obey;
He pulleth down, he setteth up on high;
He gives to this, from that he takes away;
For all we have is his: what he will do he may."

FORTUNE WORSHIPPED BY ALL.

The rude Dacian, the roving Scythian, states and races, the warlike land of Latium, the mothers of barbarian kings and tyrants clothed in purple, dread thee, lest thou with scornful foot shouldst upset the stately pillar of their fortune; or lest the swarming rabble arouse the lazy citizens to arms! to arms! and disturb the public peace. Stern Necessity ever stalks before thee, bearing, in her grasp of bronze, huge spikes and wedges; the clenching cramp and molten lead are also there.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

But the faithless herd and perjured harlot shrink back; summer friends vanish when the cask is drained to the dregs, their necks refusing to halve the yoke that sorrow draws.

Pindar (*Nem.* x. 148) has the same idea:—

"In the midst of misfortunes few men are so faithful in friendship as to be willing to share the anxieties that are their attendants."

Shakespeare ("Troilus and Cressida," act iii. sc. 3) expresses this idea very beautifully:—

"Men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor, but honor, for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, favor,—
Prizes of accident as oft of merit;
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that leaned on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall."

This is our rhyming proverb:—

"In time of prosperity, friends will be plenty;
In time of adversity, not one in twenty."

The Greek proverb (*Zenob.* iv. 13) is: "Boll pot, boll friendship."

THE WICKEDNESS OF MANKIND.

What crimes have we, the hard age of iron, not dared to commit? from what has fear of heaven restrained us?

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Search not too curiously where the belated rose lingers.

Moore has this idea ("Last Rose of Summer"):—

"Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone."

DANGER OF GIVING OFFENCE IN WRITING CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.

Thou art employed on a work full of danger and hazard, and art treading upon fires concealed by smouldering ashes.

This idea of treading on covered fires is proverbial, and often used both by Greek and Roman writers. Thus Callimachus (*Epigr.* 45):—

"There is something, by Pan, concealed, yea there is, by Bacchus, some fire under that heap of ashes."

The lexicographer Suidas thus explains it:—

"Thou walkest through the fire: we must say this of those who like to mingle in hazardous matters full of danger."

And Propertius (*l.* 5, 5):—

"Unhappy! thou art hurrying to a knowledge of the most portentous misfortunes, and in thy misery art walking over hidden fires."

Shakespeare ("Henry VI.," Part I. act iii. sc. 1) says:—

"This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love."

A GREAT ADVOCATE.

Pollio, thou noble advocate of the disconsolate prisoner, and guide of the senate in a dangerous crisis.

CHARACTER OF CATO.

And see the whole world subdued except the stern soul of Cato.

Seneca (*De Provid.* 2) thus alludes to the character of Cato:—

"I do not see what more beautiful sight Jupiter has on earth than Cato, while his party is repeatedly defeated, standing upright amidst the ruins of the nation. Though, he says, all things should submit to the rule of one individual, the earth be guarded by his legions, the seas by his fleets, and the sea-ports occupied by the soldiers of Caesar, Cato has a means to free himself from all these."

AVARICE REPROVED.

There is no brilliancy in silver when hidden in the earth, Crispus Sallustius, thou foe to money, if it does not throw lustre around by moderate use.

Seneca (*Ep.* 94) says something to the same effect:—

"Wilt thou know how deceitful is the glare that bewitches our eyes? There is nothing more foul or dingy than the appearance of gold and silver, so long as they lie buried in their mould; there is nothing more shapeless, while they are passing through the fire and being separated from the dross."

Shakespeare ("Venus and Adonis") says:—

"Foul cankerous rust the hidden treasure frets;
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

MODERATION.

By curbing a griping spirit within thee, thou wilt be the lord of a more extensive domain than if thou wert to join Libya to the remote Gades, and both Carthaginians owned thy sway.

Seneca (*Her. Fur.* 186) thus describes the avaricious:

"This man without a moment's happiness gathers riches, eager for wealth, and is poor in the midst of heaps of gold."

And Claudian (*In Rufin.* lib. i. 196) expresses the same idea in these words:—

"Though both oceans were subject to thee, though Lydia were to open her fountains of gold, though the throne of Cyrus and the crown of Croesus were in thy possession, thou wilt never be rich, never satiated."

Milton ("Paradise Regained," b. ii. l. 466) has the same idea:—

"Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king."

Proverbs (xvi. 33):—
 "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

VIRTUE.

Virtue teaches the people not to apply false names to things.

Thucydides (iii. 82) uses an expression of the same kind:—
 "Moreover they changed at their will the usual signification of words for things."

And Sallust (Catil. 58) says:—
 "For a long time past we have lost the true appellations for acts."

EQUANIMITY RECOMMENDED.

Dellius, since thou art doomed to die, fail not to keep a calm spirit when the world frowns, and when it smiles give not thyself up to arrogance.

Archilochus expresses the same idea in a fragment (58, S.):
 "If thou conquerest, do not exult too openly, nor, if thou art conquered, bewail thy fate, lying down in thy house."

Spenser ("Faery Queen," v. 5, 38) says:—
 "Yet weest ye well, that to a courage greates,
 It is no lesse becomming well to beare
 The storm of Fortune's frown, or heaven's threat,
 Than in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
 Timely to joy, and carrie comely cheere."
 "A full cup must be carried steadily."

ENJOY THE PRESENT HOUR.

Say for what the tall pine and silver poplar lovingly entwine their branches with welcoming shade, wherefore struggles the limpid streamlet to purl in its meandering course; hither order them to bring thee wine and perfumes, and the too short-lived flowers of the fragrant rose, while thy fortune, youth, and the woof of the three sisters allow.

Milton in "Comus" (l. 188) says:—
 "To lodge
 Under the spreading favor of these pines,
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide."
 And Shelley ("Revolt of Islam," Dedication) says:—
 "The woods to frame a bower
 With interlaced branches mix and meet."

THE GRAVE.

The victim of pitiless Pluto. We are all driven to the same fold: the doom of all is being shaken in the urn, which will issue forth sooner or later, and place us in Charon's boat for eternal banishment.

Statius (Sylv. II. l. 519) says to the same effect:—
 "Whatever has a beginning has an end: we shall all go to the grave: Æacus is shaking the urn in the boundless regions of the dead."

Wilson ("City of the Plague," act ii. sc. 2) says:—
 "In they go,
 Beggar and banker, porter and gentleman,
 The cinder-wench and the white-handed lady,
 Into one pit: oh, rare, rare bedfellows!
 There they all lie in uncomplaining sleep."

Also in Ecclesiastes (vi. 6) we find:—
 "Do not all go to one place?"

BEAUTIES OF SOUTHERN ITALY.

That little corner has more charms for me than all the world besides, where the honey does not yield in sweetness to that of Hymettus, and the

olive-berry vies with the produce of Venafrum, where nature grants a lengthened spring and mild winters, and Mount Aulon, favorable to the clustering vine, envies not the vintage of Falernus.

JOY AT THE RETURN OF A FRIEND.

It is pleasant to indulge in excess of joy when a dear friend has been restored.

Anacreon (81) says:—
 "I wish, I wish to be mad."

SAFETY OF AN HUMBLE LIFE.

Thou wilt live, Licinius, more like a man of sense, if thou art not launching ever too venturously into the deep, nor yet, "when the stormy winds do blow," hugging too closely the treacherous shore. The man, who loves the golden mean, is safe from the misery of a wretched hovel, and moderate in his desires, cares not for a luxurious palace, the subject of envy. The tall pine bends oftener to the rude blast; lofty towers fall with a heavier crash, and the lightnings strike more frequently the tops of the mountains. A well-balanced mind hopes for a change when the world frowns, and fears its approach when it smiles. It is the same Divine Being that brings back and sends away the gloom of winter. Though sorrow may brood over thee just now, a change may ere long await thee. At times Apollo tunes his silent lyre, and is not always bending his bow. Be of good cheer and firm in the hour of adversity, and when a more favorable gale is blowing, thou wilt do wisely to be furling thy swelling sail.

The golden mean is a frequent subject of the poets. Thus Phocylides (Fr. 8, S.), who flourished a.c. 580, says, as quoted by Aristotle (Polit. iv. 11):—

"Many of the best things are placed between extremes; I wish to be in the middle ranks of the city."

And Euripides (Ion, 689):—
 "Would that I could live without care in the middle ranks of life."

And Pindar (Pyth. xi. 81):—
 "For when I find that the middle condition of life is by far the happiest, I look with little favor on that of princes."

Apollodorus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1109, M.) says:—
 "Men, he who is in bad circumstances ought not to despair, but always to look for a favorable change."

Shakespeare ("Richard III.," act i. sc. 3) says:—
 "They that stand high have many blasts to shake them."

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

Be not too anxious for the few things that life requires; youth is flying rapidly past and beauty is vanishing, while withered age puts to flight amorous play and gentle sleep. The flowers of spring do not retain their bloom, nor does the ruddy moon always shine with the same lustre; why, then, O man, dost thou disquiet thyself forever with schemes that are far beyond the power of man?

Goldsmith's "Edwin and Angelina" (in "Vicar of Wakefield"):—

"Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."

Wordsworth in his "Poems on the Affections" says:—
 "Look at the fate of summer flowers,
 Which blow at daybreak, droop ere even song."

DANGERS OF LIFE

Man cannot be always on his guard against the dangers that are impending from hour to hour.

The vicissitudes of life are a constant theme of the poets; thus Pindar (Pyth. Olymp. vii. 175) says:—

"In the twinkling of an eye one vicissitude of fortune follows another."

DEATH.

Alas, Postumus, Postumus, how swiftly do fleeting years glide past! we must not expect that reverence of the gods will stay the advance of wrinkled old age or the hand of inexorable death.

Mimnermus (Fr. 5, S.) who flourished a.c. 684, thus speaks of death:—

"Youth, that is so highly prized, passes quickly like a dream: sad and wrinkled old age forthwith impends over our head."

And Æschylus (Fr. Niobe I. 4) says:—

"For Death alone of the gods loves not gifts, nor do you need to offer incense or libations: he cares not for altar nor hymn; the goddess of persuasion alone of the gods has no power over him."

DEATH.

Thou must leave thy lands, house, and beloved wife, nor shall any of those trees follow thee, thy short-lived master, except the hated cypress.

Philition, who flourished A.D. 7 (apud Stobæum F. S. 380), says:—

"Though thou art the lord of ten thousand acres of land, when dead thou shalt become the lord of three or four cubits."

And Shakespeare ("Henry VI.," Part III. act v. sc. 3) says:—

"My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length."

A PEACEFUL LIFE.

The man caught by a storm in the wide Ægean, when the moon is hid by dark clouds, and no star shines to guide him certainly on his way, prays for ease; the Thracian, fierce in battle, prays for ease; the quivered Parthians, Grosphus, pray for ease—a blessing not to be bought by gems, purple, nor gold. Ease is not venal; for it is not treasures, nor yet the enjoyment of high power, that can still the uneasy tumults of the soul, and drive away the cares that hover around the fretted ceilings of the great.

Varro (in Anthol. Lat. Burm. I. p. 512) says:—

"The breast is not freed from cares by the possession of treasures or gold; neither the mountains of the Persians nor the palace of the rich Croesus relieve the mind from anxiety and superstition."

Quarles ("Search after Happiness") says:—

"One digs to Pluto's throne, thinks there to find
Her grace, raked up in gold: another's mind
Mounts to the court of kings, with plumes of honor
And feather'd hopes, hopes there to seize upon her:
A third unlocks the painted gate of pleasure,
And ransacks there to find this peerless treasure."

So Proverbs xiii. 7:—

"There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches."

And Ecclesiastes v. 11:—

"The abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep."

CARE.

Why are we, whose strength is but for a day, so full of schemes? Why do we change our own for

lands warmed by another sun? What exile is able to fly from his own thoughts? Care, the child of vicious indulgence, mounts with us the brazen-beaked galleys, and leaves not the troops of horsemen, fleetest than stag and east wind driving the rack before it. Let the mind, which is now glad, hate to carry its care beyond the present, and temper the bitters of life with easy smile. There is no unalloyed happiness in this world.

Patrocles, the tragic poet, who flourished a.c. 300 (Stob. III. 3) says:—

"Why, pray, do we foolishly occupy our minds with so many projects, pursuing them in quick succession—why do we imagine that we can accomplish all things, looking far into the future, while we know not the fate impending close upon us, and see not our miserable end?"

Euripides (Alex. Fr. 3) says:—

"So that there is no man happy in every respect."

Seneca (De Tranquill. Anim. 3) says:—

"The sick in mind and body can suffer nothing long, thinking that mere change of scene will prove a remedy to their illness. For this reason they traverse foreign countries and coast along distant shores, while their changeable disposition, always averse to the present, ransacks sea and land for health. 'Now let us visit Campania.' Then they tire of that luxurious land. 'Let us go to savage regions, the forests of the Brutii and Lucani.'"

Milton ("Paradise Lost," b. iv. l. 21) says:—

"Nor from hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place."

MAN LIVES CARELESS OF THE FUTURE.

I importune the gods for nothing more, nor do I dun my powerful patron for more extensive possessions, quite satisfied with my dear little Sabine farm. Day presses on the heels of day, and new moons hasten to their wane, while thou, forgetful of the tomb on the brink of which thou art standing, continuest to make bargains for marble slabs to adorn the house thou art erecting.

Ammianus, the epigrammatist, who flourished probably in the reign of Nero (Anthol. Pal. II., p. 332) says:—

"One morning follows another, then, while we are heedless of our coming doom, suddenly the dark one will step in."

And Cowley says:—

"Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art underground to lie?
Thou sowest and plantest, but no fruit must see
For Death himself is reaping thee."

THE GRAVE.

The earth opens impartially her bosom to receive the beggar and the prince.

Menander says:—

"All men have a common grave."

Pindar also (Nem. vii. 27):—

"Rich and poor hurry on to the grave."

HATRED OF THE VULGAR.

I hate the uninitiated rabble and drive them far from me. Be silent and listen.

FATE.

Fate with impartial hand turns out the doom of high and low; her capacious urn is constantly shaking the names of all mankind.

Cowper, in the "Tale of the Raven" (l. 85) says:—

"Fate steals along with conscienceless tread,
And meets us oft when least we dread;

Frowns in the storm with threatening brow,
Yet in the sunshine strikes the blow."

SLEEP.

Sleep, gentle that it is, spurns not the humble
cots of the peasants and the shady bank.

Anacreon (Fr. 88) says:—

"Without drawing the bolt in his double doors, he sleeps
secure."

CARES OF LIFE.

Fear and the threats of conscience wait every-
where on the haughty lord; nor does gloomy care
leave him when he lounges in his brassen-beaked
galley, or gallops along on his swift steed.

Sir Walter Scott says:—

"Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know;
For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair.
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace;
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
More deeply than despair."

DEATH FOR ONE'S COUNTRY.

It is sweet and glorious to die for our country;
for death pursues even the coward who flies from
danger, and shows no quarter to the timid and un-
warlike youth. Virtue, that cares not for the
honors of this world, shines forth with stainless
lustre, taking not up nor laying down the badges
of office at the will of a fickle populace. Virtue,
that opens the way to heaven for those who de-
serve not to die and be forgotten, advances by a
path denied to all but the just, despising the vul-
gar throng and rising above this dank earth on an
untiring pinion.

Tyrtaeus has the same idea (Fr. 7, S.):—

"For it is pleasant for a brave man to die in the front
ranks, fighting for his country."

Shakespeare ("Coriolanus," act iii. sc. 3) says:—

"I do love

My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life."

Simonides, who flourished a.c. 500 (Fr. 51, Schneider), says:—

"Death finds out even the coward."

Shakespeare says:—

"Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, I had rather
have eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously
surfeit out of action."

And Addison:—

"What pity is it

That we can die but once to serve our country!"

THE WICKED.

Jupiter, irritated by man's contempt of his laws,
often involves the innocent with the guilty; ven-
geance, though with halting foot, seldom fails to
overtake the villain proceeding on his course of
wickedness.

We find the same idea in Euripides (Fragm. Incert. 3):—

"Justice proceeding silently and with slow foot, overtakes
the wicked when it can."

And in Æschylus (Sept. c. Theb. 595):—

"In all state affairs there is nothing worse than bad
company. For the good having embarked in the same vessel
with the reckless and knavish, perish with this race abhorred
by the gods. Of the just, having been caught in the same net
with those of their fellow-citizens who are unscrupulous and

regardless of the gods, are destroyed by a stroke which levels
all at the same moment."

Milton ("Paradise Lost," b. x. l. 868) says:—

"But death comes not at call; justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries."

THE JUST MAN.

The just man, firm to his purpose, is not to be
shaken from his fixed resolve by the fury of a mob
laying upon him their impious behests, nor by the
frown of a threatening tyrant, nor by the dangers
of the restless Adriatic, "when the stormy winds
do blow," nor by the loud peals of thunder as
they rend the sky; even if the universe were to
fall in pieces around, the ruins would strike him
undismayed.

The poet Simonides (Fr. 4, S.) says:—

"To become a good man is truly difficult, square as to his
hands and feet, fashioned without fault."

This metaphor is adopted by Tennyson for the Duke of
Wellington:—

"A tower

That stood foursquare to all the winds that blew."

Seneca (De Const. Sap. vi.) says:—

"As there are certain stones so hard that they cannot be
broken by iron, nor can the diamond be cut or filed away,
turning the edge of the tools that are applied; as the rocks
fixed in the deep break the waves; so the mind of the wise
man is firm and unmoved."

And again, Seneca (De Const. Sap. vi.) says:—

"There is no reason why thou shouldst doubt that mortal
man can raise himself above the accidents of life, can look
with steady gaze on pains of body, loss of fortune, sores,
wounds, and heavy calamities, pressing on every side. Lo, I
am ready to prove this to you, that walls may totter under the
blows of the battering-ram, and lofty towers fall to the ground
by mines and hidden sap, yet no engines can be found that
can shake a mind firmly fixed."

The eight lines of Horace of which a translation is here given
are said to have been repeated by the celebrated De Witt
while he was subjected to torture.

Carlyle says very beautifully:—

"'Truth,' I cried, 'though the heavens crush me for follow-
ing her; no falsehood, though a whole celestial Lubberland
were the price of apostasy.'"

In the Psalms (xli. 1) we find this sentiment beautifully ex-
pressed:—

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in
time of trouble; therefore will not we fear, though the earth
be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the
midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be
troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling there-
of."

THE VIOLENT.

Force, unaccompanied by prudence, sinks under
its own weight. The gods give effect to force
regulated by wisdom; they pursue with wrath bold
unhallowed schemes.

Pindar (Pyth. viii. 19) says:—

"She puts down in time the proud vaunter by superior
force."

And Euripides (Fragm. Temenid. 11):—

"Senseless violence often produces harm."

And again (Hel. 908):—

"For God hates violence."

Milton ("Sams. Agon." 53) says:—

"But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall."

And in "Paradise Lost" (b. vi. l. 381):—

"For strength, from truth divided and from just,
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominy: yet to glory aspires
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame."

COWARDICE.

The wool, once stained by a dye, does not recover its original color, nor is virtue, when it has left the breast, able to resume its place in the heart of the degraded. When the stag, that has escaped the hunter's toils, shall turn and fight, then we may expect the man to be brave who has tamely yielded himself prisoner to the enemy.

MANKIND BECOME MORE DEGENERATE.

What does not wasting time destroy? The age of our parents, worse than that of our grandsires, has brought us forth more impious still, and we shall produce a more vicious progeny.

Seneca (De Benefic. l. 10) says:—

"Of this our ancestors complained, we ourselves do so and our posterity will equally lament, because goodness has vanished, evil habits prevail, while human affairs grow worse and worse, sinking into an abyss of wickedness."

Aratus (Phœnom. 128) says:—

"As our sires of the golden age left a worse race, so you too will produce a still worse."

Johnson says:—

"These our times are not the same, Aruntius,
 These men are not the same; 'tis we are base,
 Poor, and degenerate from th' exalted strain
 Of our great fathers; where is now the soul
 Of godlike Cato? he that durst be good
 When Cæsar durst be evil; and had power,
 Scorning to live his slave, to die his master?
 Or where's the constant Brutus, that, being proof
 Against all charm of the benefits, did strike
 So brave a blow into the monster's heart
 That sought unkindly to enslave his country?
 Oh! they are fled the light: those mighty spirits
 Lie rack'd up with their ashes in their urns,
 And not a spark of their eternal fire
 Glows in a present bosom. All 's but blaze,
 Flashes, and smoke, wherewith we labor so,
 There's nothing Roman in us; nothing good,
 Gallant, or great; 'tis true what Cordus says,
 Brave Cassius was the last of all the race."

So Matthew xix 8:—

"But from the beginning it was not so."

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

Enjoy the pleasures of the passing hour, and bid adieu for a time to grave pursuits.

Cicero (De Orator. iii. 40) says something to the same effect, quoting from Ennius:—

"Live, Ulysses, while you may: seize the last rays of the sun." He did not say *take* nor *seek*; for that would have had the appearance of one hoping that he would live longer, but *seize*; that word is suited to the idea.

A NOBLE VIRGIN.

A virgin gloriously false, and thereby ennobled for all time.

This curious union of ideas is repeatedly found in the poets: thus Æschylus (Fragm. Incert. xi):—

"God is not averse to deceit in a just cause."

And Sophocles (Antig. 74):—"Doing a holy deed in an unholy way."

And Euripides (Helen. 1688):—

"To commit a noble deed of treachery in a just cause."

Cicero also (Pro. Mil. 27):—"To lie gloriously."

Tacitus (Hist. iv. 80):—"A noble lie."

Seneca (Ep. 55):—"A glorious wickedness."

PASSIONS OF YOUTH.

In the warmth of youth, when Plancus was consul, I would not have submitted to such treatment.

So also Ovid (Met. xv. 209) says:—

"Having laid aside the warmth of youth, he was staid and gentle."

POWER OF GOLD.

Gold can make its way through the midst of guards, and break through the strongest barriers more easily than the lightning's bolt.

This idea is frequently found in the Greek poets: thus in the fragments of a lyric poet (Fr. Dindorf, p. 135):—

"O gold, that springest from the earth, with what love thou inflamest men, thou that art mightier than all things, thou that rulest all: thou contendest with greater power than Mars; thou charimest all; for while trees and senseless beasts followed the melodious strains of Orpheus, the whole earth, the sea, and all-subduing Mars attend on thee."

And again (Grotii Exc. p. 941):—

"Gold opens all things, even the gates of Pluto."

Milton ("Paradise Regained," b. ii. l. 422) says:—

"Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and realms."

AVARICE.

Care and the desire of more attend the still increasing store.

Theocritus (xvi. 64) says:—

"May he have countless silver: and may the desire of more always possess him."

Spenser ("Faery Queen," vi. 9, 21) says:—

"And store of cares doth follow riches' store."

ADVANTAGES OF MODERATION.

The more we deny to ourselves, the more the gods supply our wants.

So 1 Corinthians ix. 25:—

"And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."

AVARICE.

They are full of wants who covet much. Happy the man to whom God has given enough with stingy hands.

Alpheus of Mytilene, who flourished probably under Augustus (Anthol. Pal. ii. p. 29) says:—

"I care not for fields bearing rich crops, nor immense wealth like Gyges. I long for contentment, Macrinus: for everything in excess disgusts me."

Bacon says:—

"The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall: the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can man or angels come into danger by it."

Coleridge expresses the same idea thus:—

"Oh! we are poor querulous creatures! little less
 Than all things can suffice to make us happy,
 And little more than nothing is enough
 To discontent us."

So Psalm xxxvii. 16:—

"A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked."

PLEASURES OF LIFE.

I hate niggardly hands: give us roses in abundance.

CATO'S CHARACTER.

Even the stern old Cato is said to have been often warmed by wine.

PURITY OF LIFE.

When the hand of innocence approaches the altar, it is more sure to appease the anger of the gods by the gift of a small cake and a little crackling salt, than the wicked with his more costly sacrifice.

Euripides (apud Orionem S. p. 55) says to the same effect:—"Be assured, when a good man offers sacrifice to the gods, even though it be small, he secures safety."

In Psalm xxvi. 6 we find:—

"I will wash my hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar, O Lord."

And in Burns ("Cotter's Saturday Night," st. 17):—

"The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in His book of life, the inmates poor enrol."

WOMAN'S DOWRY.

With them a dowry consists in a father's virtue, and the chastity of a mother, shrinking from the embraces of another, who considers even the looking on vice as a thing to be rejected with abhorrence or else recompensed by death. Oh, for some patriot, who shall be anxious to stop impious slaughter and civic broils. If he shall wish to have inscribed on the pedestals of his statue, "Father of his Country," let him dare to bridle our wild licence, living for this to far distant ages.

In a fragment of Hipponax, who flourished about a.c. 550 (apud Stob. Flor. Grot. p. 305), we find the same idea:—

"The best dowry a wise man can receive with his wife is good principles; for this is the dowry alone which preserves a family. Whoever leads home a woman who is not the slave of luxury, possesses a high-principled help-mate instead of a mistress, a firm aid for his whole life."

Shakespeare ("Henry VI.," Part III. act iii. sc. ii.) says:—

"Why, then, mine honesty shall be my dowry."

So Proverbs xxxi. 10:—

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies."

LIVING MERIT.

Through envy we hate the noble while they are alive; dead, we cease not to regret their departure.

Stobæus quotes the following lines from Mimnermus:—

"We are all too apt to envy the illustrious in life and to praise them after death."

Dionysius (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 781, M.) says:—

"Every one becomes a friend to the dead, even though he may have been his greatest enemy when alive."

Velleius (li. 92) says:—

"We pursue the living with envy, the dead we regard with respect; we consider ourselves overshadowed by the former, instructed by the latter."

Shakespeare ("Much Ado," act iv. sc. 1) says:—

"For it so falls out

That, what we have, we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours."

Thus also Bulwer Lytton:—

"I know not why we should delay our tokens of respect to those who deserve them, until the heart, that our sympathy could have gladdened, has ceased to beat. As men cannot

read the epitaphs inscribed upon the marble that covers them, so the tombs that we erect to virtue often only prove our repentance that we neglected it when with us."

MORAL VIRTUES.

What are laws? vain without public virtues to enforce them.

Plautus (Trinum. iv. 3, 25) says:—

"Stas. For nowadays, men care nothing for what is right but only for what is agreeable. Ambition is now sanctioned by usage, and is unbridled by the laws. By the present custom men may throw away their shields and run away from the enemy, and thereby they get honor instead of disgrace. CHARM. (behind) A shameless custom."

The same idea is found in the speech of Diodotus (Thucyd. iii. 45):—

"It is simply impossible, and the height of folly, to suppose that there are any means to deter men from sin, either by power of laws or any other terror, since human nature carries us impetuously forward to our ends."

Petronius Arbiter (c. xiv.) says:—

"What can laws effect, where money reigns supreme?"

POVERTY.

Poverty, looked on as a great disgrace, urges us both to do and suffer anything that we may escape from it, and leads us away from the path of virtue, that directs us upward to heaven.

Euripides (Elect. 375) says:—

"But poverty possesses this disease; through want it teaches a man evil."

And Lucian (De Merc. Cond. p. 747):—

"Poverty persuading a man to do and suffer everything that he may escape from it."

Addison says:—

"Poverty palls the most generous spirits; it crows industry, and casts resolution itself into despair."

THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

The germs of sinful desire are to be rooted out; and minds weakened by indulgence must be trained by sterner discipline.

RICHES DISHONESTLY ACQUIRED.

For though the riches of the wicked increase, yet there is always a something wanting to make their store complete.

Solon, in a fragment (Fr. 11, 71, S.) says:—

"There are no bounds that can be set to riches. For those of us who now possess most of this world's goods, make haste to double them. Who could satisfy the wishes of all?"

Goldsmith's "Traveller" says:—

"Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill:
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still."

THE NOISE AND CROWDS OF A CITY.

Cease to admire the smoke, riches, and din of Rome.

Fragmenta Com. Anonym. 360, p. 1260, M.:—

"A great city is a great desert." This expression is found in Strabo (viii. p. 338, xvi. p. 738), and is quoted by Eustathius (p. 302, 15), referring to the city of Megalopolis in Arcadia.

FRUGAL SUPPERS.

Change of diet is sometimes agreeable to the rich, and the frugal suppers of the poor, under an humble roof, without purple drapery, can smooth the clouded brow.

THE FUTURE.

God has wisely hidden the events of the future

under a dark veil, and smiles if a mortal is distressing himself beyond what is right. Wherefore enjoy the present hour; the rest is beyond our power, and changeable as the waters of the river.

Theognis (1078) says to the same effect:—

"It is very difficult to know what will be the result of an act that is unfinished, how God will allow it to end: for darkness is stretched over it, the end of the trouble is not to be foreseen by mortals, before the matter has been accomplished."

Pindar (Olymp. xii. 13) says:—

"The knowledge of the future is dim."

Sophocles (Fr. Tereus, v. 1) says:—

"It is right that mortal man should be humble, knowing that there is no one, except Jupiter, who controls what is to be accomplished."

So Bulwer Lytton says:—

"The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

Shakespeare ("Henry IV., act iii. sc. 1) says:—

"O, if this were seen,

The happiest youth—viewing his progress through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—

Would shut the book, and sit him down and die."

Pope ("Essay on Man," l. 85) says:—

"Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,

That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven."

See Gray, "Progress of Poesy," st. l., an imitation of this passage applied to music.

WE CANNOT BE DEPRIVED OF PAST ENJOYMENT.

That man alone will live master of himself and joyous, who can say at the close of each day, "I have lived; to-morrow Jupiter may shroud, if he chooses, the heaven with a dark cloud, or light it up with brightest sunshine, yet he will not be able to undo what has gone by, nor change and make void what once the flying hour has carried past. Fortune, exulting in her malice and obstinate in playing her proud game, transfers honors from one to another, kind now to me, now to some one else."

This idea is frequently found among the poets: thus Theognis (568):—

"But what has passed, it is impossible to undo."

Simonides (Fr. 55, S.) says:—

"For what is past will never be undone."

Again Palladas (in Anthol. Pal. II. 804) says:—

"The life of man is the plaything of fortune, pitiable, way-faring, oscillating between riches and poverty; bringing some down, she raises them again aloft like a ball, while she brings others down from the clouds to Hades."

Cowley, in his Essay "Of Myself," says:—

"Boldly say each night,

To-morrow let my sun his beams display

Or in clouds hide them: I have lived to-day."

Dryden says:—

"Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,

The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine;

Not heaven itself upon the past hath power,

What has been, has been, and I have had my hour."

Chapman thus speaks of the whims of fortune:—

"Fortune, the great commandress of the world,

Hath divers ways to enrich her followers:

To some she honor gives without deserving;

To other some, deserving, without honor;

Some wit, some wealth, and some wit without wealth;

Some wealth without wit; some nor wit nor wealth,

But good smock faces, or some qualities

By nature without judgment; with the which

They live in sensual acceptation,

And make show only without touch of substance."

I WRAP MYSELF IN MY OWN INTEGRITY.

I commend fortune while she stays: if she flaps her swiftly-moving wings, I resign what she has bestowed, and, wrapping myself in the mantle of mine own integrity, seek only honest poverty.

The same idea is found in Plutarch (De Tranquill. vol. vii. p. 865, B):—

"It is pleasant if thou bringest anything, but little loss if thou failest."

And in Seneca (De Tranquill. 11):—

"Whenever thy wise man is ordered to give up what he has received, he will not dispute with fortune, but will say: 'Since thou orderest it so, I gratefully and willingly give them up. If thou art willing that I should keep anything of thine, I shall still preserve it; if it otherwise please thee, I give up and restore my money and plate, my house and family.'"

Shakespeare ("Henry VIII., act III. sc. 2) makes Wolsey say:—

"My robe,

And my integrity to heaven, is all

I now dare call my own."

See Pitt's Life, by Lord Stanhope, for Pitt's quotation of this stanza.

Spenser ("Faery Queen," II. 7, 2) says:—

"And overmore himself with comfort feeds,
Of his own virtues and praiseworthy deeds."

THE POET IMMORTAL.

I have raised a monument more lasting than brazen statues, and higher than the royal pyramids, a monument which shall not be destroyed by the wasting rain, the fury of the north wind, by a countless series of years or the flight of ages.

Pindar (Pyth. vi. 7) says somewhere to the same effect:—

"A great collection of songs (in honor of victories at the Pythian games) is kept in the rich valley sacred to Apollo, which neither winter storms, rushing furiously, the impetuous force of the loud-roaring cloud, nor the wind shall convey into the depths of the sea, overwhelmed by the sand carrying all things with it."

And again, speaking of those who fell at Thermopylae, says:—

"Neither rust nor all-subduing time shall obliterate the remembrance of them."

And Shakespeare, in one of his sonnets, says:—

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments

Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

Simonides (Fr. 74, S.) says, however:—

"Time with its teeth quickly gnaws away all things, even the strongest."

PRIDE.

Assume the pride won by your deserts.

Milton ("Paradise Lost," III. 817) has imitated this line:—

"All power

I give thee; reign forever, and assume

Thy merits."

INCREASING AGE.

I am no longer such as I was in the reign of the indulgent Cynara.

GOOD EDUCATION.

It is training that improves the powers implanted in us by nature, and sound culture that is the armor of the breast; when moral training fails, the noblest endowments of nature are blighted and lost.

Euripides (Hec. 600) says:—
 "If thou art brought up honorably, this has indeed the power of inspiring principles of goodness."
 And again (Iphig. in Aul. 568):—
 "The education that trains men, contributes much to virtue."
 Quintilian (xii. 3) says:—
 "Virtue, though she may receive some originating force from nature, yet must be brought to perfection by the power of education."
 So Pope ("Moral Essays," ch. i. 1, 140):—
 "This education forms the common mind;
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."
 And Waller says:—
 "Tis art and learning that draw forth
 The hidden seeds of native worth."

UNYIELDING.

Plunged in the ocean, more fair comes forth its star; shouldst thou wrestle and win, it bears the winner down, conquers its conquerors, and wives in safety babble of its wars.

Thus Pindar (Pyth. ii. 145) says:—
 "Like a cork, I swim on the surface of the deep without being submerged."

LOSS OF FORTUNE.

Fallen, fallen is the hope and fortune of our name.

LONGING FOR A FRIEND'S RETURN.

His fatherland, smit with a fond longing, waits with impatience the return of Cæsar.

Æchylus (Agam. 1174) says:—
 "The god smit by a longing desire."

CRIME FOLLOWED BY PUNISHMENT.

Punishment follows close on the heels of crime.

Coleridge says:—
 "Every crime
 Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
 Its own avenging angel,—dark misgiving,
 An ominous sinking at the inmost heart."

THE PLEASURES OF PEACE.

Every one sees the close of day on his own hills, and weds his vine to the widowed elm.

Callimachus (Epigr. 3) says:—
 "We see the sun set in pleasing conversation."
 Thomson says of the delights of peace:—
 "Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
 By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
 Like brothers live, in amity combined,
 And unsuspecting faith; while honest toil
 Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
 Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
 Beneath thy calm inspiring influence
 Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
 And swelling commerce opens all her ports:
 Bless'd be the man divine who gives us thee!"

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

Who knows whether the gods will add to-morrow to the present hour?

Anacreon (xv. 9) says:—
 "To-day is my business: who knows what to-morrow will bring forth? While, therefore, it is still fair weather, drink, play, and offer libations to Bacchus."
 Pallas (xxix. 1, A. Br. ii. 413) says:—
 "It is fated to all men to die, nor does any one know whether he shall live to-morrow: knowing this, O man, eat, drink, and be merry."

A POET'S POWER.

If the poet be silent, thou wilt not receive a reward for your deeds of glory.

Pindar (Olymp. x. 100) says thus:—
 "When a man, Agesidemus, after noble daring, goes to the grave without the poet's lay, having labored for naught, he gathers little fruit from his toils."
 And again (Nem. vii. 30):—
 "We know that there is only one mirror in which noble deeds can be reflected—the heroic songs of the epic poet: here only man finds a reward for his toils by the kindness of the fair Mnemosyne."
 And again, in a fragment (Epin. ii. 4, p. 3):—
 "It is the meed due to the brave to be praised by beautiful songs. For that only, which is celebrated in song, approaches the glory of the immortals. A noble deed sunk in forgetfulness perishes utterly."

THE POET.

The muse forbids the noble to die; the muse enthrones him in the sky.

Ovid (Ep. ex. Pont. iv. 8, 55) thus speaks of the powers of poetry:—
 "The gods even are brought into existence by the power of song, if we may be forgiven for such an expression."

THE POET'S POWER.

Many brave men lived before Agamemnon, but all unwept and unknown sleep in endless night, because they had no bard to sound their praise. Merit hid from the public gaze has little advantage over sloth laid in the grave.

Pindar (Nem. ix. 18) says:—
 "There is a certain saying among men—that a noble deed ought not to be buried in the silent grave. It is the divine power of song that is suited to it."
 And again (Nem. vii. 18):—
 "For great virtues are enveloped in thick darkness, if they are unseen by the poet."
 Silius Italicus (iii. 145):—

"In what does a life forgotten differ from death?"
 Spenser, in his "Ruines of Time" (l. 356) says:—
 "How many great ones may remembered be,
 Which in their daies most famoullie did flourish:
 Of whom no word we heare, nor sign we see,
 But as things wipt out with a sponge do perishe,
 Because they living cared not to cherishe
 No gentle wits, thro' pride or covetise,
 Which might their names for ever memorise."
 Milton ("Paradise Lost," ix. 335) says:—
 "And what is faith, love, virtue unassayed
 Alone, without exterior help sustained."
 And again Shakespeare ("Measure for Measure," act i. sc. 1):—

"For if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not."
 Byron says:—
 "Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle."

And—
 "The present century was growing blind
 To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,
 Until his late life by Archdeacon Coxe."

THE HAPPY MAN.

It is not the rich man that thou shouldst rightly call happy, but he who knows how to use with wisdom the gifts of the gods, and to bear the annoyances of poverty with patience, fearing a deed of shame worse than death: such a man is always ready to die for his friends or fatherland.

So Cowper ("The Task," book vi. l. 913) says:—

"He is a happy man whose life, e'en now,
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn, while he must,
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world;
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain."

WINE.

Wine, that is mighty to inspire new hopes and able to wash away the bitters of care.

In a fragment of the Cyprian poems (8 *Metell.*) Nestor thus addresses Menelaus:—

"Menelaus, the gods have made wine for mortals to dissipate their cares."

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

But be up and doing, lay aside thy love for amassing wealth; and remembering the gloomy pile, blend while thou mayest a little folly with thy worldly schemes: it is pleasant to unbend at the proper moment.

Seneca (*De Tranq. an.* 15) says:—

"Or if we may believe the Greek poet, it is pleasant at times to play the fool."

Callimachus (*Ep.* 36, 3) says:—

"And to enjoy himself seasonably over wine."

And Theognis (313) says:—

"Among the foolish, I am the most foolish; among the pious, I am the most pious of all men."

FEAR INCREASED BY DISTANCE.

Beside you, I shall be in less fear, which is always increased when we are absent.

THE INHABITANT OF THE COUNTRY.

Happy the man who, far from the busy haunts of life, like the ancient race of men, ploughs his paternal fields with his own team, with mind unruffled by cares about money: he is not like the soldier roused by the trumpet's loud alarm, nor does he dread the angry storms that harrow up the deep; he adjures the law-courts and the insolent thresholds of the great.

Aratus (*Phænomen.* 108) speaks somewhat to the same effect:—

"Men did not as yet know the miseries of strife, of contentious wranglings, and tumult. Thus they lived happily; the dangers of the sea were untried; it was not ships that brought food from distant countries, but oxen and ploughs that supplied it."

Bacchylides (*Fr.* 10) thus speaks of the blessings of peace:—
"There is not the clang of the brazen trumpet, nor is sweet sleep driven from the eyelids."

In the following fragment of Aristophanes there is a close parallel to this passage (*Stob. Flor.* 213):—

"O fool, fool, all these things are there, to dwell in the country on a small property, away from the business of the forum, possessed of his own yoke of oxen, then to listen to the bleating of his sheep and the sound of the must put into the tub, and to use for food finches and thrushes, not to wait for little trouts from the market three days old, proved valuable in the roguish hand of the fishmonger."

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

I am delighted to recline, now under some aged oak, now on the matted grass; meanwhile the brooks glide along within their high banks, the birds mournfully complain in the woods, and the fountains murmur with their purling waters, so as to invite gentle sleep.

How beautifully Milton ("Il Penseroso," l. 130) describes the same scene:—

"And when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves:
There in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye;
While the bee, with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy feathered sleep."

Gray, in his "Elegy," says:—

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pour upon the brook that babbles by."

A SCOUNDREL.

Though thou walkest in all the insolence of upstart wealth, fortune changes not thy scoundrelly character.

Menander (*Fr. Com. Gr.* p. 260, M.) thinks otherwise of the power of riches:—

"The possession of great wealth conceals both low birth and a knavish character."

NIGHT FOR DEEDS OF DARKNESS.

O faithful arbitresses of my deeds, Night, and Diana, who rulest the silence when secret solemnities are performed, now be present.

Shakespeare ("Henry VI.," Part II. act i. sc. 4) says:—

"Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves;
That time best fits the work we have in hand."

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

My friends, let us seize the moment as it flies, and, while our strength is fresh and it becomes our youth, let the clouded brow of sadness be far away. Bring forth the wine-cask stored in the year of my friend the consul Torquatus. Cease to talk of other things: perhaps the Deity will benignly change this gloomy hour, and bring back to you the joys of former days.

THE DISCONTENT OF MANKIND.

How comes it, Mæcenas, that no one lives contented with the lot "unto which God hath called him," or which accident has given him, but craves the life of those who are following other pursuits?

Maximus Tyrius, who flourished in the time of the Antonines, follows out the same idea (*Disc.* 21, 1):—

"It is difficult to find a perfect mode of life, as well as men; there is always something wanting even in the best: each hankers after what is his neighbor's, wherever he thinks himself inferior. You may see the husbandman pronouncing the citizen happy, because he leads a pleasant and joyous life. And again, politicians and lawyers, even the most dis-

ruined among them, lamenting their lot, and praying that they may spend their lives cultivating their own little property. Then thou wilt hear the soldier praising the life of the villan, and the villan looking with envy on that of the soldier. And if any god, having stripped each of his present mode of life, like players on the stage, were to exchange it for that of his neighbor, these same individuals will long for their former mode of life, and bewail their present. So difficult to please is man; very much so; discontented, fearfully jealous, liking nothing that belongs to himself."

Himerius, who flourished A.D. 350, says (Ed. 30, p. 273) somewhat to the same effect:—

"To follow anything habitually is apt to produce ennui, and in the case of the powerful creates insolence. We, who dwell on land, seek the sea; and again, we who plough the deep, long for the corn fields. The sailor pronounces the husbandman happy; and again, the husbandman thinks the sailor. All these feelings are the pastimes of ennui."

DEATH OR VICTORY.

The warrior's life is preferable; for why? the battle joins, and in the twinkling of an eye comes speedy death or joyous victory.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF MANKIND.

If any god were to say, Lo! I shall now do what you wish; thou who wast lately a soldier shalt be a merchant; thou, lately a lawyer, shall be a farmer: quick, change places, and be gone. Why are you standing? They wouldn't budge. And yet they had it in their power to be happy to their utmost wishes. Must not Jupiter be highly indignant, and in his rage puff out both his cheeks, declaring that he will not again be so indulgent as to listen to their prayers.

TRUTH IN JEST.

And yet what prevents us from telling the truth in a laughing way?

JESTING APART.

But yet, laying aside our sportive mood, let us pursue our theme with graver air.

WHY HEAP UP RICHES?

What good is it to thee fearfully to store up secretly in the earth an immense mass of silver and gold?

Luke xii. 20:—
"But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?"

THE ANT.

As the ant, little though it is, for she is a good example of laborious life, draws with its mouth whatever it can, and adds to the heap which it is gathering, wisely providing for the future wants which it foresees.

So Proverbs (vi. 6):—
"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."

Titinius, who is supposed to have flourished A.C. 170, thus speaks (apud Nonium, p. 234):—

"The husbandman by Pollux is very like to the ant."

THE MISER.

As the story goes of a mean, though rich miser at Athens, who used to despise the taunts of the

people and say: "The people hiss me, indeed, but I chuckle at home when I count my money in my chest." The thirsting Tantalus tries to catch the waters retreating from his lips. Why dost thou smile? Change the name, and the tale is told of thee. Thou sleepest dozing with open mouth over thy sacks of gold, while thy avarice forces thee to spare them, as if they were sacred to the gods, or to gaze on them like pictures. Wouldest thou know the value of money or for what it may be used? Well, then, thou mayest buy bread, pot-herbs, wine, and all those other comforts, which human nature cannot do without and be happy.

Menander (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 394, M.) says to the same effect:—
"Money appears to you to be a servant able to furnish not only daily necessities—bread, barley, cakes, vinegar, oil—but everything of greater value."

Ben Jonson ("Every Man out of his Humor," act I.) says:—

"Poor worms, they hiss at me, whilst I at home
Can be contented to applaud myself, . . . with joy
To see how plump my bags are and my barns."

And Pope ("Moral Essays," ill. 79) says:—

"What riches give us, let us then inquire?
Meat, fire, and clothes. What more? Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little?"

Dean Kirwan thus describes the miser:—

"Through every stage and revolution of life, the miser remains invariably the same; or if any difference, it is only this, that as he advances into the shade of a long evening he clings closer and closer to the object of his idolatry; and while every other passion lies dead and blasted in his heart, his desire for more pelf increases with renewed eagerness; and he holds by a sinking world with an agonising grasp, till he drops into the earth with the increased curses of wretchedness on his head, without the tribute of a tear from child or parent, or an inscription on his memory, but that he lived to counteract the justice of Providence, and died without hope or title to a blessed immortality."

MAY I BE POOR OF SUCH BLESSINGS.

For my part, I should prefer to be always poor in blessings such as these.

Spenser, in his "Faery Queen" (ll. 7, 12), says:—

"Far otherwise (said he) I riches read,
And deem them root of all disquietness;
First got with guile, and preserved with dread."

And Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village," says:—

"The heart distrusting, asks if this be joy."

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

There is a mean in all things; there are, in short, certain fixed limits, on either side of which what is right cannot exist.

Dryden:—

"There is a mean in all things, and a certain measure wherein the good and the beautiful consist, and out of which they never can depart."

ALL MANKIND ANXIOUS TO OUTSTRIP THEIR NEIGHBORS.

As when the steed hurries forward the chariot from the barrier, the driver presses on those who have outstripped him, caring nothing for those whom he has distanced. Hence it happens that we can seldom find the man who will say that he has passed a happy life, and content with the time that has gone by, rise like a satisfied guest from the banquet of life.

Aristotle (apud Maxim. et Anton. p. 378) says:—

"It is best to rise from life as from a banquet, neither thirsty nor drunken."

And an anonymous writer (apud. Stob.):—

"As I depart from the banquet in no ways dissatisfied, so also from life when the hour comes."

Sir Walter Scott ("Anne of Gelestein," ch. xvi.) used this metaphor:—

"Death is dreadful, but, in the first spring-tide of youth, to be snatched forcibly from the banquet to which the individual has but just sat down, is peculiarly appalling."

And Pope ("Essay on Man," Ep. iii. 1, 69) has the same metaphor:—

"The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou, too, must perish when thy feast is o'er!"

NOTE IN OUR OWN EYE.

While thou lookest on thine own faults as if through a distempered medium, why art thou as sharp-sighted to the defects of thy friends as an eagle or Epidaurian serpent. But be assured that the result of this conduct is that thy own faults, too, are closely scanned.

Homer (Il. xvii. 674) speaks of the sharp sight of the eagle:—

"The eagle, which they say is quickest in sight of birds that fly."

Socrates (apud. Stob. T. 23, 2):—

"We are quick to see the evil in another; whom we ourselves commit the same, we do not recognize it."

So Shakespeare ("Coriolanus," act ii. sc. 1) says:—

"Oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves!"

So Matthew vii. 3-5:—

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

AN UNCOUTH GENIUS.

If your friend be somewhat given to passion, not quite suited to the refined taste of the men nowadays, to be laughed at perhaps because his hair is ill-trimmed, his gown hangs awry, and his shoes are too large for his feet. All this may be true; yet he is a good fellow, so that there is no one better; he is your intimate friend, and a mighty mind lurks under his uncouth body.

A NEGLECTED FIELD.

For the fern, fit only to be burned, grows up in uncultivated ground.

Bishop Hall says:—

"The best ground untill'd soonest runs out into rank weeds. A man of knowledge that is either negligent or uncorrected, cannot but grow wild and godless."

Blackmore on the Creation, says:—

"The glebe untill'd might plenteous crops have borne;
Rich fruits and flowers, without the gard'ner's pains,
Might every hill have crown'd, have honor'd all the plains."

WE MISREPRESENT THE VIRTUES OF OUR FRIENDS.

It is this which joins together and keeps friends attached. But instead of following such maxims, we are only too apt to take virtues even for vices, and rejoice to begrime the untainted vessel.

Seneca (de Provid. vi.) says:—

"This is not a solid and unmixed happiness; it is mere outward crust."

Shakespeare ("Much Ado," act iii. sc. 1) says:—

"So turns she every man the wrong side out."

ALL LOADED WITH FAULTS.

How foolishly do we enact laws that are turned against ourselves! For no one is born without faults: he is the most perfect who is subject to the fewest.

So Genesis viii. 21:—

"For the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth."

FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS AS WE WISH OUR DEBTS TO BE FORGIVEN.

It is only right that he who asks forgiveness for his offences should be prepared to grant it to others.

Lord Herbert says:—

"He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven."

And Shakespeare ("Measure for Measure," act ii. sc. 2:—

"Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made."

SOCIAL GOOD.

The general sense of mankind, and the established customs of nations and social good, which may, as it were, be called the parent of justice and equity, rise up in opposition.

THE PORTASTER.

Too lazy to submit to the labor of writing, I mean of writing well; for as to quantity, I care not for that.

THE SATIRIST SPARES NOT HIS FRIEND.

He has hay on his horns, avoid him as a furious bull; if he can raise a laugh, he will not spare his best friend, and whatever he has once scribbled on his paper, he will never rest till all, young and old, even the rabble, returning from the oven or well, should be able to repeat it.

Pope, in his Imitations of Horace (Il. sat. i. l. 69), says:—

"Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet."

THE POET.

Nor if any one should be able, as we are, to scribble verses closely resembling prose, must thou regard him as a poet. The man who is fired by real genius and divine enthusiasm, expressing himself in noble language, on such an one thou mayest bestow the sacred honors of a poet's name.

Shakespeare ("Midsummer's Night's Dream," act v. sc. 1) says:—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

THE POET.

Thou mayest also find the scattered poet's limbs.

THE BACKBITER.

He who backbites an absent friend, who does not defend him when he is attacked, who seeks eagerly to raise the senseless laugh and acquire the fame of wit, who can invent an imaginary romance, who cannot keep a friend's secret; that man is a scoundrell! mark him, Roman, and avoid him.

George Herbert ("The Temple") says:—

"If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honor and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least spot or thought of blame."

Alexis (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 717, M.) says:—

"Nauclivus, there are two classes of parasites: one common and introduced in comedies; one the black-hearted."

Euripides (Hippol. 1000) expresses the same idea:—

"I am not the derider of my companions, father, but the same to my friends, when they are not present, and when I am beside them."

This character is very much the same as Canning's "Candid Friend" in the "Anti-Jacobin":—

"Candor, which spares its foes, nor e'er descends
With bigot zeal to combat for its friends:
Candor, which loves in see-saw strain to tell
Of acting foolishly, but meaning well;
Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
Convinced that all men's motives are the same;
And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
Black's not so black, nor white so very white,
Save, oh save me from the candid friend."

FOOLISH JESTING.

If I said, in idle raillery, that the silly Rufflus smelt of perfumes, and Gorgonius of a goat, must I on that account be regarded by you as backbiting and envenomed?

THE ESSENCE OF MALIGNITY.

This is the very essence of rancorous detraction; this is pure malignity.

Plutarch (S. N. V. p. 555, C.) says:—

"When malice is joined to envy, there is given forth poison and feculent matter, as ink from the cuttle-fish."

WOES OF ANOTHER.

As the funeral of a neighbor alarms the sick glutton, and compels him to check his appetite for fear of death: so the disgraces of others often deter the youth not yet hardened from yielding to incipient vice.

ENOUGH AND MORE THAN ENOUGH.

"Enough, you scoundrel."

THE GENTLEMAN.

A gentleman of the most polished manners, Antony, and a friend, so that no one is a greater.

Tennyson ("In Memoriam," can. x.):—

"The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use."

THE PERFECT MAN.

Pure spirits, such as the earth knew none more

so, and to whom there is no one more attached than I am.

A PLEASANT FRIEND.

In my senses I should compare no blessing greater than a pleasant friend.

Sophocles (Œd. Tyr. 611) says:—

"For to throw off a virtuous friend, I count as bad as to throw away one's own life, which one loves best."

TELL THAT TO THE MARINES.

Let a circumcised Jew believe that.

THE FOLLY OF THE MOB.

Even the people, whose character as judge thou knowest, asserting this to be the case,—the people who often are silly enough to bestow honors on the unworthy, and are slaves to rank, gazing in stupid admiration on a long line of titled ancestors. How shall we decide, whose ways of thinking are so far removed from those of the mere vulgar mob?

Shakespeare (Cor. act i. sc. 1) says:—

"What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geece: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate, and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye,
Trust ye,
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland."

FAME.

But glory, thou wilt say, leads all men, ignoble and noble, captive at the wheels of her glittering car.

Hannah More says:—

"Glory darts her soul-pervading ray
On thrones and cottages, regardless still
Of all the artificial, nice distinctions
Vain human customs make."

ALL MUST LABOR.

Life is accustomed to give nothing to man without a world of toil.

Epicharmus (Xen. Mem. ii. 90) says:—

"The gods sell everything good for labor."

Sophocles (Elect. 945) says:—

"Observe, without labor nothing prospers."

Euripides (Fr. Archel. 11) says:—

"I have told you, my boy, to search for fortune by labors: for see your father is honored."

So Genesis iii. 19:—

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Shakespeare ("As You Like It," act i. sc. 2) says:—

"Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!"

"It is not with saying 'Honey, honey,' that sweetness will come into the mouth."

POWER OF RIDICULE.

Ridicule often cuts the Gordian knot more effectively and better than the severity of satire.

Cicero also (De Or. ii. 58) says:—

"The orator often cuts by force of ridicule matters of a vexatious character, which it is not easy to answer by regular argument."

Churchill says of Ben Jonson:—

"His comic humor kept the world in awe,
And Laughter frightened Folly more than Law."

THE LABORS OF CORRECTION.

Correct with care, if thou expect to write anything which shall be worthy of a second perusal.

AM I TO BE EXCITED BY THE ATTACKS OF FOOLS ?

Shall that bug Pantilius move my spleen ? Shall I be tortured when Demetrius abuses me in my absence ? or because the silly Fannius, the friend of Hermogenes Tigellius, finds fault with my verses ?

Antiphanes calls grammarians (Anthol. Palat. xi. 332, 5):—

"The plague of poets . . . the malicious biting-bugs of the sweet-voiced."

The Emperor Adrian (Philistr. V. Sophist. 2, 10) says of the attacks of a malicious slanderer:—

"We bore all his attacks, calling the abuse of such the stings of bugs."

SO MANY MEN, SO MANY MINDS.

So many men, so many minds.

Sir John Herschel says:—

"There is no accounting for the difference of minds or inclinations, which leads one man to observe with interest the development of phenomena, another to speculate on their causes; but were it not for this happy disagreement, it may be doubted whether the higher sciences could ever have attained even their present degree of perfection."

THE POET FOND OF PEACE.

Jupiter, father and king of men, may my pen be laid aside and consumed with rust, and let no one attack me, who am so desirous of living at peace with all mankind.

BEWARE.

Better not touch me, friend, I loud exclaim.

A FRIEND TO VIRTUE.

Tolerant to virtue alone and her friends.

THE POET NOT TO BE ATTACKED WITH IMPUNITY.

And while seeking to fix his tooth against some soft skin, he shall break it against my solid armor.

FRUGALITY AND MOTHER WIT.

My good friends, what and how great a virtue it is to live on the little that the gods provide (this is not my lesson, but what was taught by that man of mother-wit, Ofellus, an untaught philosopher, and of rough common sense), come learn with me.

FALSE APPEARANCES.

The mind charmed by false appearances refuses to admit better things.

Hooker (E. P. V. ii. 1) says:—

"How should the brightness of wisdom shine, where the windows of the soul are of very set purpose closed."

A BRIBED JUDGE.

A judge, when bribed, is ill able to probe the truth.

A STOMACH SELDOM HUNGRY.

A stomach that is seldom empty despises common food.

Antiphanes (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 569, M.) says:—

"Hunger makes everything sweet except itself, for want is the teacher of habits."

PLAIN DIET.

Now mark, what and how great blessings flow from a frugal diet. In the first place, thou enjoyest good health.

THE RESULTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

Seest thou how pale the sated guest rises from supper, when the appetite is puzzled by varieties ? The body, too, burdened with yesterday's excess, weighs down the soul, and fixes to the earth this particle of divine essence.

Plato (Phaed. c. 88) has an idea somewhat to the same effect:—

"Every pleasure and pain, being as it were a nail, nails and fastens the soul to the body, making it to resemble the body, as the soul regards those things to be true, which the body asserts to be so."

And Seneca (De Brevit. Vit. 2) says:—

"Vices are every moment assailing us, so that we cannot recover ourselves, nor raise our eyes to examine the truth, but are fastened to the earth by our passions."

And again Seneca (Ep. 130) speaks of the mind:—

"The mind of God, a part of which has passed into the breast of man."

ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE.

And yet this abstemious man may on certain occasions have recourse to better cheer, when the returning year brings back some festive day, or the wasted body requires more genial fare, or when years increase and the feebleness of age may claim some kinder treatment. If thou in the prime of life and vigor of health enjoyest the luxuries of the world, what wilt thou be able to add when age and sickness comes ?

Milton ("Paradise Lost," xi. l. 633) says:—

"If thou well observe
The rule of *Not too much*, by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return;
So may'st thou live; till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature."

FAME.

Dost thou pay regard to fame as that which charms the ear of man more sweetly than music ?

Milton ("Lycidas," l. 70) says:—

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blame,
Comes the blind Fury, with the abhorr'd shears,
And splits the thin-spun life."

Sheridan ("Pizarro," act iii. sc. 3) says:—
"My ears (were framed) to own no music but the thrilling
records of his praise."

THE USE THAT MIGHT BE MADE OF THE MISER'S MONEY.

Why does any man, who deserves not to be poor,
live in deep distress, whilst thou art wallowing
in riches? Why are the ancient temples of the
gods falling to ruins? Why, thou wretch, dost
thou not spare something of that treasure for thy
dear country? Thinkest thou that thou alone
shalt always bask in the sunshine of prosperity?
Thou future laughing-stock to thy deadly foe!

NOTHING CERTAIN.

For nature has assigned the land as a perpetual
inheritance neither to him nor me, nor any one.
He turned me out, but his own follies, or the
invaries of the law, or a long-lived heir, shall
turn out him at last. The farm now belonging to
Umbrenus, lately to Ofellus, will be the lasting
property of no one, but the usufruct will pass now
to me, now to another: wherefore live with an
unyielding spirit, and present a firm breast to the
frowns of fortune.

We find the same idea (Anthol. Palat. II. p. 37):—
"I was once the field of Achaemenides, but now of Menip-
pus: and again I shall go from one to another. For the for-
mer once thought that he possessed me, and now the latter
thinks so, yet I am wholly belonging to none but to Fortune."
Lucian (De Nigrino, c. 26) says:—
"Who being in possession of a field not far from the city,
did not imagine that he would saunter over it for many years,
so little so that he did not enter into any legal agreement that
he should have authority over it, believing, I suppose, that we
are lords of none of these things by nature, but by law and
inheritance enjoying the use of them for an uncertain period,
we regarded their masters for a short period, and when the
fixed time is passed, then some one else receiving it enjoys
the title."

So 1 Corinthians xvi. 13:—
"Watch . . . quit you like men, be strong."

INDOLENCE.

Indolence, that dangerous Siren, must be es-
tewed, or thou must be content to yield up what-
ever thou hast acquired by the nobler exertions of
thy life.

Chaucer says:—

"Ydelness, that is the gate of all harmes,
An ydill man is like an hous that both noone walles;
The devils may enter on every side."

BUSY-BODIES.

I attend to the business of other men regardless
of my own.

ALL WANDER FROM THE RIGHT PATH.

As, in a wood, where travellers stray from the
direct path, one to the left, another to the right,
all are mistaken, but they are so in different ways.

POWER OF GOLD.

For everything, virtue, glory, honor, things hu-
man and divine, all are slaves to riches.

EXPLAINING ONE DIFFICULTY BY ANOTHER.

An illustration which solves one difficulty by
raising another, settles nothing.

TWIN BROTHERS.

A noble pair of brothers, twins, in truth.

WHITE OR BLACK DAY.

Days to be marked with chalk or coal.

THE ANNOYANCES OF LOVE.

In love these are the miseries, now a state of
war and then of peace; if any one were to try to
give steadiness to such a life which is almost more
changeable than the weather and floats about in
blind disorder, he would succeed no better than if
he should attempt to play the madman in accord-
ance with right reason and rule.

TO ADD FUEL TO THE FLAME.

To the folly of love add the bloodshed which it
often occasions, and stir, as they say, the fire with
the sword.

A LIKENESS.

This image is not very unsuited to thy own con-
dition.

HIGH BIRTH NOTHING WITHOUT WEALTH.

High descent and meritorious deeds, unless
united to wealth, are more vile than very sea-weed.

Euripides (Fr. Alm. 8) says:—

"But high birth is nothing compared to riches; for riches
place even the basest among the highest."

TO LIVE WITH THE GREAT.

For thou oughtest to know, seeing thou livest
near to the gods.

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

O country, when shall I behold thee, and be al-
lowed to drink a sweet oblivion of the cares of
life, musing on the works of ancient sages, or in
gentle sleep and hours of peaceful abstraction
from the world's busy scenes! Oh when shall I
have served up to me my frugal supper of beans, re-
lated as is said to Pythagoras, and pot-herbs soaked
in rich lard! Oh joyous nights and banquets,
which the gods themselves might envy! at which
my friends and I regale ourselves by my own
fireside, while my petulant slaves enjoy what their
master has left. Every guest may drink at dis-
cretion, unshackled by absurd laws, the strong-
headed draining to the dregs the brimming
bumper, while the weak grow mellow on a mod-
erate glass.

Antiphanes (Ecc. Grot. p. 637) says:—

"For it is the life of the gods, when thou hast wherewith to
sup without thought of the reckoning."

In Cowper's "Task" we find (l. 170):—

"The customary rites
Of the last meal commence; a Roman meal.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth.

Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace, with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped . . .
Oh evenings worthy of the gods! exclaimed
The Sabine bard."

Keats ("Sonnets") thus expresses the same idea of love of country life:—

"To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament."

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

My good friend, come on, take my advice, since animals have by heaven's decree no existence after death, and there is no escape from death to great or small, be merry while thou mayest, be mindful of how short a span of life thou hast.

Apollodorus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1108, M.) says:—

"When I was a young man, I pitted those cut off prematurely; but now when I see the burial of the old, I weep; for this refers to me, and that did not."

CHANGEABLENESS OF HUMAN NATURE.

A part of mankind pursue one unwearied course of crime, and go on with steady aim; another oscillate backwards and forwards, now gliding along the path of virtue, and then the path of vice.

THE STRONG-MINDED.

The more consistent a man is in a vicious course, so much is he less wretched and better off than he who one while struggles against his passions and the next instant yields to their violence.

THE WISE MAN.

Who, then, is free? The wise who can command his passions, who fears not want, nor death, nor chains, firmly resisting his appetites and despising the honors of the world, who relies wholly on himself, whose angular points of character have all been rounded off and polished.

THE RESULTS OF ADVERSITY AND PROSPERITY.

Adversity usually reveals the genius of a general, while good fortune conceals it.

INCREASING AGE.

His youth, his genius now no more the same.

Byron says:—

"My days of love are over: me no more
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,
Can make the fool of, that they made before;
In fact I must not lead the life I do."

And again:—

"Now my sere fancy 'falls into the yellow
Leaf,' and imagination droops her pinion:
And the sad truth, which hovers o'er my desk,
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque."

THE WORN-OUT STEED.

Be wise and release from the chariot in time thy aged steed, lest he become the object of laughter, dragging on behind and show his broken wind.

THE PURSUIT OF TRUTH.

I ponder in deep earnestness, and search out what is true and becoming to man, and my every thought is thus engaged.

INDEPENDENCE.

Bound by no ties to maintain the tenets of a master, I am borne hither and thither, as my inclination leads me, without a fixed object; now like the Stoics, I am a plodding citizen, and live amidst the bustle of public life, the stern guardian and asserter of untainted virtue; now I glide insensibly back to the doctrines of Aristippus, and instead of accommodating myself to circumstances, make circumstances bend to me.

Pope ("Essay on Man," ep. iv. l. 331) says:—

"Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God."

Shakespeare ("Jul. Cæs." act i. sc. 2) says:—

"I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself."

IT IS SOMETHING TO BE ADVANCING IN THE PATH OF VIRTUE.

It is always in our power to advance to a certain point, if it is not allowed us to go farther.

ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD EDUCATION.

Let a man be ever so envious, passionate, indolent, drunken, amorous, yet there is no one such slave to passion that he may not be improved, he would only lend a docile ear to the lessons of wisdom. It is some approach to virtue to try get rid of vicious propensities, and the highest wisdom is to be free from folly.

Thus we find in Brunck (P. Gnom., p. 320):—

"Education civilizes all men."

So Isaiah (l. 18):—

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

MONEY.

Silver yields to gold, gold to virtue. Ye citizens of Rome, folly cries, money ought to be the first object of pursuit, virtue is but a second thought.

Theognis (600) says:—

"With most men riches are regarded the prime virtue with some again they are an object of contempt."

Sophocles (Fr. Creusa, iv. 5) says:—

"All other things in comparison with riches are of secondary importance with men."

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

Be this thy brazen bulwark of defence to preserve a conscience void of offence and never turn pale with guilt.

Shakespeare ("Henry VI.," Part II. act iii. sc. 2) says:—

"What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though look'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

And again ("Henry VIII.," act iii. sc. 2):—

"I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

MONEY TO BE GOT IN ANY WAY.

My friend, put money in thy purse, honestly if thou canst, if not, at any rate put money in thy purse.

Johnson ("Every Man in his Humor," act ii. sc. 3):—

"Get money; still get money, boy;
No matter by what means."

STEPS NOT RETURNING TERRIFY.

For I am terrified by observing all the steps going towards thy den, and none returning.

PROTEUS.

With what chains shall I be able to bind this ever-changing Proteus.

CHANGEABLENESS OF MAN.

What dost thou do when the sentiments of my mind are equally as much at variance with each other; it refuses what it coveted and desires again what it lately rejected; it is in continual turmoil and inconsistent with itself in the whole tenor of life; it pulls down, builds up, changes square for round; yet thou only regardest me as mad in the same way as the rest of the world.

VICE AND VIRTUE.

Who tells what is becoming, what is base, what is useful, what is the reverse?

SUBJECT SUFFERS WHEN KINGS DISPUTE.

The Greeks suffer for the follies of their princes. Inside and outside the walls of Troy, sedition, fraud, lust, and violence are everywhere found.

THE VULGER HERD.

We are mere cyphers, and, like the suitors of Penelope, formed by nature to devour the fruits of the earth, mere effeminate and luxurious subjects of Alcinoüs, a race too much occupied with the pleasures of the table, whose delight is to sleep till mid-day and sooth our cares with melting airs of music.

Euripides (Heracleid. 937) says:—

"Knowing that thy son was not one of the many, but really a man of note."

And again (Troad. 475):—

"And I then gave birth to children of distinguished bravery not merely belonging to the mass, but the chiefest among the Phrygians."

Shakespeare ("Coriolanus," act iii. sc. 1) calls them:—

"The mutable rank-scented many."

WISDOM.

Unless thou callest for a book and lights before break of day, devoting thy thoughts to honorable pursuits and studies, in thy waking moments thou

will be the slave of envious or amorous passions. For why dost thou make haste to remove the things which offend the eye, but if any distemper prey upon thy mind, why dost thou delay from year to year to apply a remedy? He who has begun, has his work half done. Dare to be wise; begin. He who puts off from hour to hour the act of living wisely, is like the rustic who sits waiting on the bank till the river floats past, but it does, and will roll on in an unbroken stream till time shall be no more.

Sophocles in a fragment says (I. T. iviii. 3):—

"If any one has begun a work well, it is likely that he will come to a good ending."

Wordsworth ("The Fountain") says:—

"No check, no stay this streamlet fears,
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years
And flow as now it flows."

And in Tennyson's "Brook":—

"But I go on forever."

A COMPETENCE.

Let him who is blessed with a competence wish for nothing more.

PLEASURE, ANGER.

Unless the vessel be pure, whatever thou pourest into it grows sour. Despise pleasures; pleasure bought with pain is hurtful. The avaricious is always poor; set fixed bounds to thy desires. The envious sickens at another's joys; Sicily's tyrants could not invent a greater torment than envy. He who cannot control his angry passions, will wish undone what mad resentment shall have prompted, while he hastens to gratify his feelings of insatiate hate. Anger is a brief fit of madness; govern thy temper which rules, unless it is under thy control; curb it with bit; bind it in chains. The docile colt is formed by gentle skill to move obedient to the rider's will. The hound is taught to bay in the woods from the time when he has barked at a buckskin hung up in the court-yard. Now in the days of thy youth drink in thy pure breast the words of instruction; put thyself under those who are wiser than thyself. A jar will long retain the odor of the liquor with which, when new, it was first seasoned.

Moore says:—

"You may break, you may shatter the vase, as you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

BOUNTY OF THE GODS TO MAN.

Nature did not form thee a mere senseless clod of earth. The gods have bestowed on thee beauty, riches, and taught thee how to enjoy them.

Menander (Fr. Com. Gr., p. 889, M.) says:—

"Happy the man who has wealth and sense; for he can use it rightly for what is required."

AN EPICUREAN.

What more could an affectionate nurse pray for for her boy than that he, like thou, be blessed with wisdom, eloquence, public influence, good health, and the comforts of life, with a purse that never fails in time of need? 'Midst hopes and cares, fears and passions, never forget that this

may be the last day that shall ever dawn upon thee. The day that comes unlooked for will shine with double lustre. Thou wilt find me fat and sleek, in good plight, whenever thou carest to visit a hog by Epicurus fed.

See Bishop Kerr's "Morning Hymn":—

"Live this day as if the last."

FORTUNE.

If I am not allowed to use the gifts of fortune, what benefit are they to me when they come?

WINE.

What can wine not effect? It brings to light the hidden secrets of the soul, gives being to our hopes, bids the coward fight, drives dull care away, teaches new means for the accomplishment of our wishes: whom have the soul-inspiring cups not made eloquent? Even in the depth of poverty, whom has it not relieved?

Aristotle (*Ethic.* iii. 3) says:—

"This is the case with drunken men; for they become sanguine in hope."

Diphilus, as quoted by Athenæus (*ii.* 2), says:—

"O Bacchus, most grateful to the wise and also most wise in thyself, how pleasant thou art! who alone causest the poor to have lofty thoughts of himself, makest the grave to laugh, the timid to be daring, and the coward to be brave."

Aloisus (*Fr.* 44, S.) says:—

"For wine is a mirror to men."

And Æschylus (*Fr.* 13) says:—

"Polished brass is the mirror of the body and wine of the mind."

Shakespeare (*"Othello,"* act ii. sc. 3) says:—

"Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it."

CALMNESS.

Not to be startled by anything that appears, is of all means the best to make and keep us happy. There are some men so little under the influence of this feeling that they can look unmoved at yon sun in the firmament, the stars, and the ever-varying changes of the seasons that take place at fixed periods.

Plato (*Theæt.* c. xi.), however, says the very opposite of this:—

"For wonder is very much the affection of a philosopher; for there is no other beginning of philosophy than this."

And Aristotle (*Metaph.* i. 2) says:—

"It was through the feeling of wonder that men now and at first began to philosophize."

Cicero (*Tusc.* v. 38), however, says:—

"No wise man ought to wonder at anything, when it happens, so that it should appear to have happened sudden and unexpected to him."

We find Dante (*Purgat.* xxvi. 71) express himself thus:—

"Amase,

Not long the inmate of a noble heart."

Perhaps Horsely, in his "Sermons" (vol. i. p. 227), gives the best idea of this quality:—

"Wonder, connected with a principle of rational curiosity, is the source of all knowledge and discovery, and it is a principle even of piety; but wonder, which ends in wonder, and is satisfied with wonder, is the quality of an idiot."

Jeremiah (*x.* 2) says:—

"Learn not the way of the heathen, and be not dismayed at the signs of heaven; for the heathen are dismayed at them."

St. Augustine (*Serm.* 1500) says:—

"Tell us, Epicurus, What makes a man happy? Answer, The pleasure of the senses. Tell us, Stoic, The virtue of the mind. Tell us, Christian, The gift of God."

GOLDEN MEAN.

Let the wise be called a fool, the followers of what is right as the opposite, if they both pursue virtue itself beyond the bounds of moderation.

Cicero (*Tusc.* iv. 23) says somewhat to the same effect:—

"The pursuit even of the best of things ought to be calm and tranquil."

TIME.

Time will bring to light whatever is hidden; it will conceal and cover up what is now shining with the greatest splendor.

Sophocles (*Ajax*, 646) says:—

"Time, the long, the countless, brings to view everything that is hidden, and conceals what is disclosed."

Antoninus, in his "Meditations" (*ix.* 26), says:—

"The things of this world revolve in a circle up and down, from age to age; by and by the earth will cover us up, and then it will change us to something else."

Euripides (*Æol.* Fr. 36) says:—

"Time will unveil all things to posterity; it is a chatterer and speaks to those who do not question it."

Shakespeare (*"Troilus and Cressida,"* act iii. sc. 3) says:—

"Beauty, wit,

High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time."

So Matthew (*x.* 26):—

"For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known."

VIRTUE.

If virtue alone can accomplish this, give up thy luxurious life and resolutely pursue her. If thou think virtue to be a mere name, as groves are groves, take care lest some one else reach the port before thee.

The last words of Brutus (*Dion.* xiv. 49) were:—

"O wretched Virtue, thou wast then a mere name, for I followed thee as a real business, whereas thou wast a slave to Fortune."

Shakespeare (*"Hamlet,"* act iii. sc. 4) says:—

"Such a deed . . . sweet religion makes a rhapsody of words."

GOLD.

For gold, the sovereign queen of all, can bestow a wife with a large dowry, credit, friends, birth, and beauty. Persuasion and Venus pay their court to the well-moneyed man.

HOW HAPPINESS IS TO BE PROCURED.

If riches alone can make and keep a man happy, early and late, we should toil to procure this blessing; if splendor and the breath of popular applause make a man happy, come, let us purchase a slave to tell us the name of our fellow-citizens.

LICENTIOUS.

The abandoned crew of Ulysses who preferred the enjoyment of forbidden pleasure to a return to their fatherland.

MIRTH.

If, as Mimnermus thinks, there is nothing pleasant without love and mirth, live then a life of love and mirth. Long mayest thou live; farewell. If

thou canst suggest anything better than such maxims as these, impart them, if not, make use of what I place before thee.

Amphis (Fr. Com. Gr., p. 646, M.) says:—
"Drink and play: life is mortal; there is little time upon earth: death is eternal when we are once dead."

Mimnermus (Fr. 1, 8.) says:—
"What is life? what pleasure is there without the presence of golden Venus? May I die, when such things are no longer cared for by me."

Shakespeare ("Taming of the Shrew," Ind. sc. 2) says:—
"Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life."

THE GOOD AND WISE MAN.

The spendthrift and fool gives away what he despises and hates. It is such a soil as this that has produced and will produce at all times a crop of ungrateful men. The good and wise declare that they are ready to bestow favors on the worthy, and yet are not ignorant of the difference between a coin and a counter.

Seneca (Ep. 120) says:—
"There are many who do not give, but throw away their money."

GIVE BACK MY YOUTH.

But if thou be unwilling that I should leave, thou wilt have to give me back my healthful limbs, my coal-black hair over my narrow forehead; thou wilt have to give me back my beautiful toned voice; thou wilt have to give me back my enticing smile, and my feelings of regret for the escape of the wanton Cinara over my wine.

This is thus paraphrased by Lord Melbourne (see "Hayward's Essays"):

"Tis late, and I must haste away,
My usual hour of rest is near:
And do you press me yet to stay;
To stay, and revel longer here?
Then give me back the scorn of care
Which spirits light in health allow,
And give me back the dark brown hair
Which curl'd upon my even brow;
And give me back the sportive jest,
Which once could midnight hours beguile;
The life that bounded in my breast,
And joyous youth's becoming smile.
And give me back the fervid soul
Which love inflamed with strange delight,
When erst I sorrowed o'er the bowl
At Chloe's coy and wanton flight.
Tis late . . .
But give me this, and I will stay,—
Will stay till morn, and revel here."

LITTLE FOLKS.

For little folks become their little fate.
So Callimachus (Fr. 179):—
"The gods always give little things to little folks."

NOT TO VENTURE BEYOND ONE'S LAST.

It is a sound maxim for every man to measure himself by his own proper standard.

Cicero (Off. 1. 1. 81) says to the same effect:—
"Let us follow our natural bias, so that even, though other pursuits may be of greater importance and excellence, we may yet regulate ourselves by a regard to our natural disposition and character."

WISDOM.

I live and am as happy as a king as soon as I

leave those joys, which you vaunt to the sky with rapturous applause.

NATURE.

Shouldst thou attempt to drive out nature by force, yet it will be ever returning, and in silent triumph break through thy affected disdain.

Aristophanes (Pax. 687) says to the same effect:—
"They drove out this goddess with two-pronged clamors."
And again (Vesp. 1457):—
"For it is difficult to renounce one's nature, which one has always had."

Cicero (Tusc. Quest. v. 27) speaks of nature in the same way:—

"Custom could never get the better of nature, for she always comes off victorious."

Seneca (Ep. 119) says:—
"Nature is obstinate; she cannot be overcome, she demands what is her own."

And again (Ep. 90):—
"We have been brought into the world with everything prepared to our hand, but we have raised up difficulties by our disdainful rejection of what is easily got."

HIGH THINGS.

The man who is too much engrossed with fortune's favors will tremble when she takes her departure; if thou admirest anything greatly, thou wilt be slow to give it up. Fly this world's grandeur; the poor man, who lives under an humble roof, may enjoy greater happiness than kings and their favorites.

Atoninus (vil. 27) says:—
"Beware, while thou art too much engrossed with the fleeting pleasures of life, lest thou shouldst learn to attach too much value to them, so that, if they take wings and fly away, thou shouldst be thrown into a state of misery."

POVERTY.

In the same way as the stag in the fable, the man who from fear of poverty loses his liberty, more precious than all the wealth of this world, intemperate in his desires, carries on his shoulders a master, and will live in eternal bondage because he could not find enjoyment in a frugal meal.

UNSUITABLENESS OF FORTUNE.

The man whom his fortune does not fit, is like the man in the fable with a shoe, which if too large, trips him up, if too small, pinches him.

Demophilus (Orellii Opusc. 1. p. 6) says:—
"Both a shoe and a life that fits gives no pain."

Lucian (Pro. Imagg. 10) says:—
"He says, let not the shoe be larger than your foot, lest it throw you on your face, as you are walking."

MONEY A SLAVE OR TYRANT.

Money put away in one's coffers is either the master or slave of its possessor, though it ought rather to be the impelled than impelling part of life's machine.

Publius Syrus (998) says:—
"Money is a handmaiden, if thou knowest to use it; a mistress, if thou knowest not."
And Seneca (De Beat. vit. 26):—
"Riches in the hand of the wise yield obedience, in that of the fool command."

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

Receive with gratitude the hours that fortune bestows upon thee, and put not off the enjoyment of life to some distant time, that thou mayest be able to say, in whatever region of the world thou art, that thou hast lived happily; for, if it is a wise understanding and prudent conduct that rid us of the cares of life, and not the beauty of the landscape that surrounds us, those who cross the sea change the climate but not their passions. We are occupied in busy idleness, seeking happiness in yachts and carriages. Whereas what thou seekest is here, is even in the midst of deserted Ulubrae, if only thou possess a well-balanced mind.

In Diogenes Laertius (vi. 7, 4, or 98) we find a passage from Crates, the tragic writer, to this effect:—

"My dwelling place is not one tower or house, but the cities and houses of the whole earth prepared for us to dwell in."

Æschines (Adv. Ctesiph. 78) says:—

"For he did not change his passions, but merely the place of his abode."

Cowper ("The Task," towards end of "Sofa") says:—

"Who borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness."

As to happiness, Pope ("Essay on Man," Ep. iv. l. 15) says:—

"Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found or everywhere."

And Milton ("Paradise Lost," l. 268):—

"A mind is not to be changed by place or time,
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

And of idleness, Goldsmith ("Traveller," l. 256) says:—

"Thus idly busy rolls their world away."

ENOUGH.

Cease thy grumbling; he is not poor who has enough for the simple wants of nature. If thou art sound in stomach, side, and feet, the riches of a king will add nothing to thy happiness.

Plutarch (Sol. 2) quotes the following verses of Solon:—

"The man who has stores of silver, gold, and wheat-bearing fields, I call not happier than the swain who has enough for his support, is sound in body, and has a youthful wife and blooming children."

DISCORDANT CONCORD.

Discordant concord.

Pope ("Essay on Man," iv. 56) expresses the principle thus:—

"All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace."

And again, in his "Windsor Forest":—

"The world harmoniously composed:
Where order in variety we see:
And where, though all things differ, all agree."

Ben Jonson ("Cynthia's Revels," act v. sc. 2) says:—

"All concord's born of contraries."

Compare what Burke ("French Revolution," p. 81) says:—

"You had that action and counteraction, which, in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant parties draws out the harmony of nature."

THE GOOD EASILY SATISFIED.

We can get a crop of friends at a cheap rate, when it is the good who are in distress.

This is very much the same idea in Xenophon (Mem. ii. 40, 4):—

"Now, on account of the state of public affairs, it is possible to get good men as friends at a very cheap rate."

DISCONTENT.

He who envies another's lot is evidently dissatisfied with his own. All are foolish who blame the place where they live as the cause of their distress: in the mind alone the fault lies, the mind that can never fly from itself.

Pope says:—

"Men would be angels, angels would be gods."

FOLLIES.

I am not ashamed to own my follies, but I am ashamed not to put an end to them.

CONTENTMENT.

The lazy ox wishes for the horse's trappings; the horse wishes to plough. In my opinion each should follow with cheerfulness the profession which he best understands.

Aristophanes (Vesp. 1481) says:—

"Let every one practise the craft with which he is acquainted."

BE WHAT YOU SEEM.

Thou livest as thou oughtest if thou takest care to be what thou art considered by the world. All we Romans have long declared thee happy, but I am afraid lest thou shouldst listen more to others regarding thyself than to the suggestions of thine own conscience, and mayest imagine that one may be happy who is other than wise and good.

Æschylus (S. C. Th. 536) says:—

"For he does not wish to seem, but to be the noblest."

Publius Syrus says:—

"The question is what you are, not what you are reckoned."

FALSE SHAME.

It is the false shame of fools alone that hides ulcerated sores.

A GOOD MAN ACCORDING TO THE WORLD.

Whom does undeserved honor delight or lying calumny terrify, except the vicious and the man whose life requires to be amended. Who, then, is the good man? The world answers, He who carefully observes the decrees of the senate, and swerves not from the known rules of justice and the laws; by whose judgment many and weighty causes are decided, whose bail secures, whose oath maintains a cause, yet his own household and all his neighbors know that he is inwardly base, though imposing on the world with a fair outside.

So Matthew xix 17:—

"There is none good but one, that is, God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments."

THE GOOD.

The good hate sin from an innate love of virtue.

THE COVETOUS.

The covetous is the slave of fear; moreover, he who lives in fear, will ever be a bondman.

DEATH.

Death is the last limit of all things.

Demosthenes (De Coron. 97) says:—

"Death is the close of life to all men."

Euripides (Electr. 354) says:—

"Let not a man, though he may run the first round well, imagine he will win the victory, before he comes nigh the line and turns the goal of life."

Seneca (Ad Marc. de Consol. 19) says:—

"Death is both the solution and close of all pains, beyond which our evils reach not."

Shakespeare ("Othello," act v. sc. 2) says:—

"Here is my journey's end: here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail."

THE OBSCURE.

He has lived not ill, who has lived and died unnoticed by the world.

It was the maxim of Epicurus, "Lead a life of retirement;" and Euripides (Iphig. in Aul. 17) says:—"I envy the man who has passed through life without danger, unknown, inglorious."

EVENNESS OF TEMPER.

Every phase, aspect, and circumstance of life suited Aristippus, though he aimed at higher objects, still submitting with an unruffled countenance to the events of life.

THE ADVANTAGES OF AN ACTIVE LIFE.

To be successful in war and lead in triumph the captive enemy, makes man like a god, and confers immortal honor: it is no mean praise, too, to have gained the friendship of the great.

EVERY MAN CANNOT SUCCEED.

It is not every one that succeeds in reaching Corinth.

CLAMORS OF THE IMPORTUNATE.

But if the crow could have been satisfied to eat his food in silence, he would have had more meat and much less quarrelling and envy.

VIRTUE.

Virtue holds a middle place between these two vices, and is equally removed from both.

This is the well-known doctrine of Aristotle (Eth. 11, 6):—

"Virtue is a deliberate habit, being in the middle . . . It is a mean state between two faults, one of excess, the other of defect."

Cicero (Brut. 40) says:—

"Since every virtue, as your old Academy said, is a mean: both were anxious to follow a certain mean."

THE RUDE MAN CONTENTING FOR TRIFLES.

The other often contends for things of no consequence whatever; armed with futile arguments he combats everything that is advanced.

A SECRET.

Strive not to find out his secrets, and keep what is intrusted to thee though tried by wine and passion; praise not thy own pursuits, nor blame those of thy friend.

THE INQUISITIVE.

Shun the inquisitive, for thou wilt be sure to find him leaky; open ears do not keep conscientiously what has been intrusted to them, and word once spoken flies never to be recalled.

Menander (Fr. Com. Gr., p. 98 M.):—

"It is no way easier to check the course of a heavy star hurled from the hand than a word from the tongue."

Shakespeare ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," act ii. sc. 4) says:—

"A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off."

So James i. 19:—

"Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to anger."

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Consider again and again the character of the man whom thou recommendest, lest the faults of another should, by and by, bring a blush to thy cheek.

Theognis (968) says:—

"Never recommend a man till thou knowest him thoroughly, what he is in passion, temper and manners."

FOLLY.

Once deceived, do not attempt to protect the man who is weighed down by his own follies.

THE HOUSE OF A NEIGHBOR ON FIRE.

For thy house is in danger when thy neighbor's is in flames: a fire neglected usually gains strength.

THE COURT.

A court attendance seems pleasant to those who have never tried it; a little experience convinces us of its irksomeness.

Pindar (Fr. Hyporch. ii. 1) says:—

"War is pleasant to those who have no experience of it, but any one who knows it from the heart greatly dreads its approach."

UNLIKE TEMPER.

The morose dislike the gay, and the witty abominate the grave.

AN HUMBLE LIFE.

A retired path, where lonely leads the silent way.

Pope ("Ode on Solitude") expresses the same idea:—

"Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie."

And Gray ("Elegy in a Country Churchyard"):—

"Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

LIFE OF TRANQUILITY.

Let me have what I now have, or even less; and may I live for myself the remainder of my life, whatever time the gods grant me: give me a plenteous store of books and a competence: let me not oscillate between hope and fear, anxiously looking to the future. It is enough to pray to Jupiter for such things as he can give and take

away; let him give me life and wealth: a well-balanced mind is what I shall bestow on myself.

Shakespeare ("As You Like It," act II. sc. 1) says:—

"And thus our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

And again ("Henry IV.," Part I. act V. sc. 1):—

"For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours."

HYPOCRISY.

What! if one were to assume a grim, stern countenance, with naked feet and scanty robe, to ape the appearance of Cato, would he thereby be representing the virtues and manners of that old worthy?

IMITATORS.

O imitators, a servile race, how often have your attacks roused my bile and often my laughter!

ORIGINALITY.

I was the first to step out freely along a hitherto untravell'd route; I have not trod in the footsteps of others: he who relies on himself, is the leader to guide the swarm.

APPLAUSE OF THE POPULACE.

I court not the favor of the fickle mob.

Shakespeare ("Antony and Cleopatra," act V. sc. 2) calls the mob

"The shouting variety."

TEARS.

And hence these tears of spleen and anger rise.

INGRATITUDE OF MANKIND.

They complained that the honor they received did not come up to their high deserts.

Shakespeare ("As You Like It," act II. sc. 7) says:—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

ENVY.

He found that envy is only to be overcome by death.

Thucydides (II. 45) says:—

"Envy is felt towards living rivals; that, which does not stand in our way, is honored with a feeling of love without the slightest repugnance."

And Aristotle (Rhet. II. 10) says:—

"No one feels jealous of those who have existed ten thousand years ago, or of those who are about to come into being, or of the dead."

In the Shakespeare Society's reprint of Forde's "Line of Life," 1690, the following passage occurs:—

"Great men are by great men [not good men by good men] narrowly sifted; their lives, their actions, their demeanors examined, for that their places and honors are hunted after, as the beaver (beaver?) for his preservations."

SUPERIOR MERIT.

For the man who raises himself above his neighbors irritates by his excessive splendor, and is only loved after death.

THE VULGAR.

Sometimes the vulgar throng form a just judgment, but oft they labor under gross mistakes.

POETASTERS.

Physicians practise what belongs to their art: mechanics work only at their trade; but learned and unlearned, we all equally are scribbling verses.

GREECE.

Greece led captive her savage conquerors, and introduced civilization to barbarous Latium.

CORRUPTION OF TASTE.

But our knights now take pleasure, not in what delights the ear, but in pageant shows that charm the wandering eye.

DULNESS.

Thou wouldst swear that he had been born in thick Boeotian air.

THE POET.

The expression of the face is not better expressed by the sculptor's art, than are the life and manners of heroes in the poet's works. As for me, to celebrate thy exploits, to describe the lands and rivers that have witnessed thy victories, the fortresses thou hast stormed on the peaks of mountains, the barbarian realms thou hast overrun, the wars that have been gloriously terminated under thy auspices in all parts of the world, the gates of Janus thou hast closed as the signal of universal peace, I would renounce forever my satires and prosaic measure if my strength were only equal to my desires.

THE RIDICULOUS.

For man learns more readily and remembers more willingly what excites his ridicule than what deserves esteem and respect.

SOFT CLAY.

Thou mayest mould him into any shape like soft clay.

THE POOR.

The man, who has lost his all, will go wherever thou wishest.

ATHENS.

Indulgent Athens taught me some of the higher arts, putting me in the way to distinguish a straight line from a curve, and to search after wisdom amidst the groves of Academe, but the hard exigencies of the times forced me from this charming retreat.

Milton ("Paradise Regained," IV. l. 237) says:—

"Where on the Aegean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, staidous walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long."

ADVANCING YEARS.

Waning years steal from us our pleasures one by one; they have already snatched away my jokes, my loves, my revellings, and play.

Wordsworth (in "The Fountain") says:—

"Thus fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind."

And Byron ("Childe Harold," canto iii. st. 2):—

"Years steal

Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim."
Shakespeare ("Comedy of Errors," act v. sc. 1) says:—
"Oh, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face."

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

In short, we do not all admire and love the same thing.

DIFFERENCES OF TASTE.

Demanding things quite different with differing taste. What shall I give them? What shall I refuse? Thou refusest what the other demands; what thou askest is hateful and annoying to the other two.

IRRITABILITY OF THE POET.

I submit to much, that I may keep in good humor the fretful tribe of poets, while I write and try by humble submissions to catch public applause.

SELF-CONCEIT OF A POET.

For my own part, I had rather be esteemed a foolish and dull writer, provided my own faults please me, or at least escape my notice, than be wise and a prey to continual vexation.

Pope ("Essay on Man," iv. 280) says:

"What is it to be wise?

'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults and feel our own."

It is a favorite idea of Goethe, found in his "Torquato Tasso" (i. 1, 85):—

"Beloved brother, let us not forget that man can never lay aside his own nature."

And in his "Truth and Poetry" (xvi. 4):—

"A man may turn whither he chooses; he may undertake whatever he may; but he always will come back to the path which Nature has once prescribed to him."

Destouches ("Glorieux," v. 3) has the same idea:—

"I know it only too well: drive out what springs from nature, it returns at a gallop."

And La Fontaine ("Fables," ii. 187):—

"Let them shut the door in his face, he will get back through the windows."

But perhaps Frederick the Great expresses the idea as forcibly as any of these when he says, in his letter to Voltaire, March 19, 1771:—

"Drive prejudices out by the door, they will re-enter by the window."

PLEASING DELUSIONS.

By Pollux, cruel friends, you have destroyed, not saved me, in taking away this pleasure and robbing me by force of such an agreeable delusion.

RICHES.

But if riches had power to bestow wisdom and render thee less a slave to passions and fears, then indeed thou mightest blush with reason if there were one on earth more covetous than thou.

CHANGEABLENESS OF PROPERTY.

What boots it whether the food thou eatest was bought just now from the lands of another, or whether it is the produce of an estate thou boughtest many years ago? He who bought some time ago lands close to Aricia or Veii pays as well as thou for the plate of herbs he sups on, though he may think otherwise; he boils his pot at night with wood that he has bought even as thou dost; and yet he calls the land his own as far as where a certain poplar fixes the boundary and prevents quarrels with his neighbor; as if anything can be called a lasting possession which in the short space of a single hour may change its lord and fall to other hands by coaxing, sale, violence, or certainly at last by death. Since thus no property has a lasting tenure, and heir comes upon heir, as wave on wave, what real benefit is there in landed property and ever-increasing hoards?

Antiphanes (in Grotii Exc. p. 627) says:—

"Whoever thou art, who thinkest that any possession is lasting, thou art much mistaken."

So Luke xii. 19, 20:—

"And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

GENIUS OF EACH INDIVIDUAL.

The cause of the differences in men is only known to that mystic genius who presides at our birth, who directs our horoscope, the god of nature, living and dying with each, changeable like each, propitious or malign according as we obey his behests.

Menander (Fr. Com. Gr., p. 974) says:—

"A good genius is present to every man at his birth as the director of his life: for we must not imagine that it can be a bad genius that injures a good life."

Spenser, in his "Faerie Queene" (ii. 12, 47), says:—

"Genius

That celestial powre to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all.

That lives, pertains in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantomes doth lett us ofte foreseee,
And ofte of secret ills bids us beware;
That is ourselfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee:
Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call.

EITHER IMPROVE YOUR LIFE, OR LEAVE THE STAGE OF LIFE.

What boots it to pluck one thorn out of so many? If thou knowest not how to live sensibly, give way to those who do. Thou hast had enough of the pleasures of life, enough of feasting and revellings; it is time for thee to depart, lest the age, on whom mirth and jollity sit well, should

laugh at thee as thou reelest, and hoot thee off the stage of life.

Pope ("Essay on Man," iii. 70) says:—

"Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er."

UNIFORMITY RECOMMENDED.

So that a beauteous maid above should end in a hideous fish.

RIDICULE.

My friends, were you admitted to such a sight, could you refrain from laughter?

DREAMS OF THE SICK MAN.

The delusive dreams of the sick man.

PAINTERS AND POETS.

Painters and poets are granted the same licence. We are aware of this; such indulgence we give and take.

Diphilus (Athen. vi. 1) says:—

"As tragic writers say, who alone have the power to say and do all things."

Aristotle (Metaph. i. 2, 10) says:—

"According to the proverb, 'Poets produce many fictions.'"

Lucian (Pro. Imagg. 18) says:—

"This is an old saying, that both poets and painters are irresponsible."

PURPLE PATCHES.

Ofttimes to lofty beginnings that promise much are sewed one or two purple patches, which may shine from far.

CAUSE OF ERRORS.

We are led astray by the semblance of what is right.

Hood says:—

"For man may pious texts repeat,
And yet religion have no inward seat."

EXTREMES.

When we try to avoid one fault we are led to the opposite, unless we be very careful.

UNIFORMITY DESIRABLE.

I would no more imitate such an one than wish to appear in public distinguished for black eyes and hair, but disfigured by a hideous nose.

SUBJECT SUITABLE TO ABILITIES.

Ye writers choose a subject fitted to your strength, and ponder long what your shoulders refuse to bear and what they are able to support. He who has hit upon a subject suited to his powers, will never fail to find eloquent words and lucid arrangement.

Seneca (De Tranq. An. 5) says:—

"In the next place, we must take a proper gauge of the things which we attempt, and compare our strength with the enterprise in which we are about to engage. For the individual ought always to be superior to that on which he is employed."

WORDS ARE LIKE LEAVES.

As the leaves of the woods change at the fall of the year, the earliest disappearing first, so the old

crop of words die out, and those lately produced flourish and are vigorous like the youthful.

In Ecclesiasticus (xiv. 18) we have:—

"As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall and some grow; so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end and another is born."

WORDS.

All the works of man will perish, still less can we expect that the bloom and grace of language will continue to flourish and endure. Many words will revive which have been long in oblivion, and others will disappear which are in present repute, if usage shall so will it, in whose power is the decision, the law, and the rule of speech.

Roscommon thus translates this passage ("Art of Poetry"):—

"Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well suited to the age.
Words are like leaves, some wither every year,
And every year a younger race succeeds.
Use may revive the obsoletest words,
And banish those that now are most in vogue;
Use is the judge, the law and rule of speech."

CRITICS.

Critics dispute, and the question is still undecided.

STYLE.

Let each subject have its own peculiar style, and keep it, if what is becoming be our object.

BOMBAST.

Each throws aside high-sounding expressions and words a foot and half long.

MAN EASILY AFFECTED TO GRIEF OR JOY.

As man laughs with those that laugh, so he weeps with those that weep; if thou wish me to weep, thou must first shed tears thyself; then thy sorrows will touch me.

Aristotle (Rhet. iii. 7, 5) says:—

"The audience always sympathizes with him who speaks pathetically."

Plato (Ion. c. 6, or 535 E.) says:—

"I am constantly looking down from my seat above upon those who are weeping, or looking fiercely, or astonished, in unison with what is related."

Roscommon thus translates the passage:—

"We weep and laugh, as we see others do;
He only makes me sad who shows the way,
And first is sad himself."

Churchill ("The Rosciad," l. 801) says:—

"But spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel—must feel themselves."

AN ACTOR.

Words of sorrow become the sorrowful; menacing words suit the passionate; sportive expressions a playful look; serious words become the grave; for nature forms us from our very birth capable of feeling every change of fortune; she delights the heart with mirth, transports to rage, or wrings the sad soul and bends it down to earth. In course of time she teaches the tongue to be the interpreter of the feelings of the heart.

Roscommon translates the passage thus:—

"Your looks must alter as your subject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe

(Or, as Pope has it, 'From grave to gay; from lively to severe');

For nature forms and softens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face."

ACHILLES.

Let him be intrepid, fierce, unforgiving, impetuous, and declare that laws were not made for him, claiming everything by his sword.

UNIFORMITY.

Let him from the beginning to the closing scene maintain the character he has assumed, and be in every way consistent.

TRANSLATION.

Nor shouldst thou translate word for word like a faithful interpreter.

Roscommon, on "Translated Verse," says:—

"'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
But good translation is no easy art."

THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR.

What will this boaster produce worthy of such mouthing? The mountain is in labor; lo, a ridiculous mouse will spring forth.

This is a Greek proverb preserved by Athenæus (xiv. 6):—

"The mountain was in labor, and Jupiter was frightened, but it brought forth a mouse."

"Great cry and little wool, as the fellow said when he sheared his hog."

A FLASH ENDING IN SMOKE.

He does not begin with a flash and end in smoke, but tries to rise from a cloud of smoke to light.

DIFFERENCES OF AGE.

You must strictly attend to the manners suited to every age, and give to each season and the varying years of life the peculiar graces that belong to them. The child, who has learned to speak and walks with firmer step, loves to play with his equals, is quick to feel and equally so to lay aside resentment, changing his feelings from moment to moment. The beardless youth, having got rid of his tutor, joys in his horses, dogs, and the games of the sunny Campus, yielding like wax to every evil impression, rough to reproof, slow in attending to his true interests, lavish of his money, presumptuous, amorous, and swift to leave what had before pleased his fancy. Our inclinations having undergone a change, the age and spirit of manhood seeks for wealth and friendships, is a slave to ambition, is cautious of doing what he may afterwards repent; a thousand ills encompass the aged; either he lives to amass wealth, which he fears to make use of, or else he manages everything with a cold and timid touch, procrastinating, slow to entertain hopes, attached to life, morose, complaining, a praiser of the times when he was a boy, the scourge and chastiser of the young. Years in life's full tide bring many blessings; the ebb carries many away.

Sophocles (Ajax, 551) speaks thus of youth:—

"Yet even now I have thus much to be envious of thee, that thou art sensible of none of these present evils. For in feeling nothing is centred the sweetest life, until thou learn to know what it is to be happy, what it is to feel pain."

Gray says:—

"Ah! how regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day."

Shakespeare thus describes the ages of man ("As You Like It," act ii. sc. 7):—

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping, like snail,
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrows. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well-saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in the sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

THE EYE.

That which is conveyed through the ear, affects us less than what the eye receives, and what the spectator sees himself.

Herodotus (i. 8) says:—

"For the ear of man is less to be trusted than the eyes."

Herrick ("The Hesperides," Aphorism No. 156) says:—

"We credit most our sight; one eye doth please
Our trust far more than ten ear witnesses."

A GOD.

Let no deity intervene, unless some difficulty arise which is worthy of a god's unravelling.

Plato (Cratyl. c. 38, 435, D.) says:—

"As the writers of tragedies, when they are in difficulty, fly to their machinery, and introduce the gods."

Cicero also (Nat. Deor. i. 30) says:—

"As tragic poets, when you are unable to wind up your argument in any other way, you have recourse to a god."

GREEK AUTHORS.

Make the Grecian models your supreme delight; read them by day and study them by night.

CORRECTION OF STYLE.

Latium would not have been more famed for the bravery of her citizens and her deeds of arms than for her literary works, if our poets had not refused to submit to the labor and delay of correction. Ye descendants of Pompilius, condemn the poem, which the toil of many a day and many

an erasure has not brought into perfect shape, and which has not been polished to a nicety like the sculptor's statue.

A POET.

For doubtless he will obtain the reward and fame of a poet, if he shall never submit to the barber Licinus a head not to be cured by the crop of three Anticyras.

Plato (Ion. c. 5, 584, B.) says of a poet:—

"For a poet is a light thing, with wings, sacred, unable to compose poetry till he is inspired, and out of his sober senses, his imagination being no longer under his control. For while a person is in complete possession of his wits, he cannot compose verses or speak oracularly."

CRITIC.

Therefore I shall act as whetstone, which, though unable to cut of itself, can give an edge: though I write nothing myself, I shall point out the way to others, and teach them the rule which ought to be their guide.

Isocrates being asked why he did not himself speak, when he taught others to be orators, answered (Plut. Vit. x., Or. p. 888, E.):—

"Whetstones are not themselves able to cut, but make iron sharp, and capable of cutting."

GOOD SENSE.

The knowledge of men and manners is the first principle and fountainhead of good writing.

Longinus (De Subl. c. 8) says:—

"For as there are five sources most productive of sublimity, . . . the first and most powerful is a strong spring of common sense."

DRAMATIC POET.

He who knows the duties that he owes to his fatherland and friends, the affection due to a parent and brother, how a guest ought to be treated, the obligations imposed on a senator, judge, and generals in active campaign, such a man cannot but know what is the proper character to be assigned to each.

NATURE.

I shall then recommend the poet who aims at being a skilful imitator to have nature before his eyes as the great pattern of life and manners, and to draw from this source the lineaments of truth. For it often happens that a comedy, full of beautiful sentiments and where the characters are strongly marked, though it be in other respects void of grace, good versification or art, succeeds better and charms the people more than pieces full of sound signifying nothing. The muse has bestowed genius, a full and rich diction on the Greeks, who court nothing but praise.

POETS.

It is the object of poets to instruct or to please, or to mingle the two together, instructing while they amuse. Do you wish to instruct? Be brief, that the mind may catch thy precepts and the more easily retain them.

SUPERFLUITY.

Everything that is superfluous flows out of the mind, like a liquid out of a full vessel.

PROFIT AND PLEASURE.

To gain the applause of all, what is useful must be mixed with the agreeable, and they must never be separated.

BEAUTIES MORE NUMEROUS.

But where beauties in a poem are more numerous, I shall not be offended by a few faults, which arise from pardonable negligence and frailty, so natural to man.

HOMER.

I too am indignant when honest Homer nods, though in a long work it is allowable for sleep to creep over the writer.

POEMS AND PICTURES.

Poems are like pictures; some charm the nearer thou standest, others the farther thou art distant; this loves the shade, that likes a stronger light which dreads not the critic's piercing eye; this gives us pleasure for a single view, and that ten times repeated still is new.

POETASTERS.

Poets are not allowed to be in the second rank; neither gods nor men nor booksellers' shops permit it: all revolt against it.

MINERVA UNWILLING.

As for thee, I know that thou wilt neither do nor say anything against thy natural bent; thou hast too much good sense and too good an understanding. Yet if thou art tempted hereafter to write some work, let it be submitted to the judgment of the critic Mæcius, to that of thy father and mine, and keep it in thy portfolio for nine years. While thy manuscript is unpublished, thou canst erase whatever thou chooseth; but a work, like a word once uttered, cannot be recalled.

IS A GOOD POEM THE PRODUCTION OF ART OR NATURE?

It has long been a question whether a high-class poem be the result of nature or art. For my own part, I do not see what art could do without the aid of nature, nor nature without art; they require the assistance of each other, and ought always to be closely united. Observe the wrestlers; if they be anxious to carry off the prize, they are not satisfied with having their body supple and slim; they exercise themselves, endure heat and cold.

A FLATTERER.

As those who are hired to mourn at funerals are more vociferous in their grief than those who are sincerely afflicted, in like manner the flatterer is much louder in his praise than the real friend. We are told that when men of high rank are prepared to honor any one with their friendship, they try them with wine, to see if they are worthy of this distinction.

La Rochefoucauld says of flattery:—

"Flattery is false money, which would not pass current if it were not for our vanity."

And again:—

"We sometimes think that we hate flattery, but we only hate the way in which we are flattered."

TRIFLES.

Trifles, such as these, lead to serious mischief.

LEECH.

Like a leech that will not quit the skin till gorged with blood.

JUVENAL.

FLOURISHED ABOUT A.D. 90.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS was born at Aquinum, or at least resided the greater part of his life in that town. Of his history no facts have come down to us on which much dependence can be placed. He is said to have been the son of a freedman, and was much occupied for many years in declamation more for pleasure than profit, devoting the latter part of his life to the composition of satirical poetry. Some of his satires attracted the attention of the court, and Domitian appointed him, though he was nearly eighty years of age, under the semblance of honorable distinction, to the command of a body of troops that were quartered in the most remote district of Egypt, where he is said to have died from vexation and disgust. The extant works of Juvenal consist of sixteen satires.

A LISTENER.

Am I always to be a listener only? Shall I never repay in kind, though plagued so often with the Theæid of Codrus, hoarse with reciting it?

PAPER.

To spare paper that is sure to be wasted.

SATIRE.

In the present state of the world it is difficult not to write lampoons.

SPLEEN FROM SEEING THE UNWORTHY.

For who can brook the wickedness of this city and be so steeled as to restrain his pen, when he sees pass the spick-span new litter of the lawyer Matho, filled with his fat corporation.

HONOR STARVES ON UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

Dare some deed to merit the prison of the tiny Gyarus if thou wishest to be a man of note. Honesty, nowadays, is commended, and starves on universal praise.

SATIRE.

If nature denies the ability, my indignant feelings would of themselves give birth to verses,

whatever be their powers, such as mine and Cluvienus.

SUBJECTS OF SATIRE.

Whatever men engage in, their wild desires, fears, rage, pleasures, joys, and varied pursuits form the motley subject of my page.

DEATH.

Hence sudden death and age without a will.

"Sudden destruction was imaged by the Greeks, as *φόνος πτερόν*, 'destruction's wing.'"

VICE.

There will be nothing more that posterity can add to our immoral habits; our descendants must have the same desires and act the same follies as their sires. Every vice has reached its zenith.

HENCE THE CAUSE OF ANGER.

Hence the cause of rage and tears.

HYPOCRISY.

Who pretend to be Curii and live the life of Bacchanals.

HYPOCRISY.

Trust not to outward show.

THE GRACCHI.

Who could endure the Gracchi if they were to rail at the seditious mob? Who would not confound heaven with earth and sea with heaven, if Verres were to pretend to hate a thief, Milo a murderer? If Clodius were to decry adultery, Catiline accuse Cethegus of factious views? If Sylla's three pupils were to declaim against Sylla's proscriptions?

THE BAD.

There is wonderful unanimity among the dissolute.

THE POWERFUL ARE ACQUITTED.

The verdict acquits the raven, but condemns the dove.

The Germans say:—

"We hang the paltry thief, but let the big go free."

"One man may steal a horse, while another may not look over the hedge."

A WICKED MAN.

No one ever reached the climax of vice at one leap.

So Psalm lxxix. 27:—

"Add iniquity unto their iniquity."

Beaumont and Fletcher ("A King and no King," act v. sc. 4) says:—

"There is a method in man's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees."

And Sir P. Sydney ("Arcadia," bk. l.) :—

"There is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely evil."

ATHEISM.

That there are departed spirits and subterranean regions below Charon's pole, and filthy frogs in the Stygian pool, that so many souls are ferried across in one frail boat not even boys believe, except they be so young as not to be charged for their bath.

CHARACTER OF THE ROMANS.

What could I do at Rome? I cannot teach my lips to lie. If a book be bad, I cannot praise it and beg a copy. I am no astrologer; I neither will nor can promise a father's death: I have never examined the entrails of a toad for poison.

FREEDMEN.

Minions, then lords of every princely dome.

THE GREEKS.

Bid the hungry Greek go to heaven! He'll go.

So Johnson:—

"All sciences the hungry Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell—to hell he goes."

A FLATTERER.

This nation, deeply versed in flattery, praises the conversation of an ignoramus, the face of a supremely ugly friend.

THE GREEKS.

There every man is an actor. Do you smile? His sides burst with laughter; if he spies a tear in a friend's eye, he melts in tears, though in reality he feels no grief. If at mid-winter you ask for a little fire, he calls for his great-coat. If you say I am hot, he breaks into a sweat.

MONEY.

In proportion to the money a man keeps in his chest is credit given to him.

POVERTY.

Cheerless poverty has no greater evil than that it makes man the contempt and laughter of his fellows.

POVERTY.

Those with difficulty emerge from obscurity whose noble qualities are depressed by narrow means at home; but at Rome for such like the attempt is still more hopeless; it is only at an exorbitant rate that a wretched lodging can be got, a mean attendance, and frugal cheer.

APING OUR BETTERS.

This is a fault of which we are all guilty. Here we all in the midst of poverty ape our betters. Why should I take up your time? Everything at Rome is very dear.

A MAN'S OWN IS PRECIOUS, HOWEVER SMALL.

It is something in any place and in any retreat whatever to have made oneself master even of a single lizard.

THE POOR.

Mark the prelude of this miserable fray, if fray it can be called, where he only cudgels and I only

bear. He stands in front of you and orders you to stand. Obey you must. For what can you do, when he who gives the orders is maddened with wine and at the same time stronger than you. "Whence do you come?" he thunders out. "With whose vinegar or beans are you stuffed? What cobbler has been feasting with you on chopped leek or boiled sheep's head? Don't you answer? Speak or be kicked! Say where do you hang out, or in what beggar's stand shall I find you?" Whether you attempt to speak or retire in silence is all the same. They beat you and then make you to find bail to answer for the assault. This is a poor man's liberty.

ANOTHER CRISPINUS.

Once more behold Crispinus, and often shall I have to summon him to the stage.

THE GUILTY.

What matters it, then, in what long colonnades he tires his mules? through what extensive glades his rides extend? how many acres near to the Forum, and what palaces he has bought? Peace visits not the guilty mind.

So Psalm xxxii. 10:—

"Many sorrows shall be to the wicked."

A TYRANT.

For tyrant's ears, alas! are ticklish things.

THE COWARDLY.

He never attempted to swim against the current, nor was he a citizen who dared speak with bold freedom and sacrifice his life for truth.

This last expression was a favorite saying of Rousseau.

THE GREAT AND GOOD.

Would that he had devoted to such trifles as these all those years of cruelty, during which he robbed the city of those mighty and illustrious spirits unchecked, and with none to avenge the dead!

GENEROSITY.

No one looks for such gifts as Seneca, Piso, or Cotta used to send to their humble friends; for in days of old, generosity was of higher value than birth or power.

THE SELFISH.

Be, as many now are, luxurious when alone, parsimonious to your guests.

A BARREN WIFE.

A barren wife procures
The kindest, truest friends; such, then, be yours.

A GOOD DINNER.

He thinks you a vile slave, drawn by the smell of his warm kitchen.

DOWRY.

And 'twas her dower that winged the unerring dart.

DESCRIPTION OF A RICH AND NOBLE WIFE.

A very phoenix upon earth, and rare as a black swan—who could endure a wife in which all excellencies are united? I would rather, far rather, marry a country girl of Venusia, than thee, O Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, if along with thy mightiness thou broughtest a proud and disdainful spirit, and countest as part of thy dower the innumerable triumphs of thy family. Away, I beg, with thy Hannibal and Syphax conquered in his camp—troop, with the whole of thy Carthage.

GREEK LANGUAGE.

Everything is in Greek, while surely it is more disgraceful not to know our mother-tongue.

LET MY WILL STAND FOR A REASON.

When a man's life is in debate, no deliberation is too long. Fool, so a slave is a man! He may have done nothing deserving of death; I grant it, I will it, I insist on it! My will; let that, sir, for a reason stand.

WOMEN.

There is scarcely a single cause in which a woman is not in some way engaged in fomenting the suit.

"Women's jars breed men's wars."

CURTAIN LECTURES.

The marriage-bed is still the scene of strife and mutual recriminations; there quiet never comes, that comes to all.

CROCODILE TEARS.

With tears in abundance, ever at her call and ready, only waiting her orders which way to flow.

EVILS OF PEACE.

Now we are suffering all the evils of long peace. Luxury more terrible than war, broods over Rome, and avenges the conquered world.

THE KEEPERS.

"Put on a lock; keep her in confinement." But who is to keep the keepers themselves?

ITCH OF SCRIBBLING.

An incurable itch of scribbling clings to many, and grows inveterate in their distempered breast.

TO PAINT A CHARACTER.

Such an one as I cannot paint in words, though I can body him forth in my mind's eye.

REPETITION.

It is repetition, like hashed cabbage served for each repast, that wears out the schoolmaster's life.

Shakespeare ("King John," act iii. sc. 4) says:—

"Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

ALL WISH TO KNOW.

All wish to know; but none the price will pay.

A WHITE CROW.

Yet he indeed was lucky, a greater rarity than a white crow.

TEACHERS.

Lightly lie the turf, ye gods, and void of weight, on our grandsires' shades, and round their urn may the fragrant crocus bloom and eternal spring, who maintained that a tutor should have the place and honor of a revered parent.

PEDIGREE.

What are the wondrous merits of a pedigree? What boots it, Ponticus, to be accounted of an ancient line and to display the painted faces of your ancestors?

A GENTLEMAN.

Though all the heroes of thy line bedeck thy halls, believe me, virtue alone is true nobility. Be a Paulus, Cossus, Drusus in moral character. Let the bright examples of their lives be placed before the images of thy ancestors. Let that, when thou art consul, take the place of thy rods. Oh give me inborn worth! If thou really merit the character of blameless integrity, of staunch love of justice both in words and deeds, then I recognize thy right to be esteemed a gentleman.

Tennyson ("Lady Clara Vere de Vere"):—

"How'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

THE IGNOBLY BORN.

"You are the populace," he says, "the very dregs of the people; not a man of you can tell me where his father was born—but I am a Cecropid!" "Long life to thee, and mayest thou revel in the delights of such a descent! Yet from the lowest of the people thou wilt find a Roman distinguished for his eloquence. It is he that usually defends the suits of the ignorant noble. From the toga'd crowd will come one that can solve the knotty points of law and the enigmas of the statutes."

COMMON SENSE.

For in that high state a perception of the wants and wishes of others rarely shall we find.

Seneca (De Benef. i. 12) says:—

"In the conferring of kindnesses let there be a due perception of the wants of others; let time, place, and parties be taken into consideration."

TO BUILD ON THE FAME OF OTHERS.

It is sad to build on another's fame, lest the whole pile fall to the ground when the supporting pillars are withdrawn. Stretched on the ground, the vine's weak tendrils try to clasp the elms they drop from. Prove thyself brave, a faithful guardian, an incorruptible judge. If ever thou be summoned witness in a dubious and uncertain cause,

though Phalaris himself command thee to forswear thyself, and dictate the perjuries with his bull placed before thy eyes, deem it the highest crime to prefer existence to honor, and sacrifice for life life's only end.

So Matthew xvi. 26:—

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

VICE IN HIGH PLACES.

Vice glares more strongly in the public eye as he who sins is high in power or place.

SIGNS OF YOUTH.

Brief let our follies be; and youthful sin
Fall with the firstlings of the manly chin.

SENECA AND NERO.

Who, Nero, so depraved, if choice were free,
To hesitate 'twixt Seneca and thee?

ANCESTORS.

I had rather that vile Thersites were thy sire, so thou wert like Achilles, and couldst wield Vulcanian arms, than that Achilles should be thy father, and thou be like to vile Thersites. And yet, however far thou tracest thy descent and name back, thou dost but derive thy origin from the infamous sanctuary. The first of thy ancestors, whoever he was, was either a shepherd or else—what I would rather not mention.

THE TONGUE.

The tongue is the vile slave's vilest part.

YOUTH.

For the short-lived bloom and contracted span of brief and wretched life is fast fleeting away! While we are drinking and calling for garlands, ointments, and women, old age steals swiftly on with noiseless step.

It is thus translated by Gifford:—

"The noiseless foot of Time steals swiftly by,
And ere we dream of manhood age is high."

BLINDNESS OF MAN.

In every clime, from Gades to Ganges' distant stream, few can distinguish between what is really a blessing and its opposite, freed from the clouds of mental error. For what is there that we either seek or shun from the dictates of reason? What is there that thou beginnest so auspiciously that thou dost not repent of thy undertaking and the accomplishment of thy wishes? Too indulgent heaven has overturned whole families by granting their owners' prayers. We beg for what will injure us in peace and injure us in war. To many a full and rapid flow of eloquence has proved fatal. Even strength itself is fatal. Milo, trusting to his muscles, met his death.

Cicero (De Fin. i. 13) says:—

"The granting of desires has overthrown not only single individuals but whole families."

And Shakespeare says:—

"We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: so find we profit
By losing of our prayers."

And Roscommon thus tells the story of Milo:—

"Remember Milo's end—
Wedge'd in the timber which he strove to rend."

THE POOR.

It is rarely that a marauder pays his visit to a garret.

GOLD.

The traveller with empty pockets will sing even in the bandit's face. The prayers that are generally first offered up and best known in our temples, are that our riches and wealth may increase, that our money-chest be the largest in the whole Forum. But no aconite is drunk from earthenware. Then is the time to dread it when thou quaffest from jewelled cups and the ruddy Setine flows in the broad gold.

Ovid (Nux. 43) says to the same effect:—

"Thus the traveller who knows that he possesses anything of value is afraid of being waylaid: the empty-handed goes on his journey in safety."

A VERBOSE EPISTLE.

A huge, wordy letter came to-day
From Capres.

PUBLIC CORRUPTION.

Ever since we sold our votes to none, the people have thrown aside all anxiety for the public weal. For that sovereign people that once gave away military commands, consulships, legions, everything, now bridles its desires, and anxiously prays only for two things—bread and the games of the circus.

LOVE OF POWER.

'Tis nature this; even those who want the will
Pant for the dreadful privilege to kill.

HIGH FORTUNE.

For he, who wished for excessive honors and prayed for excessive wealth, was raising, stage above stage, a tottering tower, only that the fall might be the greater, "with hideous ruin and combustion down."

Johnson says:—

"What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
By kings protected and to kings allied?
What but the wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep or to resign."

CICERO AND DEMOSTHENES.

"How fortunate a natal day was thine,
In that late consulate, O Rome, of mine!"

He might have scorned the swords of Antony if he had uttered nothing better than this. I had rather write poems, a common jest, than thee, divine Philippic, of distinguished fame, that second scroll! A cruel fate, too, carried him off, whom Athens used to admire, while his eloquence over-

awed the fierce democracy and "fulminèd over Greece." With inauspicious gods and adverse fate was he born, whom his father, bleared-eyed with the grime of the glowing mass sent from the coal, the pincers, sword-forging anvil, and sooty Vulcan, to study rhetoric.

Milton ("Paradise Regained," bk. iv. l. 267) says of Demosthenes:—

"Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy."

FAME.

So much greater is the thirst for fame than generous deeds. For who is willing to embrace virtue herself, if thou takest away its reward? And yet, in former days, this desire of a few for glory has been the ruin of their native land; that longing for immortality and those monumental inscriptions to grace the marble that guard their ashes; though to rend these the destructive strength of the barren fig-tree is sufficient. Since even to sepulchres themselves fate hath fore-ordained their day of doom. Weigh the dust of Hannibal. How many pounds wilt thou find in that mighty general! Yet this is he who will not be confined within the limits of Africa, lashed by the Mauritanian ocean, and stretching even to the steaming Nile, and then again to the races of the Ethiopes and their tall elephants.

Byron thus expresses the same idea:—

"Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away."

GLORY.

What then ensued? Oh glory! this self-same man is conquered, and flying with headlong haste to exile, sits, a mighty and strange suppliant, at the palace door of the Bithynian king till his majesty be pleased to wake. That soul, whose frown alarmed the world, shall be put an end to neither by swords, nor stones, nor javelins, but a ring will be the avenger of Cannæ's fatal field and its mighty carnage. Fly, madman, climb the rugged Alps that thou mayest please the rhetoricians and be a theme at school! One world was too small for the youth of Pella. He gasps for breath within the narrow limits of the universe, poor soul, as though immured in Gyarus' small rock or tiny Seriphos. When, however, he shall have entered within Babylon's brick walls, he will be content with a sarcophagus. Death alone proclaims the true dimensions of our puny frames.

Valerius Maximus (viii. 14) puts these words into the mouth of Alexander:—

"Ah me miserable! that I have not yet got possession of one world."

DESCRIPTION OF OLD AGE.

"Life, length of life! give many years, O Jupiter." This thou prayest for whether sick or well. But with what unceasing and grievous ills is old age loaded? First of all, a face hideous and ghastly, changed from its former self; for a smooth

skin, a hide with scruff overgrown, and flabby cheeks, and such wrinkles as many a grandam ape is seen to scrape in her wizened jowl in Tabraca's thick woods.

Euripides (Fr. Incert. 48):—

"Oh old age, in what hopes of pleasure thou indulgest! Every man wishes to reach thee: and having made trial, repents: as there is nothing worse in mortal life."

Antiphanes (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 570, M.) says:—

"Our life much resembles wine; when there is only a little remaining, it becomes vinegar: for all the ills of human nature crowd to old age as if it were a workshop."

Antiphanes (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 514, M.) says:—

"Oh old age, how much desired and blest thou art by all men, then when thou art present, how sad and full of misery! no one speaks well of thee, but every one, who speaks wisely, speaks ill of thee."

Compare Hamlet's speech to Polonius, and "As You Like It" (act ii. sc. 7):—

"His big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in its sound."

Mrs. Thrale ("Three Warnings"):—

"The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our later stages
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears."

BEAUTY AND MODESTY.

For rarely do we meet in one combined
A beauteous body and a virtuous mind.

PRAYER TO THE GODS.

Must, then, men pray for nothing? If thou take my advice, thou wilt allow the gods themselves to decide what is best for us and most suitable for our circumstances. For instead of our imaginary bliss, the gods will give us real good. In truth, man is dearer to the gods than to himself. Led on by the impulse of our feelings, by blind and headlong passion, we petition for wife and children; but they alone know what kind of wife and children they will prove. That, however, you may have something to pray for and may present at their shrines thy pious offerings, be this thy prayer: Vouchsafe me health of body and peace of mind; pray for a firm soul, proof against the threats of death, that reckons the closing scene of life among nature's kindly boons, that can patiently endure the labors of life, that is able to restrain anger and desire alike, and counts the cares and toils of Hercules to be far preferable to the wanton nights, rich banquets, and downy couch of Sardanapalus. I teach thee what blessings thou canst bestow on thyself. The only certain road to peace of mind is through a virtuous life. If we were wise, we should see, O Fortune, nothing divine in thee; it is we ourselves that have made thee a goddess, and placed thy throne in heaven.

Socrates in Plato (Alcib. ii. 5):—

"That poet, Alcibiades, was not far from being a wise person, who, finding himself connected with some senseless friends, doing and praying for things which it would be better for them to be without, though they thought otherwise, made use of a prayer in common for all to this effect: 'O Jupiter, our king, grant to us whatever is good, whether we pray for it or not; but avert what is evil, even though we offer our prayers to obtain it.'"

And in respect to children, Socrates says (*Alcib. II. 5*):—
 "And in regard to children, you will find in the same way how that some persons, after having prayed that they might be blessed with them, have, when they are born, found themselves overwhelmed in the greatest calamities and miseries. For some, whose children 'are given over to work all uncleanness with greediness,' have passed their whole lives in sorrow; while others, though their children were well-behaved, having lost them, have felt the sorrows of life not less acutely than the others, wishing that their children had never been born."

Shakespeare ("Antony and Cleopatra," act II. sc. 1):—

"We ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
 Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
 By losing of our prayers."

"Health of body and peace of mind." This is what Epicurus prayed for (*Diog. Laërt. vi. 131*):—

"Neither to have pain in body, nor to be troubled in spirit."
 So Jeremiah vi. 16:—

"Ask where is the good way and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

KNOW THYSELF.

I should with reason despise that man who knows how much Atlas soars above all other mountains in Africa, and yet is ignorant how much a small purse differs from an iron-bound chest. "Know thyself" came down from heaven to be impressed in living characters upon thy heart, and even pondered in thy thoughts.

KNOW THYSELF.

In great concerns and small, one must know one's own measure even when going to buy a fish, lest thou shouldst long for a mullet, when thou hast only money for a gudgeon in thy purse. What is to be the end of thee if thy throat widens as thy pockets shrink; when thy patrimony and whole fortune is squandered on thy belly, that deep abyss, which can hold everything, land, cattle, horses, silver, gold.

PLEASURES.

Our very sports by repetition tire,
 But rare delight breeds ever new desire.

AVARICE.

Some men do not make fortunes for the sake of living, but, blinded by avarice, live for the sake of money only.

REMORSE.

Man, wretched man, whene'er he stoops to sin,
 Feels, with the act, a strong remorse within.

CONSCIENCE.

By the verdict of his own breast no guilty man is ever acquitted.

MODERATION.

Let us lay aside all inordinate complaints. A man's grief ought never to show itself beyond due bounds, but be proportioned to the blow it has received.

WISDOM BY EXPERIENCE.

Yet we deem those too happy who, with daily life for their instructress, have learnt of old experience to endure the inconveniences of life and not shake off the yoke.

So Milton says:—

"To know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom."

THE GOOD.

THE GOOD, ALAS, ARE FEW! "The valued file,"
 Less than the gates of Thebes, the mouths of Nile!

So Genesis xviii. 32:—

"And he said, . . . Peradventure, ten shall be found there.
 And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake."

THE GODS AS WITNESSES.

For 'tis so common, in this age of ours,
 So easy, to condemn the Immortal Powers,
 That, can we but elude man's searching eyes,
 We laugh to scorn the witness of the skies.

SLOWNESS OF PUNISHMENTS AND FATES OF MEN.

All powerful though the wrath of the gods may be, yet certainly it is slow-paced. If, therefore, they prepare to punish all the guilty, when will they come to me? But, besides, I may perchance find that the divinity may be appeased by prayers: it is not unusual with him to pardon such perjuries as these. Many commit the same crimes with results widely different. One man is crucified as a reward of his villany, another ascends a throne.

Euripides (*Fr. Incert. 3*) says:—

"Vengeance advancing boldly will not strike you—he not afraid—in front, nor any other wicked man, but creeping silently and with slow foot, will grasp the scoundrels when she falls in with them."

Young says:—

"One to destroy is murder by the law,
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
 To murder thousands jakes a specious name,
 War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame."

MONEY.

And money is bewailed with deeper sighs,
 Than friends or kindred, and with louder cries.

PHILOSOPHY.

Divine philosophy weeds from our breast, by degrees, full many a vice and every kind of error. She is the first to teach us what is right: for revenge is ever the abject pleasure of an abject mind. Be assured of this, since no one delights more in revenge than poor weak womankind. Yet why should you imagine that those have escaped whom their mind, weighed down by a sense of guilt, keeps in constant terror and haunts with an invisible thong, while conscience, as their tormentor, plies a scourge unmarked by human eyes? Nay, fearful is their punishment, and far more terrible than those which the sanguinary Cæditiu invents or Rhadamanthus; bearing, as they do, in their own breast, day and night, a witness against themselves.

WICKEDNESS DEvised IS DONE.

For, IN THE EYE OF HEAVEN, a wicked deed
 Devised, is done.

Shakespeare ("King John," act IV. sc. 2) says:—

"The deed which both our tongues held vile to name."

Byron says:—

"What is the sin which is not
Sin in itself? Can circumstances make sin
Or virtue?"

"Man punishes the action, but God the intention."

THE NATURE OF WICKED MEN.

The nature of the wicked is in general fickle and variable. While they are engaged in their evil deeds, they have resolution, and more than enough. When they have accomplished their foul acts, then it is that they begin to feel the difference between right and wrong.

NATURE FIXED.

Incapable of change, Nature still
Recurr to her old habits.

HEAVEN NEITHER DEAF NOR BLIND.

Thou wilt exult in the bitter punishment of the hated scoundrel, and at length with joy confess that no one of the gods is either deaf or blind like Tiresias.

A PETTY TYRANT.

Who, the stern tyrant of his small domain,
The Polypheme of his domestic train.

PATERNAL EXAMPLE.

The examples of vice that we witness at home corrupt us more speedily and sooner when they insinuate themselves into our minds sanctioned by those on whom our earliest thoughts dwell. Such practices may, perhaps, be spurned by one or two youths whose hearts have been formed by God with kindlier art and moulded of a purer clay. But their sire's footsteps, though they deserve to be shunned, lead on the rest, and the path of inveterate profligacy that has long been pointed out to them lures them on.

So 2 Timothy iii. 18:—

"But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived."

YOUTH.

Since we are all too ready to follow the example set by the depraved and wicked: a Catiline thou mayest see in any people under any sky, but a Brutus or a Cato thou wilt nowhere find. Let no immodest sight or word approach the doors which close upon your child.

CHILDREN.

His child's unsullied purity demands the deepest reverence at a parent's hand. When thou art contemplating some base deed, forget not thy child's tender years, but let the presence of thy infant son act as a check on thy headlong course to sin.

So Ephesians vi. 4:—

"And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

EVIL EXAMPLE.

With what front canst thou exercise the powers of a father, thou who thyself, though tottering on the verge of the grave, dost worse than this?

THE JEWS.

Some, whose fate it is to have a father who reverences the Sabbath, bow down to nothing except the clouds and the Divinity of heaven; regarding with equal loathing the flesh of man and swine, following the tradition of their fathers. Soon, too, they submit to circumcision. Taught to deride the Roman ritual, they study, observe, and reverence those Jewish statutes found in the mystic volume of Moses—such as never point the road or make the fountain known except to the circumcised alone. But their bigot father taught them this, who whiled away each seventh revolving day in sloth, and kept aloof from life's daily duties.

AVARICE.

"What does the world say! How sounds the loud trumpet of slanderous fame?" "What matters that to me?" says he; "I had rather have a lupin's pod added to my store than that the whole neighborhood should praise me, if I am to be cursed with the scant produce of a small estate."

Diphilus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1091. M.) says:—

"If it were not for the love of grasping, there would not be a single wicked man in the world. That shows the real love of money, when, forgetting to look at what is just, thou art altogether the slave of gain."

RICHES.

For he who wishes to become rich, wishes to become so speedily.

So Proverbs xxviii. 20:—

"He that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent."

MONEY.

Gain smells sweet from any source. Let this saying be always on thy tongue—worthy of the gods, and even of Jove himself—No one asks thee how thou gettest it, but get it thou must.

This alludes to Vespasian's answer to Titus (Suet. Vesp. 28).

VICE.

No one thinks it enough to sin just so much as thou allowest, they go far beyond the limit assigned them.

WEALTH.

Wretched is the guardianship of a large fortune.

NATURE AND WISDOM.

Nature and wisdom never are at strife.

SUPERSTITION.

Oh holy nations! Sacro-sanct abodes!
Where every garden propagates its gods.

BIGOTRY.

On both sides a deadly hate arises on this account, because each hates its neighbor's gods, believing those only to be gods which itself worships.

THE WICKED.

Now earth, grown old and frigid, rears with pain
A pigmy brood, a weak and wicked train.

FEELING HEARTS.

Nature proclaims that she has given mankind feeling hearts by giving us tears. This is the greatest boon that she has bestowed upon us. In this way she bids us sympathize with the misfortunes of a sorrowing friend, bewail the prisoner's fate or the misery of the orphan, compelled to summon his guardian to court that he may recover his inheritance, so soft his tresses and so bedewed with tears that thou wouldst doubt his sex and take him for a girl. It is as Nature bids, when we mourn some young maiden conveyed to the grave before her time, or some infant just shown on earth and hurried to the tomb. For what good man, who that is worthy of the mystic torch, such an one as Ceres' priest would have him be, ever deems the woes of others not his own? This it is that distinguishes us from the brute creation, and therefore we alone, gifted with superior powers and capable of things divine, fitted for the practice and reception of every useful art, have received from high heaven a moral sense denied to creatures prone and downward bent. In the beginning the Almighty Creator of this vast fabric breathed life in *them*, a reasoning soul in *us*, that mutual kindness might be lighted up in our hearts to return the good which others did us.

BEARS AGREE.

Bears, savage to others, are yet at peace among themselves.

Theocritus (Idyll ix. 31) says, in like manner:—

"Cicala is dear to cicala, ant to ant, hawks to hawks; but to me the Muse and song."

It is the common proverb—

"Birds of a feather flock together."

So Ecclesiasticus xlii. 16:—

"All flesh consorteth according to kind, and a man will cleave to his like."

And again (xxvii. 10):—

"The birds will return to their like."

LIVY.

BORN B.C. 59—DIED A.D. 17.

LIVYUS, the celebrated Roman historian, born at Patavium, the modern Padua, B.C. 59, in the consulship of Cæsar and Bibulus, spent the greater part of his life at Rome, where his literary talents gained him the patronage and friendship of Augustus. He must have enjoyed great influence at the imperial court, and became so distinguished that a Spaniard, as Pliny (Ep. ii. 3) tells us, travelled from Cadiz to Rome solely for the purpose of seeing him, and when he had satisfied his curiosity, immediately returned home. He was married, and left at least two children. These are all the particulars that have come down to us respecting him. The only extant work of Livy is a History of Rome, extending from the foundation of the city to the death of Drusus, B.C. 9, which was

comprised in 142 books, of these only 35 have descended, though we possess summaries of the rest.

CHILDREN.

Children, a bond of union than which the human heart feels none more endearing.

WOMEN.

To these persuasions was added the soothing behavior of their husbands themselves, who urged, in extenuation of the violence they had been tempted to commit, the excess of passion and the force of love: arguments than which there can be none more powerful to assuage the irritation of the female mind.

THE BAD.

Evil is fittest to consort with its like.

FATHERLAND.

Affection for the soil itself, which, in length of time, is acquired from habit.

A KING.

A king was a human being; from him a request might be obtained, whether right or wrong; with him there was room for favor, and for acts of kindness; he could be angry, and he could forgive; he knew a distinction between a friend and an enemy.

LAW.

Law is deaf, inexorable, calculated rather for the safety and advantage of the poor than of the rich, and admits of no relaxation or indulgence, if its bounds are transgressed. Men being liable to so many mistakes, to have no other security but innocence is a hazardous situation.

FACTION.

A spirit of faction, and men's regard to their own private interests, things which ever did, and ever will impede the public counsels.

So Matthew xxiv. 12:—

"And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold."

CIVIL DISSENSIONS.

Civil dissensions, the only infection, the only poison that operated, so as to set limits to the duration of great empires.

HONOR DECLINED.

So true it is, that honor prudently declined, often comes back with increased lustre.

So Matthew xviii. 4:—

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

GRATIFICATION OF WISHES.

The gratification of their wishes, as is generally the case, instantly begat disgust.

PRESENT SUFFERINGS.

Men feel more sensibly the weight of present sufferings than of such as exist only in apprehension.

GREAT ANIMOSITIES.

Great contests generally excite great animosities.

PRIDE.

That the punishments which attended pride and cruelty, though they might come late, were not light.

LIBERTY.

So difficult is it to preserve moderation in the asserting of liberty, while, under the pretence of a desire to balance rights, each elevates himself in such a manner as to depress another; for men are led, by the very measures which they adopt to free themselves from fear, to become the objects of fear to others, and to fasten upon them the burden of injustice which they have thrown off from their own shoulders, as if there existed in nature a perpetual necessity either of doing or of suffering injury.

PRIVATE INTEREST.

It results from the nature of the human mind, that he, who addresses the public with a view to his own particular benefit, is studious of rendering himself more generally agreeable than he who has no other object but the advantage of the public.

A GOOD NAME.

The loss of reputation and the esteem of mankind are of importance beyond what can be estimated.

FACTIONS.

Factions which have proved, and will ever continue to prove, a more deadly cause of downfall to most states than either foreign wars, or famine, or pestilence, or any other of those evils, which men are apt to consider as the severest of public calamities and the effects of divine vengeance.

NECESSITY.

Necessity is the last and strongest weapon.

REWARDS.

There was nothing which men would not undertake, if for great attempts great rewards were proposed.

MERIT.

Success, as on many other occasions, attended merit.

PUBLIC FAVORS.

Honors and public favors sometimes offer themselves the more readily to those, who have no ambition for them.

PLEASURE.

Toil and pleasure, in their natures opposite, are yet linked together in a kind of necessary connection.

THE BRAVE MAN.

It is generally the case, that the man who is

most ready on every occasion to undertake the largest share of toil and danger, is the least active in plundering.

WAR.

War has its laws as well as peace.

FORTUNE.

When Fortune is determined upon the ruin of a people, she can so blind them as to render them insensible to danger even of the greatest magnitude.

WOE.

Woe to the vanquished!

ADVERSITY.

Adversity reminds men of religion.

So Psalm lxxviii. 3:—
"I remembered God, and I was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed."

WOMAN.

The merest trifles will often affect the female mind.

THOSE ON A LEVEL WITH US.

It is certain that scarcely any man can bear to be surpassed by those nearest their own level.

FATE.

As it frequently happens that men, by endeavoring to shun their fate, run directly upon it.

THE BRAVE.

The event afforded a proof that fortune assists the brave.

ENVY.

Envy, like flame, soars upwards.

THE FAVOR OF GOD.

The issue of every human undertaking depends chiefly on men's acting either with or without the favor of the gods.

KINGS.

Kings being not only free from every kind of impediment, but masters of circumstances and seasons, make all things subservient to their designs, themselves uncontrolled by any.

THE GAULS.

In their first efforts they are more than men, yet in their last they are less than women.

THE ASSAILANT.

He who makes the attack has ever more confidence and spirit than he who stands on the defensive.

DEPRESSING THE SUPERIOR.

The practice of depressing the merit of his superior—a practice of the basest nature, and which has become too general, in consequence of the favorable success so often attending it.

A MILD GOVERNMENT.

A mild and equitable government than which there is no stronger bond of loyalty.

A GOOD COMMANDER.

To a good commander fortune is a matter of slight moment; wisdom and prudence control and govern all things.

THE FOOL.

He is the first man, in point of abilities, who of himself forms good counsels; the next is he who submits to good advice; he who can neither himself form good counsels nor knows how to comply with those of another is of the very lowest capacity.

PLANS OF MEN.

Men's plans ought to be regulated by circumstances, and not circumstances by their plans.

THE FOOL.

Fools only judge by events.

TRUTH.

It is commonly said that truth is often eclipsed, but never extinguished.

Milton ("The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce") says:—"Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam."

So Acts v. 39:—

"If this work be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

FAME.

He who slights fame shall enjoy it in its purity.

HASTINESS.

There is nothing seen clearly and certainly by the man in a hurry; hastiness is improvident and blind.

This is the Greek proverb (Zenob. ii. 14):—

"The fisherman stung will gain experience."

This proverb arose from the saying of a fisherman, who, in his over-anxiety to ascertain the contents of his net, got stung from the stray scorpion.

EVIL.

The evil with which men are best acquainted is the most tolerable.

LIBERTY.

The words—liberty restored—a sound ever delightful to the ears.

GREAT FORTUNE.

It is easy at any moment to resign the possession of a great station; to arrive at and acquire it is difficult and arduous.

THE POPULACE.

Such is the nature of the populace; they are either abject slaves or tyrannic masters. Liberty, which consists in a mean between these, they either undervalue or know not how to enjoy with

moderation; and in general there are not wanting agents disposed to foment their passions, who, working on minds which delight in cruelty, and know no restraint in the practice of it, exasperate them to acts of blood and slaughter.

GOOD MANAGEMENT.

Many things, difficult in their nature, are made easy by good management.

Euripides (Fr. Antio. 81) says:—

"For cities and households are well managed by the presence of man, and it is of great power in war, for one wise counsel is superior to many hands; whereas ignorance with a crowd is a greater evil."

FOREBODING OF EVIL.

A melancholy kind of silence and tacit foreboding; such a presage of evil as the mind is apt to feel when looking forward with anxiety.

SPIRITED COUNSELS.

In cases of difficulty and when hopes are small, the most spirited counsels are the safest.

REPUBLIC OF PHILOSOPHERS.

A republic of philosophers, such as speculative men are fond of forming in imagination, but which was never known.

GREAT EVENTS FROM TRIFLING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Events of great consequence spring from trifling circumstances.

THE GODS.

To the gods people have recourse with supplications for redress, when they can no longer endure the violence and injustice of men.

So Psalm cxiv. 18:—

"The Lord is high unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth."

SUPERSTITION.

A foolish superstition introduces the influence of the gods even in the smallest matters.

So Romans i. 21:—

"They became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened."

FEAR.

Fear, which always represents objects in the worst light.

SLIGHT INCIDENTS.

Incidents of light moment frequently impel men's minds to hope or fear.

FIDELITY OF BARBARIANS.

The fidelity of barbarians depends on fortune.

A ROMAN CITIZEN.

By a severe example to establish it as a maxim to all future ages, that no Roman citizen or soldier in any state of fortune should be injured with impunity.

PALLIATING GUILT.

Men's minds are generally ingenious in palliating guilt in themselves.

So Luke xiv. 18:—

"And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

WOUNDS.

Wounds, unless they are touched and handled, cannot be cured.

A MULTITUDE.

Every multitude, like the sea, is incapable of moving itself; the winds and gales put it in motion.

WICKEDNESS.

No wickedness proceeds on any ground of reason.

So Proverbs xxix. 7:—

"The wicked regardeth not to know it."

RASHNESS.

Rashness is not always fortunate.

HYPOCRISY.

Hypocrisy, by acquiring a foundation of credit in smaller matters, prepares for itself the opportunity of deceiving with greater advantage.

THE UNKNOWN.

People's apprehensions are greater in proportion as things are unknown.

FAULTS.

Some men's natural disposition is such that they show rather a dislike to the commission of faults than sufficient resolution to punish them when committed.

So Matthew xxvi. 41:—

"The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

TEMPERANCE.

He, who has reined in and curbed his pleasures by temperance, has procured for himself much greater honor and a greater victory than when he conquers an enemy.

Genesis iv. 7:—

"If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door."

BENEFITS.

Men have less lively sensations of good than of evil.

GRATITUDE.

So deficient are men in gratitude, even at the time when a favor is received; and much less are they apt to retain a proper sense of it afterwards.

THE PAST.

What is past, however it may be blamed, cannot be retrieved.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN EVENTS.

He, whom fortune has never deceived, rarely considers the uncertainty of human events.

SOUND JUDGMENT.

If, along with prosperity, the gods would grant us a sound judgment, we should consider not only what had already happened, but what may possibly happen hereafter.

HIGH FORTUNE.

The most exalted state of fortune is ever the least to be relied on.

WAR.

Events less correspond to men's expectations in war than in any other case whatever.

SOUND JUDGMENT.

Men are seldom blessed with good fortune and a good understanding at the same time.

GOOD FORTUNE.

Those, who are unaccustomed to success, unable to restrain their transports, run into extravagance.

A GREAT STATE.

No great state can remain long at rest. If it has no enemies abroad, it finds them at home: as overgrown bodies seem safe from external injuries, but suffer grievous inconveniences from their own strength.

MONEY.

Nothing stings more deeply than the loss of money.

THE MULTITUDE.

Nothing is so uncertain or so difficult to form a judgment of, as the minds of the multitude. The very measures, which seem calculated to increase their alacrity in exertions of every sort, often inspire them with fear and timidity.

DEMAGOGUES.

There never are wanting orators who are ready on every occasion to inflame the people—a kind of men who, in all free states, are maintained by the favor of the multitude.

LAW.

No law perfectly suits the convenience of every member of the community; the only consideration is, whether upon the whole it be profitable to the greater part.

AVARICE AND LUXURY.

Avarice and luxury, those pests which have ever been the ruin of every great state.

PASSIONS.

As diseases must necessarily be known before their remedies, so passions come into being before the laws which prescribe limits to them.

POVERTY.

Of all kinds of shame, the worst, surely, is the being ashamed of frugality or poverty.

WOMAN.

Be assured that when once a woman begins to be ashamed of what she ought not to be ashamed of, she will not be ashamed of what she ought.

THE WICKED.

It is safer that a wicked man should never be accused than that he should be acquitted.

WOMAN.

Elegance of appearance, ornaments, and dress,—these are woman's badges of distinction; in these they delight and glory; these our ancestors called the woman's world.

APPEARANCES.

In many cases mere appearances have all the effect of realities, and a person under a firm persuasion that he can command resources, virtually has them; that very prospect inspiring him with hope and boldness in his exertions.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

What is most honorable is likewise safest.

COURTIER.

The ministers in the courts of kings, faithless in other respects, are particularly so in regard to the concealing of secrets.

LIBERTY.

Liberty, when regulated by prudence, is productive of happiness both to individuals and to states; but when pushed to excess, it becomes not only obnoxious to others, but precipitates the possessors of it themselves into dangerous rashness and extravagance.

DISTINCTIONS OF RANKS.

All such distinctions as tend to set the orders of the state at a distance from each other, are equally subversive of liberty and concord.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

So difficult is it to bring people to approve of any alteration of ancient customs: they are always naturally disposed to adhere to old practices, unless experience evidently proves their inexpediency.

FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.

Being continually in people's sight, which circumstance, by the mere satiety which it creates, diminishes the reverence felt for great characters.

Cowper says:—

"The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back,
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one had need,
Be very much a friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it."

ADVENTUROUS SCHEMES.

Passionate and adventurous schemes, however flattering at first views, prove difficult in the execution, and disastrous in the issue.

ENVY.

There are no dispositions more prone to envy than those of persons, whose mental qualifications are inferior to their birth and rank in life, such always harbor an antipathy to merit, as a treasure in which they cannot share.

So Pindar (Fr. Incert. 27) says:—

"Envy the attendant of the empty mind."

DEGENERACY.

Everything that grows in its own natural soil attains the greater perfection; whatever is planted in a foreign land, by a gradual change in its nature, degenerates into a similitude to that which affords its nurture.

ENVY.

Envy is blind and cares for nothing but to detract from virtues, to debase the honorable and take from their rewards.

So James III. 14:—

"But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not."

FALSE RELIGION.

Nothing is more apt to deceive by specious appearances than false religion.

So 2 Timothy III. 5:—

"Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away."

SUN.

My sun has not yet set.

LIBERTY.

For no favor produces less permanent gratitude than the gift of liberty, especially among people who are ready to make a bad use of it.

FRIENDSHIPS.

It is a common saying, and because founded in truth, has become a proverb, that friendships ought to be immortal, but enmities mortal.

A PRUDENT MAN.

To use moderation in prosperity, and not to confide too much in the calm of present circumstances, is the part of a man of prudence who deserves success.

MODERATION.

Assume in adversity the countenance of prosperity, and in prosperity moderate the temper.

VULGAR.

The foolish passion which actuates the vulgar, even in contests of sport, of favoring the worse and weaker party.

TREACHERY.

In general, treachery, though at first sufficiently cautious, yet in the end betrays itself.

MAN OF SPIRIT.

He alone will deserve the character of a man, who suffers not his spirit to be elated by the fa-

vorable gales of fortune, nor to be broken by its adverse blasts.

ARROGANCE.

Arrogance creates disgust in some and ridicule in others, more especially if it be shown by an inferior towards a superior.

LUCAN.

BORN ABOUT A.D. 39—DIED A.D. 65.

M. ANNÆUS LUCANUS, a native of Cordova in Spain, was the son of L. Annæus Mella, of equestrian rank, who had amassed a large fortune by farming the imperial revenues. The poetical talents of Lucan attracted the attention of the Emperor Nero, who became so jealous of his rising reputation that he forbade him to recite in public. Lucan, annoyed at this unjust proceeding, entered into the famous conspiracy of Piso, but was betrayed. Under promise of pardon, he was induced to turn informer, denouncing even his own mother, and then the rest of his accomplices. He received a most just reward. When the whole information had been got from him, the emperor issued his order that he should die; and, finding escape to be hopeless, he caused his veins to be opened in a warm bath. Finding himself to be dying, though still retaining consciousness, he recalled to recollection and began to repeat aloud some verses which he had once composed descriptive of a wounded soldier, perishing by a like death, and with these lines upon his lips he expired A.D. 65. The only extant production of Lucan is an heroic poem in ten books, entitled "Pharsalia," in which the wars between Cæsar and Pompey are fully detailed, beginning with the passage of the Rubicon.

PROSPERITY IS OF SHORT DURATION.

The envious malice of the Fates, the refusal to allow what is great to be of long duration, the sinking beneath too great a weight, and Rome unable to support herself, were the causes that drove peace from the world.

LIMITS TO HUMAN POWER.

Mighty things haste to destruction of themselves; this is the limit that the gods have assigned to human prosperity.

NO FRIENDSHIP IN HIGH POWER.

There is no friendship between those who are associated in high power; and he who rules will ever be impatient of a partner.

RIVALEY.

Emulation adds its spur.

CATO.

Which of the two had the more righteous cause, it is hard to say; each defends itself under mighty

names; the conquering cause was, no doubt, the favorite of the gods, but the conquered of Cato.

THE SHADOW OF A NAME.

There stands the shadow of a glorious name.

CÆSAR.

But in Cæsar there was not merely the past renown and fame of a general, but a valor that was ever restless; and the only time that a blush mantled his cheek was when he failed in some warlike exploit. Fierce and undaunted, he was ready to advance whither hope and vengeance led him, never hesitating to flesh his sword in blood: making a good use of his advantages, he still relied on the favor of heaven; bearing down whatever opposed him in his road to glory, he rejoiced to make his way amidst the ruin of all around him.

MIGHT MAKES RIGHT.

Might was the measure of right.

USURY.

Hence devouring usury, and interest ready to be called for at the moment due, and shaken credit and warfare profitable to the multitude who have nothing to lose.

ONE WHO HAD CHANGED HIS OPINIONS.

The unblushing Curio, with his venal tongue, accompanies them—a voice that once spoke on the side of freedom, and that dared to defend the cause of liberty and to place armed aristocrats on the same level with the lower classes.

DELAY.

Away with delay; it hath always injured those who are inclined to procrastinate.

JUST THINGS.

He who refuses what is right, gives up everything to him who has arms in his hands.

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

On your (i.e., Druids) authority the spirits of the dead do not proceed to the silent abodes of Erebus and the dreary realms of Pluto in the depths below; the same spirit directs other limbs in another world; death is the mid-point of a lengthened existence, if your songs speak the truth. Happy indeed are those people on whom the Northern Bear looks down in their error, whom this, the very greatest of terrors, does not move—the fear of death. Hence those manly spirits are ever ready to rush undaunted on the pointed steel, and souls that welcome death, bravely scorn to spare that life that must so soon return.

IMAGINED ILLS.

Thus every one by his fears gives increased strength to rumors, and though there be no real cause for alarm, they fear fancied ills.

CHANGEABLENESS OF FORTUNE.

Ye gods, ready to grant the highest prosperity, and slow to preserve it!

RAGE.

The very frenzy of their madness hurries them on, and it seemed mere idleness to be looking for the guilty.

LIFE OF VICISSITUDE.

This was the closing scene of the life of Marius, who had endured all things which the most adverse fortune could inflict, and who had enjoyed every happiness which prosperity could bestow.

Diphilus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1004, M.) says:—

"The life of man is full of vicissitude."

VIRTUE.

Virtue, accompanied with a clear conscience, will follow whither the fates lead.

CATO.

These were the stern habits of the man, this was the rigid rule of the unbending Cato, to observe the golden mean, to keep the purposed end in view, to follow nature's laws, to be ready to die in his country's cause, to regard himself born not for his own selfish enjoyments but for the benefit of the whole world. To repress hunger was a banquet, to keep away by a mere roof the winter cold was regarded as a noble palace; to wrap a shaggy toga round his limbs, after the manner of the early Romans, was a costly robe.

CÆSAR.

But Cæsar, precipitate in everything, thinking nothing done while anything remained to be done.

HOW TO GAIN POPULAR FAVOR.

Thus did he drive from his breast all thoughts of war and anxiously revolve the arts of peace, how he might purchase the fickle attachment of the populace, well aware that the cause of anger and the highest favor depend on supplies of food. For it is famine alone that confers freedom on cities, and respect is bought when the nobles are feeding the lazy rabble. A starving commonality knows no fear.

DESPOTISM.

The liberty of a people, ruled by a despot, perishes by excess of liberty; of it thou mayst preserve the shadow, if thou art willing to do whatever thou art commanded.

HEROISM.

Oh! how noble it is for this race to hasten their fate by their own hands, and though full of life to give what remains of it to the gods.

CONCORD.

Now approach, O Concord, that encirclest all things in thine everlasting embrace; O thou life of the world, who joinest in harmonious peace

the jarring elements, thou divine principle shedding love over the universe.

NATURE REQUIRES LITTLE.

Learn on how little man may live, and what a small portion of food nature requires.

So Philipians (iv. 11):—

"For I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

THE BRAVE.

Life may seem short, but it is not so to any who have sufficient time remaining to look out for their mode of dying: we shall die with as much honor, though death comes to seek us, as if we had gone to meet it. In the darkness and uncertainty of man's doom, your high spirit is equally shown whether you sacrifice years or a moment of your future existence, provided you do it by your own choice. To choose death is the characteristic of the brave.

FEAR.

By daring, great fears are concealed.

"The dog that means to bite don't bark."

A MULTITUDE UNPUNISHED.

All go free, when multitudes offend.

CRIME.

Guilt equal, gives equality of state.

THE VULGAR AND THE GREAT.

Do you suppose that you have imparted strength to me? Heaven never lowers itself to occupy itself about you, or to think of your death or safety. Everything follows the will of the lordly great. The human race lives at the beck of a few.

POVERTY.

Oh, the safety of a poor man's life and his humble home! Oh, these are gifts bestowed by heaven, though seldom understood! What temples or what cities would not feel alarm with dreadful forebodings if Cæsar knocked at their door with his armed bands!

Dante ("Paradiso" xi. 67) refers to this when he says:—

"Nor aught avail'd, that, with Amyclas, she
Was found unmoved, at rumor of his voice,
Who shook the world."

SOUNDS.

Her gabbling tongue a muttering tone confounds
Discordant, and unlike to human sounds:
It seem'd of dogs the bark, of wolves the howl,
The doleful screeching of the midnight owl;
The hiss of snakes, the hungry lion's roar,
The bound of billows beating on the shore:
The groan of winds among the leafy wood
And burst of thunder from the rending cloud:
'Twas these, all these in one.

THE CHIEFTAINS FIGHT ONLY FOR THEIR PLACE OF BURIAL.

The chieftains contend only for their place of burial.

So Gray in "Elegy"—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

THE BRAVE MAN.

The very fear of an impending misfortune has driven many a coward to dare the utmost danger. That man is truly brave who, prepared to meet every extremity, if it is close at hand, is also able to wait coolly for its approach.

WAR.

Neither side is guiltless, if its adversary is appointed judge.

THE PROSPEROUS.

While a man enjoys prosperity, he knows not whether he is beloved

THE WORLD'S CONFLAGRATION.

These nations, Cæsar, if the fire does not devour them, with the earth it will consume, with the waters of the deep it will consume. One common pile remains for the world, destined to mingle the stars with its bones. Whithersoever Fortune shall summon thee, thither these souls also are wending. Thou shalt not rise higher into the air than these, nor in a more favored spot shalt thou lie beneath the Stygian night. Death is secure from Fortune. The earth receives everything which she has produced! he who has no urn is covered by the heavens.

TIME.

Thus does a life too lengthened bring sorrow to mighty souls when loss of empire comes with length of days. Unless our own end and that of our blessings be at the same moment, and our sorrows be anticipated by speedy death, our former happiness adds strength to our grief. Does any one dare to trust himself to prosperity, if he possess not a heart prepared for death?

NORTHERN NATIONS.

In cold laborious climes the wintry north
Brings her undaunted hardy warriors forth,
In body and in mind untaught to yield,
Stubborn of soul and steady in the field;
While Asia's softer climate, form'd to please,
Dissolves her sons in insolence and ease.

SELF-INTEREST AND INTEGRITY.

As far as the stars are from the earth, and as different as fire is from water, so much do self-interest and integrity differ.

A COURT LIFE.

Let him who wishes to lead a virtuous life eschew courts. Goodness and supreme power do not agree together. The man who is ashamed to

commit cruel acts, will always have cause to fear.

THE UNFORTUNATE.

It is not becoming to turn from friends in adversity, but then it is for those who have basked in the sunshine of their prosperity to adhere to them. No one was ever so foolish as to select the unfortunate for their friends.

THE SOUL OF THE GOOD LEAPS UP TO HEAVEN AT DEATH.

But his soul was not laid in ashes at Pharos, nor could a little heap of dust contain so great a shade; it leapt from the pyre, and leaving the mass of half-burnt bone, sprung towards the vaulted throne of the Thunderer. Where the murky air meets the starry circles, midway between our earth and the orbit of the moon, there dwell the sainted Manes, whom, innocent in life, fiery virtue directed to the lower abode of God, and gathered in eternal mansions. Those laid in gold and perfumes do not come hither. After he had feasted himself on the pure light, and admired the wandering planets and pole-fixed stars, he beheld the mist of darkness that enfolds our brightest days, and mocked the farce called death, in which his own maimed body lay.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS NAME.

A name illustrious and revered by nations.

DEATH.

Free death is man's first bliss, the next is to be slain.

GOD.

We are all dependent on God, and even when His temples sound not His praise, we are able to do nothing without His will: neither does the divinity require words to express His commands; the Almighty has told us once for all at our birth whatever is allowed us to know; nor has He confined His knowledge to the barren Libyan sands to teach the sparse inhabitants around, nor has He drowned His truths amidst desert wilds. Does God choose for His abode any spot except this earth, sea, air, and heaven, and, above all, virtuous minds? Why seek for God elsewhere? God is in everything thou seest, and wherever thou movest. Let doubting mortals consult juggling priests, and those who ever live in fear and anxiety. It is not oracles, but the certainty of death that gives firmness to my mind. The coward and the brave are doomed to fall; it is enough that God has told us this undoubted truth.

THE POET'S POWERS.

O divine and mighty power of Poesy, thou rescuest all things from the grasp of death, and biddest the mortal hero securely live to all time.

LUCRETIIUS.

BORN B.C. 95—DIED B.C. 52.

T. LUCRETIIUS CARUS, a celebrated Roman poet, respecting whose personal history very scanty materials have come down to us. The Eusebian chronicle fixes his birth B.C. 95, and adds that he was driven mad by a love potion, composing during his lucid intervals works which were revised by Cicero. It is supposed that his poem *De Rerum Natura*, was given to the world B.C. 57, when the machinations of Clodius were disturbing the Roman state. It is a philosophical didactic poem, composed in heroic hexameters, divided into six books, containing upwards of 7400 lines, and is addressed to C. Memmius Gemellus, who was prætor B.C. 58. It gives a complete exposition of the religious, moral, and physical doctrines of Epicurus.

VENUS.

All-bounteous Venus, parent of Rome, joy of men and gods, who under the starry girdle of the heaven makest the ship-bearing sea and fruitful earth to teem with living creatures, to thee all owe their birth, and springing forth enjoy the enlivening light of day; the winds are hushed and the clouds of heaven disperse at thy approach; the earth with various art puts forth her scented flowers to welcome thee; the waters of the ocean laugh, and the serene sky assumes its brightest hue, as the rays of light are diffused around.

Spenser ("Faerie Queene," iv. c. x. 44) seems thus to translate this passage:—

"Great Venus! queene of Beautie and of Grace,
The loy of gods and men, that under skie,
Doeest fayrest shine, and most adorn thy place;
That with thy smiling look doeest pacifie
The raging seas, and mak'st the stormes to fle,
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds do feare;
And when thou spred'st thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play and pleasant lands appeare,
And heavens laugh, and all the world shews ioyous cheare."

SUPERSTITION.

While men lay with slavish fear prostrate on earth, weighed down by abject superstition, which took its rise from heavenly contemplations, threatening mortals with horrid mien, then at length a Greek (Epicurus) first dared to lift the veil from the eyes of man and assert his natural liberty.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY THE CAUSE OF MANY EVILS.

So much mischief was superstitious bigotry able to accomplish.

NATURE OF THE SOUL.

For it is unknown what is the real nature of the soul, whether it be born with the bodily frame or be infused at the moment of birth, whether it perishes along with us, when death separates the soul and body, or whether it visits the shades of Pluto and bottomless pits, or enters by divine appointment into other animals.

NO ANNIHILATION.

Besides nature resolves everything into its component elements, but annihilates nothing; for if the substances of bodies could die, they would suddenly vanish from our sight.

DEATH EASILY CAUSED.

For certainly one single touch would be the stroke of fate.

STORM OF WIND.

In the first place, the fierce fury of the wind ploughing up the sea, tears to pieces the stoutest ships, and drives the clouds before it; sometimes rushing on with rapid course, it strews the plains with lofty trees, beats the highest mountains with wood-destroying blasts; with such thundering noise and wild roaring does the sea rage.

EFFECTS OF TIME.

Nay more, in the revolution of many years, the ring on the finger grows less and less by constant use: the drop hollows the stone; the crooked iron ploughshare wears away unnoticed in the fields: we see the paved streets scooped out by treading: the brazen figures that adorn our doors show their hands diminished by the touch of those that visit or pass by.

Crates (Fr. Com. Gr. l. p. 85, M.) says:—

"For time has bent me downwards, a cunning craftsman no doubt, but making all things weaker."

THE SENSES.

What can give us more sure knowledge than our senses? With what else can we more surely distinguish the true and false?

FANCY.

Touching everything lightly with the charm of poetry.

PHYSICIANS.

But as physicians, in giving children bitter draughts, to make them take it, tinge the edges of the cup with the sweet flavor of yellow honey. that the thoughtless child may be cheated by the lip, and then be led on to drink off the nauseous mixture, and being thus harmlessly deceived, may not be caught for ill, but rather, refreshed by this proceeding, become convalescent.

PHILOSOPHY.

'Tis sweet, when the seas are roughened by violent winds, to view on land the toils of others, not that there is pleasure in seeing others in distress, but because man is glad to know himself secure. 'Tis pleasant, too, to look, with no share of peril, on the mighty contests of war; but nothing is sweeter than to reach those calm, unruffled temples, raised by the wisdom of philosophers, whence thou mayest look down on poor mistaken mortals, wandering up and down in life's devious ways, some resting their fame on genius, or priding

themselves on birth, day and night toiling anxiously to rise to high fortune and sovereign power.

Archippus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 418, M.) says:—

"How pleasant it is, O mother, to see the sea from the land, sailing nowhere."

Milton ("Comus," l. 484) thus speaks of philosophy:—

"How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no rude surfet reigns."

"YEA, ALL WHICH IT INHERIT SHALL DISSOLVE."

Lest, with the speed of lightning, the fabric of this world loosened should suddenly vanish into the vast void, and everything else follow in the same way; lest the innermost temples of heaven should rush down from aloft, and the earth quickly withdraw itself from beneath our feet; and amidst the mingled ruins of heaven, and all things loosened from their hold disappear through the deep void, so that in the twinkling of an eye nothing should remain except empty space and undeveloped elements.

So Shakespeare ("Tempest," act iv.):—

"These, . . . as I foretold you, . . .
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve:
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

BLINDNESS OF MAN.

O misery of men! O blinded fools! in what dark mazes, in what dangers we walk this little journey of our life!

This reminds us of what Dante ("Paradiso," xl. 1) says of man:—

"Oh vain anxiety of mortal men:
How vain and inconclusive arguments
Are those, which make thee beat thy wings below,
For statutes one, and one for aphorisms
Was hunting: this the priesthood followed; that,
By force or sophistry, aspired to rule;
To rob another; and another sought,
By civil business, wealth; one, molling, lay
Tangled in net of sensual delight;
And one to witless indolence resign'd."

So Hebrews iii. 10:—

"They do always err in their heart."

HONOR, WEALTH, AND NOBILITY DO THE MIND
NO GOOD.

The heat of a fever is not more easily got rid of, if thou art tossing on the red purple of embroidered coverings, than if thou wert reclining on the coarse cloth of the poor. Wherefore, since neither treasures, nor high rank, nor sovereign power avail our diseased body, it is certain that they will do as good to our mind.

CARES.

In reality the alarms and cares that nestle in the breast of man are not dispersed by the noise and fierce contest of war; they boldly take up their abode in the breast of kings and the powerful of the

earth, nor are they put to flight by the glistening of gold nor the gay sparklings of the purple dye.

NATIONS.

One nation rises to supreme power in the world, while another declines, and in a brief space of time the sovereign people change, transmitting, like racers, the lamp of life to some other that is to succeed them.

DANGERS OF THE SEA.

But as midst numerous wrecks the vast sea is usually scattered over with remnants of the vessels, seats, yards, prows, masts, and oars, so that along the shore may be seen many ship-ornaments, warning mortals to shun the fury and cruel treachery of the deep, and to put no faith in the deceitful smile of the placid ocean.

Milton ("Paradise Lost," iv. 164) says:—

"Many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old ocean smiles."
And Keble:—

"The many twinkling smile of ocean."

THE MISERIES OF LIFE.

Death is accompanied with wailing, which babes raise the moment they enter on the threshold of life; no night follows day, and no morning has ever dawned that has not heard the moanings of the sick, with the screams of the child, attendants on death and the grave.

Thus a fragment of Empedocles ("De Naturâ") says:—

"Short-lived mortals enduring a brief space of miserable existence, raised aloft like smoke, fly away, impelled only by that is near them, spinning hither and thither,—get a thousand glimpses but never see a whole, 'things that eye hath not seen, nor ears heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.'"

HEAVENLY ORIGIN OF ALL THINGS.

In short, we are all sprung from heavenly seeds; we have all one common father, from whom, when the bounteous earth has received the liquid drops of moisture, becoming fruitful, she brings forth the blooming grain, the joyous woods, and human race, all kinds of wild beasts, while she furnishes food to support their bodies, prolong their lives, and propagate their species.

DUST TO DUST.

What came from the earth returns back to the earth, and the spirit that was sent from heaven, again carried back, is received into the temple of heaven.

NEW OPINIONS.

Examine with judgment each opinion: if it seems true, embrace it; if false, gird up the loins of thy mind to withstand it.

THE GODS.

For, O holy and pure gods, dwelling in undisturbed and everlasting ease, who is there that is able to rule this vast all, and to hold in his hands the reins of the immensity of space? Who is able to guide the motions of the heavenly bodies, and

to furnish the fruit-bearing earth with ethereal heat, or to be every moment in every place, to cause darkness with the clouds and shake the serene heaven with thunders, darting lightning and beating down their own temples: or else in vast deserts brandishing his bolts, which often pass over the guilty and strike the just and good.

HEAVEN.

The gods and their tranquil abodes appear, which no winds disturb nor clouds bedew with showers, nor does the white snow, hardened by frost, annoy them; the heaven, always pure, is without clouds, and smiles with pleasant light diffused.

So Homer (*Odyss.* vi. 41) says:—

"Olympus, where, they say, is ever the tranquil abode of the gods, never shaken by winds, nor wet by showers, nor covered by snow, but the sky is ever cloudless, and a bright glory overspreads it."

Tennyson ("Morte d'Arthur") says:—

"Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly."

THE DREAD OF WHAT COMES AFTER DEATH.

That dreadful fear of hell is to be driven out, which disturbs the life of man and renders it miserable, overcasting all things with the blackness of darkness, and leaving no pure, unalloyed pleasure.

THE MASK TORN OFF, THE TRUTH REMAINS.

The mask is torn off, and then the reality is seen.

RESULTS OF AMBITION.

In short, avarice and blind ambition, which force wretched men to overleap the line of justice, and sometimes, as the associates and servants of the wicked, to climb night and day with unwearied steps towards wealth and power; these great blots of our life are chiefly caused by the fear of death. For the proud man's contumely, "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," seem as far as possible removed from the pleasures and delights of life—nay, to be at the very gates of death. From which, while men, stirred by senseless fears, strive to fly and get to the greatest distance, they employ their time in amassing wealth by civil commotions and greedily double their vast store, heaping death on death, with cruel joy laughing over their brother's grave; hating and dreading their nearest kinsman's feasts.

Spenser in his "Faerie Queen" (v. 12, 1) thus expresses himself:—

"Oh sacred hunger of ambitious minds,
And impotent desire of men to reign!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils binds,
Nor laws of men, that commonweals contain,
Nor bands of nature, that wild beasts restrain,
Can keep from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtain:
No faith so firm, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may endure long."

MEN TIMID AS CHILDREN IN THE DARK.

For as children tremble and dread everything in the darkness of night, so we sometimes are frightened in broad daylight by things which are

no more to be feared than what children fear and imagine are going to happen.

VARIETIES IN MANKIND.

So men's minds differ too; though a liberal education may reform and polish, yet it still leaves some traces of the primitive seeds implanted by nature; nor must we expect all man's evil passions can be eradicated, but each will show his original bent, some being prone to rage, others to despondency, and a third will be more submissive to wrong than is right; in a thousand other ways the characters and dispositions of men differ, whose secret causes I am unable to explain, nor yet find out the names of those original principles whence all this variety takes its rise.

DECAY OF THE MIND.

With the body we plainly perceive that the mind strengthens and decays.

DEATH OF A FATHER.

For now no longer will thy joyful home receive thee, nor will thy chaste wife and prattling children strive with eager haste which shall have the first kiss, and hang with secret joy round thy neck. Thou shalt be no longer able to protect thy property and friends. One fatal day has snatched the vast delights away.

So Gray ("Elegy") says:—

"No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

GRIEF.

It is true thou sleepest in death, and there thou shalt lie to all eternity, free from all cares; but we shall mourn thee turned into ashes on the funeral pile, and no length of time shall ever take sorrow from our breast.

SHORTNESS OF THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.

When men recline at table, drink, and crown themselves with garlands, it is as much as to say: "What a short life is this; it has gone, nor must we expect it to return!"

MAN.

Why is it, O man, that thou indulgest in excessive grief? Why shed tears that thou must die? For if thy past life has been one of enjoyment, and if all thy pleasures have not passed through thy mind, as through a sieve, and vanished, leaving not a rack behind, why then dost thou not, like a thankful guest, rise cheerfully from life's feast, and with a quiet mind go take thy rest.

LIFE IS GIVEN FOR USE, NOT POSSESSION.

Life is not given for a lasting possession, but merely for use.

So 1 Corinthians vi. 20:—

"Ye are not your own: ye are bought with a price."

TIME PAST, AND AFTER DEATH NOTHING TO US.

Consider, too, how little it matters to us, these

ages that have run in eternal procession before we were born. Nature places this before us as a mirror to warn us how we should regard that time which will pass after our death. Is there anything terrible in this, anything sad? Is it not a state more soft than sleep?

VAIN LABORS.

A Sisyphus is seen by us every day; he it is who strives with mighty pains to get some high office, and always returns sad and disappointed. For to aim at high power, which is never reached, and to endure endless labor, what is this but to roll a vast stone up a hill, which straightway tumbles down again and swiftly reaches the level plain?

GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Cerberus, the Furies even, black hell, belching forth horrible flames from its jaws,—these are mere fancies, mere empty names; but in this life the fear of pains for wicked deeds is felt acutely, the prison, the fearful fall from the rock, scourges, the executioners, the pitch, the wheel, the torch, these affright the mind. Yet though these be not present, the guilty mind, anticipating evil, scourges and stings itself, nor does it meanwhile see what can be the termination of its misfortunes or the end of its punishments, fearing lest they should be fiercer after death: hence the life of such fools is as wretched as it would be in hell.

LIFE IN DEATH.

Whose life is dead, even while he is alive and sees.

"In the midst of life we are in death."—*Burial Service.*

THE GREATEST MEN CEASE TO LIVE.

Nay, the greatest wits and poets, too, cease to live; Homer, their prince, sleeps now in the same forgotten sleep as do the others.

OUGHT MEN TO FEEL IT A HARDSHIP TO DIE?

Wilt thou then repine, and think it a hardship to die? thou for whom life is well nigh dead even while thou livest and enjoyest the light of day, who wearest away the greater part of thy time in sleep, and snoorest waking, and ceasest not to see visions, and bearest about with thee a mind troubled with groundless terrors, and canst not discover the cause of thy never-ending troubles, when staggering thou art oppressed on all sides with a multitude of cares, and reelest rudderless in unsettled thoughts.

STRENUOUS IDLENESS OF THE RICH.

He goes often out of his splendid palace, tired of being in the house, and quickly returns, for he feels that he is no happier abroad. He hurries on, driving his steeds furiously to his country-house, as if he were hastening to his house on fire; when he has reached the threshold, he yawns and drops asleep, wooing forgetfulness, and then he hurries back to town in anxiety to revisit it.

BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TO-MORROW.

It is doubtful what shall be on the morrow.

So Proverbs xxvii. 1:—

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow: for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

And James iv. 14:—

"Ye know not what shall be on the morrow."

THE STATE OF DEATH ETERNAL.

Nor do we take anything at all from the eternity of death by prolonging our life, nor can we manage that we should not be carried off by death though it be long of coming. Wherefore, however long may be those years we spend in life, yet that eternal state of death will still remain, and will not be less long to him who has ended his life to-day than to him who perished months and years before.

ECHO.

When thou seest this, my good friend, thou mayest explain to thyself and others, how in solitary places rocks bring back the image of the words in proper order, while we are wandering in search of our friends on the dark mountains and calling on our lost companions with loud voice. I have seen rocks return six or seven words for one; then from hill to hill the dancing words resound. The neighbors imagine and maintain that the goat-footed Satyrs, Nymphs, and Fauns dwell there, and by their wanton sport and wild delights they think that the deep silence of the night is broken, and hence are heard the sound of the lyre and music's softest airs, given back by the fingers of those musicians: the listening swains hear from far, while the goat-faced Pan, shaking the pine-leaved garlands on his head, often blows his oaten pipe with his moist lips, lest the reed should cease to send forth a sylvan sound.

Milton ("Paradise Lost," l. 781) says:—

"Fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees."

SHIPS TURNED ABOUT WITH A VERY SMALL HELM.

For a slight breeze with its thin body moving, turns the mighty ship with its mighty carcass; and one hand guides it, as it goes by the merest touch, and twists the helm any way it pleases.

So James iii. 4:—

"Behold also the ships, which, though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth."

DREAMS.

Whatever studies each takes most delight, or in which we are most engaged during the day, in sleep we dream: the lawyer pleads, makes laws; the soldier fights his battles o'er again; we, too, are busily engaged on what occupies our waking thoughts, tracing nature's laws, and explaining in our native language.

DISSIPATION.

Besides they waste their strength in love's maddening strife, and spend their life under another's will; meanwhile their property is wasted and

mortgages incurred, while life's business is neglected and their reputation is wrecked; in the midst of their imaginary happiness something bitter bubbles up to poison their draught of pleasure.

So Byron ("Childe Harold," c. 1, 183):—

"Full from the fount of joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings."

And again:—

"There rose no day, there roll'd no hour,
Of pleasure unembitter'd;
And not a trapping deck'd my power,
That gall'd not while it glitter'd."

EVERY MAN HAS A SKELETON CLOSET.

Men conceal the back-scenes of their life.

AN INFANT.

Then, the infant, like the sailor tossed on shore by the furious waves, lies naked on the ground helpless, when nature has pushed him from the womb of his mother into the light of day, filling the air with piteous cries, a fit presage of the many ills that await him in life.

Dryden thus translates this passage:—

"Thus like a sailor by a tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies and ready to expire;
Helpless of all that human wants require;
Exposed upon inhospitable earth
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
Too true presages of his future doom."

So a translation from the Persian by Sir William Jones:—

"On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled:
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep."

EFFECTS OF TIME.

In short, do you not see stones even yield to the power of time, lofty towers fall to decay, and rocks moulder away? Temples and statues of the gods go to ruin, nor can the gods themselves prolong their date or get relieve from fate.

THE WORLD AND ALL THINGS THEREIN MUST PERISH.

The gate of death is not shut to the heaven nor earth, or deep waters of the ocean, but stands wide with a vast opening.

CONTENTMENT.

But if men live according to reason's rules, they would find the greatest riches to be to live content with little; for there is never want where the mind is satisfied.

So 1 Timothy vi. 6:—

"For godliness with contentment is great gain."

WHAT WE FEARED ONCE.

For what we once feared is spurned with pleasure.

Byron ("Childe Harold," iii. 81) says:—

"Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears."

THUNDER.

Besides, what mind is unawed, what limbs do

not tremble, when the parched earth shakes with the fearful peals of thunder, and the whole heaven re-echoes with the noise? Do not people and nations stand horror-struck? and proud kings tremble at their approaching doom, lest the hour of vengeance should have arrived for their wicked deeds and vaunting words?

COUNTRY PLEASURES.

These pleasures charmed and were wont to delight them when the feast was over, for then all things please. Then reclining on the green grass, by a purling stream, under the umbrageous boughs of some tall tree, they oft enjoyed themselves at small expense, when the weather smiled in all its beauty, and spring painted the earth with gaudy flowers. Then merry jests, banter, and peals of laughter went round; then rude jokes were in their prime; then roguish merriment made them adorn their heads with garlands of flowers and leaves, and dance out of time, moving their limbs heavily and shaking the trembling ground with leaden steps, while shouts and cheers arose because all the tricks seemed strange and new. And as they passed the night without sleep, they whiled the time away in humorous songs and drollery, making the oaten pipe discourse sweet music with their lips.

"STRAIT IS THE GATE."

He set forth what was that chief good to which we were all tending, and pointed out the road with its narrow path, by which we might advance by a straight course.

So Matthew vii. 14:—

"Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life."

"WHAT DEFILETH A MAN."

He understands by this that it is the vessel itself that causes the corruption, and that all things put into it are thus defiled, however good and salutary they may be before they are put in—i.e., the heart of man is to blame, not what nature gives it.

So Matthew xv. 11:—

"Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man."

WHY DO THE GODS NOT STRIKE THE WICKED?

But if Jupiter and the other gods shake the heavenly temples with terrific peals, hurling their fire on whomsoever they will, why do they not launch it against those who are overwhelmed with abominable crimes, that, transfixed, they may breathe forth flames, an impressive warning to mortals? Why rather is the innocent, unconscious of evil, struck down by the bolt, and overtaken suddenly by the tempest and the lightning?

MANILIUS.

MANILIUS is the author of an astrological poem, in five books, entitled "Astronomica." We know

nothing of his personal history, nor even at what period he lived. Some think that he is the Manilius described by Pliny (*H. N.* x. 2, 1); by others he is thought to be Manilius Antiochus, styled 'Astrologus Conditorem,' who was brought to Rome as a slave along with Publius Syrus and Kaberius Eros (*Pl. H. N.* xxxv. 58, 1); and there are many other suppositions, but the question cannot now be decided.

THE GOOD RESULTING TO MAN FROM A NECESSITOUS LIFE.

It is their life of labor that has inspired the retched with genius, and it is their bad fortune hat has forced man to exertion by depressing him.

EXPERIENCE.

For experience always sows the seeds of one king after another.

INVENTIVE NATURE.

An inventive nature gets the better of every difficulty by trial.

So Ecclesiastes ix. 13:—

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

PRAYER FOR LONG LIFE.

May fortune grant success to my mighty enterprise, and may I reach a lengthened old age in the enjoyment of ease, that I may be able to unfold e view such a mass of heavenly objects, and describe great and small with equal precision.

THE FIXED LAWS OF NATURE.

All things submit to fixed laws.

VICISSITUDES OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

Everything that is created is changed by the laws of man; the earth does not know itself in the evolution of years; even the races of man assume various forms in the course of ages.

POWER OF THE MIND.

No barriers, no masses of matter however enormous, can withstand the powers of the mind; the remotest corners yield to them; all things succumb, the very heaven itself, is laid open.

THE HOURS.

The hours fly along in a circle.

THE HEAVEN.

We know not how to trust to the sky.

MAN AN EMANATION FROM THE DEITY.

Who can know heaven except by its gifts? and who can find out God, unless the man who is himself an emanation from God?

REASON.

For reason is neither deceived nor ever deceives.

"NOT A RIGHTEOUS MAN, NO, NOT ONE."

Through so many ages, so many eventful years,

so many wars and variety of labors, even during peace, though Fortune searches carefully for honor, she finds it scarcely anywhere. But what a mass of wickedness in all times, and on earth what a load of envy, for which we can find no excuse!

THE SUBJECT.

Satisfied to instruct, it refuses every ornament.

TIME.

Time stands with impartial law.

THE MIXTURE OF GOOD AND BAD.

There is a warp of evil woven into the woof of good, and tears follow close on success: for does Fortune keep an even tenor to all, so tangled in the yarn, and so mingled does she flow; never continuing constant; men lose confidence in her from turning all things upside down.

THE UNLIKENESS OF ONE YEAR TO ANOTHER.

Years do not always agree with years, nor months with months, and even one day will be in search of itself, and one hour is not similar to another.

THE COVETOUS.

Every one is the poorer in proportion as he has more wants, and counts not what he has, but wishes only what he has not.

THE END OF OUR LIFE IS LINKED TO THE BEGINNING.

We begin to die at the moment we are born, and the end is linked to the beginning.

This line and idea have been made use of by Jeremy Taylor in the "Holy Dying" (c. iii. s. 1):—

"When man fell, then he began to die: *the same day* (so said God, and that must needs be true); and therefore it must mean, that upon that very day he fell into an evil and dangerous condition, a state of change and affliction, and then death began—that is, the man began to die by a natural diminution and aptness to disease and misery."

Pope also ("Essay on Man," Ep. II. l. 138) says somewhat to the same effect:—

"As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death,
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength."
And Young ("Night Thoughts," Night V. l. 717):—

"While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb;
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.

FATE.

His fate must be borne by every one.

DEATH NOT TO BE BOUGHT OFF BY RICHES.

Man's fate is not to be bought off by immensity of riches, but fortune carries off the dead from the proud palace, raising the pile and the tomb for the highest of the earth.

LABOR

Labor even is pleasant.

Longfellow says:—

"No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Is there a doubt that a God dwells in our breast,
and that souls return to heaven and reach it?

MAN IS THE IMAGE OF GOD.

Every one is in a small degree the image of God.

ALWAYS BEGINNING TO LIVE.

We are always beginning to live, but we are never living.

SENSUAL PLEASURE.

Virtue never, but lust often, leads to loss, and loathsome pleasure is bought even with death.

MARTIAL.

BORN A.D. 43—DIED ABOUT A.D. 104.

M. VALERIUS MARTIALIS, a celebrated epigrammatist, born at Bilbilis in Spain A.D. 43, came to Rome in the reign of Nero, A.D. 66, where he resided for thirty-five years, returning again to the place of his birth A.D. 100, in the third year of the reign of Trajan. He was a special favorite of the emperors Titus and Domitian, his works being eagerly sought for not only in the city, but also in Gaul, Germany, Britain, Getica, and the stormy regions of the north. These are the chief particulars that are known respecting him. The extant works of Martial are a collection of short poems, entitled *Epigrammata*, upwards of 1500 in number, divided into fourteen books. He was a base flatterer, and is a most indecent writer.

WIT IS QUICK IN STRAITS.

How quick a wit is found in sudden chances!

INNOCENT JOKES.

The censorship may allow innocent jokes.

HOW FAME IS TO BE ACQUIRED.

I do not like the man who squanders life for fame: give me the man who, living, makes a name.

A PRETTY MAN.

Thou wishest, Cotta, to appear a pretty and a great man at the same time; but he who is a pretty man is a very little man.

JOYS ABIDE NOT.

Cares and linked chains of trouble await thee, joys abide not, but are ever on the wing.

TO-MORROW.

'Tis not, believe me, the act of a wise man to say "I will live." To-morrow's life is too late; live to-day.

SOME GOOD, SOME BAD.

Some are good, some are middling, the greater part are bad.

GLORY TOO LATE.

Glory comes too late when paid only to ashes.

DISLIKE WITHOUT A JUST REASON.

I do not love thee, Sabidius, nor can I say what I can only say this, I do not love thee.

Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, who died in 1686, agreed to cancel a decree of excommunication against Tom Brown, if that humorist could translate on the spot Martial's epigram, and which he did to the Dean's surprise, in the following well-known lines:—

"I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I'm sure I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."

This is the same idea that appears in Seneca (Thyestes 361):—

"I am hurried on by love, I know not how; but I am hurried on."

FORCED TEARS.

Gellia does not weep for her deceased father when she is alone; but if any one be there, her tears start obedient from her eyes. He mourns not, Gellia, who seeks to be praised; he is the true mourner who mourns without a witness.

Shakespeare ("Twelfth Night," act ii. sc. 4) says:—

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought."

A RICH SOIL.

Steers are unwilling to carry their yoke in barren fields: a rich soil fatigues, but then labor bestowed on it is rewarded.

PERFUME.

He smells not well whose smell is all perfume.

A FRIEND WHO IS HIMSELF IN SERVICE.

It is useless, believe me, to hope for service from a friend, who is himself in service. Let him be a free man, who wishes to be my master.

LAUGH AND BE WISE.

Be merry if you are wise.

A-I OF BEGGARS.

So poor, that my friend Publius does not surpass him in tattered garments, nor Codrus himself, prince of beggars.

REMEMBER DEATH.

Prepare the couches; call for wine; crown the self with roses; perfume thyself with odors; the god himself bids thee remember death.

AWAY WITH DELAY.

Come, away with this delay; how much longer are we to await your decision? While thus you hesitate what to be, you will be unfit to be anything at all.

TO KILL ONE'S SELF-TO ESCAPE DEATH.

This I ask, whether it is not the veriest madness to kill thyself that thou mayest escape death.

Antiphanes (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 567, M.) :—
"My dearest, who is not the hireling of death, who, for the sake of life, is about to die?"

LABOR EXPENDED ON TRIFLES.

It is disgraceful to a poet to make one's amusement difficult; and labor expended on trifles is childish.

TO HASTE TO LIVE.

Forgive me that I, though poor, yet not useless to my generation, make haste to enjoy life, no one is in sufficient haste to do so.

SIMPLE TASTES.

My humble desires are satisfied with a quiet fireside, a house that is not spoiled by smoke, a living spring, and the natural green sod. May these be mine—a well-fed slave, a wife not overlearned, nights with sleep, days without strife.

THE GREATER EVIL.

The defect that is attempted to be concealed is thought to be greater than it is.

A BEAU.

A beau is one who arranges his curled locks with nicest care, who ever smells of balm and cinnamon; who repeats with humming lips the songs of the Nile and Cadiz; who tosses his sleek arms in various attitudes; who idles away from morn to even his whole time, where ladies meet, ever whispering some nothing in some fair one's ear; who reads little billets-doux from this one and that, scribbling in return; who shrinks from rubbing against the coarse dress of a neighbor's guest; who knows who flirts with whom, and flutters from feast to feast; who can recount most accurately the pedigree of the race-horse "Hirpinus." What do you tell me? is this a beau? Then a beau, Cotinus, is a very trifling thing.

RARITY GIVES A CHARM.

Rarity gives a charm; thus early fruits are most esteemed; thus winter roses obtain a higher price; thus coyness sets off an extravagant mistress: a door ever open attracts no young suitor.

TO KNOW THOROUGHLY.

I know all that as well as my own name.

DEATH.

From no place can you exclude the fates.
So Heber ("At a Funeral") :—
"Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower."

A BUSYBODY.

There is nothing more unbecoming than an old busybody.

METHOD SURMOUNTS DIFFICULTIES.

Thus divided, the work will become short.

A HYPOCRITE.

Thou mayest deceive others by thy words and smiling countenance; to me thou wilt be henceforth an unmasked deceiver.

ENVY.

How shall I say it happens that living writers receive no honor in their own time, and are seldom read by their contemporaries? Doubtless, Regulus, this is the characteristic of envy, that it rejects the moderns for the ancients.

GLORY AFTER DEATH.

If fame is only to come after death, I am in no hurry for it.

ANY ONE MAY BE LIKE TO THEE.

Such are thou and I; but what I am thou canst not be; what thou art any one of the multitude may be.

GIFTS.

Gifts are like fish-hooks: for who is not aware that the greedy char is deceived by the fly which he swallows?

TIME PLACED TO OUR ACCOUNT.

Now neither of us lives for himself, but, alas! sees the best of his days flee from him and vanish; days which are ever being lost to us, and are set down to our account.

THE UNHAPPY.

I believe that man to be wretched whom none can please.

GIFTS.

What is bestowed on our friends is beyond the reach of fortune; the riches that thou hast given away are the only riches that thou really possess-est.

BRAGGING.

Believe me, Posthumus, gifts, however great, lose their value when the donor boasts of them.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow thou wilt live, didst thou say, Posthumus? to-day is too late: he is the wise man who lived yesterday.

GREAT GIFTS.

Whoever makes great presents, wishes great presents to be made to him in return.

THE RICH.

Riches are now given to none but the rich,

LOVE.

That thou mayest be loved, love.

THINGS DOTTED ON.

Short is the life of those who possess great accomplishments, and seldom do they reach a

good old age. Whatever thou lovest, pray that thou mayest not set too high a value on it.

NO SMELL.

I would rather smell of nothing than of scents.

IMMORTAL WRITINGS.

Something else is required to give immortality to writings. A book that is destined to live must have genius.

A VULTURE.

To what vulture will this carcass fall?

GOOD HEALTH.

He who thinks that the lives of Priam and Nestor are to be counted long, is greatly deceived and mistaken. Life consists not in living, but in the feeling of enjoyment.

LIVE AS IF YOU WERE RESCUED FROM DEATH.

Live as if you were rescued from death, and seize fleeting enjoyments, and thus your recovered life will not have lost a single day.

HOME.

He dwells just nowhere that dwells everywhere.

"MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES."

Hasten to take it; the opportunity for gain is short.

This is the same idea as "Strike while the iron is hot."

THE DUTY OF A PRINCE.

It is a prince's highest duty to be acquainted with his own subjects.

WHAT A FRIEND WILL DO AND NOT DO.

Gold, wealth, and a piece of landed property many a friend will give, but to find the man who will consent to yield the palm in wit and genius, will be difficult.

THE IDOLATER.

It is not he who forms divine images in gold or marble that makes them gods, but he who kneels before them.

HYPOCRISY.

It matters much whether you are really good or merely wish to appear so.

PATRONS.

If there be patrons like Mæcenas, there will not, Flaccus, be wanting poets like Virgil.

LOVE AND HATE.

Thou wishest to marry Priscus: I am not surprised, Paula: thou art wise. Priscus does not wish to marry thee, and he is wise.

There is a well known epigram by Leigh Hunt, which is described as "from the French of Tabouret," and which runs thus:—

"Abel fain would marry Mabel;
Well, it's very wise of Abel,
But Mabel won't at all have Abel;
Well, it's wiser still of Mabel."

Tabouret had evidently been inspired by Martial.

THE VALUE OF A BOOK ENHANCED BY BEING PRESENTED BY ITS AUTHOR.

Your coming from the author will give value to the present. It makes a great difference, believe me, whether a draught be drawn from the fountain-head or from the stagnant waters of a sluggish pool.

WRITINGS IMPROVED BY TIME.

As for writings, thieves cannot destroy them, and they are improved by time; they are the only monuments that are proof against death.

A MORALIST.

My every page is an essay on man.

A GOOD MAN.

A good man doubles the length of his existence; to have lived so as to look back with pleasure on our past existence is to live twice.

TO SATIRIZE VICES, NOT INDIVIDUALS.

It has been my constant aim in all my writings to lash vice, but to spare persons.

Du Lorens (Sat. vii. 147) says somewhat to the same effect:

"I do not attack fools, but folly."

It is said that this Latin quotation was once repeated to Donne, "Thunder against vices, but spare the victim." "What," said he, "condemn cards, and pardon the sharper!" So Isidorus says:—

"Preserve the guns, but destroy the gunners."

WHAT MAKES LIFE HAPPY.

The things that make life happy, dearest Martial, are these: wealth, not gained by the sweat of our brow, but by inheritance; lands that make a good return; a fireside always comfortable; no need of lawyers; no dress for business; a mind at ease; a vigorous frame; a healthy constitution; prudence without cunning; friends equal both in years and fame; pleasant social intercourse; a table without pretence; nights not drunken, but free from care; a bed not without connubial pleasures; sleep which makes the darkness seem short; to be what you are, and no wish for change; and neither to fear death nor seek it.

So Milton ("Paradise Lost," xi. 533) says:—

"Nor love thy life nor hate; but what thou lov'st,
Love well; how long or short permit to Heaven."

PLEASANTRY WITHOUT BITTERNESS.

There shall be pleasantry without bitterness; there shall be no licence of speech that will bring repentance on the morrow, and nothing said that we would wish unsaid.

THE BALD PRETENDING TO HAVE HAIR.

There is nothing more contemptible than a bald man who pretends to have hair.

BEGGARY.

To have nothing is not poverty, but beggary.

THE BRAVE.

In adversity it is easy to despise life, the really brave man is he who can submit to lead a wretched life.

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

You will give me nothing during your life; you say that you will give me something after your death: if you are not a fool, Maro, you know what I wish for.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF A SMALL SOCIETY IN A PROVINCE.

Add to this the backbiting of provincial tongues, envy usurping the place of true criticism, and one or two ill-conditioned persons,—a host in a small society,—with whom it is difficult daily to keep one's temper.

FORTUNE GIVES TOO MUCH TO SOME.

Fortune gives too much to many, enough to none.

A CHARACTER.

You are at once morose and agreeable, pleasing and repulsive. I can neither live with you nor without you.

Addison ("Spectator," No. 65) thus paraphrases it:—

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
That there's no living with thee nor without thee."

And Goldsmith in his "Retaliation":—

"Our Garrick's a salad: for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree."

HONEST MAN EASILY DECEIVED.

An honest man is a child in worldly wit.

TO ENJOY COUNTRY LIFE IN THE CITY.

It is a country house in the city.

A MAN'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

He who weighs his responsibilities, can bear them.

THE WISE.

Whosoever is not more than wise enough is wise.

during the reign of Augustus. In the year 1471 a quarto volume appeared from the press of Jenson of Venice, entitled *Æmili Probi de vita excellentium*, containing lives of twenty distinguished commanders, nineteen Greek and one Persian. Then followed three chapters *de Regibus*, and lives of Hamilcar and Hannibal. In another edition were added lives of Cato and Atticus. Lambinus maintains that these lives are the production of Cornelius Nepos, and not of Æmilius Probus. This question has given rise to interminable discussions. These biographies have, ever since their first appearance, been a favorite school-book.

WAR.

Nothing ought to be despised in war.

THE COWARD.

The mother of a coward does not usually weep.

EMPIRE.

No government is safe unless it is strong in the good-will of the people.

DEMOCRACY.

The affairs of a kingdom cannot be properly conducted by a democracy.

FEAR.

The life of those is to be pitied, who prefer to be feared rather than loved.

NO EVIL GREAT WHICH IS THE LAST.

No evil is great if it is the last which we are to bear.

GREAT MEN.

We value great men by their virtue and not by their success.

ENVY IS THE ATTENDANT OF GLORY.

It is a common vice in great and free states for envy to be the attendant upon glory.

Euripides (Fr. Beller. 5) says:—

"Men born of low degree are envious: envy is wont to attack the noble."

Nicomachus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1180, M.) says:—

"It is a difficult thing for a man living in the world to escape the eyes of the envious."

La Bruyère says:—

"I am told so much evil of that man, and I see so little of it in him, that I begin to suspect that he possesses some inconvenient merit, which extinguishes that of others."

AN HONORABLE DEATH.

An honorable death is to be preferred to a base death.

KINGS.

It is the custom of kings to attribute adversity to the fault of others, and to consider prosperity as the result of their own good fortune.

THE SILENT.

Concealing secrets entrusted to him, which is

NEPOS.

FLOURISHED B.C. 40.

CORNELIUS NEPOS, the contemporary of Cicero, Atticus, and Catullus, is supposed to have been born at Verona, but there are no particulars of his history on which reliance can be placed. He died

sometimes not less advantageous to a man than eloquence.

PEACE.

Peace is procured by war.

A FRIEND TO ME, NOT MY FORTUNE.

That he was accustomed to be a friend not to fortune but to men.

Dante ("Inferno," li. 62) says:—

"A friend not of my fortune, but myself."

GOOD TASTE.

More good taste than expense.

OVID.

BORN B.C. 43—DIED A.D. 18.

P. OVIDIUS NASO, born at Sulmo, in the mountains of the Peligni, and descended from an ancient equestrian family, was intended for the legal profession, but the hours which should have been devoted to the study of jurisprudence were given up to the cultivation of his poetical talents. As might be expected, his father was opposed to his favorite pursuit: nature, however, was too strong, and it does not appear that he ever practised as an advocate at the Roman bar. He studied at Athens, and had the usual education which the young Roman nobles received at that period. On his return he made an unfortunate marriage, as we find him shortly afterwards divorced from his wife. He was of profligate character, and at last Augustus banished him,* it is said, on account of an intrigue with his daughter Julia. He was ordered, A.D. 8, to transport himself to Tomi, a town on the shores of the Black Sea near the mouth of the Danube. The greater part of a year seems to have been consumed in the voyage, but he beguiled the time by the exercise of his poetical talent, several of his poems having been written on shipboard. It was a great change from the luxury of Rome to the mean abode and inhospitable soil of that remote region. Here he remained ten years in exile, and was never allowed to return, dying at Tomi A.D. 18, a year which was also remarkable for the death of Livy.

CREATION OF MAN.

A being of a more exalted nature, and of higher intellectual powers, that should rule and direct all other animals, was still wanting. It was then that man was brought into being, whether the mighty Architect of the universe, having developed a nobler world, made him of divine particles, or whether the new-sprung earth, only lately withdrawn from contact with heaven, still retained the æthereal influences. Prometheus, mingling these original seeds with living streams, formed man after the image of God, who rules the universe. Thus, while the mute creation bend downward,

man looks aloft, and with erect countenance turns his eyes to heaven and gazes on the stars.

DESCRIPTION OF GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was first produced; honor and uprightness then sprang up spontaneously in man, without the aid of law or the commands of the lawgiver. The dread of punishment was unknown, nor were the menacing words of human statutes required to keep man to his duty. The stern looks of the judge did not then strike terror into suppliant crowds, but all lived in safety without the protection of law.

GOLDEN AGE.

No trumpet's angry sound was heard, no helmet nor sword gleamed, but all nations passed in security a life of ease, unmolested by a rude soldiery.

THE SEASONS IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

There was a never-ending spring, and flowers unsown were kissed by the warm western breeze. Then the unploughed land gave forth corn, and the ground, year after year, was white with full ears of grain. Rivers of milk, rivers of nectar ran, and the yellow honey continued to pour from the ever-green oak.

DESCRIPTION OF THE IRON AGE.

Next burst forth the iron age with its unrighteous deeds; modesty, truth, and honor forsook the earth, and in their place succeeded fraud, deceit, plots, violence, and the unholy lust of gold.

GOLD DUG FROM THE EARTH.

* But men penetrated into the bowels of the earth, and the precious ore, the allurement to every evil, was dug up, though placed by the gods down close to Pluto's realm.

JUSTICE RETURNS TO HEAVEN.

Filial affection lies on the ground in mournful garb, and the virgin Astræa was the last of the heavenly deities to leave the earth dripping with human gore.

JOVE.

Jove seated aloft, leaning on an ivory sceptre, shook three and four times the terrific locks of his head, with which he moved the earth, the sea, and the stars.

INCURABLE WOUND.

Every remedy was first tried, but a gangrened limb must be lopt off, lest the healthy part should be affected.

CONFLAGRATION OF THE WORLD.

He remembers, too, that it was decreed by Fate that a time would come when the sea, the earth, and the palace of heaven would be seized by fire and burnt, and the laboriously-wrought fabric of the universe be in danger of perishing.

St. Peter (2 Peter iii. 10) says:—

"But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise,

and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up."

MAN BORN TO LABOR.

From this circumstance we are a hardy race, able to endure a laborious life, and show from what origin we are sprung.

FRIENDLY DISCORD.

Agreeing to differ with friendly discord.

LOVE.

Ah me! that no herbs can cure the love-sick.

EFFECTS OF HOPE AND FEAR.

The one is quick from hope, the other from fear.

ARGUS.

Argus had his head encircled with a hundred eyes; two of them took rest, while the rest watched and stood on guard.

JUST REPROACHES.

I am ashamed that these reproaches can be justly cast at us, and cannot be refuted.

EXCELLENCE.

The work of the artist far surpassed even the beauty of the material.

LIKENESS OF SISTERS.

Doris and her daughters were here carved, some of whom are seen swimming, others, sitting on a rock, are drying their sea-green hair, others gliding on fishes' backs. All have not the same features, nor yet can you say that they are different, but such as sisters ought to be.

THE SEASONS.

Here stood fresh Spring, bound with flowery chaplet; Summer was unclothed, and bore a wheaten garland; Autumn also was there, be-meadured with trodden grapes; and icy Winter, rough with hoary locks.

Worsley ("Phaëthon") thus describes the seasons:—

"Spring flowery-zoned, and Summer wreathed with corn,
Autumn with wine-blood splashed from heel to thigh,
And Winter bending over beard of snow."

MAN AND HIS ASPIRATIONS.

Thy destiny is that of man, thy aspirations are those of a god.

Lamartine in his second meditation "L'Homme," dedicated to Lord Byron, has this sublime verse:—

"Bounded in his nature, infinite in his desires, man is a fallen god who has a recollection of heaven."

And Voltaire ("La Liberté") says:—

"Thy destiny is that of man, and thy desires are those of a god."

EXERTION.

I steer against them, nor has the force, to which all others must yield, any effect on me; I move on in a direction contrary to the rapid-whirling world.

PRAYERS NOT TO BE GRANTED.

Choose some gift from heaven, earth, or sea,

and thou shalt have it. This one thing only I decline to grant; it is an evil not a good thou askest, Phaëthon, thou askest what will prove a misfortune instead of happiness.

GOLDEN MEAN.

Mounting higher, thou wilt fire the heaven itself; descending lower, the earth; the middle way is safest.

GREAT UNDERTAKINGS.

If he did not succeed in his attempt, yet he failed in a glorious undertaki

HABIT.

Habit had produced the custom.

GUILT BETRAYED IN THE COUNTENANCE.

Alas! how difficult it is not to betray guilt by our countenance!

DESCRIPTION OF ENVY.

Minerva sees within Envy gorging herself with flesh of vipers, to nourish her vicious propensities, and when she saw, she turned away her eyes in loathing; while Envy, rising slowly from the ground, leaves the fragments of half-eaten serpents, and stalks on with sullen step. When she beheld the beauteous goddess clad in armor, she heaved a sigh, and groaned from the bottom of her breast. Her face was pallid and her body emaciated. Her eye never looked straight before her; her teeth were brown with rust; her breast overflowed with gall, and from her tongue dripped drops of poison. She never smiles except when the wretched weep; nor does she enjoy rest; ever kept moving by her sleepless cares, she sees with evil eye the success of men, and pines away as she beholds; she distresses others, and is herself distressed, and bears her own tormentor in her breast.

A STATE FLOURISHING IN PEACE.

She looks upon the citadel flourishing in arts, wealth, and joyous peace.

KINGLY DIGNITY.

Kingly dignity and love do not well agree, nor do they remain together.

SPIRIT.

A spirit superior to every hostile weapon.

NO MAN BLESSED BEFORE HE DIES.

But in truth we must always wait for the last day of man's life: no one is to be considered blest before he die, and has received the last funeral rites.

A BLUSH.

The hue given back by the clouds from the reflected rays of the sun or the purple morn, such was the countenance of Diana when she was discovered unclothed.

AN UMPIRE.

He was chosen umpire in this sportive contest.

ECHO.

That tuneful Nymph, the babbling Echo, who has not learnt to conceal what is told her, nor yet is able to speak till another speaks.

DEATH A RELIEF FROM PAIN.

Death is not grievous to me, who am about to lay aside my pains by death.

A COWARD.

It is the act of a coward to wish for death.

THE CAUSE.

The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

A LESSON FROM AN ENEMY.

The foe teaches me what to do; it is allowable to be taught even by an enemy.

DESCRIPTION OF STYX.

The sluggish Styx exhales its fogs; those just dead, who have enjoyed funeral rites, descend hither: paleness and wintry cold inhabit this dreary place; ghosts newly arrived know not the road that leads to grim Pluto's palace, nor where is the metropolis of hell. This mighty city has a thousand avenues and gates forever open. And as the rivers flow all into the ocean, so this vast city receives all the shades; nor is there ever want of room, nor is it ever crowded. The disembodied spirits roam bloodless; and in imitation of their life on earth, some frequent the courts of law, others the court of hell's tyrant, others practise various arts, and others suffer the punishment due to their crimes.

TANTALUS.

Tantalus, no water is caught by thee, and the tree, which overhangs thy head, eludes thy grasp.

UNCEASING LABOR.

Thou, Sisyphus, either pursuest or pushest forward the stone, that is destined to fall back again.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

No sooner was she seen than she was beloved and carried off by Pluto.

BEYOND FORTUNE.

I am on a higher pinnacle than fortune can reach.

COMMON RIGHTS.

Why do you debar me from water? surely this is a common right; nature hath given no man a peculiar property in sun, air, or water: I have come to crave a bounty that is shared by all.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

A cup of cold water will be nectar to me, and I shall confess that I have received life with it; you will have given me life by the water.

BLINDNESS OF MANKIND.

O ye gods! what thick encircling darkness blinds the minds of men!

THE EVIL THAT I WOULD NOT, THAT I DO.

If it were in my power, I would be wiser, but a newly-felt power carries me off in spite of myself; love leads me one way, my understanding leads me another. I see and approve the right, and yet the wrong pursue.

POETRY.

For what cannot poetry accomplish?

PLEASURE FOLLOWED BY GRIEF.

No one enjoys pure, unalloyed pleasure; there is always some bitter mingled with the sweet.

Euripides (Fr. Antig. 14) says:—

"Be not willing to grieve thyself, knowing that grief often brings joy afterwards, and evil is the proximate cause of good."

CONTAGION.

Contagion is hurtful by breath, and is carried thereby to a distance.

PESTILENCE.

The nearer one is to the sick, and the more faithfully he is watched, the quicker the watcher approaches death. The hope of safety has vanished, and they see the end of the disease in the deaths around.

THE EFFEMINACY OF MAN.

They indulge themselves and care not for what is useful.

THE CREDULITY OF LOVE.

Love is a credulous thing.

FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE.

Every one without doubt becomes his own god to lead him on to fortune; that goddess listens not to the prayers of the slothful.

MURDER.

Death is to be expatiated by death.

CONQUER AT ALL HAZARDS.

You will with difficulty conquer, but conquer you must!

THE POWER OF HEAVEN.

The power of heaven is immeasurable and boundless, accomplishing whatever it wills.

So 1 Chronicles xxix. 12:—

"Thou reignest over all; and in Thine hand is power and might."

THE RIGHTEOUS.

The pious are cared for by the gods, and these are attended to, who have attended to their duties to the gods.

So Hebrews xiii. 4:—

"The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

FRIGID ZONE.

There is an icy zone on the extreme borders of Scythia, a melancholy waste, barren and treeless; there dwell sluggish cold, pallid looks, trembling ague, and pining want.

DESCRIPTION OF FAMINE.

There she found Famine in a stony field, scratching up a few roots with her talons and teeth. Her locks were matted, her eyes were sunken; paleness overspread her face; her lips were wan from want, her teeth brown with rust; her skin was hard, and through it the entrails were seen to move; the asplene bones seemed to start from her bent loins, and for a belly was a belly's space. Thou wouldst have supposed that her breast was hung up and tacked to her body only by the chine of the back. Her joints were protuberant from leanness; the orbits of her knees bunched out, while her ankle bones jutted to undue proportions.

THE POWER OF RECOLLECTION.

The power of recollection is a part of our pain.

THE GRAVE.

I entreat you by the horrors of these realms, this vast chaos and kingdom where silence reigns, give back Eurydice, weave again her quick-spun thread. All our possessions are but loans from you, and after a little space, sooner or later we hasten to one bourn; we are all going the same road, this is our last home; you hold an endless empire over the human race. She, too, when she shall have reached a ripe old age, must be yours again.

TIME PASSES RAPIDLY.

Swift flying time glides on unmarked and unperceived; nothing passes more quickly than years.

Dryden says:—

"Old age-creeps on us, ere we think it nigh."

And Moore:—

"Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades!
Sweet joys of youth how fleeting!"

BLACK LOOK WHITE, AND WHITE LOOK BLACK.

Skilled in every artifice, no degenerate son of his father, he could at will make white look black and black look white.

This is the description of Ballal by Milton ("Paradise Lost," book II):—

"All was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful."

THE SEVERITY OF WINTER.

The violence of winter increases, and on all sides fierce winds struggle and clash the indignant waves.

DESCRIPTION OF SLEEP.

Near the Cimmerians there is a deep cavern

in the hollow of a mountain, where dwells the drowsy god of sleep; whose gloomy mansion is never visited by the rising, mid-day, nor setting sun. Dark fogs rise, and a perpetual twilight prevails around. No crowing cock with crested head wakes the morn, nor is the silence broken by the bark of watchful dog, or the cackling of more wakeful geese. No beast, wild or tame, no trees rocked by tempest, nor reproachful sound of human voice, strike upon the ear. Mute silence has its habitation here. Yet from the bottom of a rock issues forth the rivulet of Lethe; the waters of which, flowing with soft murmur over the rumbling pebbles, invite to sleep. Around its entry nodding poppies grow and herbs without number, from whose milky sap night drains their sleepy virtue, and scatters it in dew over the silent plains. No door on creaking hinges was in the whole house; no watch was there to guard the entrance. But in the middle was a bed, raised aloft on black ebony, stuffed with feathers, of one color, with a dark coverlet, where lies the god himself with his limbs stretched out at ease. Around him everywhere fantastic dreams, imitating various shapes, lie numerous as the ears of grain, the leaves on trees, or sand on the sea-shore.

DESCRIPTION OF FAME.

Fame has her seat of power on the summit of a lofty tower; entrances without number, and a thousand avenues lead to her palace, while no closed doors prevent approach: night and day they stand open. It is wholly built of rattling brass, rumbling and giving back echoes on echoes. Quiet there is none within, nor silence, nor yet is there clamorous noise, but a low murmur of humming voices, like the hollow roar of the ocean's waters or the sound of distant thunders, when Jupiter clashes the dark clouds together. A crowd occupies the halls, a light throng entering or issuing forth: a thousand rumors, mixed with truth, wander through the air, and a confused sound of words rolls around. Some fill the ears with empty sounds; others eagerly repeat what they have heard, amplifying the lie they are relating, while every story-teller adds some embellishment. Here sit vain credulity, rash error, foolish joys, panic fears, sudden sedition, and whispers of uncertain origin. Fame sits aloft, beholding what is done in heaven, sea, and earth, and searching through the whole world.

Pope, in his "Temple of Fame," says:—

"Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore."

THE URN.

Now he is nothing but ashes, and of the mighty Achilles there remains only some little dust, which cannot so much as fill an urn: yet his fame still lives so as to fill a whole world. This is the measure that corresponds with such a hero; in this Achilles is equal to himself, nor has Tartarus with its empty shades any effect on him.

THE GODS.

The gods look on the affairs of men with the eyes of justice.

DEEDS OF ANCESTORS.

Let not this eloquence of mine, if I really possess any, now speaking in defence of its master, and which has often been used for you, be deemed a fault; let not any one decline to use what is his own. For high descent, a long line of ancestors and those deeds which we ourselves have not performed, I can scarcely call our own.

Ben Jonson ("Every Man in his Humor," act i.) adopts this idea:—

"I would have you
Not stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing
From dead men's dust and bones: and none of yours
Except you make and hold it."

And Young ("Love of Fame," Sat. l. l. 147) says:—

"They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

Tennyson says:—

"Fall back upon a name? rest, rot in that?
Nor keep it noble, make it nobler? Fools!"

"He is the best gentleman who is the son of his own deserts."

MIND IS THE MAN.

Thy right arm indeed is powerful in war; it is thy mind that requires our guidance. Brawn without mind is thine, but it is mine to look before and after. Thy province is to fight; the king takes counsel with me, when and how the battle is to be conducted. Thy body only is of profit; it is my mental powers that are regarded. By how much more the ship owes her safety to him that steers than him who only rows, by how much more the captain merits praise than he who fights, so much greater is my worth than thine. It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigor is in our immortal spirit.

Watt's ("Horse Lyricæ," bk. II., "False Greatness"):—

"The mind's the standard of man."

And Burns ("Is there for Honest Poverty"):—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

And Wycherley ("The Country Wife," act i. sc. 1):—

"I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better."

And Goldsmith ("The Traveller," l. 573):—

"For just experience tells in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toll."

GRIEF.

Grief conquers the unconquered man.

THE POOR MAN.

It is the proof of a poor man when he can count his herds.

THE MIND'S EYE.

His mind penetrated to the immortal gods, though far remote in heaven, and what nature denied to his visual orbs, he was able to overtake by his mind's eye in the depth of his breast.

DEATH AN IDLE THING.

O race of man, affrighted by the thoughts of cold death! What do you find to dread in Styx, the darkness of the grave, all an empty name, mere themes for poets, and fables of a world that never was! Whether the body be consumed by fire or moulder away in the ground, think not that it suffers. It is the soul that is undying, which, when it has left its former habitation, dwells forever in new abodes, and repeats new life in other forms.

THE SOUL.

All things are subject to change, but nothing dies. The disembodied spirit wanders at large, here and there, lodging in any body, from beast passing into man, from man to beast and never perishing. And as the softened wax receives new impressions, remaining not as it was, nor always retaining the same forms, though the wax is still the same material, so it is with the soul.

TIME IN PERPETUAL FLUX.

There is nothing in the world that remains unchanged. All things are in perpetual flux, and every shadow is seen to move. Even time itself glides on in constant movement, like the waters of a river. For the stream stops not, nor yet the flying hour; and as wave is impelled by wave, the one behind pressing on that before, so do the minutes run and urge the predecessor minutes, still moving, ever new; for what was before is set aside, and becomes as it had not been, and every moment innovates on what preceded it.

Nicostratus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 639, M.) says:—

"Old things become again new through time: there is nothing more difficult to please than Time: the same things never please this god."

Diphilus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1087, M.) says:—

"Time is a workman in the state, my friend: it takes pleasure to change all things for the worse." The first Napoleon, when writing on the subject of the poor laws to his Minister of the Interior, said:—"It is melancholy to see Time passing away without being put to its full value. Surely in a matter of this kind we should endeavor to do something, that we may say that we have lived, that we have not lived in vain that we may leave some impress of ourselves on the sands of Time."

Longfellow, in one of his poems, has the same expression "Footsteps on the sands of Time."

And the French say very beautifully:—

"More inconstant than the wave and the cloud, time flies: why regret it?"

THE SEASONS.

What! perceivest thou not that the year has its four seasons, in imitation of human life? For the fresh Spring, like infancy, is tender and full of milky juice. Then the green herb swells, though weak and without substance, yet feeding the farmer's eyes with hope. All things put on beautiful attire, and universal nature crowned with flowerets laughs with joy: and yet there is no strength in the leaves and stems. Next in succession comes Summer of maturer age, ripening into man; no age is more powerful, more replete with the juices of life, or where the heat of youth is more exciting. Then comes Autumn, staid and sober, midway between youth and old age, with

brown locks mixed with gray. Last of all Winter creeps along with palaised step, with bald pate or white locks, if there be any. Even our own bodies are daily changing, and without a moment's pause, nor shall we be to-morrow what we have been and are.

TIME.

Devouring Time and envious Age, all things yield to you, and with lingering death you destroy step by step with venom'd tooth whatever you attack.

Spenser, in his "Faerie Queen" (iv. 2, 23), says:—

"But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth waste,
And works of noblest wits to naught outwear,
That famous monument hath quite defaced,
And robb'd the world of treasure endless dear,
The which might have enriched all us here,
Oh cursed eld, the canker-worm of wits!
How may these rhymes, so rude as doth appear,
Hope to endure, sith works of heavenly wits
Are quite devour'd, and brought to naught by little bits!"

DEATH.

To be born is to begin to be some other thing that we were not formerly, and to die is to cease to be the thing we were before, while those very elements, which we partook alive, are transferred to other bodies when we are dead, and the elements of others are transferred to us, yet all substances endure forever.

NATIONS.

So we see that nations are changed by time; they flourish and decay; by turns command, and in their turns obey.

A PRAYER FOR A FRIEND'S LIFE.

May the day of thy death arrive slowly, and be later than our time.

FAME OF POET.

My work is done, impervious to Jove's ire, fire, war, or wasting age. Let the day, which has no power except over this body of mine, close my life when it will, yet my nobler part, my fame, shall soar aloft to the skies, and to distant ages my name shall flourish, and wherever Rome's unbounded power holds sway, there I shall pass from mouth to mouth, and adown all time shall live my deathless fame, if it is allowed for poets to divine.

Byron ("Childe Harold," cant. iv., st. 9) says:—

"I twine
My hopes of being remember'd in my line
With my land's language; if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline,
If my fame should be as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull oblivion bar
My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honor'd by the nations—let it be—
And light the laurels on a loftier head!
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me,
'Spartan hath many a worthier son than he.'"

THE LUST OF RICHES.

Wealth has accumulated and the maddening lust of wealth, and however much man possess

they still long for more. They vie with each other to acquire what they may lavish, and when they have lavished their possessions they try to obtain them again; and the very vicissitudes of life form food for their vices.

1 Timothy vi. 9:—

"But they that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

MONEY.

Money nowadays is in high repute: money confers offices of state, money procures friendship: everywhere the poor man is despised.

Timocles (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 810, M.) says:—

"Money is the blood and life of men: whoever has it not nor has been able to get it, is like a dead man walking among the living."

JUSTICE.

The wickedness of man had not yet put Justice to flight; she was the last of the heavenly deities to forsake the earth.

ASTRONOMERS.

Happy souls, the first who studied these mighty themes and mounted to the celestial regions! We may well believe that they soared far above human vices and this lower world. Neither love nor wine exercised disturbing influences, nor yet the anxieties of the Forum, nor the labors of warfare; their mind was free from vain ambition and the desire of fame got at the cannon's mouth and the envy of boundless riches. They brought far distant stars within our ken, and the heaven itself was made subject to our understanding: in this way men attain to heaven.

A LOVER.

Her he wishes, for her he longs, for her alone he sighs: he makes signs to her by nods, and tries to attract her attention by gestures.

A DISDAINFUL BEAUTY.

Cold disdain is found in the fair, and a haughty demeanor is the accompaniment of beauty. By her looks she despises and scorns him.

CONSCIENCE.

According as the conscience suggests to each man, so hope and fears start up from his deeds.

THE BRAVE MAN.

The brave find a home in every land, as fish possess the sea and birds the air. Nor does tempestuous weather always last: believe me, the warmth of spring will again reappear.

PEACE.

Wars lie long confined in adamant chains beneath our feet. Our oxen now again may plough the land, and the yellow corn wave over our fields. It is peace that brings plenty. Plenty is the foster-child of Peace.

ATONEMENT.

Ah! weak beings, who think that the deep

stains of murder can be washed out by the multitudinous waters of the ocean!

THE STATESMAN WHO IMAGINES THAT HE CAN
COMMAND THE CHANNEL FLEET.

What hast thou to do with the sword? Steersman, look to the veering bark: these are not the instruments that suit thy hands.

THE PIOUS.

God regards the works of the righteous.

So Genesis iv. 4:—

"And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering."

THE NOD OF JOVE.

Jove had nodded; both poles trembled at his nod, and Atlas felt the weight of heaven.

MAN'S STATE OF LIFE.

Remain in that state of life, in which God hath placed thee.

WORDS AND REALITY.

There is no use of words; believe what is before your eyes.

BLIND TO MISFORTUNES.

What ignorance attends the human mind!

THE SWALLOW.

Are we deceived? or is the swallow come the harbinger of spring?

DELAY.

Put off: a short delay is of great advantage.

PICTURE OF RURAL HAPPINESS.

The peasants gather together and enjoy themselves over a joyous glass of wine, lying at ease on the green grass, each with his sweetheart.

SCHOOLMASTERS CHEATED OF THEIR PAY.

Neither do you, schoolmasters, a set too often cheated of your wages, despise the goddess Minerva; it is she that brings you new pupils.

FALSE REPORTS.

The mind, conscious of innocence, laughs to scorn false reports that throw suspicion on our fame: but we are all of us a set only too ready to lend an ear to scandal about our neighbors.

MAY UNLUCKY FOR MARRIAGE.

For this reason; if you listen to proverbs, let me tell you that the vulgar say, Unlucky are the wives that wed in May.

HALF MORE THAN THE WHOLE.

Divide the heaven, which thou givest to me alone, between us both: the half will be more than the whole.

INSPIRATION.

A god has his abode within our breast; when he rouses us, the glow of inspiration warms us;

this holy rapture springs from the seeds of the divine mind sown in man.

HOW SLEEP IS INDUCED.

Sleep is induced by time, movements, and wine.

TIME PASSES QUICKLY.

Time rolls on and old age creeps upon us in the unmarked lapse of years: days rush on without a rein to check them.

So Job xiv. 1:—

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble."

LIFE THE GIFT OF GOD.

I reckon this also, that I live, to be the gift of God.

MAY I DIE IN MY HOME.

May it be granted to die in my native home.

THE DUTIES OF A JUDGE.

The judge's duty is to weigh the circumstances as well as the times.

WHAT THE POET REQUIRES.

The writer of poetry requires the quiet of retirement from the world.

A BURNED CHILD DREADS THE FIRE.

The dove, that has once been wounded by thy talons, O hawk, is frightened by the least movement of the wing.

GODS.

The deeds of men never escape the all-seeing eyes of the Almighty.

THE FAVOR OF GOD.

If God be my friend I cannot be wretched.

FALSE FRIENDS.

For as yellow gold is tried by fire, so do moments of adversity prove the strength of friendship. While fortune is friendly and smiles with serene countenance, crowds surround the rich; but when heaven's thunder rolls, they vanish, nor has he one who knows him, though lately encircled by troops of boon companions.

So 1 Peter i. 6, 7:—

"Though now for a season . . . ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire."

A FRIEND TO MY FORTUNE, NOT TO ME.

The rest of the crowd were friends to my fortune, not to me.

Claude-Mermet says very beautifully:—

"The friends of the present day are of the nature of meadows; we must try fifty before we meet with a good one."

NUMEROUS AS THE STARS OF HEAVEN.

I have suffered as many woes as there are stars in heaven, or as atoms in the dry dust.

FRIENDSHIP'S SACRED NAME.

Is the holy and revered name of friendship despised by thee and trodden under foot?

PROSPERITY.

Whilst thou art favored, by fortune, thou shalt have troops of friends; when storms blow, thou shalt find thyself alone. Thou seest how doves flock to new-built houses, while the tower in ruins is shunned. Never do ants frequent the empty barn; no friend comes to him that is in want. As the shadow attends the sun and disappears when it is clouded, so do the fickle mob attend on fortune's light, but pass away when clouds overcast the sky.

THE TRUE MODE OF PROPHECY.

Reason is my only means of knowing and predicting the future; by it I have divined and acquired my knowledge.

IMAGES OF DEATH.

Wherever I look, there is nothing seen but the images of death.

THE TERRORS OF THE DEEP.

The land has more objects of fear than the boisterous ocean.

SINNERS.

If Jupiter were to hurl his thunderbolt as oft as men sinned, he would soon have no thunderbolt to hurl.

So Psalm ciii. 8:—

"The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

But yet as God is propitiated by the blood of a hundred bulls, so also is He by the smallest offering of incense.

ADVERSITY.

When a house, with loosened foundations, begins to sink, the whole weight rests on the portion that has given way; all things totter, when fortune has once made an opening. The very house sometimes falls under its own weight.

GOD.

Jupiter has no time to attend to unimportant matters.

Euripides (Fr. Incert. 85) says:—

"For God attends to important matters, the small He leaves to fortune."

THE ADVANTAGEOUS MAY ALSO BE INJURIOUS.

There is nothing advantageous which may not also be injurious.

EVERY BLESSING MAY BE ABUSED.

What is more useful than fire? And yet, if any one prepares to burn a house, it is with fire that he arms his rash hands.

MEDICINE.

Medicine sometimes destroys, sometimes gives health: it shows the herb that assists and that which hurts.

THE SWORD MAY BE USED FOR A GOOD OR BAD PURPOSE.

Both the robber and the wary traveller gird themselves with the sword: the one carries it for the purposes of crime, and the latter as his means of defence.

THE BAD.

All things can lead astray those ill-inclined.

AN INOFFENSIVE POET.

I have lampooned no one in satirical verse, nor do my poems hold up any one to ridicule.

FLY HIGH THINGS.

Live to thyself, and fly far from high fortune.

PREFER AN OBSCURE LIFE.

The lowest yards escape the winter's storms, while flowing sails are the cause of greater fear.

A QUIET LIFE IS BEST.

Believe me, he who has passed a quiet inoffensive life, unknown to the world, has lived well; each man ought to be satisfied with the lot assigned him.

So 1 Timothy vi. 8:—

"And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."

PRAYER.

Live thou unenvied and spend joyous years unknown to fame, and have friends such as are suitable to thee.

THOUGHTS OF A DISTANT HOME.

Before my mind's eye flit my home, the city, and each well-known spot; and to each place I attach what is naturally occurring.

THE NOBLE-MINDED.

The greatest men are placable in wrath: a generous mind is less easily excited to anger. The noble-minded lion spares the prostrate; the fight is at an end when his enemy lies before him. But the wolf and the vile bear trample on the dying, and every animal, that is mean and treacherous, does the same.

OLD AGE.

Wasting old age will place its hand on beauty, advancing with noiseless step.

THE BODY SUFFERS FROM THE MIND.

The diseases of the mind impair the bodily powers.

ELOQUENCE.

In easy matters every one can speak; little strength is required to break the bruised reed.

To throw down towers and walls that stand,
shows innate force. Even the feeble can push
over what totters.

MUSIC LIGHTENS LABOR.

Even the miner, while clanking his chains,
sings as he lightens his labor with untaught
music: he too sings, who bending low on the oozy
sand, drags the slow barge against the stream.

PUBLIC INTERESTS ARE ABOVE PRIVATE.

Public interests will outweigh those of private
individuals.

TEARS.

It is some relief to weep; grief is satisfied and
carried off by tears.

Euripides (Fr. Cimon, 5) says:—

"But there is even in misfortunes a pleasure to mortals
while they weep and shed tears. This assuages grief, and is
wont to relieve the excessive pangs of the heart."

And in the notes of Eustathius to *Iliad* (l. 349) we find this
Greek proverb:—

"The good are full of tears."

MAN'S CHARACTER MADE KNOWN BY ADVERSITY.

Who would have heard of Hector, if Troy had
been fortunate? Noble conduct has an oppor-
tunity of display when surrounded by misfort-
unes.

SICK MIND.

The mind is more sick than the sick body, and
at contemplation of its sufferings becomes hope-
less.

THE WRESTLER.

The wrestler, who enters young into the yellow-
sanded arena, feels stronger than he whose arms
are worn out by the slow approach of age.

THE FUTURE OF LIFE NOT TO BE FORESEEN.

Thus, as I did not foresee what was to come, I
used to wish that I might become old with all the
tranquil joys around me.

FATE INIMICAL.

The fates were inimical.

RUIN AT THE END OF LIFE.

Not far from the goal, which I thought I had
almost reached, heavy ruin overtook me on my
course.

NOTHING ABOVE GOD.

Nothing is so high nor above the dangers of life
that it is not below and placed under God.

MEN RISE UNDER ADVERSITIES.

The oak, struck by the lightning of Jove, often
sprouts anew.

PLEASURES OF POETRY.

Thanks to thee, my Muse, for it is thou that
affordest me solace; thou art a respite to my cares,
thou art an antidote to all my ills.

SUPPRESSED GRIEF.

Suppressed grief suffocates raging within the
breast, and is forced to multiply its strength.

THE LOVE OF FAME.

The love of fame usually puts spurs to the
mind.

WHERE SHALL I LOOK FOR SAFETY.

Whither shall I go? Whence shall I seek com-
fort in my calamities? No anchor any longer
holds our vessel.

THERE IS NO CERTAINTY OF PEACE.

Sometimes there is peace, but never a certainty
of its continuance.

INEXORABLE FATE.

The iron-hearted and inexorable fate of life
weighed heavily upon him.

THE GOOD UNDER ADVERSITY.

No doubt the righteous under the stroke of ad-
versity has substantial grounds for glorying in
the sadness of their fate.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

Fearlest thou not the divine power of Fortune,
as she stands on her unsteady wheel, that goddess
who abhors all vaunting words?

FICKLENESS OF FORTUNE.

Fortune wanders around with doubtful steps,
remaining sure and fixed in no place; but now is
joyful, now puts on a sorrowful countenance, and
is only constant in its fickleness.

A FADING BLOOM.

We also have bloomed, but it was a fading
flower.

HAPPY MORE NUMEROUS THAN UNHAPPY DAYS.

If thou countest the sunshine and cloudy days
of the whole year, thou wilt find that the bright
predominate.

A BARBARIAN.

I am a barbarian here, because I am not under-
stood by any.

WHAT THE POET REQUIRES.

The poet's labors are a work of joy, and require
peace of mind.

RESULT OF IDLENESS.

Besides my vein of genius, rusted by long tor-
por, grows dull, and is much less strong than it
was before. The field, if it be not regularly tilled,
will produce nothing but coarse grass and thorns.
The horse that has been long confined will run
badly, and will come in last among the steeds that
left the starting point.

So Proverbs xiii. 11:—

"Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished: but he that
gathereth by labor shall increase."

LOVE OF GLORY.

In short, the love of glory gives no small strength to the mind, and the desire of praise inspires men with eloquence.

THE RESULT.

The result is a small ember of my exertions.

THE RICH.

The shade of the rich man will carry nothing to the grave.

DESERT NOT THE UNFORTUNATE.

When God thunders, not to withdraw ourselves from the storm is proof of reverential awe and of affection for our friends.

MERIT UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF FORTUNE.

Rare indeed is the merit not under the influence of fortune.

THE OLIVE BRANCH OF PEACE.

In war the olive branch of peace is of use.

TO HAVE DESERVED PUNISHMENT.

It is less to suffer punishment than to have deserved it.

PUNISHMENT.

The punishment may be remitted; the crime will be forever.

DREAMS.

Dreams alarm me that portray my real misfortunes, and my waking senses are ever alive to my sorrows.

WOUNDS.

A wound may perhaps be closed in time, but freshly inflicted, it shrinks from the touch.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Love of country more powerful than reason itself.

THE PHYSICIAN'S SKILL NOT OMNIPOTENT.

It is not always in the power of the physician to relieve the patient: sometimes the disease is beyond the reach of art.

CARE.

Neither gout nor dropsy can be removed by the power of medicine. Care, too, is at times beyond the reach of art, or is only to be assuaged by length of time.

FATHERLAND.

Our fatherland charms us with delights that we cannot express, and never allows us to forget that we owe to it our birth.

A FRAIL BARK.

We have ploughed the vast ocean in a frail bark.

SLOTH.

Thou seest how sloth wastes the sluggish body, as the water is corrupted unless it is moved.

Proverbs xxi. 25:—

"The desire of the slothful killeth him; for his hands refuse to labor."

PURSUIITS.

Every one is fond of his own pursuits, and delights to spend time in his accustomed art.

THE GLADIATOR.

The wounded gladiator forswears all fighting, but soon, forgetful of his former wound, he resumes his arms.

USELESS ARTS.

Nothing is more useless to man than those arts which have no utility.

INGENUOUS ARTS.

The heart of man is softened by ingenuous arts, to which thou art specially devoted, and churlishness flies away.

HOPE.

Hope causes the shipwrecked mariner, when no land appears around, to strike out in the midst of the waves. The skill of the physician has often confessed itself baffled, but hope still lingered while life was ebbing. The prisoner hopes for safety in his prison; while the man hanging on the cross offers up prayers for release.

St. Basil, writing to Gregory of Nazianzus (Epist. xiv. p. 98) calls "Hope the waking dreams of men."

And Pope ("Essay on Man," Ep. l. l. 95) speaks of it thus:—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is but always to be blest."

And Prior, to the Hon. Charles Montague:—

"Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height;
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight."

And Shakespeare ("Measure for Measure," iii. 1):—

"The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope."

And ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," iii. 1):—

"Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts."

And Goldsmith (song from the "Captivity"):—

"The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies,
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.
Hope like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."

TRUE NOBILITY.

It is not wealth nor ancestry, but honorable conduct and a noble disposition, that make men great.

"TARES."

As often as Jove sends showers to refresh the fields, the clinging bur springs up amidst the wheat.

Shakespeare ("Richard III." II. 4):—

"Sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste."

BAD FORTUNE.

The most miserable fortune is safe for there is no fear of anything worse.

THE TONGUE.

My tongue, be silent; not another word must be said.

THE UPWARD PATH OF VIRTUE.

It is a difficult path, I confess, but virtue mounts upward, and so much greater will be the fame derived from such meritorious exertions.

THE MERCIFUL JUDGE.

Who, when he has come to a sad decision, is himself sad, and who almost feels the infliction of the punishment as if it were inflicted on himself.

Shakespeare ("Measure for Measure," II. 2):—

"He who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing,
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking."

POPULACE.

The vulgar throng estimates friends by the advantage to be derived from them.

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

Thou wilt scarcely find one in a thousand who will regard virtue as its own reward. Honor itself possesses no charms if it is unattended by recompense; and we are ashamed to be good, if we are not to be compensated.

So Home ("Douglas," act III. sc. 1):—

"Amen! and virtue is its own reward!"

SELF-INTEREST.

Nowadays every one looks after his own interests, and calculates on his anxious fingers what may turn out useful to himself.

So Churchill ("The Conference," l. 167):—

"Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
The same grand leading principle in all,
... And by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all."

PROSPERITY.

Nobody is loved except the man to whom fortune is favorable; when she thunders, she drives away all that are near.

THE THORN AND THE ROSE.

The prickly thorn often bears soft roses.

Anonymous ("To Fielding, on the revival of the Intriguing Chambermaid"):—

"Where the sharp thistle springs, implant the corn,
And graft the rose upon the spring thorn."

VIRTUE REQUIRES NO REWARD.

In thy judgment virtue, without the aid of outward advantages, stands in no need of reward, and must be sought for her own sake.

DIFFERENT PURSUITS, BUT BOTH LIBERAL.

Our pursuits indeed differ, but they are derived from the same source; both of us are devoted to a liberal art.

A FUTURE AGE.

A coming age will admire.

THE NERVOUS.

The wounded limb shrinks even from the gentlest touch, and to the nervous the smallest shadow excites alarm.

A DROP.

Stones are hollowed by constant drops of water.

Shakespeare ("Henry VI." Part III. act III. sc. 3):—

"Much rain wears the marble."

INGENUOUS ARTS.

Many seek glory by ingenuous arts.

THE WOLF.

The wolf rushes on a flock of sheep that it may carry off one.

EXILE.

The place makes banishment more bearable.

AGRICULTURE.

It is pleasant to pass one's time in the cultivation of the fields.

PURE WATER.

There is in pure water no small pleasure.

THE MIND.

The mind conquers everything; it gives even strength to the body.

Of the power of the mind Pope ("Essay on Man," Ep. II. l. 104) thus speaks:—

"But strength of mind is exercise, not rest;
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale."

A PLEASING COUNTENANCE.

A pleasing countenance is no slight advantage to man.

THE MISERABLE.

Believe me, it is noble to aid the afflicted, and is worthy of such a mighty potentate as thou art.

So Matthew xx. 26, 28:—

"Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister."

HIGH POWER.

Royal power is never seen in a better cause than
as often as it does not allow prayers to be offered
no effect.

MERCY.

It is a pleasure proper for man to save a fellow-
creature, and gratitude is better acquired in no
other way.

Shakespeare ("Merchant of Venice," act iv. sc. 1) says:—

"It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
An earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."

RESULT OF EDUCATION.

To be thoroughly imbued with the liberal arts
refines the manners, and makes men to be mild
and gentle in their conduct.

Pope ("Moral Essays," I. Part II.) says:—

"Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd."

POETS HAVE COMMON TIES.

Yet between poets there are certain common
ties, though we, each of us, pursue our respective
paths.

THE ADVANTAGE OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

The spirited steed, which will contend of its
own accord for the victory, will run still more
swift if thou givest encouragement.

DESIRE OF SUCCESS.

To wish is of slight moment; thou oughtest to
pursue with earnestness to be successful, and this
anxiety should shorten thy hours of rest.

TEARS.

Tears are sometimes equal in weight to words.

Rood ("Song of the Shirt"):—

"My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders my needle and thread."

And Scott:—

"The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears."

THE EFFECT OF THE THUNDERBOLT.

Though the thunderbolt strikes only one, it is
not only one that it alarms.

ENVY.

Envy, the meanest of vices, does not enter the
sight of the noble, but creeps on the ground like
a hidden serpent.

Sherridan ("The Critic," act I. sc. 1):—

"There is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human
heart as envy."

GREAT POETS.

Great poets do not require an indulgent reader;
they charm any one, however much against his
will, and however difficult to please.

THE RESULT OF THE APPLAUSES OF THE PUBLIC.

Every genius may feel elated at the applauses
of the public and its joyous acclamation.

NOVELTY.

Novelty in everything is most pleasing; and
gratitude is refused to a kindness which is slow
in coming.

THE LAST ROSE.

It makes not the least difference whether thou
be the first to pluck the rose, or they be the last
on the bush.

THE FATE OF WRITINGS AFTER DEATH.

Writings generally begin to please from the mo-
ment of a man's death, for spite assails the living,
and carps at him with unjust tooth.

BAD LIFE.

To lead a dissipated life may be called a kind of
death.

GOODWILL IS SOMETIMES SUFFICIENT.

Though the power be wanting, yet the mere de-
sire to assist is worthy of praise.

GOD.

There is a divinity in our breast.

Cato (act v. sc. 1) says:—

"Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

FRESH FRUIT ON THE TREE.

It is more delightful to pull down a branch, and
pluck a fresh apple, than to pick one from a carved
dish.

THE AFFLICTED.

The gods, believe me, spare the afflicted, and
do not always oppress the unfortunate.

Pemfret, to his friend under affliction:—

"Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes."

THE AUTHOR.

An author is pleased with his own work.

DISEASES.

The art of perceiving diseases and of removing
them is not the same: perception exists in all;
but it is by skill alone that diseases are cured.

COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

To send verses to him was to add leaves to a
wood.

THE PROSPEROUS.

While my ship was supported with a strong keel,
thou wast the first to be willing to sail along with
me.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

All human things hang on a slender thread, and the strongest fall with a sudden crash.

So Jeremiah ix. 23:—

"Neither let the haughty man glory in his might."

LOVE OF FAME.

The love of fame gives an immense stimulus.

THE GODS.

Heaven makes sport of the affairs of men, and we know not what a day may bring forth.

UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN EVENTS.

Consider that the things which seem joyful to thee while thou speakest may become a source of grief.

MISFORTUNE.

Bad fortune has made no lot so miserable that a respite of the evil does not bring some relief.

THE MIND'S EYE.

Though absent, I shall see you with my mind's eye.

Shakespeare ("Hamlet," i. 3):—

"In my mind's eye, Horatio."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

But he who gives all that he can is abundantly grateful, and his return has reached its natural limit; nor is the incense which the poor man offers from his tiny censer of less avail with the gods than what is given from the rich man's bowl.

POETRY.

By verse the virtuous are made immortal, and, secure from death, they are handed down to the latest posterity.

THE IMPORTANCE OF WRITINGS.

What is written survives the lapse of years; it is by writings that you know Agamemnon, and who fought for or against him.

THE MIND.

The mind alone cannot be sent into exile.

THE GIVER.

The gift derives its value from the rank of the giver.

THE DROP.

The drop hollows out the stone; the ring is worn by use; and the crooked ploughshare is rubbed away by the earth.

RENEWING GRIEF.

When length of time has assuaged the wounds of the mind, he, who reminds us of them unseasonably, brings them up afresh.

PRUDENCE FORSAKES THE WRETCHED.

Believe me, that it is prudence that first forsakes the miserable.

LOVE.

Love is full of anxious fears.

LOVERS.

If thou wert to count the hours as we lovers do we do not complain before we ought. We were slow to hope; we do not quickly believe what is injurious if true.

FALSE PROMISES.

Demophoon, thou hast given both words and sails to the winds; what I complain of is, that the sails are never to return, and that thy promises are false.

BROKEN FAITH.

Where now are the laws of thy country, the pledged word, thy right hand joined to thy right hand, and the gods so often invoked by thy false tongue?

CREDULITY.

We foolishly believe those oaths thou swearst of which thou wast liberal enough; we trust the honor of thy race and high birth; we trust thy tears; are these also able to be simulated? Have these, too, their guile and flow as they bid?

SUCCESS.

I wish that whoever thinks that deeds are to be regarded according to their result, may never enjoy success.

MAY I BE SWALLOWED UP BY THE EARTH.

I pray that I may be first swallowed up by the sudden gaping of the earth, or be burnt by the ruddy flash of the thunderbolt.

WORDS OF NO WEIGHT.

But my words are of no weight.

LOVE.

It is not safe to despise what Cupid bids; he reigns supreme, and rules over the mightiest gods.

INITIATION IN CRIMES FROM EARLY YEARS.

When there is initiation in crime from early years, they become a part of nature.

MISFORTUNES THAT ARE UNDESERVED.

We ought to bear with patience what befalls according to our deserts; it is the unmerited that is to be regarded with sorrow.

CHASTITY.

Chastity once lost, cannot be recalled; it goes only once.

LIGHTNESS OF CHARACTER.

Thou art lighter than leaves at the time when being without the weight of juice, dried up, they fly about by the ever-moving winds; and there is less weight in thee than in the topmost part of the tree.

the grain which is hardened by the constant heat of the sun.

LOVE.

Love is credulous. Would that I could be called rash for having accused my husband of crimes of which he was guiltless!

A WOUND FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.

I have received a wound from an unexpected quarter.

LOVE.

Love is to be acquired by beauty of mind and body.

THE HARD-HEARTED.

Thou hast been begotten by a stone, and mountains and oaks growing on lofty rocks, and savage beasts.

THE SEA.

Yet the wide expanse of sea witnesses many sad scenes.

THE SAME FATE TO THE END OF LIFE.

The fate which attended me before, continues to the end, and follows me to the last moment of my life.

THE WICKED.

The right hand of the wicked cannot offer due homage to the gods.

So James iv. 8:—
"Cleanse your hands, ye sinners."

THE BEGINNING BETTER THAN THE END.

Thou beginnest better than thou endest; the last is inferior to the first.

MARRY YOUR EQUAL.

If thou wishest to marry wisely, marry thy equal.

"Like blood, like good, and like age, make the happiest marriage."

LOVE AND WAR.

Let others wage wars; let Protesilaus have the enjoyments of love.

It is thought that this may be the origin of the often-cited expression:—

"Bella gerant alii; tu felix Austria nube."

THE LAST FAREWELL.

And the tongue said with low murmurs, Farewell!

BEAUTY.

If but to one that's equally divine,
None you'll incline to, you'll to none incline.

USE IS SECOND NATURE.

Pursuits become habits.

Shakespeare ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," act v. sc. 4) says:—

"How use doth breed a habit in a man."

FIRE.

For who can conceal fire, which always betrays itself by its own light?

A GIFT.

We like the gift, when we the giver prize.

DO NOT EXCITE THE WRATH OF A KING.

Knowest thou not that kings have long arms?

This is the Greek proverb:—

"He who sups with the devil must have a long spoon."

A FLAME NEWLY RAISED.

A flame newly raised is extinguished by a little water.

HOPE.

Good hope is often deceived in its predictions.

THE MIND.

And I am borne in spirit whither I am not able in body.

HOPE AND REALITY.

Hopes are not always realized, but they are ever present.

JOYS.

Every delay is regarded as long which puts off our joys.

A BURDEN.

'Tis patience that makes a burden light.

So Matthew xi. 29:—

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

THE POWER OF RAGE.

Rage assists hands, however feeble.

TIME.

Life steals on and time escapes from us like the swift river that glides on with rapid stream.

Shakespeare ("All's Well that Ends Well," act v. sc. 3):—

"The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time."

And Chaucer ("The Clerk's Tale") says:—

"For tho' we slepe or wake, or ryme or ride,
Ay fleeth the time, it will no man bide."

So Psalm xc. 5:—

"Thou carriest them away as with a flood."

NECESSITY OF INDUSTRY.

Vessels of bronze become bright by use; magnificent dresses are made to be worn: houses abandoned to long neglect grow hoary with age.

NOBLE TO GIVE.

It is a noble thing to give generously.

MANY A LITTLE MAKES A MUCKLE.

If they shall beg a few things from a great num-

bar, by and by a great heap will be accumulated from their gleanings.

MEDICATED POISON.

Deadly poisons sometimes lurk under sweet money.

Watt says:—

"The rills of pleasure never run sincere,
(Earth has no unpolluted spring;)
From the cursed soil some dang'rous taint they bear,
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting."

EVERY LOVER IS A SOLDIER.

Every lover is a soldier.

LOVE IS A CAUSE OF GREAT ANXIETY.

Let the man who does not wish to be idle fall in love.

THANKS.

Thanks are justly due for things got without purchase.

FAME FROM POETRY.

The honors which poetry will confer will be never-dying.

THE SUPREMACY OF POETRY.

Let kings and the triumphs of kings give way to verse.

ENVY.

Envy feeds on living merit; it ceases after death, when a man's real character defends each according to his actual deserts.

THE MAN THAT IS FEARED.

Every one is desirous that the man should perish of whom he is afraid.

TO ACKNOWLEDGE ONE'S FAULTS.

I would not presume to defend my dissolute habits, and to throw a false glare over my misdeeds.

PATIENCE.

Let those who have deserved it suffer punishment with patience.

COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

Why dost thou add leaves to trees, stars to the crowded sky, water to the vast ocean?

SLEEP.

Thou fool, what is sleep but the image of cold death? Fate will give an eternity of rest.

THE SHIP.

It is too late to look with wistful eyes to the shore, when the rope has been loosed, and the rounded keels sweep through the boundless deep.

THE WORDS OF A GIRL.

The words of younger girls are lighter than the

falling leaves; the wind and the waves bear them without effort wherever they choose.

WHAT IS EASILY GOT IS LITTLE CARED FOR.

What may be got is despised; what cannot, is eagerly desired.

THE CHASTENING OF THE LORD.

Be firm and endure; this pain will hereafter be for thy good: a bitter draught often brings relief to the sick.

DEATH.

Death, who will take no refusal, profanes everything sacred; it lays its hands silently on all.

COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

Thou pourest fire into fire, water into the sea.

THE POWER OF COMMITTING SIN.

He, who has it in his power to commit sin, is less inclined to do so. The very idea of being able weakens the desire.

THE FORBIDDEN.

We are ever hankering after the forbidden, and covet what is refused us: thus the dropical long for the water they must not touch.

So Genesis III. 1:—

"And the serpent said to the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?"

WE COVET WHAT IS CAREFULLY GUARDED.

We are apt to covet the more whatever is guarded; the very care invokes the thief. Few care for what they may have.

WEALTH GIVES HONORS.

Parliament is closed to the poor; it is wealth that confers honors.

Sophocles (Philoct. 304) says:—

"Not hither are the voyages of the prudent among men."

GENIUS IN OLDEN TIMES.

Genius in olden times was more precious than gold, but the barbarism of the present day puts no account on it.

THE CRETANS ARE LIARS.

The Cretans do not always tell lies.

THE LICENCE OF POETS.

The unbridled licence of poets ranges "from earth to heaven," nor are his words subject to historic truth.

THE SECRETS OF NIGHT.

What madness it is to confess in the day what is concealed by the darkness of night, and to relate openly what thou hast done secretly!

THE ADVANTAGES OF ART.

Ships are moved with rapidity by art, sails, and oars; the light chariot is moved by art; and love is governed by the assistance of art.

TO SEE AND BE SEEN.

They come to see; they come to be seen.

LIGHT SERVICE.

Light service charms light minds.

HEAVENLY GENIUS.

Heavenly genius springs up more quickly, than its years, and submits, with regret, to the losses brought by slow time.

WINE.

Wine prepares the mind, and makes it ready to be inflamed; care flies, and is drowned in plentiful draughts.

SIMPLICITY.

Simplicity most rare in our age.

NIGHT COVERS ALL DEFECTS.

Night covers all blemishes, and every flaw is forgiven.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

The crop seems always more productive in our neighbor's field, and our neighbor's cow has a larger supply of milk.

So Luke xv. 20, 26:—

"Yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends; but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

ANGER IS ASSUAGED BY TIME.

Like brittle ice anger passes away by time.

So Psalm cxxx. 5:—

"For His anger endured but a moment."

THE RESULT.

The result is doubtful.

A LOVER OF BARGAINS.

A woman who is always buying.

EFFECT OF PRAYER.

An angry God is propitiated by words of entreaty.

So Psalm ciii. 9:—

"He will not always chide; neither will He keep his anger forever."

NO HARM IN PROMISING.

Take care to promise liberally; for what harm is there in promising? Any one can be rich in promises.

A SPEAKING COUNTENANCE.

A silent countenance often expresses words and sounds.

THE BOLD.

Fortune and love befriend the bold.

THE ELOQUENCE OF A LOVER.

See only that thou beginnest; eloquent words will flow spontaneously.

THE PEACOCK.

The bird of Juno displays her feathers, which thou praisest; if thou look at her in silence, she conceals her beauty.

PERJURIES OF LOVERS.

Jupiter, from on high, laughs at the perjuries of lovers, and orders the winds to scatter them abroad.

ARTIFICERS OF DEATH.

For there is no law more just than this, that the workman should be hoisted by his own petard.

CROCODILE TEARS.

If tears fall thee, for they do not always come at the wished-for moment, wipe thy eyes with thy moistened hand.

THE SWARTHY SAILOR.

A fair complexion is unbecoming a sailor; he ought to be swarthy from the waters of the sea and the rays of the sun.

A MAN'S OWN GRATIFICATION.

His own gratification is the object of each.

MORE MERIT IN KEEPING THAN IN GETTING RICHES.

There is no less merit in keeping what we have got than in first acquiring it. Chance has something to do with the one, while the other will always be the effect of skill.

BE AMIABLE.

Be amiable that thou mayst be loved.

BEAUTY.

Beauty is a frail good.

EDUCATION.

And let it be no slight care to cultivate the mind with the liberal arts, and to learn thoroughly the two languages of Greece and Rome.

THE HAWK ALWAYS IN ARMS.

Churlishness excites hatred and bitter taunts; hatred excites the hawk, who always lives in arms.

"Churlishness and bitter taunts excite hatred."

THE SWALLOW.

But the swallow has no fear of man, because it is of a gentle nature.

THE BITTER TONGUE.

Let strife be at a distance, and the railings of a bitter tongue. Gentle love is to be fed by affectionate words.

TO SWIM AGAINST THE CURRENT.

Thou canst not get the better of the stream, if thou swimdest against the current.

SUBMISSION.

Submit, thou conquerest; serve, and thou'lt command.

GOLD.

This is now truly the golden age; the highest honors are bought with gold; even love is purchased with gold.

AN AVARICIOUS AGE.

Though thou shouldst come attended by the Muses, Homer, if thou bringest nothing with thee, Homer, thou wilt be put out of doors.

THE RESULTS OF BAD AIR.

Sickness seizes the body from bad ventilation.

CUSTOM.

Nothing is stronger than habit.

A FIELD LONG FALLOW.

Give rest; a field long at rest makes a plentiful return.

THE RIVER.

The river is small at its source, but gains strength as it advances, and wherever it passes receives many streamlets.

PROSPERITY.

The passions often run riot amidst prosperity, nor is it an easy task to bear it with evenness of mind.

A DIFFICULT TASK.

I attempt a difficult task, but there is nothing noble that is not arduous.

SILENCE.

It is but a slight excellence to be silent, but it is a grievous fault to speak of things that ought to be concealed.

So Ecclesiastes III. 7:—

"A time to keep silence, and a time to speak."

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

While youth and years allow it, put thy hand to the plough; soon bent old age will creep on with silent foot.

Euripides (Fr. Antioq. 44) says:—

"Such is the life of wretched men: they are neither altogether happy nor unhappy, they are prosperous and again are unprosperous. Why, pray, as we walk through the world in uncertain bliss, do we not live as pleasantly as we may, not yielding to grief."

WHY IS THERE EVIL IN THE WORLD?

Some of the vulgar throng will say, Why is there poison in the serpent? And why give up the sheep to the ravenous wolf?

LAY NOT THE FAULTS OF THE FEW ON THE MANY.

Do not lay the blame on the multitude that is due to the few.

OLD AGE.

Be mindful even now of old age which is approaching; thus no moment will pass without profit.

TIME.

We must make use of time: time flies with rapid foot.

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

Our advantages fly away: gather flowers while ye may.

CONSTANT CROPPING.

A field gets exhausted by constant cropping.

NEATNESS OF PERSON.

We are charmed by neatness of person; let not thy hair be out of order.

BASE DEEDS.

Many deeds, which are base in being committed, when done please.

THE BAD PREDOMINATE.

And there are always more bad than good.

HYPOCRISY EVEN IN TEARS.

To what point does not art reach? Some learn even to weep with grace.

MUSIC OUGHT TO BE LEARNED BY LADIES.

Music is a pleasing accomplishment; let the fair learn to sing.

FAME OF A POET.

Perhaps even my name will be mingled with theirs, nor shall my writings be given over to oblivion.

THE UNKNOWN.

What is hid is unknown; for what is unknown there is not desire.

So Romans vii. 7:—

"For I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet."

LET YOUR HOOK ALWAYS BE READY.

Chance is always powerful: let your hook always be cast. In a pool where you least expect it there will be a fish.

PEACE.

Fair peace becomes mankind; fury belongs to wild beasts.

GOD IN MAN.

A God resides in us, and we have intercourse with heaven. This spirit within us comes from the eternal abodes.

SWEET AND BITTER.

We do not bear the sweet; we are recruited by a bitter potion.

GIFTS.

Gifts, believe me, gain over both gods and men; even Jupiter is soothed by gifts.

Plato (De Republ. Consult. l. 8) says:—
"Gifts persuade the gods, gifts persuade even the noblest kings."

THE EARTH.

The earth produces wholesome and unwholesome plants; the rose is found often next to the nettle.

So Psalm civ. 14:—
"He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth."

EFFECTS OF TIME.

For time gives strength; time ripens the young grapes, and changes into a farm stack, what was before a green blade.

THE BEGINNINGS.

Resist the beginnings of evil; it is too late to apply medicine when the mischief has gained strength by inveterate habit.

"He that corrects not youth, controls not age."

TO-MORROW.

He, who is not prepared to-day, will be less so to-morrow.

MADNESS.

When madness is in full flight, give way to it in its course; every impulsive feeling is difficult to be met.

AN IMPATIENT SPIRIT.

An impatient and untutored spirit regrets and hates words of instruction.

MEDICAL ART.

Time is generally the best doctor.

Philippides (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1128, M.) says:—
"Time, the common physician, will heal thee."

HOW LOVE IS TO BE CONQUERED.

If thou wishest to put an end to love, attend to business, love gives way to employments: then thou art likely to be safe.

HOW CARE IS TO BE DISSIPATED.

The country, companions, and the length of the journey will afford a thousand solaces for your cares.

TO BURST THE CHAINS OF LOVE.

He is the best assertor of his liberties, who has burst the chain that galls his breast, and has once for all got rid of the cause of his pain.

VIRTUE AND VICE NEARLY ALLIED.

The bad is often too near akin to the good: by

confounding the one with the other, virtue has often borne the blame for vice.

DRESS.

We are captivated by dress.

TO RULE WITH A FIRM HAND.

It is something to hold the sceptre with a firm hand.

ENVY.

Envy depreciates the genius of mighty Homer.

ENVY.

Envy assails the noblest; the wind howls round the highest peaks.

THE SMALL NOT TO BE DESPISED.

A boar is often held by a dog of no large size.

EVILS.

There are a thousand forms of evil, there will be a thousand forms of remedy.

ACUTE REMEDIES.

Some bodies are with difficulty healed by a surgeon's knife; many are benefited by potions and herbs.

GRIEF.

And who has not a thousand causes of grief?

AN ILL-TEMPERED MAN.

All his words bristled with passionate threats.

PUT SPURS TO THE MIND.

And thou wilt be able if thou choosest; now thou must push on steadily; now put spurs to the swift steed.

DEEDS OF GLORY.

It is deeds of high renown that give age to man; these are what ought to be counted; time is to be filled with these and not with years of idleness.

So P. J. Bailey ("Festus"):—

"We live in deeds, not years: in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Sheridan ("Pizarro," act iv. sc. 1):—

"A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line—by deeds, not years."

Herbert ("Iacula Prudentum"):—

"Words are women, deeds are men."

Dr. Johnson ("The Preface to his Dictionary"):—

"I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven."

LIFE IS LENT TO US.

Life is given to us for use; it has been given to us as a loan without interest, and not to be payed back on any fixed day. Fortune distributes time in unequal portions at her will; she hurries off the young; she props up the old.

PERSIUS.

BORN A.D. 34—DIED A.D. 62.

AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS, born at Volaterræ in Etruria, during the consulship of L. Vitellius and Fabius Persicus, A.D. 34, received the first rudiments of his education at his native town, remaining there till the age of twelve, when he proceeded to Rome and studied under Remmius Palaemon and Verginius Flavius. When he approached manhood he received lessons of philosophy from Cornutus the Stoic, to whom he became much attached. He was the friend of Lucan and Cæsius Bassus the lyric poet. He died A.D. 62, before he had completed his twenty-eighth year. The extant works of Persius consist of six short satires, extending in all to 650 hexameter lines, and were left in an imperfect state.

AN IGNORAMUS QUOTING FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Who made the parrot so ready with his "How d'y'e do?"

THE BELLY.

The belly, master he of all art, the bounteous giver of genius.

VANITY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

Oh the cares of men! Oh how much emptiness there is in human affairs.

THE WISE MAN.

Whatever Rome in its perverted judgment may disparage, do not thou subscribe to its verdict, nor by that scale of theirs try to correct thy own false balance, nor seek beyond thy own breast for rules to guide thy conduct.

THAT'S HE.

Is then thy knowledge of no value, unless another know that thou possessest that knowledge? But it is a fine thing to be pointed at with the finger, and to have it said, "That's he!"

PUBLIC APPLAUSE.

Lives there the man with soul so dead as to disown the wish to merit the people's applause, and having uttered words worthy to be kept by cedar oil to latest times, to leave behind him rhymes that dread neither herrings nor frankincense.

PRAISE.

When I write, if anything by chance be expressed correctly (though this, I must confess, is a rare bird), yet if anything be expressed correctly, I would not shrink from being praised; for my breast is not made of horn: but I deny that that "excellently" and "beautifully" of yours is the end and object of what is right.

PRAYERS.

Thou at least dost not with mercenary prayers ask heaven for what thou wouldst not dare to name to the gods, unless in some corner. But then the greater part of the nobles offer libations

silently. I allow they do, for it is not every one that can in the temple do away with the low muttered whispers and offer up prayers in the open face of heaven. "A clear conscience, a good name, integrity," for these he prays loudly, that all at hand may hear. But in his inmost breast, and with bated breath, he murmurs, "Oh that my uncle would evaporate! What a splendid funeral! Would by the favor of Hercules that a pot of gold would ring against my rake! or, would I could wipe out my ward, to whom I am next heir! For he is scrofulous, and swollen with acrid bile."

GOD DOES NOT FORGET THE WICKED.

Thinkest thou that God has forgiven thee, because, when He thunders, the holm-oak is rather riven with His sacred bolt than thou and thy house?

In Ecclesiastes (viii. 11) we find the same idea:—

"Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."

UPRIGHTNESS.

Why do we not offer that to the gods, which the bleared progeny of great Mæssala cannot give from his high-heaped charger, Piety to God and Justice to man enshrined within the heart; the soul's inmost cell free from pollution; a bosom imbued with generous honor? Give me these to present at the altar, and I shall gain what I ask even with a little meal.

Gifford translates it thus:—

"No: let me bring the immortals, what the race Of great Mæssala, now depraved and base, On their huge charger, cannot:—bring a mind, Where legal and where moral sense are join'd With the pure essence; holy thoughts that dwell In the soul's most retired and sacred cell; A bosom dyed in honor's noblest grain, Deep-dyed; with these let me approach the fane, And Heaven will hear the humble prayer I make, Though all my offering be a barley cake."

There is a fragment in the "Mimes of Laberius" like this:—
"God looks with complacency on pure, not full, hands"

EDUCATION.

Thou art now clay, moist and pliant; even now must thou be hastily moulded and fashioned uninterruptedly by the rapid wheel.

HYPOCRISY.

Show these trappings to the rabble; I know thee intimately inside and out.

TYRANTS.

O mighty father of the gods! when once dire lust, dyed with raging poison, has fired their minds, vouchsafe to punish cruel tyrants in no other way than this, that they see virtue and pine away at having forsaken her.

This passage is thus paraphrased by Wyatt ("Ep. to Poynes"):

"None other payne pray I for them to be,
But, when the rage doth lead them from the right,
That, looking backward, Vertue they may see
E'en as she is, so goodly faire and bright!"

And while they clasp their lustes in arms across,
Grant them, good Lord, as thou maist of thy might,
To fret inwards for losing such a vantage!"

Milton ("Paradise Lost," iv. 846) says:—

"Abashed the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her own shape how lovely; saw
And pined his loss."

THE PURPOSE OF HUMAN LIFE.

Meet with preventive skill the disease coming
to attack you. Of what use is it to offer mountains
of gold to Craterus? Learn, hapless youths,
and investigate the causes of things—what we are
and for what purpose born—what station of life is
assigned us—how delicate the turning round the
goal and whence the starting point—what bounds
the love of property requires—what it is lawful to
wish—how far the genuine use of wealth extends
—what are the just claims of country and dear relations—
what kind of being heaven would have us
be, and where our stand in the human commonwealth.

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

Here some shag-haired captain may bellow
forth, "I have enough of wisdom to satisfy me: I
care not to be what Arcefilas was and dismal Solons,
with head awry and leaden eye that loves
the ground, while they mutter within themselves
or are moodily silent, poisoning every word on
protruded lips, moping o'er sick men's dreams, 'that
nothing can be generated from nothing; nothing
can return to nothing.' Is it over such stuff as
this that you grow pale? Is it for this that one
should go without his dinner?" At this the people
laugh, and with wrinkling nose the brawny
youth convulsively re-echo loud peals of laughter.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

How is it that no one tries to descend into himself?
But our eyes are fixed on the loaded back
that walks before us.

So Romans xi. 1:—

"Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou
art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou
condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same
things."

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Retire into thyself, and thou wilt blush to find
how poor a stock is there.

TRIFLES.

Air-blown trifles, fit only to give weight to
smoke.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

Countless are the various species of mankind,
and the shades that separate mind from mind.
Each has his will, and each pursues his own.

TO-MORROW.

In midnight study, seek, ye young and old, a
specific object for your mind and supply for your

miserable old age. "It shall be done to-morrow."
"To-morrow, thou wilt make the same answer."
"What, dost thou look upon one day as such a
precious gift?" "But when that other day has
dawned, we have already spent yesterday's to-
morrow. For see, another to-morrow wears away
our years, and will always be a little beyond thee.
For though it is so near thee, and guided by the
self-same pole, thou wilt in vain try to overtake
the fellow that revolves before thee, since thou art
the hinder wheel, and on the second axle."

So Shakespeare ("Macbeth," act v. sc. 5) says:—

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death."

And Cowley:—

"Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And still a new to-morrow does come on,
We by to-morrows draw out all our store,
Till the exhausted well can yield no more."

FREEDOM.

Is any one else, then, a freeman but he that
may live as he pleases?

HYPOCRISY.

Though thy face is glossed with specious art,
thou retainest the cunning fox beneath thy vapid
breast.

Milton ("Paradise Lost," bk. iii. l. 638) thus describes hy-
pocrisy:—

"For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisy, that only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By His permissive will, through Heaven and Earth."

Shakespeare ("Measure for Measure," act iii. sc. 2):—

"O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!"

BRAY A FOOL IN A MORTAR.

But there is no incense offered to the gods by
which thou canst gain this boon, that one short
half-ounce of Right can be infixed in fools. To
bray these things together is an impossibility.

THE MIND.

Within and in thy morbid breast there spring
up masters.

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

Indulge thyself! let us pluck the sweets of life!
that thou really livest is my boon: thou wilt soon
become ashes, a ghost and a gossip's tale. Live
mindful of death. Time presses: this very word
I speak is subtracted from it.

So Gifford thus paraphrases the lines:—

"Oh rather cultivate the joys of sense,
And crop the sweets which youth and health dispense;
Give the light hours to banquets, love, and wine;
These are the zest of life, and these are mine!
Dust and a shade are all you soon must be;
Live, then, while yet you may. Time presses.—See!
Even while I speak, the present is become
The past, and lessens still life's little sum."

DIFFERENT DISPOSITIONS IN THE SAME FAMILY.

The star that presides over the natal hour produces twins with widely-differing dispositions.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

Well, ask me who my great-great-grandfather was! I could tell you certainly, but not very readily. Go yet a step farther back and one more: you will find *he* is a son of earth!

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

FLOURISHED A.D. 50.

CAIUS PETRONIUS, a celebrated voluptuary at the court of Nero, is called by Tacitus (Ann. xvi. 18, 19) *arbiter elegantiae*. He passed his days in slumbers and his nights in revelry. He was consul A.D. 61, when he is said to have discharged his official duties with energy. He then relapsed to his former habits, and was admitted among the few chosen companions of the prince. Being suspected, however, of being implicated in the conspiracy of Scævinius, he put himself to death by opening his veins in a warm bath A.D. 66. He is believed to be the author of what bears the title of *Petronii Arbitri Satyricon*, a prose narrative interspersed with numerous pieces of poetry, a kind of comic romance, in which the adventures of certain parties enable him to hold up to ridicule the folly and dishonesty of all classes of the community in the country in which the scene is laid. The coarseness and obscenity of the descriptions, are a proof of the pollution of the age in which it was written.

SPARE NOT THE ROD.

Parents are worthy of reproof who are unwilling to do good to their children by severe discipline.

So Proverbs xiii. 24:—

"He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

LAUGHTER.

He burst his sides with immoderate laughter.

NOT A MAN, BUT A MERE SHADOW.

A mere phantom, not a man.

This is like what Shakespeare ("Macbeth," act iii. sc. 1) says:—

Mac. We are men, my liege.

Mac. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men."

A PHYSICIAN.

A physician is nothing else than a satisfaction to the mind.

NOT A MAN, BUT PEPPER ITSELF.

Pungent as pepper, and not a human being.

ALL ARE SINNERS.

Every one of us is a sinner. We are men, not gods.

So Romans iii. 23:—

"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

HYPOCRISY WILL BE DETECTED.

Our natural countenance returns, the assumed one passes away.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

While Fortune is steady, you have a gay countenance, my friends; when she vanishes, you disappear basely in flight.

POVERTY.

Poverty is closely allied to a sound mind.

Euripides (Fr. Polyid. 10) says:—

"Poverty is wont to acquire wisdom through misfortune."

BEAUTY AND WISDOM.

Beauty and wisdom are rarely conjoined.

Homer (Odys. xvii. 454) expresses the same idea:—

"Thou hast not wisdom with thy fair form."

ANGER.

In rugged and uncultivated countries the snow lies longer on the ground, but when it has been subject to the plough, it speedily disappears; whilst thou art speaking, the light hoar-frost vanishes; in the same way anger affects our breast; it fixes itself in the uneducated, but in the minds that have been under cultivation it quickly subsides.

MIND IN SLEEP.

When repose steals over the limbs, extended in sleep, and the mind disports without restraint.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

The mind longs for what it has lost, and is wholly intent upon the past.

"Can a mill go with the water that's past?"

ENVY AND LUXURY.

The vulture, which gnaws the liver and distracts the breast, is not that which the poets imagine, but the diseases of the heart, envy and luxurious habits.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

Almost the whole world practises the art of the player.

So Shakespeare ("As You Like It," act ii. sc. 1) says:—

"All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players.

In the Greek Anthology we have—

"This life, a theatre we well may call,

Where every actor must perform with art,

Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,

Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part."—BLAND.

So Massinger ("The Roman Actor," act i. sc. 3):—

Arctinus. Are you on the stage,

You talk so boldly?

Paris. The whole world being one,

This place is not excepted.

FEAR FIRST MADE GODS.

It was fear that first introduced gods into the world.

BLABBERS OF SECRETS.

Men could more easily hold fire in their mouths than keep secrets. Whatever you utter at court gets abroad, and excites the world with sudden reports.

PHÆDRUS.

FLOURISHED PROBABLY ABOUT A.D. 20.

PHÆDRUS is the writer of ninety-seven fables in Latin iambic verse, divided into five books. Little of his personal history is known. He was originally a slave, being brought up from Thrace or Macedonia, and from the title of his work we may infer that he belonged to Augustus, who bestowed on him his freedom.

THE POWERFUL.

A partnership with men in power is never safe.

BRAINS.

Oh, what a rare head-piece if only it had brains!

ADVICE.

Not to attend to our own affairs, but to be employed in giving advice to our neighbors, is the act of a fool.

A CHEAT.

Whoever has once become notorious for deceit, even if he speaks the truth, gains no belief.

So Jeremiah ix. 4, 5:—

"Take ye heed every one of his neighbor, and trust ye not in any brother: for every brother will utterly supplant, and every neighbor will walk with slanders. And they will deceive every one his neighbor, and will not speak the truth: they have taught their tongue to speak lies, and weary themselves to commit iniquity."

A BRAGGART.

A coward who brags of his courage, may deceive strangers, but is the laughing-stock of those who know him.

REPENTANCE.

He who takes pleasure in flattering words, generally pays for his folly by repentance, though it be late.

THE POOR.

In a change of government, the poor seldom change anything except the name of their master.

LIARS.

Liars are wont to pay the penalty of their guilt.

So Psalm v. 6:—

"Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man."

SMOOTH SPEECHES.

The fair speeches of the wicked are full of treachery.

Milton says:—

"All was false and hollow, though his tongue
Drops manna, and could make the worst appear
The better reason."

And Hood:—

"'Rogue that I am,' he whispers to himself,
'I lie, I cheat—do anything for help,
But who on earth can say I am not friar!'"

AN ILL-JUDGED PLAN.

An ill-judged plan is not only profitless, but also leads men to destruction.

LOST DIGNITY.

Whoever has fallen from his former high estate is in his calamity the scorn even of the base.

SUDDEN LIBERALITY.

A man that is generous all at once may dupe the fool, but it is in vain that he prepares snares for the wise.

THE POOR IMITATING THE GREAT.

The poor, when he tries to ape the powerful, comes to ruin.

Cowper says:—

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean."

TO GIVE BAD ADVICE TO THE WISE.

Those who give bad advice to the prudent, both lose their pains and are laughed to scorn.

PUNISHMENT.

Every one ought to bear with patience the fruits of his own conduct.

THE EXALTED.

Men, however exalted may be their sphere, ought to be on their guard against the lowly, for skill and address may enable them to take revenge.

FOOLS RAISING A LAUGH.

Fools often, while they try to raise a silly laugh, provoke by their insulting language, and bring themselves into serious danger.

SUBJECTS SUFFER.

Men of low degree suffer when the powerful disagree.

THE SUCCESS OF THE WICKED.

The success of the wicked is a temptation to many.

BUSY-BODIES.

Idly bustling here and there, with much ado doing nothing.

OUR OWN AFFAIRS.

The master (as the tale declares)
Looks sharpest to his own affairs.

TRUTH.

It is dangerous alike to give or withhold assent; therefore we ought to investigate strictly the truth rather than allow an erroneous impression to pervert our judgment.

WHAT IS TRULY DISGRACEFUL.

That only is really disgraceful to a man which he has deserved to suffer.

GLORY.

Unless what we do be useful, vain is our glory.

APPEARANCES.

Things are not always what they seem to be; first appearances deceive many.

So John vii. 24, says:—

“Judge not according to the appearance.”

THE MOTE IN OUR OWN EYE.

Hence we are not able to see our own faults: when others transgress, we are lynx-eyed to see theirs.

RICHES.

Riches are deservedly despised by a man of honor, because a well-stored chest intercepts the truth.

GRIEVANCES.

It is dangerous for a man of humble birth to grumble in public.

THE LEARNED MAN.

The learned man has always riches within himself.

EACH MAN HAS PECULIARITIES.

Since each has a turn of thinking of his own and a tone peculiar to himself.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

What wilt thou do to thyself, who hast added insult to injury.

RASHNESS.

Rashness brings luck to a few, misfortune to many.

PLAUTUS.

BORN PROBABLY ABOUT B.C. 254—DIED B.C. 184.

T. MACCIUS PLAUTUS, the most celebrated comic poet of Rome, a native of Sarsina, was of humble origin, being employed at first as a workman in the service of the actors of the stage. In this way he accumulated a small sum of money, but, having lost it in trade, he was obliged to gain a livelihood by working a hand-mill, grinding corn for a

baker. He commenced to write plays a few years before the breaking out of the Second Punic War, and continued his literary labors for about forty years. We possess only twenty comedies of Plautus, though in the time of Varro there were 130 plays which bore his name.

THE REASONABLE AND UNREASONABLE.

From the reasonable to ask what is not reasonable is not right; from the unreasonable to ask what is reasonable is mere madness.

MERIT.

We should try to succeed by merit, not by favor. He, who acquires himself well, will always have enough of patrons.

TIME STANDS STILL.

I believe this night the god of Night has gone to bed drunk, for neither do the Seven Stars move in any direction in the sky, nor does the moon change her position, but is where she rose; nor does Orion, or the Evening Star, or the Pleiades set. So entirely stock-still are the stars standing, and the night is yielding not a peg to the day.

PLEASURES AND SORROW OF LIFE.

Are not the pleasures of life and of our existence scanty in comparison with our troubles? Such is the lot of man. Thus it has pleased heaven that Sorrow should tread on the heels of Pleasure and be her companion: for if aught of good befall us, more of trouble and ill forthwith attend us.

Diphilus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1089) says:—

“There is no life that does not meet with some evils, grief, sorrows, plundering, torture, diseases: death appearing like a physician releases the afflicted from all these, causing them to cease by sleep.”

VALOR.

Valor is the best reward; it is valor assuredly that surpasses all things else; our liberty, safety, life, estate, parents, country, too, and children are by this preserved and defended: valor comprises everything in itself; all blessings await the man who is possessed of valor.

WOMAN'S DOWRY.

I do not consider that to be my portion which is called so, but chastity and modesty, subdued desires, reverence of the gods, affection for my parents, and friendship with my kindred—that I should be obedient to you, bounteous to the good, and ever ready to assist the virtuous.

JEST.

If anything is spoken in jest, it is not fair to turn it to earnest.

LIFE OF MAN.

For in the life of men many things fall out in this wise—men take their fill of pleasure, then again of misery. Quarrels spring up, and again

they are reconciled; but when these kind of quarrels arise between loving souls, if they are reconciled, they are doubly friends that they were before.

TO FOLLOW ONE'S INCLINATION.

He does right, inasmuch as he follows his inclination, a thing that all men ought to do, so long as it is done in a proper manner.

TRUSTING IS GOOD FOR NAUGHT.

I do not purchase with money day-light, water, sun, nor moon, nor night: what else we want we buy for ready money. If we want bread from the bakers, wine from the vaults, if money be sent, they give the goods. We act in the same way. Our hands are always full of eyes; they only credit what they see. It is an old saying, "Money down's the thing." Do you understand me? I'll say no more.

GAIN.

He who would seek for gain, must be at some expense.

This is our proverb: "Nothing venture, nothing win." This expression is said to have been often in the mouth of Louis XII. of France.

FORTITUDE.

He who endures misfortune with firmness, afterwards enjoys good fortune.

Tennyson says:—

"He shall find the rugged thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, that outbredden
All voluptuous garden roses."

And Young:—

"Life's cares are comforts; such by heaven design'd;
He that has none, must make them or be wretched."

MAN A WOLF TO MAN.

Man is like a wolf to man.

This is the German proverb:—

"One man is the devil of the other."

It is intended to recommend caution.

THE PET LAMB.

The shepherd, mother, who tends another's sheep, has some few for himself that are his pets.

ALL THINGS NOT EQUALLY SWEET TO ALL PERSONS.

Be assured that all things are not equally sweet to all persons.

MODESTY.

It well becomes a young man to be modest.

Le Bruyère says:—

"Modesty is to merit what shade is to the figures in a picture: it gives it force and relief."

WOMAN.

I know that we women are all justly accounted praters; they say in the present day that there

never was in any age such a wonder to be found as a dumb woman.

Antiphanes (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 568, M.) says:—

"What dost thou say? Seeking to conceal a matter, will you really tell it to a woman? Where, pray, is the difference between this and proclaiming it by all the heralds in the market-place?"

DAGGERS.

You speak daggers.

Shakespeare ("Hamlet," act iii. sc. 2) says:—

"I will speak daggers to her, but use none."

CONTENT.

If you are but content, you have enough to live upon with comfort.

BREAD.

And so he thinks to 'tice me like a dog,
By holding bread in one hand, and a stone,
Ready to knock my brains out, in the other.

KINDNESS TO A POOR MAN.

I trust no rich man who is officiously kind to a poor man.

UNITE YOURSELF WITH THE VIRTUOUS.

The more closely you can unite yourself with the virtuous, so much the better.

A WOMAN WITH GOOD PRINCIPLES.

Provided a woman be well principled, she has dowry enough.

TO EQUIVOCATE.

But I understand in what way you, rich people, equivocate; an agreement is no agreement, no agreement is an agreement, just as it suits you.

FEAST TO-DAY.

Feast to-day makes fast to-morrow.

DRESS ACCORDING TO YOUR MEANS.

Those who have display proportioned to their means and splendor according to their circumstances, remember whence they are sprung.

So Shakespeare ("Hamlet," act ii. sc. 2):—

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy."

Montesquieu says:—

"In the matter of dress, one should always keep below one's ability."

BALLS.

The gods hold us mortal creatures but as balls to band about in sport.

UNINTENTIONAL GOOD.

And so it happens oft
In many instances; more good is done
Without our knowledge than by us intended.

INSIGNIFICANCY OF MAN.

When I reflect upon it, what creatures are we men! how insignificant!

FREEMEN RATHER THAN SLAVES.

Doubtless we all are freemen more willingly than we live the life of slaves.

GOOD.

Then at length we come to know our good, when we have lost it.

GREAT GENIUSES.

How greatest geniuses oft lie conceal'd!

FORTITUDE.

Our best support and succor in distress is fortitude of mind.

STRATAGEM.

A stratagem is no stratagem if it be not artfully planned.

DECEITFULNESS OF MEN.

This is too oft the way with most men;—while they are suing for a favor, they are gracious; but when once they have got it, from gracious they become surly and ready to take every advantage over you.

THE CAUTIOUS ARE OFTEN TRICKED.

And the most cautious, even when he thinks He's most upon his guard, is often trick'd.

FORTUNE.

Fortune moulds and fashions human beings as she chooses.

GOD.

There is indeed a God, that hears and sees what'er we do.

So Hebrews iv. 13:—

"All things are naked and open unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do."

LOSS AT TIMES TO BE PREFERRED TO GAIN.

I do not regard every kind of gain as serviceable to man. I know that gain has raised many to high eminence. There are times, however, when loss should be preferred to gain.

KINDNESS TO THE GOOD.

The kindnesses that are done to the good, thanks for the same, are pregnant with blessings.

HIS OWN DEAR TO EVERY ONE.

Mine to me is dear;

Dear is his own to every one.

THE WRETCHED.

Wretched is the man who is in search of something to eat and finds that with difficulty, but more wretched is he who both seeks with difficulty and finds nothing at all; most wretched is

he who, when he desires to eat, has not that which he may eat.

THE POOR.

'Tis the nature of the poor to hate and envy men of property.

Thomson says:—

"Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

THE PEASANT.

For countrymen always harrow before they weed.

DEATH.

Death I esteem a trifle, when not merited by evil actions.

VIRTUE.

He who dies for virtue's sake, does not perish.

SURE AS DEATH.

To die is not more certain.

DEATH.

There is no evil I need dread in death when death is over. Though I were to survive to the utmost age of man, yet the space of time to bear the hardships, with which you threaten me, would be short.

FATTED LAMB.

And bid them bring forthwith a fatted lamb.

TOO LATE.

Go, fool, you come too late.

MAN REGARDLESS OF THOSE FROM WHOM NO FAVOR IS TO BE RECEIVED.

It is the usual way with men not to remember or know the man whose favor is worth nothing.

NO RUMOR IS WITHOUT FOUNDATION.

Flame follows very close on smoke.

The Spaniards say:—

"Where fire is made, smoke arises."

LABOR ATTENDS EVERY PURSUIT.

He who would eat the kernel, must crack the shell.

LOVE.

It is good to love in a moderate degree; to distraction, it is not good.

BLESSINGS.

No blessing lasts forever.

A REASONABLE LOVER.

Find me a reasonable lover against his weight in gold.

THE PROVIDENT.

The man who has got rich speedily, must speedily be provident or speedily will starve.

Guesdenville, in his translation, says that this was a favorite maxim of Louis XII. of France.

ABUSE.

If abuse be uttered against those who do not deserve it, that I consider to be abuse; but if it be uttered against those who are deserving, it is fair censure, in my way of thinking, at least.

So Shakespeare ("Romeo and Juliet," act ii. sc. 3):—
"Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse."

AN UNLUCKY DAY.

Upon my word, this day certainly has turned out both perverse and adverse for me.

A MADMAN.

The world calls me mad, when they are all mad together.

DEATH.

Food for death.

A LOVER INSENSIBLE TO EVERYTHING BUT LOVE.

He that is in love, faith, if he be hungry, is not hungry at all.

LOVE.

Love has both its gall and honey in abundance; it has sweetness to the taste, but it presents bitterness also to satiety.

NO BLISS PERPETUAL.

Such is the state of all things human, that no bliss of man is perpetual.

SAIL SHIFTED ACCORDING TO THE WIND.

Whichever way the wind blows at sea, in that direction the sail is shifted.

WISDOM.

'Tis better for one to know more than he utters.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The man that comforts a desponding friend
With words alone, does nothing. He's a friend
Indeed, who proves himself a friend in need.

USELESS TO BE BOUNTIFUL IN WORDS.

What does it signify your being bounteous in words, if all real aid be dead and gone?

I HAVE NO INTEREST IN THE MATTER.

There is neither sowing nor reaping for me in this matter.

A GOOD LAWYER.

He will be able to take all due precautions, who understands the laws and ordinances.

THE MIND.

It were right that a man should hold up a mirror not only to his face, but to his mind; that he might see the very heart of his discretion, and judge its power and extent.

OLD MEN.

But truth it is, we old folks sometimes dote.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

There is nothing more desirable to a man than a friend in need.

MENTAL AGONY.

If there be any misery for which a man ought to be pitied, it is when the malady is in his mind. This I experience when many shapes of ill assail me: many forms of sorrow, poverty, fear, alarm my innocent mind.

SMELL.

Puppies have one smell, pigs quite another.

TO REAP EVIL FOR GOOD.

How hard it is, when you reap a harvest of evil for good that you have done.

COAXING IS MERE BIRD-LIME.

Your coaxing is mere bird-lime.

MAN PROPOSES.

Man proposes, God disposes.

A FRIEND.

A man, your friend, who is a friend such as the name imports—except the gods—nothing does excel him.

THE UNGRATEFUL.

For, by Pollux! nothing is, in my opinion, more base than an ungrateful man. It is better that a thief should escape, than that a generous friend should be forsaken. It is better to be extravagant, than to be called ungrateful. Good men will praise that, even bad men will condemn the latter.

MODESTY.

For him I reckon lost, who's lost to shame.

Diphilus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1093, M.) says:—

"There is no creature more bold than the shameless."

FALSE FRIENDS.

There are many of such life and manners, who, when you think them friends, are found most false, profuse in promises, sparing in deeds, of infirm faith. There are none of them who do not envy those whom fortune prospers: by their indolence they take good care to escape all envy.

A WORTHLESS MAN.

I set little value on the esteem of a worthless man.

DEATH IN YOUTH.

He whom the gods love dies young, while he is in health, has his senses and his judgment sound.

Theognis (426) says:—

"It is indeed the best thing of all for mortals not to be born nor to see the rays of the bright sun; but if born to enter as speedily as possible the gates of Pluto, and to lie down with much earth heaped upon him."

TROUBLES.

Know this, that troubles come on us swifter much than things we wish.

TRUTH.

I love truth, and wish to have it always spoken to me: I hate a liar.

THINGS UNHOPED FOR.

Things we hope not for oftener come to pass than things we wish for.

"TO WHITEN A BLACKAMOOR."

It is the same as if you were to try to whiten ivory with ink.

This is applied to those whose design is good, but marred in the execution.

WOMAN'S BEST SMELL.

A woman's best smell is to smell of nothing. For these your anointed hags, who still new vamp themselves, and hide their wrinkles with paint, when once the sweat and perfume mix, will stink worse than the greasy compound, when a cook pours all his broths together.

MISCONDUCT.

Ill conduct soils the finest ornaments worse than dirt.

PROCRASTINATION IS BAD.

It is a miserable thing to be digging a well at the moment when thirst has seized your throat.

STEADINESS.

It does not matter a feather whether a man be supported by patron or client, if he himself wants steadiness and courage.

GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Nothing so wretched as a guilty conscience.

A LIE.

By Hercules! I have often heard that your piping-hot lie is the best of lies: what the gods dictate, that is right.

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

As servants wish their masters to be, such is he wont to be. Masters are good to the good, severe to him who is bad.

DANGEROUS TO GO TO LAW.

You little know what a ticklish thing it is to go to law.

ADVICE FROM SACRED TEMPLES.

Counsels are of higher sanction when taken in sacred places.

A HANDSOME MAN.

'Tis really a very great plague to be too handsome a man.

WOMAN FULL OF WILES.

She has a lying tongue, a wit that is ripe for mischief, an undaunted assurance; she has at home within herself a mind fraught with false words, false actions, and false oaths. For a woman, if she is bent on ill, never goes begging to the gardener for material; she has a garden at home and a stock of her own for all mischievous contrivances.

IGNORANCE IS SOMETIMES BEST.

Know not what you know, and see not what you see.

Kirke White says:—

"Oh Ignorance
Thou art fallen man's best friend."

GOOD COUNSEL.

For a well-devised plan is very often filched away, if the place for speaking be not chosen with care and caution; for if the enemy learn your plans, they can tie your tongue and bind your hands with your own counsel, and do the same to you that you intended to do to them.

JUST AND GOOD.

The sway is easy o'er the just and good.

GREEN OLD AGE.

What though his hair be gray, he is not old in mind.

HE WHO FINDS FAULT WITH THE GODS.

He who would blame the designs of the gods must be foolish and ignorant.

A GUEST.

No one can be such a welcome guest in the house of a friend, that he will not become a bore when he has stayed three continuous days.

WISDOM.

Every man, however wise, requires the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life.

WOMAN.

If a woman has any malicious mischief to do, in that case her memory is immortal in remembering it forever; if any good or honorable deed is to be done, it will fall out that those same women become oblivious that instant and cannot remember.

TO DROWN HIS VOICE BY TALKING.

You drown his voice by your talking.

WHAT WE ARE ASHAMED OF.

We bear with more ease what we are ashamed of, than what we are vexed at.

COMPLAIN TO YOUR STEPMOTHER.

Complain to your stepmother.

This is a hard hit at stepmothers.

LABOR LOST.

All we say is just like pouring water into a sieve. Our labor is all in vain.

TALE-BEARERS.

Your tittle-tattlers, and those who listen to slander, by my good will, should all be hanged—the former by their tongues, the latter by the ears.

COURAGE IN A DANGEROUS CRISIS.

Courage in danger is half of the crisis got over.

TO SEE THROUGH A CLOUD DARKLY.

There are some things respecting which we wish to question you, which we ourselves know and have heard imperfectly as through a cloud.

THE MOTE IN YOUR OWN EYE.

Do you never look back at yourself, when you abuse another person?

FORTUNE.

It is the goddess Fortune alone that gets the better of a hundred wise heads; and there is truth in this, that according as each takes advantage of her, he advances in life, and hence we all declare that such an one is a man of sense: when we hear of a man being successful, that, in our eyes, is a proof of wisdom; when he fails, he is a fool. Fools that we are, when we pray the gods to grant us what we wish, we know not, or if we do, it is in vain, what will be to our advantage. We lose a certainty and grasp a shadow. What follows, but that in the midst of labors and sorrows, death creeps upon us in the interim.

WINE TRIPS US UP.

This is the great fault in wine: it first trips up the feet, it is a cunning wrestler.

WOMAN.

The man, who wants to be fully employed, should procure a woman and a ship; for no two things produce more trouble—if perchance you begin to rig them, these two things can never be rigged enough.

GOLDEN MEAN.

In everything the golden mean is best: all things in excess are a plague.

EXCESSIVE OUTLAY.

For no profits can arise, if the outlay exceeds them.

A GOOD DISPOSITION.

A good disposition I far prefer to gold; for gold is the gift of fortune; goodness of disposition is the gift of nature. I prefer much rather to be called good than fortunate.

EVIL HABITS.

Evil habits soil a fine dress more than mud; good manners, by their deeds, easily set off a lowly garb.

GOOD WINE REQUIRES NO BUSH.

To unsaleable wares we must try to entice the buyer; good wares easily find a purchaser, although they be hid in a corner.

A TARDY FRIEND.

Nothing is more annoying than a tardy friend.

YOU ARE AS SLOW AS A SNAIL.

You have surpassed a snail in slowness.

A GUIDE.

The man who does not know his way to the sea, should always take a river for his guide.

TO DO GOOD TO THE BAD.

To do good to the bad is a danger just as great as to do bad to the good. If thou doest good to the bad, the benefit is lost.

RICH MEN.

But such is the disposition of all those rich people of ours: serve them, their thanks are lighter than a feather; offend them, their vengeance falls like lead.

ILL GOT, ILL SPENT.

For what is ill got is ill spent.

GOD.

Great Jove! who dost preserve and guard mankind, by whom we live and breathe this vital air, on whom depends the hope of human life, grant this day to be prosperous to my fortunes.

THE GREATEST FAULT OF WOMEN.

Many are the faults of women; but of the many, this one is the greatest, to please themselves too much and to give their attention too little to pleasing the men.

THE UNGRATEFUL.

Thou lovest nothing at all, when thou art in love with one, who does not return it.

DISGRACE ADDED TO POVERTY.

If 'disgrace be added to poverty, poverty must be more unendurable, our character more frail.

SLANDER.

For enemies carry about slander not in the form in which it took its rise.

DISGRACE.

Disgrace is immortal, and lives when one would think it dead.

ATTENTION.

If thou attendest to any matter with steadiness or with good management, it usually succeeds to thy satisfaction.

THE GODS.

The man to whom the gods are propitious, they throw some profit in his way.

EXPERIENCE.

It is sweeter to gain wisdom from other's woes, than others should learn from ours.

THE WORTHLESS.

For worthless is the man, who knows how to receive a kindness, and knows not how to return it.

REGISTER OF GOOD AND EVIL DEEDS.

Jove, supreme sovereign of gods and men, scatters us among nations to mark the people's actions, manners, piety, and faith, that each may find reward according to his virtues; those who suborn false witnesses to gain a villanous suit in law, who shuffle off due payments by false swearing, their names written down, we return to Jove: each day he is informed of those that call for vengeance.

Euripides (Fr. Melan. 12) says:—

"A. Do you think that the wicked deeds of men fly on wings up to the gods, there to be written down in the portfolio of Jove, and that Jove looks at them assigning punishment for each? Why, the whole of heaven would not be able to contain the sins of mankind, so numerous are they, nor would he be able to read and affix the penalty to each; but vengeance dwells very close to us, if we will only look. B. O woman, the gods inflict punishment on those whom they hate, since wickedness is not agreeable to them."

WICKED MEN.

Wicked men fondly imagine that they can appease Jove with gifts and sacrifice, losing both their labor and their money: this is so; because no petition of the perjured is acceptable to him. The good will sooner find pardon from above, in praying to the gods, than he that is wicked.

OTHERS' MISFORTUNES.

The storied miseries of men's mishaps
(How sad soe'er relation sets them forth),
Are far less sharp than those we know and feel
Ourselves from sore experience.

UNEXPECTED GOOD.

For I know good oft befalls us when we least expect it: and true it is, that when we trust in hope, we are often disappointed.

EQUANIMITY.

A well-balanced mind is the best remedy against affliction.

THE GODS MAKE SPORT OF MEN.

In wondrous ways the gods make sport of men, and in wondrous fashions they send dreams in sleep.

UNEXPECTED GOOD.

For I know that much good befalls many contrary to expectation.

THE SLOTHFUL.

Most worthless is the man that is slothful, and most detestably do I hate that kind of man. It behoves him to be vigilant who wishes to do his duty in good time.

THE SEA.

The sea is assuredly common to all.

WHEN A WOMAN'S GOOD DISPOSITIONS ARE DISCOVERED.

When is it best discerned a woman has good dispositions? When she, who has the power of doing ill, refrains from doing it.

THE BUSY-BODY.

For the busy-body is ever ill-natured.

PRIDE.

High airs besit prosperous fortune.

PROSPERITY.

According as men thrive, their friends are true: if their affairs go to wreck, their friends sink with them. Fortune finds friends.

EVIL MANNERS.

Evil manners, like well-watered plants, have shot up in abundance.

EVIL KNOWN IS BEST.

Keep what you've got: the evil that we know is best.

Euripides (Fr. Antio. 7) says:—

"I feel what I suffer, and that is no small evil: for not to feel that you are ill has some pleasure: ignorance of misfortunes has some advantage."

THE GOOD OUGHT TO KEEP SUSPICION FROM THEMSELVES.

It becomes all good men and women to be on their guard, and keep even the suspicion of guilt away.

FRIENDS.

There are, I know are friends; there are, I think so; there are, whose dispositions and minds I cannot know, or whether to enrol them among my friends or foes. But you I hold of all my fast friends the most steadfast.

BUSY-BODIES.

In truth there is nothing more foolish or more stupid, nothing more lying, or indeed more tattling, more self-conceited, or more forsworn, than those men of the city everlastingly gossiping about, whom they call busy-bodies. And I too should rank with them, who have been the swallower of the false tales of those who pretend that they know everything, and yet know nothing. They know, forsooth, your thoughts present and future. They know what the king whispered in the ear of the queen: that which neither is, nor is likely to be, do these fellows know.

LOVE.

Love gives bitters enough to create disgust: love shuns the bustle of the bar, drives off relations, and drives himself away from his own contemplation. There is no man who would woo him as his friend: in a thousand ways is love to be held a stranger, to be kept at a distance, and wholly abstained from. For he, who plunges into love perishes more dreadfully than if he leapt from a rock. Love, get thou gone, then: I divorce thee from me, and utterly repudiate thee. Love, never be thou friend of mine. Go, torture those that are bound to thee. I am determined henceforth to apply my mind to my advancement in life, though in that the toil be great. Good men wish these things for themselves, gain, credit, honor, glory, and esteem: these are the reward of the upright. It is my choice, then, to herd with the upright rather than with the deceitful spreader of lies.

Shakespeare has a somewhat similar passage in "Romeo and Juliet" (act i. sc. 1):—

"But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the further East begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night."

BAD AND ENVIOUS MEN.

I know what the manners of this age are. The bad would fain corrupt the good and make them like themselves: our evil manners confound, disorder everything. The greedy, the envious, turn what is sacred to profane, the public good to private interest.

PASSIONS.

If you have vanquished your inclination and not been vanquished by it, you have reason to rejoice.

THE UPRIGHT.

He is upright who does not repent that he is upright; he who seeks only self-gratification is not the upright man, nor is he really honest: the man who thinks but meanly of himself, shows that there is a just and honest nature in him.

WHAT IS YOURS IS MINE.

For what is yours is mine, and mine is yours.

BE NOT OVER-GENEROUS.

I warn you before hand, that you have compassion on others in such a way that others may not have cause to have compassion on you.

THE WISE MAN.

A wise man, in truth, is the maker of his own fortune, and unless he be a bungling workman, little can befall him which he would wish to change.

Euripides (Fr. Incert. 72) says:—

"I hate the wise man who is not wise for himself."

EAT ONE'S CAKE AND HAVE IT.

You cannot eat your cake and have it too, unless you think your money is immortal. Too late and unwisely—a caution that should have been used before—after he has eaten up his substance, he reckons the cost.

BEST WISHES.

Best wishes! What avails that phrase, unless—
Best services attend them.

NO ONE OUGHT TO BE BASHFUL AT TABLE.

At table no one should be bashful.

WILD OATS.

Besides that, when elsewhere the harvest of wheat is most abundant, there it comes up less by one-fourth than what you have sowed. There methinks it were a proper place for men to sow their wild oats where they would not spring up.

LOVE.

It is with love as with a stone whirled from a balista; nothing is so swift or that flies so directly: it makes the manners of men both foolish and froward. What you would persuade him to, he likes not, and embraces that from which you would dissuade him. What there is lack of, that will he covet; when it is in his power, he will have none of it. Whoso bids him to avoid a thing, invites him to it; he interdicts, who recommends it. It is the height of madness ever to take up your abode with love.

RELATIONS.

Never will he be respected by others who makes himself despised by his own relatives.

THE POOR.

'Tis worthy of the gods to have respect
Unto the poor.

ABSENT FRIEND.

You should not speak ill of an absent friend.

THE BELL.

The bell doth never clink of itself; unless it is handled and moved, it is dumb.

LENDERS.

What you lend is lost; when you ask for it back, you may find a friend made an enemy by your kindness. If you begin to press him further, you have the choice of two things—either to lose your loan or lose your friend.

Axionicus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 772, M.) says:—

"When a good man lends money to the wicked, he receives grief for interest."

COAT NEARER THAN CLOAK.

My coat,

Dear sir, is nearer to me than my cloak.

This is the common proverb:—

"Charity begins at home."

And in the Greek proverb (Athen. ix. 389):—

"The knee is nearer than the calf of the leg."

Shakespeare ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," act ii. sc. 6) says:—

"I to myself am dearer than a friend."

MOTE IN OUR OWN EYE.

Because those, who twit others with their faults, should look at home.

THE HEART.

Your tongues and talk are steeped in honey and milk; your hearts are steeped in gall and sour vinegar. You give us sugared words.

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

Man's fortune is usually changed at once; life is changeable.

WOMAN.

Whenever a woman once begins a fraud, unless she perfects it, she will find pain and grief and misery. If she begins to do what is right, how soon will she be weary. How few are tired with acting wrong; how very few carry it out, if they have commenced to do anything aright. A woman finds it a much easier task to do an evil than a virtuous deed.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

One eye-witness weighs more than ten hear-says. Those who hear, speak of what they have heard; those who see, know beyond mistake.

VALOR.

The valiant profit more their country than the finest, cleverest speakers. Valor once known will soon find eloquence to trumpet forth her praise.

ELOQUENCE WITHOUT VALOR.

Without valor an eloquent citizen is like a hired mourner, who praises other people for that which she cannot do herself.

ENVY.

For to envy because it goes well with another and goes badly with yourself, is misery. Those who envy, pine in poverty; they who are envied, abound in wealth.

TO KICK AGAINST THE PRICKS.

If you thump a goad with your fist, your hands are hurt the most. To vent your rage against her who does not care a straw is folly.

THE WEAKEST GOES TO THE WALL.

Why, the weakest always goes to the wall.

THE MOUSE.

Consider the little mouse, how wise a creature it is, which never entrusts its life to one hole only; for when it finds one entrance blocked up, it has some other outlet.

NO GOOD UNMIXED.

Tell me, was ever good without some little ill or where you must not endure labor when you wish to enjoy it?

OLD AGE IS SECOND CHILDHOOD.

When a man reaches the last stage of life,—
"Sans sense, sans taste, sans eyes, sans everything,"—they say that he has grown a child again.

EVERYTHING AWAY.

Never, I verily believe, was man so miserable as myself, nor one who had more everlasting crosses. Is it not the fact, that whatever thing I have commenced falls not out as I desire? Some evil fortune comes across me still, destroying my best laid plans.

TO BEAT ABOUT THE BUSH.

It is a tiresome way of speaking, when you should dispatch the business, to beat about the bush.

A DEFORMED MAN.

Just this: bald-pated, bandy-legged, pot-bellied, Wide-mouth'd, short, blear-eyed, lantern-jaw'd, splay-footed.

BAD NEIGHBORS.

A bad neighbor brings bad fortune with him.

LEARN EXPERIENCE FROM OTHERS.

He gets wisdom in a fortunate way, who gets wisdom at another's expense.

This is the Scotch proverb:—

"Better learn frae your neighbor's sooths than frae your ain."

This passage is from the interpolated scene in the "Mercator," supposed to have been written by Hermolaus Barbarus.

LABOR IN YOUTH FOR ENJOYMENT IN OLD AGE.

When thou art young, then, when thy blood flows quickly, is the time to lay up wealth: at length when thou art old, enjoy thyself whilst thou may; that thou livest is then sufficient gain.

OPPOSITE PATHS.

If you would hasten in this direction, as you are hastening in that, you would be wiser; this way the wind is prosperous, only tack about. Here is a fair western breeze, and there the south heavy with rain. This spreads a peaceful calm, the other stirs up all the waves. Make towards the land, Charinus! Don't you see right opposite? Black clouds and showers are coming on. Look now to the left, how full the heaven is of brightness. Don't you see right opposite?

NO TRICKS ON TRAVELLERS.

No, no; no tricks on travellers.

MEN OF RANK.

Whene'er men of rank are ill-disposed, their evil disposition stains that rank.

PLINY THE ELDER.

BORN A.D. 23—DIED A.D. 79.

CAIUS PLINIUS SECUNDUS was born at Comum, or, as others think, at Verona, A.D. 23. After being educated at Rome, he went to Germany, A.D. 46, where he served under L. Pomponius Secundus, being appointed to the command of a troop of cavalry. Towards the end of the reign of Nero he was procurator in Spain, where he was A.D. 71, when his brother-in-law died, leaving his son, the younger Pliny, to his guardianship. He returned to Rome in the reign of Vespasian, A.D. 72, when he adopted his nephew. He became the friend of the emperor, and was appointed admiral of the fleet. The circumstances of his death are graphically described in a letter of the younger Pliny to Tacitus (Ep. vi. 16). He was overwhelmed and suffocated by the sulphureous exhalations from the eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, whither he had gone to examine the extraordinary phenomenon.

TO ASSIST MAN IS TO BE A GOD.

For man to assist man, is to be a god; this is the path to eternal glory.

WHAT GOD CANNOT DO ACCORDING TO THE IDEA OF THE ANCIENTS.

One of the chief comforts to man for the imperfection of his nature is, that God cannot do all things. For He cannot give death to Himself, even if He wished, the best thing He has bestowed upon man amidst the many calamities of life; nor yet can He give immortality to man, or recall them to life; nor bring it about that he who has lived, should not have lived, or he who has borne honors, should not have borne them; nor has He any power over the past except that of oblivion.

GOOD FOR MAN THAT THERE IS A BELIEF IN GOD.

It is advantageous that the gods should be believed to attend to the affairs of man, and the punishment for evil deeds, though sometimes late, is never fruitless.

MAN RETURNS TO THE EARTH.

The earth receives us at our birth, nourishes and always continues to support us during our life, embracing us at last in her bosom.

So Genesis (iii. 19):—
"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread, till thou return unto the ground."

NATURE A PARENT OR STEPMOTHER TO MAN.

So that it is not possible to determine whether (Nature) is a kind parent or harsh stepmother to man.

MAN PRONE TO TEARS.

No other of so many animals is more prone to tears.

A Greek proverb quoted by Eustathius (II. i. 349) says:—
"The good are prone to tears."

Shakespeare ("Much Ado about Nothing," act i. sc. 1) says:—

"Leonato. Did he break out into tears?

Messenger. In great measure.

Leonato. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed."

MAN IS THE ONLY ANIMAL THAT FIGHTS WITH HIS LIKE.

Other animals live affectionately with their like; we see them crowd together and stand against those that are dissimilar; fierce lions do not fight with each other; serpents do not attack serpents, nor do the wild monsters of the deep rage against their like. But, by Hercules, very many calamities arise to man from his fellow-man.

THE MIGHTY POWER OF NATURE.

The power and majesty of the nature of things fail to receive credit at all times, if one merely looks at its parts and do not embrace the vast whole in our conceptions.

NO ONE IS WISE AT ALL TIMES.

No one is wise at all times.

BLESSINGS OF LIFE NOT EQUAL TO ITS ILLS.

The blessings of life are not equal to its ills, though the number of the two may be equal; nor can any pleasure compensate for the least pain.

But Menander (864) says:—

"In everything you will find annoyances, but you ought to consider whether the advantages do not predominate."

NOTHING BETTER THAN A SHORT LIFE.

Nature has given to man nothing of more value than shortness of life.

AN OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

That an old head on young shoulders was the sign of premature death.

MAN IS NOT IMMORTAL.

His last day places man in the same state as he was before he was born: nor after death has the body or soul any more feeling than they had before birth.

THE BRAIN.

Men have the brains as a kind of citadel of the senses: here is what guides the thinking principle.

MAN DESIROUS OF NOVELTY.

Man is by nature fond of novelty.

A MAN'S OWN.

His own pleases each, and wherever we go the same story is told.

CHANCE IS A SECOND MASTER.

Chance is a second master.

A MASTER'S EYE.

Our ancestors used to say that the eye of the master was the best manure for the field.

WISDOM OVERSHADOWED BY WINE.

It has passed into a proverb, that wisdom is overshadowed by wine.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

BORN A.D. 61.

C. PLINIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS was the son of C. Cæcilius and Plinia, the sister of C. Plinius, the author of the "Natural History." He was born at Comum on Lake Larius, and was educated at Rome under the care of his uncle, who adopted him after the death of his father. He filled many offices in succession, was prætor A.D. 93, and consul A.D. 100. During the reign of Trajan he was proconsul of Asia, and it was then that he consulted the emperor respecting the punishment of the Christians. It is found in the tenth book (Ep. 97), with the emperor's answer (Ep. 98). Nothing is known as to the time of his death.

LITERARY STUDIES.

Are you enjoying the pleasures of literary study in that calm and rich retreat of yours? That should be the employment of your idle as well as serious moments; that should be at once your business and amusement; on that should be bestowed your waking as well as sleeping thoughts. Create and bring forth something which shall be really and forever your own; all your other possessions will pass from you to some other heir; this alone, if once yours, will remain yours forever.

Thomas Hood says:—

"Experience enables me to depone to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow;—how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing and the heart from breaking."

FEAR OF STRONGER EFFECT THAN LOVE.

He is feared by many, a feeling which is generally stronger than love.

POPULARITY OF THE BAD.

The popularity of the bad is as little to be depended on as he is himself.

REWARD OF VIRTUE.

Besides, I am convinced how much more noble it is to place the reward of good conduct in the silent approbation of one's own breast, than in the applause of the world. Fame ought to be the consequence, not the motive of our actions; and though it should not attend the worthy deed, yet it is by no means the less meritorious for not having received the applause it deserves.

Gay (Epist. iv.) says:—

"Why to true merit should they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward."

CENSORIOUSNESS.

For the disposition of men is that, if they are not able to obliterate an action, they find fault

with its vanity. Thus, whether you perform what might be passed over without notice, or draw attention to your own praiseworthy deeds, in either way you incur blame.

Addison says:—

"Censure, says an ingenious author, is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it and a weakness to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed, of every age of the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity. It is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph."

SOLITUDE.

I converse only with myself and books. Honest and guileless life! sweet and honorable repose, more perhaps to be desired than any kind of employment. Thou sea and shore, solemn and solitary scene for contemplation, with how many noble thoughts hast thou inspired me!

Milton ("Paradise Lost," ix. l. 250) says:—

"Solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return."

Byron ("Childe Harold," cant. iv. st. 178) says:—

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Sir P. Sidney ("Arcadia," b. 1) says:—

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."

DOUBT.

Though you may think it more safe to pursue this maxim, to which every prudent man attends, never do anything concerning the wisdom of which you are in doubt.

CONSCIENCE.

Such is his greatness of mind that he placed no part of his happiness in vain-glory, but referred everything to the secret approbation of his conscience, seeking the reward of his good conduct not from popular applause, but from the simple feeling of having acted virtuously.

Antiphones (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 566, M.) says:—

"For to be conscious of no crime during one's life is a great pleasure."

Shakespeare ("Henry VIII.," act iii. sc. 2) says:—

"I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

A DEAR BARGAIN.

For a dear bargain is always annoying, particularly on this account, that it is a reflection on the judgment of the buyer.

DEATH.

He died full of years and of honors, equally illustrious by those he refused as by those he accepted.

THE LIVING VOICE.

Besides, as is usually the case, we are much more affected by the words which we hear, for

though what you read in books may be more pointed, yet there is something in the voice, the look, the carriage, and even the gesture of the speaker, that makes a deeper impression upon the mind.

INVITATIONS TO DINNER.

I receive all my guests with equal honor. For they are invited to supper, and not to be labelled according to rank. I make every man on a level with myself whom I admit to my table.

PUBLIC STATUES MEMORIALS OF GLORY.

For if our grief is alleviated by gazing on the pictures of departed friends in our houses, how much more pleasure is there in looking on those public representations of them, which are memorials not only of their air and countenance, but of the honor and esteem with which they were regarded by their fellow-citizens.

FRAILITY OF HUMAN MONUMENTS.

Recollect how fleeting are all human things, and that there is nothing so likely to hand down your name as a poem: all other monuments are frail and fading, passing away as quickly as the men whose memory they pretend to perpetuate.

THE RIGHT OF A QUESTION CANNOT BE DISCERNED IN A CROWDED MEETING.

The real gist of the question can only be clearly seen when you are separated from the clamors of a confused meeting.

VOTES.

The majority were swayed the other way; for votes go by numbers and not weight, nor can it be otherwise in such public assemblies where nothing is more unequal than that equality which prevails in them; for, though every individual has the same right of suffrage, every individual has not the same strength of judgment to direct it.

AN OBJECT IN POSSESSION.

An object in possession seldom retains the same charms which it had when it was longed for.

A STORY.

Give me a penny, and I will tell you a story worth gold.

LIFE OF MAN.

The life of man contains mysterious depths and skeleton closets.

Dickens says:—

"There are chords in the human heart—strange varying strings—which are only struck by accident; which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch. In the most insensible or childish minds, there is some train of reflection, which art can seldom lead, or skill assist, but which will reveal itself, as great truths have done, by chance, and when the discoverer has the plainest and simplest end in view."

FAVOR REFUSED CANCELS ALL YOU HAVE CONFERRED.

For however often a man may receive an obli-

gation from you, if you refuse a request, all former favors are effaced by this one denial.

SENSE OF INJURY.

A strong sense of injury often gives point to the expression of our feelings.

THE BALLOT.

The elections have been lately carried on with excessive corruption, they have had recourse to the ballot, no doubt in the meanwhile a remedy, for it was new and suddenly adopted. Still I am afraid lest in process of time it should introduce new inconveniences; for there is danger lest shameless conduct should creep in under the cover of secret voting. For how few are there who preserve the same delicacy of conduct in secret as when exposed to the view of the world? The truth is, that many more men pay regard to the opinion of the world than to conscience.

MODESTY.

Modesty weakens the exertions of genius, while effrontery gives strength to the wrong-headed.

Johnson says:—

"Modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality but a weakness, if it suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself."

GENIUS THE GIFT OF HEAVEN.

But it is no doubt true that honors bestowed by man may be conferred on me and many others, whereas genius, which is the gift alone of heaven, is both difficult to attain and even too much to hope for.

Dryden ("To Congreve on the Double Dealer") says:—

"Time, Place, and Action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born; and never can be taught."

MEN FOND OF PRAISE EVEN FROM INFERIORS.

Those who are excited by a desire of fame, are fond of praise and flattery, though it comes from their inferiors.

A WIDESPREAD REPUTATION.

For I know not how it is but men are generally more pleased with a widespread than a great reputation.

DISEASES IN THE STATE.

It is in the body politic, as in the natural, those disorders are most dangerous that flow from the head.

TO NAME THE MAN.

After I have named the man, I need say no more.

TIME.

If you compute the time in which those revolutions have happened, it is but a few years; if you number the incidents, it seems an age; and it is a lesson that will teach us to check both our despair

and our presumption, when we observe such a variety of events rapidly revolving in so narrow a circle.

Shakespeare ("As You Like It," act iii. sc. 2) says:—

"Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. He ambles with a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal. He trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight. Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years. He gallops with a thief to the gallows: for though he goes as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there. He stays still with lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves."

Euripides (Fr. Antiope. 41) says:—

"Alas, alas, how many are the varieties and forms of the miseries of mankind; one could not reach the end of them."

DEATH.

Death is ever, in my opinion, bitter and premature to those who are engaged on some immortal work. For those who live from day to day immersed in pleasure, finish with each day the whole purpose of their existence; while those who look forward to posterity, and endeavor by their exertions to hand down their name to future generations, to such death is always premature, as it ever carries them off from the midst of some unfinished design.

Epictetus (iii. 10) speaks in a different strain:—

"At what employment would you have death find you? For my part, I would have it in some humane, beneficent, public-spirited, noble action. But if I cannot be found doing any such great things, yet at least I would be doing what I cannot be restrained from, what is given me to do—correcting myself, improving that faculty which makes use of the phenomena of existence to produce tranquillity, and render to the several relations of life their due; and if I am so fortunate, advancing still further in the security of judging right. If death overtakes me in such a situation, it is enough for me if I can stretch out my hands to God and say, 'The opportunities I have received from Thee of comprehending and obeying Thy administration I have not neglected. As far as in me lay, I have not dishonored Thee. See how I have used my perceptions; how my convictions. Have I at any time found fault with thee? Have I been discontented with Thy dispensations, or wished them otherwise? Have I transgressed the relations of life? I thank Thee that thou hast brought me into being. I am satisfied with the time I have enjoyed the things thou hast given me. Receive them back again, and distribute them as thou wilt. For they were all Thine and thou gavest them me.'"

THE LIVING VOICE.

For the sense of the speaker is determined by the countenance, the gesture, and even the tone of the voice; whereas a letter, being destitute of these advantages, is more liable to the malignant construction of those who are inclined to misinterpret its meaning.

Shakespeare ("Coriolanus," act iii. sc. 2) says:—

"For in such business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than their ears."

HISTORY.

It appears to me a noble employment to rescue from oblivion those who deserve to be eternally

remembered, and by extending the reputation of others, to advance at the same time our own.

LOVE OF FAME.

Nothing, I allow, excites me so much as the desire of having my name handed down to posterity; a passion highly worthy of the human breast, especially of his who, not being conscious of any crime, fears not to be known to future generations.

So Milton ("Lycidas," l. 70):—

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise."

ORATORY AND POETRY.

Oratory and poetry are of little value, unless they reach the highest perfection; but history, in whatever way it may be executed, is a source of pleasure.

LIBERALITY.

Generosity, when once she is set forward, knows not how to stop, and the more familiar we are with the lovely form, the more enamoured we become of her charms.

Shakespeare ("Antony and Cleopatra," act v. sc. 2) says:—

"For his bounty.

There is no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping."

GRIEF.

For a fresh wound shrinks from the hand of the surgeon, then gradually submits to and even calls for it; so a mind under the first impression of a misfortune shuns and rejects all comfort, but at length, if touched with tenderness, calmly and willingly resigns itself.

ELOQUENCE AND LOQUACITY.

Eloquence is indeed the talent of very few, but that faculty which Candidus calls loquacity is common to numbers, and generally attends impudence.

Samuel Bishop says:—

"On Folly's lips eternal tattlings dwell:

Wisdom speaks little, but that little well."

ACTION RIGHT OR WRONG ACCORDING TO SUCCESS.

It is the usual custom of the world (though a very unequitable rule of estimation) to pronounce an action to be either right or wrong, as it is attended with good or ill success; and accordingly you shall hear the very same conduct attributed to zeal or folly, to liberty or licentiousness, as the event happens to prove.

OPPORTUNITY AND FRIENDS REQUIRED FOR RISING IN THE WORLD.

For no man possesses so commanding a genius as to be able at once to merge from obscurity unless some subject present itself and an opportunity when he can display his talents, with a friend to promote his advancement.

HUMAN ACTIONS.

How much does the reputation of human actions depend upon the position of those who perform

them! For the very same acts, according as they proceed from a person of high or low rank, are either much extolled or left unnoticed.

PROSPERITY.

Time passes more speedily in proportion as it is happy.

THE OPINION OF THE MULTITUDE.

The reason, I believe, is that there is a large collective wisdom in a multitude; though individually their judgment may be of little weight, united it becomes of great importance.

PUBLIC INTEREST.

But the interest of the public ought always to supersede every private consideration, as what is eternal is to be preferred to what is mortal; and a man of true generosity will study in what manner to render his benefaction most advantageous, rather than how he may bestow it with least expense.

MODESTY.

How many of the learned are concealed from view by modesty, or an unwillingness to have their name brought before the public. Yet, when we are going to speak or recite our works in crowded assemblies, it is the judgment only of those who possess ostentatious talents of whom we stand in awe: whereas we ought rather to reverse the decisions of those who form their opinions of works of genius in their closets, undisturbed by the noise of public assemblies.

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

In short, his conversation has increased my solicitude concerning my works, and taught me to reverse the judgment of these studious country gentlemen, as much as that of more known and distinguished literati. Let me persuade you to consider them in the same light; for, believe me, upon a careful observation you will often find in the literary as well as military world, most powerful abilities concealed under a rustic garb.

SICKNESS.

When a man is laboring under the pain of any distemper, it is then that he recollects there are gods, and that he himself is but a man: no mortal is then the object of his envy, his admiration, or his contempt, and having no malice to gratify, the tales of slander excite not his attention.

HISTORY.

History ought to be guided by truth; and worthy actions require nothing more.

EQUITY.

I hold it particularly worthy of a man of honor to be governed by the principles of strict equity in his domestic as well as public conduct; in small, as in great affairs; in his own concerns, as well as in those of others: and if every deviation from rectitude is equally criminal, every approach to it must be equally laudable.

FOREBODING OF EVIL.

For there is very little difference between the enduring and fearing a danger, except this much, indeed, that there are some bounds to the feeling but none to the apprehending of it. For you can suffer only as much as you have actually suffered, but you may apprehend all that may possibly happen.

A WILL.

It is a mistaken maxim too generally advanced, that a man's will is a kind of mirror wherein one may clearly discern his genuine character.

THINGS NEAR AT HAND OVERLOOKED.

Those works of art or nature which are usually the motives of our travels, are often overlooked and neglected if they happen to lie within our reach; whether it be that we are naturally less inquisitive concerning those things which are near us, while our curiosity is excited by remote objects; or because the easiness of gratifying a desire is always sure to damp it; or, perhaps, that we defer from time to time viewing, whilst we have an opportunity of seeing whatever we please.

FORGIVENESS.

The highest of characters, in my estimation, is his, who is as ready to pardon the moral errors of mankind, as if he were every day guilty of some himself; and at the same time as cautious of committing a fault as if he never forgave one.

So Ephesians iv. 32:—

"And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

AFFECTION.

Ill, believe me, is power proved by insult; ill can terror command veneration, and far more efficacious is affection in obtaining one's purpose than fear. For terror operates no longer than its object is present, but love produces its effects when the object is at a distance, and as absence changes the former into hatred, it raises the latter into respect.

Milton ("Paradise Lost," l. 523) says to the same effect:—

"Who overcomes

By force, hath overcome but half his foe"

LIBERTY AND GOVERNMENT.

For, what is more becoming our social nature than well regulated government, or more valuable than liberty? How ignominious, then, must his conduct be, who turns the first into anarchy and the last into slavery?

HAPPINESS.

Mankind differ in their notions of supreme happiness; but in my opinion he truly possesses it who lives in the conscious anticipation of honest fame, and the glorious figure he shall make in the eyes of posterity.

EQUALITY.

However, I cannot forbear adding a caution to

my praise and recommending it to you, to conduct yourself in such a manner as to preserve the proper distinction of rank and dignity. For to level and confound the different orders of society is far from producing an equality among mankind; it is, in fact, the most unequal thing imaginable.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

Far different from those who love, or rather, I should more properly say, who counterfeit love to none but the living. Nor indeed even that any longer than they are the favorites of fortune: for the unhappy are no more the object of their remembrance than the dead.

G. Herbert ("The Answer"):-

"Like summer friends,
Flies of estates and summershine."

DELIBERATION.

Experience having taught me never to advise with a person concerning that which we have already determined, where he has a right to expect that one shall be decided by his judgment.

A MEMORIAL STONE.

The erection of a monument is useless: the remembrance of us will last, if we have deserved it by our lives.

INQUISITIVENESS.

Nothing raises the inquisitive disposition of mankind so much as to defer its gratification.

MEDIOCRITY.

As it is better to excel in any single art than to arrive only at mediocrity in several, so a moderate skill in several is to be preferred where one cannot attain to perfection in any.

TRUE BENEFICENCE.

The first and fundamental principle of genuine beneficence is to be contented with one's own; and after that to cherish and embrace all the most indigent of every kind in one comprehensive circle of general benevolence.

AVARICE.

The lust of avarice has so totally seized upon mankind, that their wealth seems rather to possess them, than they to possess their wealth.

THE LONGEST DAY COMES TO AN END.

The longest day soon comes to an end.

THE LIFE OF A PRINCE.

The life of a prince is a calling of other men's lives to an account.

INNOCENCE.

I observe that the gods themselves are propitiated not so much by prayers as by innocence and sanctity of life; and that those are regarded with more favor who bring into their temples a pure

and chaste mind, than the man who repeats a prepared prayer.

So Matthew xv. 8:-

"This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me."

VICISSITUDES.

Such is the changeful condition of mankind, that adversity arises from prosperity, and prosperity from adversity. God hides in obscurity the causes of both, and frequently the reasons of the good and evil that befalls man lies concealed under both.

Simonides of Ceos (Fr. 29, S.) thus speaks of life:-

"There is no evil that may not be expected by men: in a short time God turns all things upside down."

So 1 Corinthians ii. 7:-

"We speak the hidden wisdom of God."

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

Prosperity tries the fortunate, adversity the great.

Antiphanes (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 569, M.) says:-

"Riches are what test a man's character."

POWER OF DECEIVING.

No one has been able to deceive the whole world, nor has the whole world ever deceived any one.

PROPERTIUS.

BORN PROBABLY ABOUT B.C. 51-DIED ABOUT
B.C. 15.

SEXTUS AURELIUS PROPERTIUS was born, it is supposed, at Hispellum or Assisium, but there are no satisfactory materials for his personal history. He is believed to have been deprived of his paternal property during the civil wars, and then was thrown upon his wits for a livelihood, becoming "the man of wit and pleasure about town." He was patronized by Mæcenas, and this is probably all that can be said with certainty respecting him.

WHAT IS EFFECTIVE IN LOVE.

So much do prayers and generous deeds avail in love.

TRUE LOVE.

True love yields not to high rank.

GRIEF IS THE CAUSE OF LOVE ELEGIES.

I do not write so much from the impulse of grief as to soothe the cares of love, and to bewail life's unabating woe.

Petrarch seems to have had this passage in view (Son. 268):-

"Assuredly all my desire at that time was to relieve my heart in some way, not to acquire fame. I sought to weep, not honor from my grief."

THOU SEEKEST WATER AMIDST WATER.

Thou madly seekest water in the midst of the river.

This is the Greek proverb:—

"In the sea thou seekest water."

LOVE ENJOYS THE TEAR.

Love enjoys the falling tear.

Thus Tasso, in his "Amyntas" (l. 3) says beautifully:—

"The lamb feeds on the herbage, the wolf on the lamb; but love feeds on tears, nor is ever satisfied."

CYNTHIA, MY FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

I can neither love another nor depart from her: Cynthia first charmed, and last shall claim my heart.

IMPASSIONED LOVE NEVER ENDS.

Impassioned love passes over the shores even of death.

TIME SPENT WITH OUR LOVE NEVER APPEARS LONG.

Then let us enjoy short-lived pleasures while we may: an age of passion seems but as a day.

EVERY ONE TALKS OF HIS OWN TRADE.

The sailor talks of the winds; the ploughman of his bulls; the soldier counts his wounds; the shepherd his sheep.

BUSINESS.

Let every man employ himself in the business with which he is best acquainted.

THE WEAKEST ANIMAL TURNS ON ITS ASSAILANT.

Not only does the bull attack its enemy with its crooked horns, but even the sheep if injured butts its assailant.

WOMAN EASILY COUNTERFEITS WORDS AND ACTIONS.

It is easy for you to counterfeit words and actions; every woman is adapted for such work. The quicksands are not more easily changed by the wind, nor are the leaves more readily whirled by the winter's blast, than woman veers in her wrath, whether the cause of her excitement be serious or trivial.

BOLDNESS.

But if strength fail, boldness at least will be deserving of praise; in great enterprizes to have even attempted is enough.

LOVE.

Love blinds mankind.

COQUETRY.

Coquetry has always been of advantage to the beautiful.

A QUEBULOUS DISPOSITION.

Never-ceasing complaining has caused hatred to many.

THE NATURAL IS LIKED.

Every form is approved, as nature has given it.

THE ABSENT.

Let no one be willing to speak ill of the absent.

CONSTANCY.

My last feeling will be like my fir

A BESETTING SIN IN EVERYTHING CREATED.

Nature has given a besetting sin to everything created.

CONSTANCY IN LOVE.

Love is benefited much by a feeling of confidence and constancy; he who is able to give much, is able also to love many things.

FUTURITY.

But you, O men, are anxious to know the hidden hour of death, and in what way you shall die,—what star is propitious, and what fatal to man.

DEATH.

Beauty is fading, nor is fortune stable; sooner or later death comes to all.

Euripides (Fr. Hypsip. 6) says:—

"There is no one of mortals not subject to grief; he buries his children and begets others; he himself dies and men grieve over him, bearing dust to dust: the life of all must be reaped like the ears of corn: this man lives and this man dies. Why grieve about things which take place according to the laws of nature? For there is nothing to which men must submit by necessity that ought to be regarded as grievous."

Aristophanes (Fr. Com. Gr. I. p. 309, M.) says:—

"For to fear death is great folly; since it is fated to all of us to die."

So Job xv. 5:—

"Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with Thee; Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass."

EVERYTHING MAGNIFIED BY DEATH.

Time magnifies everything after death; a man's fame is increased as it passes from mouth to mouth after his burial.

THE POET IMMORTAL.

Fame obtained from the endowments of the mind will never perish; eternal honor awaits the noble.

Shakespeare ("Taming of the Shrew," act iv. sc. 3) says:—

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit."

RICHES.

O fool, thou shalt carry no riches beyond the grave;

Thou shalt be ferried over naked in Charon's boat.

DEATH AT A SUITABLE MOMENT.

The day of death is best which comes seasonable at a mature day.

POETRY IN YOUTH.

I am delighted that I cultivated poetry in my early youth, and joined hands with the hands of the Muses.

MONEY.

O money, thou art the fruitful source of cares; thou leadest us to a premature grave; thou affordest support to the vices of men; the seeds of evil spring up from thee.

ALL THINGS.

All things are not equally suited to all.

A MAN'S OWN NATURE.

Every one follows the principles of his own nature.

LET THIS DAY BE UNCLOUDED.

Let this day be without a cloud; the winds be hushed, and the waves lay aside their threatening appearance.

THE SAILOR.

The sailor can predict the weather of the approaching night: the soldier has learned to dread the pain of wounds.

GOLD.

All now worship gold to the neglect of the gods; by gold good faith is banished; justice is sold for gold, the law follows gold, and soon the modest woman will be without the protection of the laws.

ENJOY YOUR YOUTH.

While thy blood is warm, and thou art without wrinkles, enjoy thyself.

A GOOD CAUSE IN WAR.

It is the cause that casts down or encourages the soldier; unless it be just, shame unnerves his hands.

SOMETHING BEYOND THE GRAVE.

There is something beyond the grave; death does not put an end to everything, the dark shade escapes from the consumed pile.

A ROAD DIFFICULT BUT GLORIOUS.

I am climbing a difficult road, but the glory that attends success gives me strength for the labor.

THE GATE OF DEATH.

The gloomy door of death is unlocked to the prayers of no one.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

—
FLOURISHED B.C. 45.

PUBLIUS SYRUS, a slave brought to Rome some years before the downfall of the Republic; was

designated Syrus from the country of his birth. Of his personal history nothing is known, except that at the games exhibited by Cæsar, B.C. 45, he challenged all the dramatists of the day to contend with him in improvising upon any given theme, and carried off the palm from every competitor. A compilation of pithy sayings under the title of *Publii Syri Sententiæ*, extending to upwards of a thousand lines in Iambic and Trochaic measures, is now extant. The following are a selection from these sayings.

A DRUNK MAN.

He who contends with the drunken, injures the absent.

This is the common proverb:—

"He that is drunk is gone from home."

A HASTY DECISION.

He who decides hastily, will soon repent of his decision.

"Marry in haste, repent at leisure."

SUSPICION.

The losing side is full of suspicion.

Shakespeare ("Henry VI." Part III. act v. sc. 6) says:—

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer."

And ("Othello," act III. sc. 3):—

"Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ."

DEBTS.

A slight debt produces a debtor; a heavy one an enemy.

PROPERTY.

That which belongs to another pleases us most, while that which is ours, is more pleasing to others.

DEBT.

Debt is grievous slavery to the free born.

LOVE.

To love, and at the same time to be wise, is scarcely granted even to a god.

A FRIEND.

It is not allowable, even in jest, to injure a friend.

A FRIEND.

To lose a friend is the greatest of all losses.

LOVE.

To love is in our power, but not to lay it aside.

PASSIONS.

The wise man is the master of his passions, the fool is their slave.

THE OLD WOMAN.

When the old crone frolics, she flirts with death.

RELAXATION.

Straining breaks the bow, and relaxation the ind.

A WOMAN.

A woman either loves or hates; she knows no medium.

UNION.

Union gives strength and firmness to the humblest.

A KINDNESS.

Accept a favor and you sell your freedom.
"He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing."

THE BENEVOLENT.

The beneficent ever looks out for a reason to confer favors.

TO DIE.

It is to die twice, to die at the will of another.

KINDNESS.

Spontaneous kindness is always most acceptable.

A CONQUEROR.

He conquers twice who conquers himself in victory.

GOOD THINGS.

The continuance of prosperity is prejudicial.

THE GOOD.

He hurts the good who spares the bad.
"He who spares vice wrongs virtue."

MISFORTUNES OF OTHERS.

It is good to see in the misfortunes of others what we should avoid.

DANGER.

He is most safe from danger who, even when safe, is on his guard.

Burke says:—
"Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions than misled by too confident a security." "The way to be safe is never to feel secure."

REPENTANCE.

Take care not to begin anything of which you may repent.

"Consideration is the parent of wisdom."

DANGER.

Danger arrives the sooner when it is despised.
"Who looks not before finds himself behind."

LOVER.

You should force a lover to be angry, if you wish her to love.

COMPANION.

A pleasant companion causes you not to perceive the length of the journey.

Shakespeare says:—

"And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable."

RELATIONSHIP.

Unity of feelings and affections is the strongest relationship.

PRUDENCE.

You conquer better by prudence than by passion.

THE FORTUNATE.

Even God can scarcely get the better of the fortunate.

REPUTATION.

The gain which is made at the expense of reputation should be set down as a loss.

OPPORTUNITY.

While we are deliberating, the opportunity is often lost.

Young says:—

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer."

DELIBERATION.

That should be considered long which can be decided but once.

ACCUSATIONS.

We should not lend an easy ear to accusations.

DAYS.

Each succeeding day is the scholar of that which preceded.

WAR.

Preparations for war are to be made for a long time before, that you may more quickly conquer.

PAIN.

The pain of the mind is worse than the pain of the body.

TO FORGET.

It is sometimes expedient to forget what you know.

"The wise man does not hang his knowledge on a hook."

A WOUND.

Even after a wound is healed the scar remains.

DIGNITY.

It is more easy to obtain an accession of dignity, than to acquire it in the first instance.

TRIAL.

He who flies from trial confesses his crime.

PROSPERITY.

Prosperity is the nurse of passion.

FAITH.

Trust, like the soul, never returns when it has once gone.

COUNTENANCE.

A pleasing countenance is a silent commendation.

FORTUNE.

Fortune, when she caresses a man too much, makes him a fool.

FORTUNE.

Fortune is brittle as glass; at the very time she shines, she is broken.

PATIENCE.

Patience, when too often outraged, is converted into madness.

Dryden ("Absalom and Ach.", pt. I. l. 1005) says:—
"Beware the fury of a patient man. It's enough to make a parson swear, or a Quaker kick his mother."

REMEDIES.

Some remedies are worse than the disease.

Seneca (Med. 425) expresses this idea thus:—
"God has often found for us remedies worse than the dangers in which we are involved."

HABIT.

The power of habit is very strong.

HEIR.

The weeping of an heir is laughter under a mask.

GLORY.

How difficult, alas! is it to maintain the glory we have inherited.

PASSION.

A man is beside himself when he is in a passion.

MAN.

Man has been lent to life, not given over to it.

THE TIMES.

He who yields to the exigencies of the times, acts wisely.

HATE.

Take care that no one hate you justly.

FORGIVE.

Forgive others many things, yourself nothing.

UNGRATEFUL.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who are wretched.

INJURIES.

The best remedies for injuries is to forget them.

Ben Jonson ("Catiline," act III. sc. 1) says:—

"Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true."

KINDNESS.

He confers a kindness twice on a poor man who gives quickly.

MADMAN.

Every madman thinks all other men mad.

FAULT.

He who overlooks one fault, invites the commission of another.

THE JUDGE.

The judge is condemned when the guilty is acquitted.

MAGNANIMITY.

Magnanimity becomes a great fortune.

MISCHIEF.

He who wishes to do mischief is never without a reason.

EMPIRE.

The greatest empire may be lost by the misuse of its governors.

Thus Euripides (Suppl. 190) says:—
"For it possesses thee as an able ruler, through want of which many cities have perished from lack of a general."

MALEVOLENT.

The malevolent have secret teeth.

MASTER.

The master, who dreads his servants, is lower than a servant.

FORTUNE.

That fortune is most wretched, which is without an enemy.

TO CONCEAL.

It is miserable to be compelled to conceal what you wish to proclaim.

DELAY.

Every delay is hateful, but it gives wisdom.

DEATH.

It is fortunate to die before you call upon death.

FEAR.

He who is feared by many must fear many.

NECESSITY.

Necessity imposes law, does not herself receive it.

Simonides of Ceos (Fr. 4, 22, S.) says:—
"Not even the gods contend with necessity."

HIGH STATION.

No one has arrived at high station without undergoing some hazard.

WICKEDNESS.

Wickedness is its own punishment.

TRUTH.

In excessive altercation truth is lost.

TO PLEASE.

Do not care how many, but whom you please.

GAIN.

There is no gain so certain as that which arises from sparing what you have.

OPPORTUNITY.

A good opportunity is seldom presented, and is easily lost.

LIFE.

O life! long to the miserable, short to the happy! Apollodorus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1108, M.) says:—"For to the care-worn and those in grief, every night appears to be long."

WICKEDNESS.

The wickedness of a few brings calamity on all.

GOD.

God looks to pure and not to full hands.

GOOD MAN.

No good man ever became suddenly rich.

FRIENDS.

Admonish your friends secretly, praise them openly.

TO PERISH.

It is a great consolation to perish with all the world.

TO FEAR.

It is foolish to fear what you cannot avoid.

MISER.

The miser is in as much want of that which he has as of that which he has not.

HASTY COUNSELS.

Hasty counsels are quickly followed by repentance.

TO BE KNOWN.

You wish to be known to all; you will know no one.

FLATTERY.

Flattery, which was formerly a vice, is now a custom.

SHIPWRECK.

That man foolishly blames the sea who is a second time shipwrecked.

"If a man deceive me once, shame on him; if he deceive me twice, shame on me."

RANKS.

Unless ranks are observed, the highest place is safe to no one.

TO LIVE.

You should not live one way in private and another in public.

SILENCE.

I regret often that I have spoken, never that I have been silent.

Amphis (Fr. Com. Gr. 655, M.) says:—"There is nothing better than silence."

CONVERSATION.

The conversation is the image of the mind. As the man, so is his mode of talking.

HIGHEST.

If you wish to arrive at the highest, begin from the lowest.

QUINTILIAN.

BORN A.D. 40—DIED ABOUT A.D. 118.

MARCUS FABIVS QVINTILIANVS, the most celebrated of Roman rhetoricians, was a native of Calagurris (Calahorra), in the upper valley of the Ebro. Though educated at Rome, he seems to have returned to Spain, as we find him accompanying Galba to Rome A.D. 68. He acquired some reputation at the bar, though he was chiefly distinguished as a teacher of eloquence. Among his pupils were Pliny the younger, and the two grand-nephews of Domitian. By this emperor he was adorned with the insignia of the consulship, and was the first public instructor, who received a regular salary from the imperial exchequer. The great work of Quintilian is a complete system of rhetoric, in twelve books, entitled "De Institutione Oratoris Libri XII.," dedicated to his friend Marcellus Victorius.

ORATOR.

Now, according to my definition, no man can be a complete orator unless he is a good man.

GENIVS.

One thing, however, I must premise, that without the assistance of natural capacity, rules and precepts are of no efficacy.

DIVINE ORIGIN OF THE MIND.

As birds are provided by nature with a propensity to fly, horses to run, and wild beasts to be savage so the working and the sagacity of the brain is peculiar to man; and hence it is that his mind is supposed to be of divine original.

THE DULL.

The dull and the indocile are in no other sense

the productions of nature than are monstrous shapes and extraordinary objects, which are very rare.

YOUTH TENACIOUS OF WHAT IT IMBIBES.

By nature we are very tenacious of what we imbibe in the dawn of life, in the same manner as new vessels retain the flavor which they first drink in. There is no recovering wool to its native whiteness after it is dyed.

SMATTERERS.

For nothing is more nauseous than men who, having just got a smattering in learning, vainly persuade themselves that they are men of knowledge.

AN INDULGENT EDUCATION.

That effeminate education, which we call indulgence, destroys all the strength both of mind and body.

A FIRST-RATE TEACHER.

Every first-rate teacher rejoices in the number of his pupils, and thinks himself worthy of a larger audience.

HANDWRITING.

Men of quality are in the wrong to undervalue, as they often do, the practice of a fair and quick hand in writing; for it is no immaterial accomplishment.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

A master, let him have but a moderate tincture of learning, will for his own credit cherish application and genius, wherever he finds them.

AMBITION.

Though ambition in itself is a vice, yet it is often the parent of virtues.

MIMICRY.

I have no great opinion of any boy's capacity, whose whole aim is to raise a laugh by his talent of mimicry.

PREMATURITY OF GENIUS.

It seldom happens that a premature shoot of genius ever arrives at maturity.

A BOY OF GENIUS.

Give me the boy who rouses when he is praised, who profits when he is encouraged, and who cries when he is defeated. Such a boy will be fired by ambition; he will be stung by reproach, and animated by preference: never shall I apprehend any bad consequences from idleness in such a boy.

EVIL HABITS.

For evil habits, when they once settle, are more easily broken than mended.

SHOULD CHILDREN BE WHIPPED?

I am by no means for whipping boys who are learning—in the first place, because the practice is unseemly and slavish; and in the next place, if the boy's genius is so dull as to be proof against reproach, he will, like a worthless slave, become insensible to blows likewise.

CUSTOM.

The common usage of learned men, however, is the surest director of speaking; and language, like money, when it receives the public stamp, ought to have currency.

USAGE OF LANGUAGE.

I, therefore, look upon the general practice of the learned to be the usage of language, in like manner as the general practice of the virtuous is to be considered as the usage of life.

MUSIC.

For every man, when at work, even by himself, has his own song, however rude it may be, that softens his labor.

R. Gifford's "Contemplation"—

"Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things."

THE ILLITERATE.

In short it has become a proverb amongst the Greeks, that the illiterate has no acquaintance with the muses and the graces.

THE MIND.

Our minds are like our stomachs; they are whetted by the change of their food, and variety supplies both with fresh appetite.

ELOQUENCE.

But give me the reader who figures in his mind the idea of eloquence, all divine as she is, who, with Euripides, gazes upon her all-subduing charms; who seeks not his reward from the vocal fee for his voice, but from that reflection, that imagination, that perfection of mind, which time cannot destroy, nor fortune affect.

Fenelon says of Demosthenes:—

"He uses language as a modest man does his coat—as clothing, not as ornament."

REASONS FOR SLOTH.

We make a pretext of difficulty for our sloth.

EXPERIENCE.

For in almost every art, experience is more serviceable than precepts.

TO MAKE THE WORSE APPEAR THE BETTER REASON.

For comic writers charge Socrates with making the worse appear the better reason.

Milton ("Paradise Lost," l. 118) says:—

"Though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse
Appear the better reason."

SPEECH.

God, that all-powerful Creator of nature, and Architect of the world, has impressed man with no character so proper to distinguish him from other animals, as by the faculty of speech.

WHAT ART CAN EFFECT.

In short, nature supplies the material, art works upon it. Art can effect nothing without material, yet there is an inherent value in the material, though untouched by the art of man. Perfection of art is superior to the best material.

WHAT IS BORN.

Everything comes to an end which has a beginning.

A JEST.

Let all malice be removed, and let us never dropt that maxim. Rather to lose our friend than our jest.

A LAUGH.

A laugh is too dearly bought, when purchased at the expense of virtue.

RIDICULING THE MISERABLE.

For it is unfeeling to ridicule the wretched.

WHAT MAKES A MAN ELOQUENT.

It is the heart and mental energy that inspires eloquence.

BRILLIANT THOUGHTS IN ORATORY.

Brilliant thoughts are, I consider, as it were, the yes of eloquence; but I would not that the body were all eyes, lest the other members should lose their proper functions.

AN OATH.

To swear, except when it is positively necessary, is unbecoming a man of honor.

So Matthew v. 34-37:—

"But I say unto you, Swear not at all: neither by heaven; for it is God's throne; nor by the earth; for it is His footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

MISERY.

The prosperous can with difficulty form a right idea of misery.

WHAT RENDERS A MAN ELOQUENT.

For it is strength and energy that render a man eloquent. As a proof of this, we see that the most ignorant person, when his passions are sufficiently roused, has words at will.

A WICKED CONSCIENCE.

For there is nothing so distracted, of such different forms, so cut up and tortured by many and various apprehensions, as a wicked conscience. For while it is contriving the ruin of another, itself is under the torture of uncertainty, anxiety, and dread. Nay, even when it is successful in iniquity, it is tormented with disquiet, remorse, and the expectation of the most dreadful punishments.

SEARCH AFTER TRUTH.

While we are searching all things, sometimes we find the truth where we least expected it.

So Isaiah lv. 6:—

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near."

TO DESTROY ONE'S NEIGHBOR.

For it would have been better that man should have been born dumb, nay, void of all reason, rather than that he should employ the gifts of Providence to the destruction of his neighbor.

VIRTUE MUST RECEIVE A FINISHING-STROKE FROM LEARNING.

Virtue, though she in some measure receives her beginning from nature, yet gets her finishing excellencies from learning.

EASY TO BE VIRTUOUS.

Nature has formed us with honest inclinations, and when we are so inclined, it is so very easy to be virtuous, that, if we seriously reflect, nothing is more astonishing than to see so many wicked.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Cultivate innocence, and think not that your deeds, because they are concealed, will be unpunished; you have committed them under the canopy of heaven—there is a more powerful witness.

DANGER OF SUDDEN CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

Nothing is more dangerous among men than a sudden change of fortune.

FEAR OF THE FUTURE.

The fear of the future is worse than the fortune of the present moment.

FORBIDDEN PLEASURES.

Things forbidden alone are loved immoderately . . . when they may be enjoyed, they do not excite the desire.

SATIETY OF PLEASURE.

Satiety is close on continued pleasures.

SALLUST.

BORN B.C. 86—DIED B.C. 34.

C. SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS was born B.C. 86, at Amiternum, in the country of the Sabines. In

B.C. 52 we find him *tribunus plebis*, and two years afterwards he was ejected from the senate by the censors, on account of immoral conduct. However, he seems to have been restored to his rank, as he was *prætor* in B.C. 47. Next year he accompanied Cæsar in his African war, and was there left governor of Numidia. Here he is accused of having amassed immense riches by the oppression of the people, and many scandalous tales are told respecting him. On returning from Africa he retired into private life, and passed quietly through the troublesome period after Cæsar's death, dying B.C. 34.

MIND AND BODY.

Our whole strength resides in the powers of the mind and body; while we are willing to submit to the directions of the former, we are anxious to render the body subservient to our will. The one is common to us with the gods; the other with the lower animals.

MIND.

The glory derived from riches and beauty is fleeting and frail: the endowments of the mind form the only illustrious and lasting possession.

Antiphanes (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 570, M.) says:—

"We must have our mind rich; the riches of this world are merely outward show, that veil the real character."

FORETHOUGHT.

Before one begins, there is need of forethought, and after we have carefully considered, there is need of speedy execution.

MIND.

All the operations of agriculture, navigation, and architecture depend for their success on the endowments of the mind.

ACTIVE LIFE.

He and he alone seems to me to have the full enjoyment of his existence, who, in whatever employment he may be engaged, seeks for the reputation arising from some praiseworthy deed, or the exercise of some useful talent. But in the great variety of employments, nature points out different paths to different individuals.

So Wordsworth ("Tintern Revisited") :—

"Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

CATHINE.

Greedy of the possessions of others, lavish of his own, eager in his pursuits, fluent enough in language, but possessed of little common sense.

MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

The Romans assisted their allies and friends, and acquired friendships by giving rather than receiving kindnesses.

Acts xx. 35:—

"And remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

FORTUNE.

But assuredly Fortune rules in all things; she raises to eminence or buries in oblivion everything from caprice rather than from well regulated principle.

AMBITION.

Ambition hath made many men hypocrites; to have one thing concealed in the breast, and another ready on the tongue; to estimate friendships and enmities not from their real worth but from motives of private advantage; and to have a fair outside rather than an honest heart.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

The virtuous and unprincipled are equally anxious for glory, honor, and command; but the one strives to attain them by honorable means, the other aims at the attainment of his object by knavery and deceit, because good arts fail him.

PROSPERITY.

The truth is, prosperity unhinges the minds of the wise; much less could they, with their corrupt habits, be expected to refrain from abusing their victory.

THE MALEVOLENT.

He was malevolent and cruel, without any views of private advantage, lest his hands should get stiff through want of practice.

FRIENDSHIP.

For to have the same predilections and the same aversions, that and that alone is the surest bond of friendship.

FORTUNE.

Behold that, that liberty, for which you have so often panted; besides, riches, honor, glory, are placed before your eyes. Fortune hath given every reward to the conquerors.

THE POOR.

For always in a state, those who have no resources of their own look with an evil eye on the higher classes of their fellow-citizens; elevate to office those who are the same stamp with themselves; hate old things and desire new; are anxious for change from dislike of their own; are supported by public disturbance without any apprehension for themselves, since poverty is upheld easily without loss.

MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE.

All who deliberate on matters of importance ought to be uninfluenced with feelings of hatred, friendship, anger, or compassion.

THE LOW AND THE HIGH.

Those who pass their lives sunk in obscurity, if they have committed any offence through the impulse of passion, few know of it; their reputation and fortune are alike: those, who are in great

command and in an exalted station, have their deeds known to all men. Thus, in the highest condition of life there is the least freedom of action. They ought to show neither partiality nor hatred, but least of all resentment; that in others is called hastiness of temper is in those invested with power styled haughtiness and cruelty.

DEATH.

Respecting punishment, we may surely say that which the case warrants; in grief and misery death is a reprieve from the sorrows of life, not a punishment; it puts a termination to all the ills of mankind: beyond the grave there is room for neither care nor joy.

Euripides (Fr. Antig. 17) says:—

"For death is the end of troubles to men, for what is better to men than this? For who wounding a rocky cliff with a spear will cause it pain! Who can dishonor the dead if they feel nothing?"

Æschyl. (Fr. Philoct.) says:—

"O Death, thou deliverer, do not alight me coming to thee: for thou alone art the physician of incurable ills: no grief reaches the dead."

THE GODS.

The aid of the gods is procured not by vows and womanish supplications; all things turn out well by watching, activity, and good counsel. When you have given yourself up to sloth and idleness, it is in vain to implore the gods; they are angry and hostile to you.

GOODNESS.

He preferred to be good in reality, rather than to seem so.

THE SLOTHFUL.

The man who is roused neither by glory nor by danger, it is in vain to exhort; terror closes the ears of the mind.

Euripides (Fr. Archel. 8) says:—

"For a young man ought always to be daring: for no slothful man becomes famous; but it is labor that procures glory."

COWARDS.

For to hope for safety in flight, when you have turned your arms, with which the body is protected, from the enemy, that indeed is folly. In battle the greatest cowards are in greatest danger; boldness is the best defence.

MIND.

The mind is the leader and director of mankind; when it aims at glory by a virtuous life, it is sufficiently powerful, efficient, and noble; it stands in no need of the assistance of Fortune, since it can neither give nor take away integrity, industry, nor other praiseworthy qualities.

THE MIND.

Personal beauty, great riches, strength of body, and all other things of this kind, pass away in a short time; but the noble productions of the mind, like the soul itself, are immortal. In fine, as there is a beginning, so there is an end of the advantages

of person and fortune; all things that rise must set, and those that have grown must fade away: the mind is incorruptible, eternal, the governor of the human race, directs and overrules all things, nor is itself under the power of any.

OPPORTUNITY.

Opportunity leads even moderate men astray from the path of duty by the hope of self-aggrandizement.

CONCORD.

Neither armies nor treasures are the bulwarks of a kingdom; but friends whom you can neither command by force, nor purchase by gold: they are gained by kind offices, and by the exercise of fidelity. Who ought to be more friendly than a brother to a brother? or what stranger will you find to be faithful, if you be an enemy to your own connections? I indeed deliver to you a kingdom, which is strong, if you are good; weak if you are bad. For a small state increases by concord; the greatest state falls gradually to ruin by dissension.

ROME.

But after he had left Rome, he is said, often looking back in silence, to have exclaimed, "Ah venal city! destined soon to perish, could it but find a purchaser."

A GOOD MAN.

It is better for a good man to be overcome by his opponents than to conquer injustice by unconstitutional means.

A BOASTER.

Impatient of labor and of danger, more ready to boast of their valor than to display it.

ANCESTORS.

The glory of ancestors sheds a light around posterity; it allows neither their good nor bad qualities to remain in obscurity.

ANCESTORS.

But proud men are very much mistaken. Their ancestors have left all things which are in their power to them—riches, images, the noble recollection of themselves; they have not left their virtue, nor were they able: it alone can neither be presented as a gift, nor received.

CHILDREN.

No one has become immortal by sloth, nor has any parent prayed that their children should live forever; but rather that they should lead an honorable and upright life.

KINGS.

In general the desires of kings, though impetuous, are unstable, and often inconsistent.

EVERY ONE THE ARTIFICER OF HIS OWN FORTUNE.

Every one is the artificer of his own fortune.

Shakespeare ("Jul. Cæs." act i, sc. 3) says:—

"Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

SENECA.

BORN ABOUT A.D. 1—DIED A.D. 65.

L. ANNÆUS SENECA, son of M. ANNÆUS SENECA, was born at Corduba, and brought to Rome by his parents when he was a child. He was educated at Rome, and acquired distinction at an early age as a pleader of causes, exciting the hatred of Caligula from the ability he displayed in conducting a cause before him. In the first year of the reign of Claudius, A.D. 41, he was ordered to retire in exile to Corsica, where he resided for eight years, being recalled by the influence of Agrippina, A.D. 49. He then obtained the prætorship, and became tutor to the emperor Nero. His pupil did him no credit, but it would be unjust to blame him for the subsequent conduct of Nero. He did not, indeed, make him a good or a wise man; his natural disposition, however, was probably irreclaimable. For some years he was the chief minister of Nero, but, falling into disgrace, he received notice to die, and suffocated himself in a vapor bath, A.D. 65.

NONE BUT HIMSELF EQUAL TO HIMSELF.

Do you seek a match for the descendant of Alcæus? There is no one but himself.

Louis Theobald ("The Double Falshood") says:—
"None but himself can be his parallel."

THE MOB.

The mob more restless than the waves of the sea.

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

Few enjoy the pleasures of peaceful repose, who consider how swiftly time passes that is never to return. While the fates allow, eat, drink, and be merry. Life hurries forward with rapid step, and the wheel of time rolls on in its ceaseless round.

MIGHT MAKES RIGHT.

Successful crime is dignified with the name of virtue; the good become the slaves of the impious; might makes right; fear silences the power of the law.

Wordsworth ("Rob Roy's Grave," st. 9):—

"Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

And Sir John Harrington ("Epiq." bk. iv. Ep. 5):—

"Treason doth never prosper, what's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason."

Beilby Porteus ("Death," l. 154):—

"One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime."

Young ("Love of Fame," Sat. vii. l. 55):—

"One to destroy is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame."

THE MISERABLE EASILY GIVE CREDIT TO FEAR.

The miserable easily give credit to that which they wish. Nay, they are apt to believe that what they fear can never be got rid of. Fear is ever credulous of evil.

THE PITCHER GOES ONCE TOO OFTEN TO THE WELL.

Adverse fortune seldom spare men of the noblest virtues. No one can with safety expose himself often to dangers. The man who has often escaped is at last caught.

"The pitcher doth not go so often to the well, but it comes home broken at last."

TO BOAST OF ONE'S PEDIGREE.

He who boasts of his descent, praises what belongs to another.

SAFETY IN THE SWORD.

The sword is the protection of all.

SOVEREIGNTY.

When thou occupiest the throne of another, thy power is insecure.

ENVY OF THOSE IN POWER.

To be able to endure odium, is the first art to be learned by those who aspire to power.

THE PROUD.

The avenging God follows close on the haughty.

So Psalm v. 5:—

"The foolish shall not stand in Thy sight: Thou hatest all workers of iniquity."

THE FURY OF WAR.

There is no moderation in arms, nor can the drawn sword easily be stopped or put into the scabbard: war delights in bloodshed.

DIE RATHER THAN ACT AGAINST THE WILL.

The man who can be forced to act against his will knows not how to die.

THE ASCENT TO HEAVEN IS NOT EASY.

The ascent to heaven from this earth is not easy.

So Proverbs xv. 24:—

"The way of life is above to the wise, that he may depart from hell beneath."

MISERY THE LOT OF HUMANITY.

Whenever thou seest a fellow-creature in distress, know that thou seest a human being.

So Luke x. 37:—

"He that showed mercy on him was his neighbor."

THE WRETCHED FATE OF THE GOOD.

O Fortune, that enviest the brave, what unequal rewards thou bestowest on the righteous!

HUMBLE FORTUNE.

In humble fortune there is great repose.

THE FEAR OF WAR.

The fear of war is worse than war itself.

TRUE LOVE.

True love hates delays and does not submit to them.

NO FATE OF LIFE IS LONG.

Man's fate never continues long the same, sorrow and pleasure alternate; pleasure is more brief. A few moments raise the lowest of mankind to the highest pinnacle of honor.

THE POWER OF THE ALMIGHTY.

Every monarch is subject to a mightier power.

REMEMBRANCE OF WHAT WAS DIFFICULT IS PLEASANT.

What was difficult to endure is pleasant to call to remembrance.

THE GUILTY OVERWHELMED BY HIS OWN ACTS.

Man suffers for his deeds: crime finds out its author, and the guilty is overwhelmed by his own acts.

WE ARE DYING FROM THE FIRST MOMENT OF OUR BIRTH.

The first moment which gives us birth begins to take life from us.

THE HEAVY-LADEN.

Let the weary and heavy-laden at length enjoy repose.

ONE CRIME BEGETS ANOTHER.

While one crime is punished, it begets another.

THE ADVANTAGE ENJOYED BY A MONARCH.

This is the highest advantage to be derived by a monarch, that his people is obliged not only to submit to but to praise the deeds of their monarch.

THE HUMBLE OFTEN RECEIVE GREAT PRAISE.

The humble and lowly-born often receive true praise.

THE EXAMPLE OF THE HIGH-BORN.

The king should wish what is honorable, and every one will wish the same.

DESOTISM.

At. Wherever a ruler is subject to the law, his power is of precarious tenure.

Sat. Nay, rather, where neither modesty nor respect for the law or gods, piety nor faith, hold sway, there power is unstable.

At. My opinion is, that respect for the gods, piety and faith are merely virtues of men in private stations. Let kings be unshackled in their authority.

A BAD BROTHER NOT TO BE INJURED.

Consider it impious to injure even a bad brother.

So Genesis xiii. 8:—

"And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren."

THE YOUNG EASILY PERVERTED.

The young readily listen to evil counsels; they will practise against you, their father, what you have taught them against their uncle. Crimes have recoiled on those who gave the first lesson.

So Psalm cxvi. 10:—

"Let the wicked fall into their own nets, whilst that I withal escape."

HOW SILENCE IS TAUGHT.

Silence is taught by many misfortunes in life.

A COUNTENANCE BETRAYING FEAR.

A countenance full of fear usually betrays many crimes.

GREAT COUNSELS BETRAYED BY THE COUNTENANCE.

Great counsels betray even the man who is unwilling that his plans should be discovered.

IT IS THE MIND THAT GIVES A KINGDOM.

An honest heart possesses a kingdom.

Percy's "Reliques of English Poetry" (vol. i. p. 307):—

"My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God and nature hath assign'd.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave."

RETIREMENT TO BE PREFERRED.

He is a king who is subject to neither fears nor desires. Every one can confer this on himself. Let whosoever chooses walk along the slippery paths of the court, I prefer peaceful repose, and, resigned to the obscurity of a humble life, shall enjoy the pleasures of retirement.

WHO LIVES FOR OTHERS NOT FOR HIMSELF.

Death broods heavily over the man who dies more known to others than to himself.

THE GIVER TO BE LOOKED AT.

While you look at what is given, look also at the giver.

THE POOR ENJOY A SECURE REPAST.

What pleasure it is to stand in the way of no one, to be able to enjoy a secure repast! Crimes do not enter into the cottages of the poor; we may

eat our food with safety on an humble table; poison is quaffed from golden cups. I speak from experience: an obscure life is preferable to one spent in a high station.

Diphilus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1032, M.) says:—

"No one is more fortunate than the poor man: he has no change for the worse to look for."

BROTHERLY AFFECTION.

Affection usually returns whence it has been removed, and love that is just repairs its lost strength.

CAUTION.

It is too late to be on our guard when we are in the midst of misfortunes.

So Genesis xli. 9:—

"I do remember my faults this day."

AFFECTION.

There is no power greater than true affection.

TRUE AFFECTION.

Whomsoever true affection has possessed, it will continue to possess.

TO-MORROW.

Nobody has ever found the gods so much his friend that he can promise himself another day.

LOVE OF LIFE.

That man must be enamoured of life, who is not willing to die when the world reaches its last day.

THE MISERABLE.

This is the peculiarity of the wretched, that they can never believe that happiness will last. Even though good fortune returns, yet they rejoice in fear and trembling.

PASSIONS ENCOURAGED BY YIELDING.

He who has fostered the sweet poison of love by fondling it, finds it too late to refuse the yoke which he has of his own accord assumed.

PANGS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE ARE NEVER AT REST.

What never-ending pain are the pangs of a guilty conscience, a mind o'erburdened with crimes, and fearful of itself? Some may sin without suffering from man, none may do so and feel secure.

Shakespeare ("Henry VI." Part III., act v. sc. 6):—

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer."

WHAT PASSION CAUSES.

Passion forces man to follow the worse course. His mind knowingly leads him to a precipice and again draws back, in vain desiring what is good.

THE PROSPEROUS.

Whoever is too proud of his prosperous circumstances and abounds in luxury, is always desirous of what is unusual.

THE GREAT IN POWER.

The high in power are often desirous of impossibilities.

A REMEDY.

It is some part of a cure to feel a desire to be cured.

REPORT.

Report seldom adheres to the truth, favorable to the man who deserves the worst and unfavorable to the good.

THE COUNTENANCE BETRAYS THE FEELINGS.

Angry feelings are betrayed by the countenance, though they are concealed.

MODES OF DEATH.

How many kinds of death hurry off and gradually destroy mankind—the sea, the sword, and treachery! But say we were not subject to these laws of fate, yet of ourselves we hasten to our life's end, to the dark shades of Styx.

Massinger ("A Very Woman," act v. sc. 4) says:—

"Death hath a thousand doors to let out life,
I shall find one."

THE ADVANTAGES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

There is no mode of life more independent and free from vice, following more closely the ancient manners, than that which, abandoning cities, loves the woodlands.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF THE LOWLY.

A more undisturbed sleep attends the man who reclines securely on a hard couch.

A BAD EXAMPLE.

No wickedness has been without a precedent.

A TIMID BEGGAR COURTS A DENIAL.

He who begs timorously courts a refusal.

SUCCESSFUL CRIMES.

Success gilds some crimes with an honorable title.

Ben Jonson says:—

"Let them call it mischief;
When it is past and prosper'd 'twill be virtue."

And Thomson:—

"It is success that colors all in life,
Success makes fools admir'd, makes villains honest."
"Nation" newspaper:—

"Where crime is crowned, where guilt is glory"

LIGHT GRIEFS.

Trifling annoyances find utterance, deeply-felt pangs are dumb.

Spenser in his "Faerie Queen" (l. 7, 41) thus expresses the same idea:—

"Oh! but," quoth she, "great grief will not be told,
And can more easily be thought than said."

And Byron ("The Corsair," cant. iii. st. 23):—

"No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For truth denies all eloquence to woe."

In the *Hesperus* (12) of Franz Paul Richter is found the following beautiful paragraph:—

"For those wounds which can be disclosed are not deep: that grief which a man's friendly eye can discover, a soft hand alleviate, is but small; but the woe which a friend must not see, because he cannot take it away—that woe which sometimes rises into our eye in the midst of blessedness, in the form of sudden trickle, which the averted face smothers—this hangs in secret more and more heavily on the heart, and at last breaks it and goes down with it under the healing sod; so are iron balls tied to man, when he dies on the sea, and they sink with him more quickly into his vast grave."

Wilhelm von Humboldt (Lett. ii. 18) has the same idea:—

"The sorrow which calls for help is not the greatest, nor does it come from the depths of the heart."

Thucydides (vii. 75) in his description of the sorrowful departure of the Athenian forces from Syracuse uses the expressions:—"Having suffered greater sorrows than can be expressed by tears," which is sorrow but resembling what Herodotus (iii. 14) says of the woes of Psammetitus: "Greater woes than tears can express."

This is thus paraphrased by Bode:—

"The sad philosophy of grief,
Taught in misfortune's school,
Hails the eye's dew a sweet relief,
The burning heart to cool.

"For common sorrows tears may flow,
Like these that stain my cheek;
But, prince, there is a depth of woe,
That tears can never speak.

"To see my comrade's cheerless state,
The friend of happier years,
I weep—but oh! my children's fate
Lies all too deep for tears.

"Far in the heart's most secret shrine,
Those springs of sorrow sleep:
Who bends 'neath woes as dark as mine
Must grieve—he cannot weep."

Shakespeare describes silent grief forcibly when he says in "Winter's Tale":—

"There is a grief which burns
Worse than tears drown."

And Ford's "Broken Heart":—

"They are the silent griefs that cut the heart-strings."

Talfourd gives an echo of this in "Ion":—

"They are the silent sorrows that touch nearest."

ENORMOUS WICKEDNESS.

What waters of the Don will cleanse me? or what sea of Asoph with its barbarous waters bending over the Black Sea? Not Neptune himself with his multitudinous waters will be able to expiate such wickedness.

CRIME.

One crime has to be concealed by another.

BEAUTY.

Beauty, a doubtful good to man, the fleeting gift of a short-lived hour, how swiftly dost thou flit away! Not so quickly do the hot rays of summer despoil the fresh meadows of the green with which the late spring has clothed them, when the meridian sun rages at the solstice, and short nights wheel rapidly past, when the pale lilies

languish and the sweet rose droops, not so quickly, I say, as beauty, which beams from tender cheeks, vanishes, from which every day steals some spoil away. Beauty is a fleeting joy; what wise man would place his trust in such a frail toy? Whilst thou mayest, enjoy it. Time, with silent march, will undermine thee, and each succeeding hour is worse than what is past.

Shakespeare in his poem entitled "The Passionate Pilgrim" (st. 11) thus speaks of Beauty:—

"Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining glass that fadeth suddenly.
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass that's broken presently.
A doubtful good, a glass, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour."

SECRECY.

If you would wish another to keep your secret, first keep it yourself.

THE HUMBLE.

Fortune rages less against the lowly, and heaven strikes with gentle hand the humble.

THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

The swift hour flies on double wings.

DEATH AND LIFE.

Any one may take life from man, but no one death: a thousand gates stand open to it.

So 1 Samuel xx. 3:—

"There is but a step between me and death."

ENDURE RATHER THAN COMMIT WICKEDNESS.

When it is necessary to deceive or to be deceived by our friends, we should endure rather than commit wickedness.

So Matthew v. 39:—

"But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

SLAVERY.

To sink from a throne into slavery is misery.

WAR.

The fortune of war is always doubtful.

A GOVERNMENT HATED.

A government that is hated seldom lasts.

FORTUNE.

It is not manly to turn our back on Fortune.

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF LIFE.

When the joyful mingled with the sad leaves us in doubt, the uncertain mind, when it desires to know, is overwhelmed with fear.

THE AFFLICTED.

He who offers doubtful safety to the afflicted refuses it.

THE BLIND.

A great part of what is real is concealed from the man, who is blind.

DESPERATE MISFORTUNES.

Evils that are desperate usually make men safe.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

The power of silence is often more injurious to a king and his kingdom than even the use of language.

MODERATION TO BE SHOWN BY THOSE WHO ASPIRE TO SUPREME POWER.

To the man who aspires to supreme power, it is the wisest policy to show himself enamoured of moderation, and to speak of nothing but the pleasure of quiet retirement. Rest is often assumed by the restless.

VAIN FEARS.

He, who dreads vain fears, deserves those that are real.

TERROR IS THE PROPER GUARD OF A KINGDOM.

He, who dreads hatred too much, knows not how to reign. Terror is the proper guard of a kingdom.

LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

Leave in concealment what has long been concealed.

THE TRUTH.

Truth hates any delay in its disclosure.

EXCESS HAS AN UNSTABLE FOUNDATION.

Everything that exceeds the bounds of moderation has an unstable foundation.

SUFFERINGS OF MANKIND FROM ON HIGH.

Whatever mankind suffers or does, comes from on high.

WHAT AWAITS MAN.

Many have reached their fated end, while they are dreading their fate.

GUILT.

Nobody becomes guilty by fate.

SORROW.

There is no day without sorrow.

MODERATION MAKES A THRONE STAND SURE.

We must first learn that whatever the conqueror chooses to do, to that the conquered must submit. No one has long maintained power, if exercised with violence; moderation ensures its continuance; and the higher Fortune has lifted and placed the power of man, the more ought he to conceal his happiness, to dread the turns of chance, ever

fearing that heaven may be too propitious. I have learnt that in a moment the greatest state may be brought low by conquest.

A CRIME.

He, who does not prevent a crime, when it is in his power, encourages it.

So 1 Timothy v. 20:—

"Them that sin rebuke before all, that others also may fear."

MERCY SOMETIMES IN GIVING DEATH.

Mercy is often shown in inflicting death.

A KING.

A king ought to prefer the good of his country to that of his children.

MORAL FEELINGS.

Man is restrained by moral feelings from doing that against which there may be no legal enactment.

So Matthew v. 8:—

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

HOW GREAT POWER OUGHT TO BE USED.

One who possesses great power, ought to use it with gentle hand.

DOES THE SOUL PERISH WITH THE BODY?

Is it a truth? or fiction binds

Our fearful mind?

That when to earth we bodies give,
Souls yet to live?

That when the wife hath closed with cries
The husband's eyes,

When the last fatal day of light
Hath spoil'd our sight,

And when, to dust and ashes turn'd,
Our bones are urn'd—

Souls stand yet in no need at all
Of funeral,

But that a longer life with pain
They still retain?

Or die we quite? nor aught we have
Survives the grave?

When like to smoke unmix'd with skies
The spirit flies;

And funeral tapers are applied
To the naked side.

As smoke, which springs from fire, is soon
Dispersed and gone;

Or clouds which we but now beheld,
By winds dispell'd;

The spirit, which informs this clay,
So fleets away.

Nothing is after death; and this,
Too, nothing is:

The goal or the extremest space
Of a swift race.

The covetous their hopes forbear;
The sad, their fear.

Ask'st thou, where'er thou com'st to die,
Where thou shalt lie?

Where lie the unborn? Away, time takes us,
Then chaos takes us.

Death's individual: like kind
To body or mind.
Whate'er of Tænarus they sing,
And hell's fierce king,
How Cerberus still guards the port
O' th' Stygian court;
All are but idle rumors found,
And empty sound;
Like the vain fears of melancholy,
Dreams and fabulous folly.

TO FEAR.

It is the worst of ills still to fear when hope has
left us.

NOBILITY.

High rank, a heavy burden, weighs him down.

THE FIRST CHARGE.

The first charge of the victor's fury is the worst.

GRIEF.

Grief is an unjust valuer of things.

FEAR OF DEATH.

Death, when brought near, puts an end to vaunt-
ing words.

NECESSITY.

Necessity has greater power than affection.

TRUTH.

Truth never perishes.

So Matthew xxiv. 35:—
"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall
not pass away."

IMPRESSIONS ONCE MADE ARE NOT EASILY
ERASED.

The mind is slow to unlearn what it has been
long in learning.

"It is not easy to straighten in the oak the crook that grew
in the sapling."

TO EXTEND OUR CHARITY TO THE MISERABLE.

Whatever we give to the wretched, we lend to
fortune.

GRIEF.

Great grief does not of itself put an end to itself.

TO DIE WITHOUT FEAR OF DEATH IS DESIRABLE.

To die without fear of death is to be desired.

TO BE COMPELLED TO COMMIT A CRIME.

The guilt of enforced crimes lies on those who
impose them.

SLAVERY.

I am ashamed of the master, not of servitude.

NONE MISERABLE BUT BY COMPARISON.

Nobody refuses to submit to the fate to which
all are subject. In a common woe no one thinks
himself unfortunate, though he be so. Take

hence the happy, lay the rich aside, remove those
who plough wide fields with a hundred oxen, the
poor will raise their drooping heads. There is no
one miserable except by comparison. To those
who are seated amidst the ruins of their fortune,
it is pleasant to see none wearing a cheerful look.

THE MOB.

Most of the giddy vulgar hate the act they come
to see.

THE MOB.

The vulgar stand in stupid amazement, and
almost all praise most those things they are going
to lose.

THE BRAVE.

All are moved by the brave spirit, ready to face
death.

ANGER CONCEALED IS DANGEROUS.

Resentment concealed is dangerous; hatred
avowed loses the opportunity of revenge.

THE GRIEF IS SLIGHT WHICH CAN TAKE COUNSEL.

The grief is slight which can take counsel and
conceal itself; great evils cannot be hid.

FORTUNE TRAMPLES ON THE COWARD.

Med. Fortune fears the valiant, but tramples on
the coward.

Nurse. Then valor is to be approved of when
there is room for its display.

Med. There is always room for valor.

Nurse. Hope points out no path in adverse cir-
cumstances.

Med. He who hopes nothing, should despair of
nothing.

So Luke x. 36, 37:—

"Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor
unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that
showed mercy on him."

FORTUNE.

Fortune may deprive us of wealth, but not of a
firm mind.

So Matthew vi. 30:—

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where
neither moth nor rust doth corrupt."

A JUDGE.

If thou be a judge, investigate; if thou be a
ruler, command.

POWER FOUNDED ON INJUSTICE.

A kingdom founded on injustice never lasts for-
ever.

So Isaiah xxxii. 1:—

"Behold a king shall reign in righteousness, and princes
shall rule in judgment."

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

He who decides a question without hearing the
other side, though he decide with justice, cannot
be considered just.

This is probably the origin of the common expression,
"Audiatur et altera pars."

both by advice and by force, kindly and harshly, and to be made better for himself as well as for another, not without chastisement, but without passion.

WHAT HAS GROWN WITHOUT FOUNDATION.

The things that have grown up without foundation, are ready to sink in ruin.

LIFE IS LIKE A SCHOOL OF GLADIATORS.

Life is like a school of gladiators, where men live and fight with each other.

MAN SUBJECT TO DISEASES OF THE MIND AS WELL AS OF THE BODY.

We have been born under these conditions, that we should be animals liable to no fewer diseases of the mind than of the body.

FEAR.

He must necessarily fear many, whom many fear.

THE POWER OF THE HUMAN MIND.

There is nothing so difficult and arduous, which the mind of man does not overcome, and which continued meditation does not bring into familiarity.

PERSEVERANCE.

An obstinate resolution gets the better of every obstacle, and shows that there is no difficulty to him who has resolved to be patient.

A HAPPY LIFE.

The path leading to a happy life is easy: only enter upon it boldly with the favor of the gods.

So Psalm xiv. 10:—

"All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth."

THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

Education requires great diligence, which will be very profitable. For it is an easy matter to fashion tender minds; evil habits are with difficulty rooted out, which have grown up with our growth.

A LITTLE PLEASURE.

Moderate pleasure relaxes the spirit and moderates it.

NATURE.

It is difficult to change nature.

TRUTH.

Time discovers truth.

FALSE THINGS.

Some things false bear the appearance of truth.

ANGER.

What is more mad than to vent the wrath which has been collected against men on things devoid of sense?

MAN NOT THE CAUSE OF THE REVOLUTION OF SUMMER AND WINTER.

For we are not the cause why summer and winter return in regular succession: these seasons have their own laws, and have their order arranged by heaven.

INNOCENCE.

What a slight foundation for innocence it is, to be good only from fear of the law!

So Romans xiii. 10:—

"Love is the fulfilling of the law."

VICES OF OTHERS.

Other men's sins are before our eyes; our own, behind our back.

MEN ANGRY WITH THE SINNER, NOT WITH THE SIN.

The greater part of mankind are angry with the sinner and not with the sin.

TIME.

Time is the greatest remedy for anger.

PUNISHMENT LOOKS TO THE FUTURE.

We will not punish a man because he hath offended, but that he may offend no more; nor does punishment ever look to the past, but to the future; for it is not the result of passion, but that the same thing may be guarded against in future.

REVENGE.

Revenge is an inhuman word.

So Deuteronomy xxxii. 35:—

"To me belongeth vengeance and recompence."

THINGS CONTRARY TO HOPE.

We are most affected by those things which have happened contrary to hope and expectation.

TO DISSEMBLE.

It has often been better to pretend not to see an insult than to avenge one's self.

HATRED.

Those minds, whom fortune hath made insolent, have this bad quality, that they hate those whom they have harmed.

IT REQUIRES TWO SIDES FOR A QUARREL.

A quarrel is quickly settled when deserted by the one party: there is no battle unless there be two.

INJURY.

He who has injured thee was either stronger or weaker—if weaker, spare him; if stronger, spare thyself.

FORTUNE.

Fortune is not so bound to any man that it everywhere answers his expectations if he engages in much business.

MEASURE YOUR OWN STRENGTH.

As often as thou engagest in any enterprise, measure thyself with those things which thou attemptest and to which thou addressdest thyself.

A MAN IS KNOWN BY HIS COMPANY.

Manners are acquired from those with whom we live familiarly: and as the body receives disease from contagion, so the mind is affected by the vicious propensities of others.

PATIENCE.

There is one alleviation in misfortunes to endure and to submit to necessity.

TIME.

When time is lost, it is a great loss in great affairs.

REPENTANCE A SEVERE PUNISHMENT.

The severest punishment a man can receive who has injured another, is to have committed the injury; and no man is more severely punished than he who is subject to the whip of his own repentance.

"THERE IS NO ONE RIGHTEOUS, NO, NOT ONE."

We are all wicked. Therefore, whatever we blame in another, we shall find in our own bosom. Let us then be forgiving to one another, for, being of evil inclinations ourselves, we live in an evil world. One thing alone can enable us to live at world, mutual forgiveness.

Solon (Fr. 13, Schneidewin) says:—

"There is no man happy, but all are wicked, whom the sun shines upon."

WE ARE ANGRY WITH THE GODS BECAUSE ANY ONE SURPASSES US.

We are angry with the gods because any one is superior to us, forgetting how many are beneath us.

IT IS A PLEASURE TO HAVE SOMETHING TO HOPE FOR.

Among other pleasures it is no small one to see that there is something remaining for which thou mayest hope.

ART:

Life is short, but art is long.

Hipparchus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1097, M.) says:—

"By far the most precious possessions to all men is skill in the art of living; for both war and the changes of fortune may destroy other things, but skill is preserved."

Longfellow ("A Psalm of Life") says:—

"Art is long and Time is fleeting."

LIFE SHORT AND UNCERTAIN.

With the exception of a very few, life deserts the rest at the very entrance of life.

LIFE IS LONG ENOUGH.

Life, if thou knowest how to use it, is long enough.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

Short is that part of life which we really live.

So Genesis xiv. 9:—

"Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been."

LENGTH OF LIFE.

And, therefore, never say that this man hath lived long, as his white head and wrinkled face show: he hath not lived long, but has only been long in existence.

Prince Metternich, in a letter to Alexander Von Humboldt (17th Sept., 1849), congratulating him on reaching his eightieth year, says:—

"Naitre est peu de chose; utiliser la vie est beaucoup. Vous comptez parmi les plus riches et vous avez fait un bien noble usage de votre fortune morale."

TIME PAST NEVER RETURNS.

No one will restore the years gone past, no one will return thee to thyself. Thy days will go on as they have done hitherto, nor canst thou recall nor cause them to halt: they will move on without noise and without warning thee of their speed: they will glide on with silent step.

WE MUST MAKE USE OF TIME.

Thou must strive against the swiftness of time by the speed in using it, and draw from it as thou wouldst water from a rapid torrent, which is not always to flow.

GREAT FORTUNE.

How much does great prosperity overspread the mind with darkness!

WISDOM.

Those things, which wisdom has consecrated, cannot be injured: no time present can consume them, nor time to come diminish them.

A HUNGRY PEOPLE.

A hungry people listens not to reason, nor cares for the laws of equity, nor can be bent by any prayer.

THE ERROR OF ONE MAN CAUSES ANOTHER TO ERR.

As often happens in a great crowd of men, when the people press against each other, no one falls without drawing another after him, and the foremost are the cause of the ruin of those that follow: so it is in common life; there is no man that erreth to himself, but is the cause and author of other men's error.

A MULTITUDE.

Human affairs are not so happily arranged that the best things please the most men. It is the proof of a bad cause when it is applauded by the mob.

WHO ARE THE VULGAR?

The vulgar are found in all ranks, and are not to be distinguished by the dress they wear.

NATURE IS THE BEST DIRECTRESS.

Wisdom consists in not wandering from the nature of things, and in forming ourselves according to her law and example.

ADMIRE THOSE ATTEMPTING GREAT THINGS.

If thou art a man, admire those who attempt great enterprises, even though they fail.

CONSCIENCE.

I will do all things, not for opinion, but for conscience' sake: I shall believe that it is done in the sight of all men, whatsoever I do with my own knowledge.

KINDNESS TO MAN.

Wherever a man is, there is an opportunity for doing a kindness.

So 1 Corinthians iv. 20:—

"For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power."

NOT AN EASY MATTER TO GIVE.

He deceives himself who thinks it an easy thing to give. There is great difficulty in it, provided it is given with judgment and not scattered by chance and rashly.

INJURIES LEAVE A DEEPER IMPRESSION THAN KINDNESSES.

It has been so provided by nature that injuries make a more lasting impression than kindnesses, and while the latter quickly are forgotten, the former are retained with a most tenacious memory.

A KINDNESS.

A benefit is acknowledged according to the intent with which it is given.

GOOD DEEDS.

Nobody registers his good deeds in his book of debtors.

TO BESTOW A FAVOR.

To bestow a favor in hope to receive another is a contemptible and base usury.

IN WHAT A BENEFIT CONSISTS.

A benefit consists not in that which is done or given, but in the intention of the giver or doer.

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

Disagreeable is the kindness which has long stuck betwixt the fingers of the man who bestows it, so that he seems with difficulty to part with it and to give it as if he were robbing himself.

So 2 Corinthians ix. 7:—

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

NOTHING COSTS SO MUCH AS WHAT IS BOUGHT BY PRAYERS.

Nothing costs so much as what is bought with prayer.

THE TIME BEFORE PUNISHMENT.

The time that precedes punishment is the severest part of it.

BENEFITS.

We ought never to disclose that which we have given: he that upbraids a courtesy asks it back. We must not importune; we ought never to refresh the memory by a former kindness, except it be to second it by another.

A BENEFIT.

Let him that hath done the good office conceal it; let him that hath received it disclose it.

So 1 Thessalonians v. 18:—

"In everything give thanks."

THE GRATEFUL.

Let the man who is about to be grateful think about repaying the kindness even at the moment he is receiving it.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD TO MAN.

Whoever thou art that dost so undervalue man's fortune and chance, consider what great blessings our sovereign parent hath given us. So many virtues have we received, so many arts, such a mind and spirit, that at the very instant wherein it intends a thing, it attains it; finally, such a plenty of fruit, such store of wealth, and such abundance of things heaped one upon another. The gods love us most dearly.

THE UNGRATEFUL.

He is ungrateful who denies that he has received a kindness which has been bestowed upon him; he is ungrateful who conceals it; he is ungrateful who makes no return for it; most ungrateful of all is he who forgets it.

THE NOBLE.

It is the property of a generous and noble mind to aid and do good to others; he who conferreth benefits, imitates the gods; he who demands them back is like the usurers.

So Luke vi. 36:—

"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."

VIRTUE TO BE FOUND IN ALL CLASSES.

Virtue is shut out from no one; she is open to all, accepts all, invites all, gentlemen, freedmen, slaves, kings, and exiles: she selects neither house nor fortune: she is satisfied with a human being without adjuncts.

So Luke xiv. 16, 23:—

"A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

THE SUN SHINES ON THE WICKED.

The sun shines even on the wicked.

So Matthew v. 45:—

"For He maketh the sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

THE ORIGIN OF ALL THE SAME.

All men have the same beginning and the same origin: no one is more noble than another except the man of lofty genius, with talents fitted for the successful pursuit of the higher objects of life. Those who range their ancestral images in their halls, and engrave in the entrance of their palaces the names of their illustrious forefathers in a long line and their pedigree in all its ramifications, may be regarded as known to the world rather than noble. The world is the parent of us all, whether we trace our origin through a series of nobles or plebeians.

THE KINDNESS OF GOD.

Who is so wretched, so forgotten by heaven, who is of so hard a fate and born to trouble that he has not experienced the great liberality of the gods? Look on those very men who are constantly bewailing their misfortunes and are discontented. Thou shalt find not one of the whole of these destitute of the favors of heaven, and that there is no man on whom have not fallen some drops from this gracious fountain.

So Psalm lxxii. 2:—

"Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from Him cometh my salvation. He only is my rock and my salvation; He is my defence: I shall not be greatly moved."

And Psalm x. 17:—

"Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble."

NATURE IS GOD.

What else is nature but God, and divine reason residing in the whole world and its parts?

FATE.

As Fate is an immutable ordinance, which holds all causes chained together, God is the first cause of all, he on whom all the rest depend.

GOD AND NATURE THE SAME.

Wherefore it availeth thee nothing, thou most ungrateful of men, to avow that thou art in no way indebted to God, but art under obligation to nature; for neither is nature without God nor God without nature: both these are the same and differ in nothing. If thou shouldst confess that thou owest to Annæus or Lucius that which Seneca had lent thee, thou wouldst only change the name but not the creditor. For whether thou callest him by his name or surname, he would be the same man. Call him as thou pleasest, nature, fate, or fortune, it matters not, because they are all the names of the self-same God, who makes use of His divine providence diversely.

THE HUMAN RACE.

God has given certain gifts to the whole human race, from which nobody is excluded.

THE GOOD AND BAD.

It is better to bestow kindnesses even on the bad for the sake of the good than to be wanting to the good on account of the bad.

GOD SENDETH RAIN ON THE JUST AND THE UNJUST.

Neither was a law able to be imposed on the falling showers, that they should not water and overflow the fields of the wicked and unjust.

GREAT VIRTUES.

It is not without reason that there is a sacred recollection of great virtues.

THE USE OF ADVERSITY.

Many benefits have a sad and rough countenance, as to burn and cut in order to healing.

So Shakespeare ("As You Like It," act vi. sc. 1):—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

A TEACHER.

Thou buyest from thy instructor in the liberal arts an inestimable treasure, liberal studies, and the cultivation of thy mind. Therefore, he is paid not the price of the thing, but of his labor, because he is withdrawn from his own business, and devotes himself to thy service. He receives the reward, not of his merits, but of his occupation.

So Hebrews xiii. 17:—

"Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, as they that must give an account."

GOD NEVER REPENTS.

God never repents of what He has first resolved upon.

So Numbers xxiii. 19:—

"God is not a man, that He should lie: neither the son of man, that He should repent: hath He said and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?"

THE GODS.

There is nothing external to them that can constrain the gods, their eternal and inviolable will is a law to them. They have established that which they do not intend to alter. Doubtless they cannot stand still or run a contrary course, because it is not possible for them to err from the best course, and because they have determined so to go.

WHAT IS TO MAKE US BETTER LIES BEFORE US.

Whatever is to make us better and happy, God has placed either openly before us or close to us.

TO HAVE AT COMMAND A FEW PRECEPTS OF WISDOM.

It is more profitable for thee, if thou hast a few precepts of wisdom, that they should be ready at thy command rather than thou shouldst learn many things, but shouldst not have them for immediate use.

MAN A SOCIAL ANIMAL.

Man is a social animal, and born to live together so as to regard the world as one house.

So John xiv. 2:—

"In my father's house are many mansions."

TRUTH.

Truth lies wrapped up and hidden in the depths.

Dr. Walcott ("Birthday Ode") says:—

"The sages say, Dame Truth delights to dwell—
Strange mansion—in the bottom of a well.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD TO MAN.

Like the best of parents, who smile at the passionate words of their children, the gods cease not to heap kindnesses on those who look with suspicion on their author; but having alone the power to do good, they scatter with an impartial hand their kindnesses on all peoples and nations. They pour rain on the fields at the proper time, they raise the waves of the sea with the wind, mark the seasons by the rising and setting of the stars, moderate winter and summer by a gentler temperature.

So Acts xiv. 17:—

"Nevertheless He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness."

AN OLD MAN.

There is nothing more disgraceful than that an old man should have nothing to produce as a proof that he has lived long except his years.

A GOOD CITIZEN.

The aid of a good citizen is never without a beneficial effect; for he assists by everything he does, by listening, by looking on, by his presence, by his nod of approbation, even by obstinate silence, and by his very gait.

TO LABOR AGAINST NATURE IS VAIN.

Where the mind is acting under constraint the results are seldom good: when nature is reluctant the labor is lost.

A TRUSTY FRIEND A REMEDY FOR A TROUBLED MIND.

What a great blessing is a friend, with a breast so trusty that thou mayest safely bury all thy secrets in it, whose conscience thou mayest fear less than thine own, who can relieve thy cares by his conversation, thy doubts by his counsels, thy sadness by his good humor, and whose very look gives comfort to thee!

Xenophon (Memor. II. iv. 1) says:—

"For what horse or what chariot is so useful as a useful friend."

BOOKS.

A large library is apt to distract rather than to instruct the learner; it is much better to confine thyself to a few authors than to wander at random over many.

Milton ("Paradise Regained," iv. 310) says of books:—

"However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome, who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself."

CUSTOM.

The greatest blessing we have received from nature is that, foreseeing to what sorrows we would be subject in this world, she found out habit as a remedy to soothe us, making thereby the greatest calamities quickly familiar and supportable. No one could endure it, if adversity continued to be as bitter as it is at its first approach. We are all chained to fortune; some of us have a golden and loose chain, others a tight and base one.

PATIENCE UNDER SUFFERINGS.

There is nothing so disagreeable for which a patient mind may not find some comfort.

So Jeremiah xxxi. 13:—

"I will turn their mourning into joy."

And 2 Corinthians iv. 8:—

"We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair."

SOME RELAXATION TO BE GIVEN TO THE MIND.

Some relaxation must be given to our minds: rest makes them better and more active. As we must not overwork our fertile fields, for in that way we shall soon exhaust them, so uninterrupted labor destroys the power of men's minds.

NO GREAT WIT WITHOUT A SPICE OF FOLLY.

No great wit has ever existed without a spice of madness.

So Dryden ("Absalom and Achitophel," Part I. l. 165):—

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And their partitions do their bounds divide."

Aristotle (Problemata xxx. 1) says:—

"Why, all who are born illustrious either in philosophy, political life, poetry or arts, appear to have a spice of madness in them."

A GREAT FORTUNE IS A GREAT SERVITUDE.

A great fortune is a great servitude.

THE SOUL.

Now the soul of my brother, released as it were from a lengthened imprisonment, at length rejoices to be its own master, enjoying the view of the nature of things, and looking down from on high on all human things, while it looks more closely at divine things, the reason of which it had long sought in vain.

FIRMNESS OF SPIRIT.

Not to feel our misfortunes is not to be a man, and not to submit to them is not to be a man of spirit.

PROOF OF A CREATOR.

It would be labor lost to show at present that this mighty frame of the world could not be maintained without some governor, and that this regular course of the stars is not directed by chance.

So Psalm lxxiv. 16:—

"The day is Thine, the night also is Thine: Thou hast prepared the light and the sun."

THE PATERNAL AFFECTION OF GOD.

Between good men and God there is a friendship which virtue conciliates; a friendship, do I say? yea, a kindred and similitude; for that a good man is God's disciple and imitator, and His true offspring, whom that magnificent Father, no softly exacter of virtue, doth after the manner of severe parents educate hardly.

VIRTUE.

Virtue withers away if it has no opposition.

THE CHASTISEMENT OF GOD.

Are you surprised if God, who is most loving of the good, and who wishes that they should be as good and excellent as possible, gives them that kind of fortune by which they are tried?

So Hebrews xii. 6:—
"For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

A MAN STRUGGLING WITH ADVERSITY.

Behold a spectacle to which God may worthily turn his attention; behold a match worthy of God, a brave man hand-in-hand with adverse fortune, at least if he has challenged the combat.

TO CONQUER WITHOUT DANGER.

He knows that the man is overcome ingloriously, who is overcome without danger.

Cornelle (Old. II. 2) says:—
"We triumph without glory when we conquer without danger."

THE MAN UNTRIED BY ADVERSITY.

There is no one more unfortunate than the man who has never been unfortunate, for it has never been in his power to try himself.

So Proverbs i. 32:—
"The prosperity of fools shall destroy them."

CALAMITY.

Calamity is an opportunity to show one's virtue.

So 2 Timothy iii. 12:—
"Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

ADVERSITY.

Great men rejoice in adversity just as brave soldiers triumph in war.

So 2 Corinthians vii. 4:—
"I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation."

CONTEMPT OF DANGER.

Constant exposure to danger will inspire contempt for it.

MISERY.

Fire tries gold, misery tries brave men.

Beaumont and Fletcher ("The Triumph of Honor," sc. 1) says:—
"Calamity is man's true touchstone."
So Strach II. 5:—
"For gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity."

THE FATE OF ALL APPOINTED BY GOD.

He that is the former and creator of all has appointed their fates.

So Psalm cxxxix. 16:—
"Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there were none of them."

CLEMENCY BECOMES A PRINCE.

Clemency becomes no one more than a king or prince.

A GREAT MIND.

A great mind becomes a great fortune.

SIN.

Although a man has so well purged his mind that nothing can trouble or deceive him any more, yet he reached his present innocence through sin.

THE POWERFUL.

Even as lightning causes danger to few, but fear to all; so the punishments of mighty potentates are more full of fear than of evil, and not without reason. For in him that has power, all men considers not what he does, but what he may do.

THE AFFECTION OF SUBJECTS.

The love of subjects is an invincible protection.

SEVERITY.

Severity, if it be too frequently used, loses its authority, which is its chief use.

THE DIVINITY.

The divinity requires no aid, and is not able to be injured.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

The whole life of man is nothing else than a journey towards death.

So Jeremiah xxi. 8:—
"I set before you the way of life and the way of death."

A BEGINNING AND END TO EVERYTHING.

Whatever begins also ends.

So 1 Corinthians vii. 31:—
"The fashion of this world passeth away."

AVARICE.

Nothing is too much to the avaricious mind, even a little is enough for nature.

So Ecclesiastes v. 10:—
"He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver."

WHAT IS MAN?

What is man? A weak and frail body. What is man? Only a broken vessel, and easily broken by the slightest movement.

So Psalm viii. 4:—
"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

DEATH.

Death is the close and release from all the pains of life.

So 2 Timothy iv. 8:—

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

DEATH.

Death is to be wished for by the most prosperous.

THE PAST.

In the great inconstancy and crowd of events nothing is certain except the past.

TIME.

Some portion of our time is taken from us by force; another portion is stolen from us; and another slips away. But the most disgraceful loss is that which arises from our own negligence; and if thou wilt seriously observe, thou shalt perceive that a great part of life flits from those who do evil, a greater from those who do nothing, and the whole from those who do not accomplish the business which they think that they are doing.

So Psalm xc. 9:—

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."

TIME.

While life is frittered away, it is passing on.

WHEN ECONOMY IS TOO LATE.

When we have reached the end of our property, it is too late then to become economical.

Hesiodus ("Epya, 309) says:—

"Sparingsness is too late at the bottom."

THE MAN THAT IS REALLY POOR.

It is not the man who has little, but he who desires more, that is poor.

A FREQUENT CHANGE IS NOT GOOD.

The plant which is often transferred does not prosper.

THE MAN WHO IS EVERYWHERE.

The man who is everywhere is nowhere.

WHAT TO ADMIRE.

Let the man, who shall enter our house, admire ourselves rather than our furniture.

NO SATISFACTION WITHOUT A COMPANION.

There is no satisfaction in any good without a companion.

PRECEPTS CONTRASTED WITH EXAMPLE.

The road by precepts is tedious, by example short and efficacious.

So 2 Corinthians ix. 2:—

"Your zeal has provoked very many."

MEN LEARN BY TEACHING OTHERS.

Men, while they teach, learn.

THE WEAKNESS OF MAN.

I indeed acknowledge my weakness. What happens to the sick, that befalls us whose souls are recovered after a long disease.

So Psalm xxxii. 5:—

"I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."

LOVE.

If thou wishest to be loved, love.

So Proverbs viii. 17:—

"I love them that love me."

THE MIND.

My all I carry with me.

HOW TO LIVE.

Live with men as if God saw you; converse with God as if men heard you.

WITHOUT EVIL DESIRES.

Then know that thou art freed from all evil desires, when thou hast reached that point that thou askest nothing of God except what thou canst ask openly.

So Romans xii. 2:—

"And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

THE EXAMPLE OF THE GOOD.

We must choose some good man, and place him always before our eyes, that we may live as if he were looking at us, and do all as if he saw us. We should have some one to whose manners we may conform our own.

So 1 Peter ii. 21:—

"Leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps."

VICES NOT TO BE REMOVED BY WISDOM.

No wisdom can remove the natural vices of the body or mind; what is infixed or inbred may be allayed by art, not subdued.

WE CANNOT BE DEPRIVED OF PAST ENJOYMENT.

When we retire to rest, let us joyfully and contentedly say: "I have lived and finished the course which Fortune had given me." If God grant us to-morrow, let us receive it with thankfulness. Thrice happy is he, and thoroughly master of himself, who can look forward to to-morrow without anxiety. Whoever has said, "I have lived," rises daily to the acquisition of gain.

"SUFFICIENT TO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF."

Be not wretched before the time; since the things which thou thinkest to be impending perhaps will never happen, at all events have not yet happened. Therefore some things torment us more than they ought; some things torment us before they ought; some things torment us when they ought not to do it at all.

So Matthew vi. 34:—

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow will take thought for itself."

row shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

FOLLY.

Among other ills, folly has this also, that it is always beginning to live.

HOW TO LIVE.

If thou live according to nature, thou wilt never be poor; if according to the opinions of the world, thou wilt never be rich.

DEBT.

A slight debt makes a man a debtor, a heavy one an enemy.

MEN OF GENIUS.

There will come after us a long course of ages; a few men of great genius will raise their heads, and though by and by about to sink into the same silent tomb, they will resist the forgetfulness of mankind, and keep themselves a long time in reputation.

Of men of genius, Lowell in his poem "An Incident in a Railroad Car," written in 1863, thus speaks:—

"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;
But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men."

BEGINNING TO LIVE.

It is a tedious thing to be always beginning life: they live badly who always begin to live.

DECEIT.

It is base to speak one thing and to think another: how much more base is it to write one thing and think another.

SELF-RESPECT.

When thou hast profited so much that thou respectest even thyself, thou mayest let go thy tutor.

Pope ("Essay on Man," Ep. iv. l. 355) speaks thus of self-respect:—

"One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud hummas."

DEATH.

It is uncertain in what place death may await thee: therefore expect it in every place.

TRUTH.

Truth is open to all men, she is not yet altogether laid hold of; much is still left to futurity.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship always does good, love also sometimes is injurious.

AN OLD MAN.

It is an absurd and base thing to see an old man at his A, B, C. We should lay up in our youth what we are to make use of in our old age.

MANNERS.

Fortune has no power over manners.

PRECEPTS.

Precepts are much the same as seed; though small at first, they effect much.

So Matthew xiii. 31:—

"The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed."

THE NOBLE-MINDED.

A noble mind has this excellence in it, that it is incited to honorable deeds. There is no high-minded man that is delighted with base and contemptible things; the very appearance of mighty objects invites him and rouses his faculties.

So Ezekiel xxxvi. 26, 27:—

"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them."

A VICIOUS AGE.

What were vices once are now the fashion.

THAT WHICH IS HASTY.

Nothing is well ordered which is hasty and precipitate.

GOD IS IN US.

God is nigh to thee, He is with thee, He is in thee; I tell thee, O Lucilius, a holy spirit resideth within us, an observer and guardian of our good and our bad doings, who, as He hath been dealt with by us, so He dealeth with us; no man is good without God.

So Romans viii. 9:—

"If so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you."

THE MIND.

A great and sacred spirit talks indeed within us, but cleaves to its divine original.

So 1 John iv. 16:—

"God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

PUNISHMENT OF WICKEDNESS.

There is no greater punishment of wickedness than that it is dissatisfied with itself and its deeds.

NOTHING GREAT IN ITSELF.

Whatever is high in the places near it is great there where it rises up: for greatness has no certain measure, comparison either raises or depresses it.

GOOD CONSCIENCE.

A good conscience may have a crowd around, a bad is even in solitude anxious and care-worn. If thou dost what is honorable, all may know; if thou actest basely, what boots it that no one knows, when thou thyself knowest. O miserable man, if thou dispisest such a witness.

PEDIGREE.

If there is anything good in philosophy, it is this, that it does not regard nobility. All, if we look back to their first origin, are sprung from the gods.

THE GENTLEMAN.

Who is the gentleman? He that is well prepared by nature for virtue. It does not make a nobleman to have his court full of smoky images. No man lived for our glory, neither is that which was before us ours. The mind makes the nobleman, which enables us to rise from the basest condition above fortune.

Spenser, in his "*Faerie Queen*" (vi. 2, 1), thus speaks of the man of gentle manners:—

"True is, that whilome that good poet said,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known,
For a man by nothing is so well bewray'd
As by his manners."

Tennyson ("In Memoriam," cant. x.) says:—

"The grand old name of gentleman
Defamed by every charlatan,
And sold with all ignoble use."

BOOKS.

It is not how many books thou hast, but how good; careful reading profiteth, while that which is full of variety delighteth.

Milton (*Areopagitica*) says:—

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

VICES UNDER THE NAME OF VIRTUES.

Vices creep upon us under the name of virtues.

So *Ephesians* vi. 11:—

"To stand against the wiles of the devil."

TO-MORROW.

Examine each individual, and consider the whole world, and you will find that there is no man's life that is not aiming at to-morrow.

DRESS.

He is very silly who values a man either by his dress or by his condition, which is wrapped about him like a garment.

MANNERS.

Each giveth himself manners: chance bestoweth his office in life.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

Good habits have this advantage among other things, that they give pleasure to those who possess them, and are an enduring possession; whereas the evil-inclined are fickle, often changing, never for the better, but to something else.

LOVE.

Love cannot be mingled with fear.

THE SELFISH.

No man can live happily who regards himself alone, who turns everything to his own advantage;

thou must live for another if thou wishest to live for thyself.

So *Galatians* v. 14:—

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

The swiftness of time is infinite, as is still more evident when we look back upon the past.

Young says:—

"We take no note of time
But from its loss."

LANGUAGE OF TRUTH.

The language of truth is simple.

Æschylus (Fr.) says:—

"For the words of truth are simple."

ORIGINAL SIN.

To no man comes a good mind before an evil.

LIBERTY.

Thou inquirest what liberty is? To be slave to nothing, to no necessity, to no accidents, to keep Fortune at arm's length.

SELF-SUFFICIENT.

Nobody is sufficient of himself to escape from the difficulties of life; some one must lend a helping hand, some one must bring us out.

So *Matthew* viii. 17:—

"Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses."

And *Luke* xix. 10:—

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

THE STRUGGLE OF THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

What is this, Lucilius, that draggeth us one way when we wish to go another, and urges us to the point whence we wish to recede? What is it that struggles with our souls, and does not allow us to will anything once?

So *Romans* vii. 18:—

"For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not."

OLD AGE.

None of us is the same in old age that we were in youth.

FORTUNE.

Fortune cannot take away that which she has not given.

SELF-INSPECTION.

The ancients thought that self-inspection was particularly necessary for repentance, particularly as without it the life of man was not possible.

So *Psalms* cxxxix. 23, 24:—

"Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

DEATH.

Before old age I took care to live well, in old age I took care to die well; but to die well is to die willingly.

TO DO A THING WILLINGLY.

I maintain that he who willingly submits to another man's command has escaped from the most cruel part of servitude,—that is to say, to do that which he is unwilling to do. The most miserable man is not he that has a command put upon him, but the man that does it against his will.

RICHES.

The shortest road to riches is by the contempt of riches.

So Matthew vi. 33:—
"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

Let us think, therefore, dearest Lucilius, that we shall soon arrive at that place whither we grieve that he has reached. And perhaps (if only the idea of the wise is correct and some place or other receives us) he, whom we imagine to be lost, is only gone before us.

OUR PREDECESSORS.

Those who have been before us have done much, but have not finished anything; yet they are to be looked up to and worshipped as gods.

A GREAT MAN MAY ISSUE FROM A COTTAGE.

A great man may spring from a cottage; a virtuous and great soul may be enclosed in a deformed and mean body.

VIRTUE LOOKS NOT BACK.

It is not allowed to virtue to go back.

So Luke ix. 62:—
"And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

TO LIVE.

Mere life is not a blessing, but to live well.

FEAR OF DEATH.

It is folly to die from fear of death.

THE ERRORS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Our mind is darkened to perceive the truth.

So Ephesians iv. 18:—
"Having the understanding darkened because of the blindness of their heart."

WISDOM NOT TO BE ACQUIRED EASILY.

As wool imbibes at once certain colors and others it does not, unless it has been frequently soaked and doubly-dyed: so there are certain kinds of learning which, on being acquired, are thoroughly mastered; but philosophy, unless she sinks deeply into the soul and has long dwelt there, and has not given a mere coloring but a deep dye, performs none of the things which she had promised.

TEACHERS.

The young venerate and look up to their teachers.

So Hebrews xiii. 7:—
"Remember them that have the rule over you."

GOD IN MAN.

The gods stretch out their hand to those that ascend. Dost thou wonder that man goes to the gods? God comes to men, nay, what is nearer, comes into men. There is not any soul that is good without God.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Let that please man which has pleased God.

So Matthew vi. 10:—
"Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

SINCERITY.

Let us speak what we feel, let us feel what we speak, let our conversation be in accordance with our life.

TAKE CARE LEST THOU FALL.

There is nobody outside the danger of vice, except the man who has wholly driven it from him.

So 1 Corinthians x. 12:—
"Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

TO LEARN.

Thou must learn as long as thou art ignorant, and, if we give credit to the proverb, so long as thou livest.

WISDOM.

It has happened to no one to be wise by chance.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Truth will never be tedious to him that travels through the nature of things; it is falsehood that gluts us.

OUR GENIUS.

To each of us a god is given to be our guide through life, not indeed of the higher kind, but one of a lower degree.

So Matthew xvii. 10:—
"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones: for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

FALSEHOOD.

Falsehood is of slight texture; it is pellucid, if thou lookest closely at it.

GOODNESS.

It is not goodness to be better than the very bad.

WE SHALL ALL MEET AGAIN.

There will come some time, which will join and place us together.

So John v. 28, 29:—
"For the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life."

WHAT IS HONORABLE.

If what thou doest be honorable, let all know it.

So Matthew v. 15 :—

"Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house."

THE DIVINITY OF THE SOUL.

Our soul will have wherewith to congratulate itself, when, emerging from this darkness in which it is involved, it shall behold no dim light, but the brightness of day, and be restored to its own heaven, recovering the place which it enjoyed at the moment of its birth. Its first origin summons it aloft.

So John xvii. 5 :—

"And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was."

TRUTH ALWAYS THE SAME.

Truth is always the same in every part of it.

THE POOR MAN.

The poor man laughs oftener and more securely.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Often what is given is small, the result from it is great.

So Mark xii. 43 :—

"This poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury."

A GOOD MAN.

No man expresses such a respect and devotion to virtue as he does, who forfeits the repute of being a good man, that he may not lose the consciousness of being such.

RETIREMENT.

Retirement without study is death, and the grave of a living man.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE PRESENT.

Of what consequence is it that anything should be concealed from man? nothing is hidden from God: He is present in our minds and comes into the midst of our thoughts. Comes, do I say?—as if He were ever absent!

So Deuteronomy xxxi. 21 :—

"I know their imagination."

DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenness is nothing else than voluntary madness.

HIGH HONORS.

The path to the honors of life is rough and stormy.

NATURE.

Nature does not bestow virtue; to become good is an art.

THE WORLD.

The world is the mighty temple of the gods.

So Isaiah lxvi. 1 :—

"The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest?"

THE WORSE TO BE GOVERNED BY THE BETTER.

For it is the arrangement of nature that the worse should be ruled by the better.

TIME.

Time will destroy all traces even of those states, which thou now callest magnificent and noble.

So Matthew xxiv. 2 :—

"There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

FATES.

It is tedious to recount all the ways of the fates.

FOLLY.

It is rashness to condemn that of which thou art ignorant.

THE FREEMAN.

No man is free who is a slave to the flesh.

So Romans vi. 12 :—

"Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof."

LIFE.

This man lived not, but merely had an abode in this life: he died not lately, but long ago.

THE POWERS OF THE MIND.

The powers of the mind are nourished and increased by precepts.

THE EFFECTS OF PROSPERITY.

We become wiser by adversity, prosperity destroys the idea of what is right.

NOBODY ERRS FOR HIMSELF.

Nobody errs for himself alone, but scatters his folly among his neighbors and receives theirs in return.

So Luke vi. 39 :—

"Can the blind lead the blind? shall they not both fall into the ditch?"

GOOD PRECEPTS.

Good precepts, if they are often found in thy mind, are equally profitable as good examples.

RESPECT OF PARENTS.

Respect of parents curbs the spirit and restrains vices.

So Proverbs x. 1 :—

"A wise son maketh a glad father: but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR.

It is enough for God that He is worshipped and loved; love cannot be mingled with fear.

So 1 John iv. 18:—

"There is no fear in love: but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not perfect in love. We love Him, because He first loved us."

HOW GOD IS TO BE PROPITIATED.

Dost thou wish to propitiate the gods? Be good. Whoever has imitated them, has shown sufficient reverence.

So 1 Samuel xv. 22:—

"Behold to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

And Ephesians v. 1:—

"Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children."

And Hosea vi. 6:—

"For I desired mercy, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt-offerings."

GOD REQUIRES NOT SERVANTS.

God requires not servants; He is the servant of mankind, is everywhere, and assists all.

So Jeremiah xxiii. 23:—

"Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off."

THE UNION OF THE HUMAN RACE.

The society of man is like a vault of stones, which would fall if the stones did not rest on one another; in this way it is sustained.

So Ephesians ii. 20, 21:—

"And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth into an holy temple in the Lord."

"DEAL THY BREAD TO THE HUNGRY."

It is praiseworthy for a man to be kind to his fellow-men. Shall we command him to succor the shipwrecked, to show the wanderer his road, to share his bread with the hungry?

So Isaiah lviii. 7:—

"Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that art cast out to thy house."

LIFE IS A WARFARE.

But life is a warfare.

So Æschylus (Æum. 149) says:—

"Reproach springing from my dreams has struck deep into my heart and soul, like the charioteer's firmly-grasped whip; I feel horror, chill horror, creep over me from the never-pitying scourge."

VICE.

Thou art mistaken if thou thinkest the vices are born with us; they have supervened, they have come upon us.

EVERY AGE WILL PRODUCE A CLODIUS.

We shall find Clodii in every age, seldom Catos. We are prone to evil, because we are never without a leader or companion on our downward way.

WHAT IS THE PUNISHMENT OF TRANSGRESSORS?

The first and severest punishment of sinners is the feeling of having sinned; the second is to be always afraid, to be in constant dread, to have no feeling of security. We must confess that evil deeds are lashed by conscience, and that the

greatest torture arises on this account, because never-resting remorse oppresses and scourges the mind, no confidence being placed in the vouchers of its security.

THE GUILTY.

It belongs to the guilty to tremble.

So Job xv. 30:—

"The wicked man travaileth with pain all his days."

VICE ALWAYS EXISTS.

Thou art mistaken if thou thinkest luxury and the neglect of good manners, and other things, which every man finds in the age in which he lives, are the imperfections of our age. It is the man, not the times, that are the cause of this. No age has been free from vice.

So Romans v. 13:—

"Sin is not imputed when there is no law."

PROSPERITY IS A FEEBLE REED.

He leans on a feeble reed who takes pleasure on what is external to himself.

A MIND ANXIOUS ABOUT THE FUTURE.

The mind that is anxious about the future is wretched.

Swain says:—

"Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late."

And Moore:—

"Round, round, while thus we go round,
The best thing a man can do.
Is to make it at least a merry-go-round,
By—sending the wine round too."

THE MIND IS SUPERIOR TO EVERY KIND OF FORTUNE.

The mind is the master over every kind of fortune: itself acts in both ways, being the cause of its own happiness and misery.

ANTICIPATION OF EVIL.

There is nothing so wretched or foolish as to anticipate misfortunes. What madness is it in your expecting evil before it arrives?

THE FRAILTY OF MAN.

Every day, every hour, shows how insignificant we are, and by a fresh proof warns us if we forget our frailty.

DIGNITY.

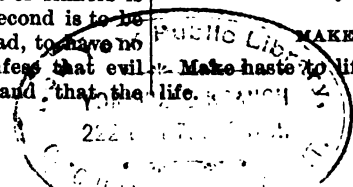
Dignity increases more easily than it begins.

LIFE.

What a foolish thing it is to promise ourselves a long life, who are not masters of even to-morrow! How mad are they who live on long hopes!

MAKE HASTE TO LIVE.

Make haste to life, and consider each day as a life.



THE HUMAN MIND.

The mind of man is great and noble; it allows no bounds to be put to it except what is common and with God.

THE EXAMPLE OF THE GOOD.

Think what advantage there is in a good example; thou wilt know that the presence not less than the memory of good men is useful.

So John viii. 12:—

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

TIME.

This day, which thou fearest as thy last, is the birthday of eternity.

So 1 Peter i. 8:—

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."

EVERY AGE FERTILE IN GENIUS.

No age is shut against great genius.

DIFFICULT THINGS.

It is not because things are difficult that we do not dare to attempt them, but they are difficult because we do not dare to do so.

HOW TO GET RID OF OUR EVIL PROPENSITIES.

If thou wishest to get rid of thy evil propensities, thou must keep far from evil companions.

So Proverbs i. 10:—

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

A BAD CONSCIENCE.

In a bad conscience some things may make a man safe, but nothing secure.

So Isaiah lvii. 21:—

"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

RECONCILIATION.

Let thy reconciliation be both easy and undoubted.

So Matthew v. 25:—

"Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him."

HOW TO ESCAPE ENVY.

Thou shalt escape envy if thou makest no show, if thou boastest not of thy fortunes, if thou knowest how to enjoy them thyself.

WHY WE LEARN.

We acquire learning not that we may improve our lives, but for the sake of learned disputation.

THE NOBLE-MINDED.

The noble spirit is that which gives itself up to God, whereas he is recreant and mean who struggles against and thinks ill of the government of the world, and prefers to amend the gods than himself.

So 1 Peter iv. 19:—

"Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator."

FATE LEADS THE WILLING.

Fate leads the willing and drags the unwilling.

This idea of Seneca is found in a fragment of Cleanthes:—

"Lead me, O Jupiter, both thou and Fate; wheresoever I am directed by you I shall follow without hesitation. Even if I am unwilling, being recalcitrant, nevertheless I shall be obliged to follow."

OLD AGE.

Old age is an incurable disease.

SOME PASSIONS ARE MORE EASILY CUT OFF THAN REGULATED.

Some passions cannot be regulated but must be entirely cut off.

LIKE SPEECH, LIKE LIFE.

Men's conversation resembles their kind of lives.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

Nothing will assist thee more in acquiring temperance in all things than the constant recollection how short-lived thou art, and how uncertain too life is.

LOVE OF MONEY.

From the time that money began to be regarded with honor, the real value of things was forgotten.

Plato says of the rich (Leg. v. 748):—

"To be very good and very rich is impossible; the very rich are not good."

So Luke xviii. 24:—

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God."

CARE OF OUR HEALTH.

Nature has committed to us the care of what belongs to us, but if thou attendest too much to this it is a fault.

So Ephesians v. 29:—

"For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church."

YOUNG MEN OUT OF A BAND-BOX.

You know some young men, with beard and hair so trimmed, as if they had stepped out of a band-box, but you could expect nothing great from such parties. The conversation is the index of the mind.

MONEY FROM ANY SOURCE.

They do not inquire why and whence, but only how much thou possessest.

THE BEING OF GOD PROVED.

We are wont to attribute much to what all men presume; with us it is an argument of truth that anything seems true to all, as that there are gods, we hence collect, for that all men have engrafted in them an opinion concerning gods, neither is there any nation so void of laws or good manners, that it does not believe that there are some gods.

THE BODY.

This body is not a home, but a place of entertainment, and that for a short period.

So Psalm cxix. 19:—

"I am a stranger in the earth."

NATURE.

Nature has given to us the seeds of knowledge, not knowledge itself.

TO STRIVE AGAINST NATURE.

The life of those who strive against nature is no otherwise than theirs who strive against the stream.

THE CAUSE OF OUR MISFORTUNES.

One of the causes that leads us to misfortune is, that we live according to the example of others, and are unwilling to submit to reason, but are led astray by custom.

So Jeremiah xlii. 28:—

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil."

TALE-BEARERS.

Tale-bearers were reputed the worst sort of men; but some there are who spread vices. The speech of these sort of men is productive of much mischief; for although it hurts not instantly, yet it leaves some seeds in the mind, and it follows us even when we have left them, likely hereafter to enkindle in us a new evil.

VOYAGE TO INDIA WESTWARD.

The inquisitive examiner who looks around him despises the narrow limits of this world in which he dwells. For how short, after all, is the distance that intervenes between the remote shores of Spain and the Indies! a space passed over in a very few short days if a favorable wind fills his sails.

PROOF OF THE DIVINITY OF THE SOUL.

The soul has this proof of its divine origin, that divine things delight it.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

There is an end to truth: error is never-ending.

DISEASE NOT REMOVED BY THE SPLENDOR
AROUND.

It matters not whether you place the sick man on a wooden bed or one of gold; wherever you lay him, he carries his disease along with him.

GOD LOVETH NOT TEMPLES MADE WITH HANDS.

God is not to be worshipped with sacrifices and blood: for what pleasure can He have in the slaughter of the innocent? but with a pure mind, a good and honest purpose. Temples are not to be built for Him with stones piled on high: God is to be consecrated in the breast of each.

GOD.

The same being whom we call Jupiter, the wisest men regard as the keeper and protector of

the universe, a spirit and a mind, the Lord and Maker of this lower world, to whom all names are suitable. Wilt thou call him Destiny? Thou wilt not err. On him depend all things, and all the causes of causes are from him. Wilt thou call him Providence? Thou wilt say well. For it is his wisdom that provides for this world that it be without confusion and proceed on its course without change. Wilt thou call him Nature? Thou wilt not commit a mistake. For all things have had their beginning from him, in whom we live and move and have our being. Wilt thou call him the World? Thou wilt not be deceived. For he is all that thou seest, wholly infused into his parts and sustaining himself by his own power.

The following is the *scholium* annexed to the *principia* of Newton (Cambridge, 1713), which may be considered as the germ of the celebrated argument *a priori* for the existence of God:—

"God is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, He endures from everlasting to everlasting, and is present from infinity to infinity. He is not eternity nor infinity, but eternal and infinite. He is not duration or space, but he endures and is present. He endures always and is present everywhere, and by existing always and everywhere, constitutes duration and space."

ALL MUST DIE.

We are all reserved for death. All this people, whom thou seest, whom thou thinkest to be anywhere, nature will speedily recall and bury; nor is there any question about the thing, but about the day.

FATE.

Fate goes its round, and if it has missed one thing for a long time, it at last finds it out. It afflicts some more rarely, others more often, but leaves nothing exempt and free from evil.

FEAR.

If you wish to fear nothing, think that everything is to be feared.

NO TEMPEST OF LONG DURATION.

No tempest continues for a long time: the more strength storms have, the less time they last.

THE DEEP THINGS OF GOD.

It was the act of a lofty spirit to examine the hidden places of the nature of things, and not content with their exterior to look into, and descend into, the deep things of God.

So 1 Corinthians ii. 10:—

"The Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God."

SILIUS ITALICUS.

BORN A.D. 25—DIED A.D. 100.

C. SILIUS ITALICUS, born about A.D. 25, became famed at an early age as a pleader at the bar. He was raised to the consulship A.D. 65, the year in

which Nero perished. He passed through a prosperous life amidst very exciting scenes, and at last determined to retire from the busy world that he might enjoy the tranquillity of a literary life. He passed his time chiefly near Puteoli, at the favorite villa of Cicero, called Academia. Here he lived happily for many years, till falling into an incurable disease he determined to leave life, which he did by starving himself A.D. 100. He wrote an heroic poem in seventeen books, entitled "Punica," which has reached us entire.

DILIGENCE IN WAR.

In time of war we must be speedy in execution, and advance to honor through the path of danger.

SENATE OF ROME.

The consul summons a solemn council; men distinguished by unstained poverty, whose names are known for triumphs in war, a senate that equals the gods in virtue. Valiant deeds and a sacred regard of right raise them aloft; unshorn hair, a simple diet, hands familiar with the crooked plough; content with little, hearts whom no desire of wealth torments, who often retired to their small cottage in triumphal cars.

FAITH.

Nowhere does faith remain long to mortals when fortunes fails them.

TRUE VIRTUE.

True virtue advances upwards through difficulties, go on to obtain that praise which is not easily gained by the bulk of mankind, and is little known.

DEATH MUST COME IN PEACE OR WAR.

In peace as well as war an end to life must at last come; our first day gave being to our last; a mighty spirit bestows on few a never-ending name, on those only whom the father of the gods destines for the blessed abodes above.

SLOTH.

Valor, when it has been gradually overpowered by the delicious poison of sloth, grows torpid.

ADVERSE FORTUNE IMPROVES MAN.

Adversity tries men, and virtue undaunted climbs by rough paths upward to glory.

SHORT IS THE CHANCE OF SUCCESS.

Away with delay; short-lived is the chance of high fortune.

THE WHEEL OF TIME.

The wheel of time rolls downward through various chances.

GLORY.

Glory is a torch to kindle the noble mind, and confidence in the uncertain results of Mars is foolish.

PATIENCE.

It is not so honorable to avoid misfortunes by

our vigilance as to overcome them by noble patience.

Euripides (Aiol. Fr. 30) says:—
"Distresses must be endured; whoever bears with patience the inflictions of the gods, that man is wise."

MISERY REMINDS MAN OF GOD.

When we are in misery then springs up a reverence of the gods: the prosperous seldom approach the sacred altar.

TO INJURE OUR COUNTRY.

Hear and keep this fixed forever in thy breast; to be incensed against thy country is impious, nor is there any sin more heinous that conducts man to the grave.

THE GAULS.

Besides the Gauls began to look toward home, a people fierce at the first onset, but unsteady; a race boastful in words, and of a light, inconstant mind; they grieved to see a war carried on without slaughter (a thing to them unknown), and that their right hands, while they stood in arms, should grow stiff and dry from blood.

ADVERSITY GROWS GREATER THROUGH FEAR.

The frowns of fortune are deepened to the timid when there is no resistance, and adverse circumstances go on increasing by yielding to fear.

ADVERSITY.

For brave men ought not to be cast down by adversity.

FAITH TO BE KEPT IN DISTRESS.

It is noble, and regarded as the noblest both among nations and individuals, to keep faith in adversity.

TRUE KINDNESS.

Then is the time to give proof of kindly feelings, when prosperity has fled, and misfortunes call for aid: for to show kindness to the fortunate in no way does honor to the noble.

PEACE.

Peace is the best of things known to mortals; peace brings greater honor than innumerable triumphs: peace that is able to keep the common safety, and to make all citizens equal to each other.

DEATH.

Every honor is ended by death.

LABORS OF LIFE.

Overcome every labor by virtuous conduct.

VIRTUE HER OWN REWARD.

Virtue herself is her noblest reward; yet it is pleasant in the world to come, when life continues among the gods, and oblivion does not destroy glory.

BE DARING IN WAR.

Supineness in war is disgraceful. It is by dar-

ing that thou mayest bring wars to a successful result. Sloth never yet raised herself to the stars. Hasten on thy mighty deeds; black death impends over thee in the midst of thy labors.

THE JOYS OF LIFE.

How many things God has formed for joyous purposes, and has distributed pleasures with a full right hand.

SECOND BIRTH.

A man cannot be born twice.

So John iii. 4:—

"How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?"

THE DWELLING OF VIRTUE.

My house is chaste and my household gods stand on a lofty hill; a steep path up a rocky declivity leads to it: at first toilsome labor attends it, for I will not deceive: he who wishes to enter must exert all his energy: by and by high above thou shalt behold beneath thee the race of men.

This is not unlike the following passage from Milton "On Education":—

"I will point out to you the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but also so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

So Psalm xxxvii. 34:—

"Wait on the Lord and keep His ways."

STATIUS.

BORN ABOUT A.D. 61—DIED ABOUT A.D. 96.

P. PAPINIUS STATIUS was the son of P. Papinius Statius, the preceptor of Domitian, being born at Naples. Of his personal history little is known, as he is mentioned by no ancient author except Juvenal. He gained the prize three times at the Alban games (Suet. Dom. 4). He is said to have been stabbed with a stilus by Domitian. Several of his works are extant.

THE DEMAGOGUE.

Then one whose nature was to attack the noble with the poisonous slander of his tongue, and who was unwilling to submit to the leaders placed over him, rose up to speak.

A TIGER.

As the tiger, when he hears the sound of the approaching hunters, rustles his spotted skin, shaking off his lazy sleep; he wakes to the combat, expands his jaws and points his claws; then bounds into the midst of the bands, and bears off his reeking prey, food for his bloody whelps.

THE DESERVING.

A just fortune awaits the deserving.

ENVY.

There is one above all others, who always acts

opposed to the rest of the world, and therefore with difficulty reaches the gods above, prone to insult and sickening at another's joys.

Thomson ("The Seasons"—"Spring," l. 238) says:—

"Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

AMBITION.

O blinded counsels of the guilty! O wickedness, always full of fearful forebodings!

FEAR.

Then fear, the very worst prophet in misfortunes, anticipates many evils.

TO-MORROW.

It is unlawful for men to know what may be to-morrow.

Simonides of Ceos (Fr. 28, S.) says much to the same effect:—

"Being a mortal, do not pretend to say what to-morrow will bring forth, nor when you see a man happy, how long he will be so; for the change is quicker than that of a long-winged fly."

BLINDNESS OF MAN.

O Chance, and the minds of men blind to futurity!

MERCY.

It is a noble act to bestow life on the vanquished.

PEACE.

Peace is sought for by the cruelty of war.

LOVE OF LIFE.

The love of life, the last that lingers in the human breast.

SLEEP.

Beside the cloudy confines of the western night and the distant Ethiopians, there is a musty grove, impenetrable to the brightest star, and under the hollow rocks an immense cave descends into the bowels of the mountain, where sluggish Nature has placed the halls of lazy Sleep and the drowsy god. Motionless Rest and dark Oblivion stand on guard, and torpid Sloth with never wakeful eye. At the porch sits Ease, and speechless Silence with close contracted wings, driving the murmuring winds from the roof, forbidding the foliage to rustle, or the birds to twitter: here no roaring of the ocean, though all the shores resound, no crashing of the thunder: the stream itself, gliding along the deep valleys close to the grotto, rolls silently between the rocks and cliffs: the sable herds and flocks recline at ease on the ground: the newly-sprung grass withers, and the vapor makes the herbage languid. Glowing Vulcan had formed a thousand statues of the god within: close by it is wreathed Pleasure; here, in attendance, is Toil inclined to rest: here the same couch receives Love and Wine: deep, deep within, he lies with his twin-brother Death, a sad image to none. Beneath the dew-bespangled cavern, the god himself, released from cares, crowned with drowsy flow-

ers, lay on tapestry: his dress sends forth exhalations, his couch is warm with his lazy body, and above the bed a dark vapor rises from his half-shut mouth. The one hand sustains his hair hanging over his left temple, the other has dropped the horn unheeded.

TAKE TIME.

Give not reins to your inflamed passions: take time and grant a little delay: impetuosity manages affairs badly.

MUSING ON THE BELOVED DEAD.

Do thou soothe thy troubled breast, do thou forbid tears to flow down thy cheeks, and fill the blessed night with pleasing musings, and thy countenance if still alive.

Tennyson (In Mem. cxv.) imitates this:—

"The face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
And that dear voice I once have known,
Still speaks to me of me and mine!"

THE GODS ARE SUBJECT TO LAW.

The gods also are subject to law, the rapid choir of stars, the moon is subject, nor does the sun follow its appointed course without having been so ordained.

So Sophocles (Ajax, 669) says:—

"For all that is dreadful and all that is mightiest gives way to law. First snow-faced winters yield to fruitful summers, and the orb of murky night gives place to the day with his white steeds to kindle his light, and the blast of the dreadful winds hath lulled the roaring main, nay, all o'erpowering sleep looses where he has bound, nor always holds us captive."

Again Shakespeare ("Troilus and Cressida," act i. sc. 3) says:—

"The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form
Office, and custom, in all line of order."

TACITUS.

BORN ABOUT A.D. 59—DIED ABOUT A.D. 120.

P. CORNELIUS TACITUS is supposed by some to have been born at Interamna, the modern Terni, but this is doubtful. We find him advanced to office by Vespasian, and to have been a favorite of his sons Titus and Domitian. He married the daughter of C. Julius Agricola, who was consul A.D. 77. He was praetor A.D. 88, and in the reign of Nerva, A.D. 97, he was appointed consul suffectus in the place of T. Verginius Rufus, who had died in that year. He was the intimate friend of Pliny the younger, and in the collection of Pliny's Letters we find eleven addressed to Tacitus. The precise time of his death is unknown, nor is it certain whether he left any family, though the Emperor Tacitus claimed to be descended from the historian.

PRIVATE HATRED.

It is lawful to bury private hatred when it is for the public advantage.

So Romans (xiv. 19) :—

"Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another."

TRAITORS.

Traitors are hateful even to those who gain by their treason.

HATRED.

Sowing the seeds of hatred, which would lie hid for a long period, and gathering strength would spring up at some distant day.

INSTABILITY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

Alleging the instability of human affairs, and the danger always increasing in proportion to the eminence which a man reaches.

PRUDENCE.

We accomplish more by prudence than by violence.

DOMESTIC EXPENSES.

In domestic expenses, such as slaves, plate, and what is necessary for life, there is nothing in itself excessive, nothing mean but what is made so by the circumstances of the parties. The only reason why the fortune of a senator should differ from the qualification of a knight is not that they are different in nature, but that they should excel each other in station, rank, and honors, and those other things which are for the recreation of the mind and the health of the body. Unless perhaps you are inclined to maintain that the most illustrious ought to submit to weightier anxieties and greater dangers, while they are without the means to soothe their anxieties and dangers.

FALSE COMPASSION.

If we yield to false compassion, industry will go to ruin, sloth will predominate, if man has nothing to hope or fear from his own exertions; all being secure of subsistence, will look to their neighbors for support, being idle in their own business and a burden to the public.

TRUTH.

Truth is brought to light by time and reflection, while falsehood gathers strength from precipitation and bustle.

HOW THE DEAD ARE TO BE REVERENCED.

The chief duty of friends is not to attend the remains of the dead with unavailing lamentation, but to remember his wishes and execute his commands.

So Proverbs (x. 7):—

"The memory of the just is blessed."

FALSE GRIEF.

None grieve with so much ostentation as those who in their hearts rejoice at the event.

DAY OF MOURNING.

On the day that the remains of Augustus were conveyed to the tomb; there was dreary desolation with passionate sorrow.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

Whatever be the fate of noble families, the commonwealth is immortal.

FORTUNE TURNS EVERYTHING TO A JEST.

When we review what has been doing in the world, is it not evident that in all transactions, whether of ancient or of modern date, some strange caprice of fortune turns all human wisdom to a jest?

LAWS IN A CORRUPT STATE.

When the state is most corrupt, the laws are most numerous.

PEACE.

Even war is preferable to a wretched and dishonorable peace.

Franklin (Letter to Quincy, Sept. 11, 1773) says:—
"There never was a good war or a bad peace."
And S. Butler (Speeches in the Bump Parliament) says:—
"It hath been said that an unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war."

DISTEMPERS OF THE BODY AND MIND.

Chronic diseases of the body thou canst not cure except by harsh and violent remedies; the heart, too, sick to the very core with vice, corrupted and corrupting, requires an antidote as strong as the poison that inflames our passions.

So Matthew (xviii. 8):—
"Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire."

SAYING OF TIBERIUS.

We are informed by tradition that Tiberius, as often as he went from the Senate-house, used to exclaim in Greek, "Devoted men, how they rush headlong into bondage!"

CONSPICUOUS BY ABSENCE.

He shone with the greater splendor because he was not seen.

This expression is the French—

"Briller par son absence."

CHASTITY.

When a woman has lost her chastity, she will shrink from no crime.

Scott says:—

"We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;
But where shall we find leash or band
For dame that loves to rove?"

"Where the heart is past hope, the face is past shame."

KINDNESSES.

Obligations are only then acknowledged, when it seems in our power to requite them; if they

exceed our ability, gratitude gives way to our hatred.

INFORMERS.

In this way informers, a race of men the bane and scourge of society, never having been sufficiently curbed by punishment, were drawn forth by the wages of iniquity.

THINGS SLIGHT IN APPEARANCE MERIT ATTENTION.

It would be not without advantage to examine these things, slight indeed in appearance, but which are often the secret springs of the most important events.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

In all nations the supreme authority is vested either in the people, the nobles or a single individual. A constitution composed of these three simple forms may, in theory, be praised, but can never exist in fact, or if it should, it will be but of short duration.

EXAMPLE.

Few are able by their own reflection to draw the line between vice and virtue, or to separate the useful from that which is the opposite; many learn experience by what happens to others.

THE LAST OF THE ROMANS.

Cremutius Cordus is accused of a new and, till that time, unheard-of crime, that, having published a series of annals, he eulogized Brutus, he had styled C. Cassius the last of the Romans.

CALUMNY.

Calumny when disregarded is soon forgotten by the world; if you get in a passion, it seems to have a foundation of truth.

POSTERITY.

Posterity gives to every man his true value and proper honor.

TALENTS PROSCRIBED BY TYRANTS.

Wherefore we may well laugh at the folly of those who think that they are able by an arbitrary act to extinguish the light of truth and prevent it reaching posterity. For genius triumphs under oppression; persecute the author and you enhance the value of his work. Foreign tyrants, and all who have adopted this barbarous policy, have done nothing but record their own disgrace, and give the author a passport to immortality.

So Matthew xxiv. 35:—

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

PRAYER OF A GOOD MAN.

Piles of stones when the judgment of posterity rises to execration are mere charnel houses. I now, therefore, address myself to thy allies of the empire, the citizens of Rome, and the immortal gods: to the gods it is my prayer that, to the end

of life, they may grant the blessing of an undisturbed, clear, collected mind, with a due sense of laws, both human and divine. Of mankind I request, that, when I am no more, they will do justice to my memory, and with kind acknowledgments, record my name and the actions of my life.

A MIND ENFEEBLED.

When the mind of man is enfeebled by misfortunes, he bursts into tears.

TYRANTS.

So true is the saying of the great philosopher, the oracle of ancient wisdom, that if the minds of tyrants were laid open to our view, we should see them gashed and mangled with the whips and stings of horror and remorse. By blows and stripes the flesh is made to quiver; and in like manner, cruelty and inordinate passions, malice and evil deeds, become internal executioners, and, with increasing torture, goad and lacerate the heart.

PLANS OF REFORMATION.

Like most plans of reformation, it was embraced at first with ardor; but the novelty ceased, and the scheme ended in nothing.

THE MOB.

Things are neither good nor bad, as they appear to the judgment of the mob.

MAN OF FORTITUDE.

There are many who encounter adversity, that are happy; while some in the midst of riches are miserable: everything depends on the fortitude with which the former bear their misfortune, and on the manner in which the latter employ their wealth.

CAPACITY FOR BUSINESS.

Not for any extraordinary talents, but because he had a capacity of a level for business, and not above it.

DEMOCRACY.

A regular democracy holds too much of civil liberty; while the domination of the few differs but little from absolute monarchy.

PRECEDENTS.

The measure which I now defend by examples will, at a future day, become another precedent. It is now a new regulation; in time it will be history.

EMBELLISHMENT OF A STORY.

A story embellished merely to create astonishment.

STOLEN WATERS.

Things forbidden have a secret charm.

POPULAR OPINION.

In human affairs there is nothing so unstable

and fluctuating as the fancied pre-eminence which depends on popular opinion, when there is no solid foundation to support it.

LOVERS' QUARRELS.

Then there is the usual scene when lovers are excited with each other, quarrels, entreaties, reproaches, and then fondling reconciliation.

HOW PROJECTS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE ARE FRUSTRATED.

Projects of great importance are frequently frustrated by envy and fear.

THE APPEARANCE OF NATURE REMAINS.

The everlasting hills are not changed like the faces of men.

DOING EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME.

Every striking example has some injustice mixed up with it: individuals suffer while the public derive benefit.

THE AGENTS IN EVIL ACTIONS.

The assistants in the commission of crimes are always regarded as if they were reproaching the act.

NEW BROOMS.

Magistrates discharge their duties best at the beginning, and fall off at the conclusion.

THE DESIRE OF PERSONAL SAFETY.

The desire of personal safety is always against every great and noble enterprise.

LUST OF POWER.

The lust of power is the strongest in the human breast.

Shakespeare ("Henry VIII.," act iii. sc. 2) says:—

"Fling away ambition;
By that sin angels fell."

THE DESIRE OF POWER.

The desire of power is stronger than all other feelings.

THE BOLD.

Even the bravest men are not proof against a surprise.

THE SLOTHFUL.

Many enterprises succeed by trying, which seem impracticable to little minds.

CUTTING JOKES.

He had often made the prince the subject of his railery; and railery, when seasoned with truth, never fails to leave a sting that festers in the memory.

EFFECT OF INDOLENCE.

While other men have been advanced to eminence by industry, this man succeeded by mere sluggishness and indolence.

ARBITER OF TASTE.

Being in favor at court, and cherished as the companion of Nero in his select parties, he was allowed to be the arbiter of taste and elegance.

CALUMNY.

Spleen and calumny are devoured with a greedy ear. Flattery wears a badge of servitude: while in detraction and invective there appears an unreal kind of liberty.

NO CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

Through the rare felicity of the times, you are permitted to think what you please, and to publish what you think.

So John xviii. 28:—

"If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?"

SELF-INTEREST.

Self-interest, the bane of all true affection.

ROMAN PEOPLE.

For it is not here as in other nations subject to monarchy that a hereditary despotism exists in a single family and slavery in all the rest; but you are destined to bear sway over a nation, who are equally incapable of entire slavery and of entire freedom.

A SUCCESSOR.

The man whom the public voice has named for the succession is sure to be suspected by the reigning prince.

THE MOB READY TO APPLAUD ANY PRINCE.

The mob have neither judgment nor principle, ready to bawl for the reverse of what they desired in the morning. To be ready with shouts and vociferations, let who will be the reigning prince, has been in all ages the zeal of the vulgar.

CRIMES.

Crimes succeed by sudden despatch, honest counsels gain vigor by delay.

So Romans vi. 13:—

"Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body."

TO MEET DANGER WITH FORTITUDE.

If a man must fall he should manfully meet the danger.

THE COWARD IS A BOASTER AFTER BATTLE.

Every coward, who showed his timidity in the hour of danger, was lavish of words and playing the braggart with his tongue after the battle.

DELAY.

There is no room for hesitation in any enterprise which cannot be justified unless it be successful.

FOREBODING OF A STORM.

A deep and sullen silence prevailed. The very rabble was hushed. Amazement sat on every face. Their eyes watched every motion, and their ears caught every sound. The interval was big

with terror; it was neither a tumult nor a settled calm, but rather such an awful stillness as always indicates mighty terror and mighty fury.

NOT TO COME UP TO EXPECTATIONS.

While no higher than a private citizen, his merit was thought superior to his rank; and the suffrages of mankind would have pronounced him worthy of empire, had he never made the experiment.

Shakespeare ("All's Well that Ends Well," act ii. sc. 1) says:—

"Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises."

THE WICKED.

The wicked find it easier to coalesce for seditious purposes than for concord in peace.

DANGEROUS ENTERPRISES.

Each man, as is usual in dangerous enterprises, expecting the bold example of his comrades, ready to second the insurrection, yet not daring to begin it.

FICKLENESS.

He had the address to soothe the minds of the soldiers, who (such is the nature of the multitude) are easily inflamed, and with a sudden transition shift to the opposite extreme.

PROSPERITY.

In the hour of prosperity, even the most illustrious generals become haughty and insolent.

THE ELEVATION OF NEW MEN.

Such is the nature of the human mind, disposed at all times to behold with jealousy the sudden elevation of new men, and to demand that he who has been known in an humble station should know how to rise in the world with temper and modest dignity.

A DISSOLUTE SOLDIERY.

A slothful and listless soldiery, debauched by the circus and theatres.

THE TIMID AND THE BRAVE.

The brave and energetic stand a siege even against adversity, the timid and the cowards rush to despair caused by their fears.

So Jeremiah xlviii. 10:—

"Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully."

CONTEST FOR EMPIRE.

When the contest is for sovereign power, there is no middle course.

POPULACE.

The populace as usual, knowing neither truth nor falsehood, and indifferent about both, paid their tribute of flattery with noise and uproar. They pressed him to accept the title of Augustus; he declined it for some time; but the voice of the rabble prevailed. He yielded to their importu-

nity; but the compliance was useless, and the honor was of short duration.

So 1 Thessalonians ii. 3:—

"For neither at any time used we flattering words."

POWER.

Power is never stable when it exceeds all bounds.

CHANGE.

New men succeeded, but the measures were still the same.

QUALITIES OF A GENERAL.

The proper qualities of a general are forethought and prudence.

INCONSIDERATE ACTIONS.

All enterprises which are begun inconsiderately are violent at the beginning, but soon languish.

TUMULT.

In seasons of tumult and public distraction the bold and desperate take the lead; peace and good order are the work of virtue and ability.

RETALIATION.

So true it is that men are more willing to retaliate an injury than to requite an obligation; obligation implies a debt, which is a painful sensation; by a stroke of revenge, something is thought to be gained.

So 1 Thessalonians v. 13:—

"See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men."

LOVE OF FAME THE LAST TO BE RESIGNED BY THE WISE.

The love of fame is the last weakness which even the wise resign.

Thus Milton in "Lycidas" (l. 70):—

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

Massinger ("A Very Woman," v. 4) says:—

"Though the desire of fame be the last weakness,
Wise men put off."

Plato ("Athen." xi. 507, D.) says:—

"The love of fame is the last virtue which we throw off at death."

LIBERTY.

Liberty, that best gift, dealt out by the impartial hand of Nature, even to the brute creation.

PROVIDENCE ON THE SIDE OF THE GREAT BATTALIONS.

That the gods were on the side of the stronger.

So Voltaire to M. le Riche (Feb. 6, 1770):—

"It is said that God is always for the big battalions." Some one in presence of Napoleon asserted this, but the Emperor remarked, "Nothing of the kind, Providence is always on the side of the last reserve."

THE COWARD.

The most forward in seditious proceedings are cowards in action.

THE POOR.

The populace who have never more than one day's provision dreaded an approaching famine. Of all that concerns the public, the price of grain is their only care.

FAMILY UNION.

Fleets and armies are not always the strongest bulwarks; the best resources of the sovereign are in his own family. Friends moulder away; time changes the affections of men; views of interest form new connections; the passions fluctuate; desires arise that cannot be gratified; misunderstandings follow, and friendships are transferred to others; but the ties of blood still remain in force; and in that bond of unity consists the security of the emperor. In his prosperity numbers participate; in the day of trouble, who, except his relations, takes a share in his misfortunes?

CONTESTS BETWEEN RELATIVES.

The hatreds of relatives are most violent.

"The greatest hate springs from the greatest love."

RIGHTS OF MAN ALWAYS A SPECIOUS PRETEXT FOR DEMAGOGUES.

But the rights of man and such specious language are the pretext; this has always been the language of those who want to usurp dominion over them.

AN ARMED PEACE IS THE BEST GUARANTEE AGAINST WAR.

For the repose of nations cannot be maintained without arms, arms without pay, nor pay without taxes.

VICES AS LONG AS THERE ARE MEN.

There will be vices as long as there are men.

THE JEWS.

The Egyptians worship various animals, and also certain symbolical representations, which are the work of men. The Jews acknowledge one God only, and Him they see in the mind's eye, and Him they adore in contemplation, condemning as impious idolators all who, with perishable materials, wrought into the human form, attempt to give a representation of the Deity. The God of the Jews is the great governing Mind that directs and guides the whole form of nature, eternal, infinite, and neither capable of change nor subject to decay. In consequence of this opinion, no statue was to be seen in their city, much less in their temple.

VIRTUOUS CHARACTERS.

Thus virtuous characters are most valued in those times to which they are most congenial.

EASIER TO DESTROY THAN REVIVE THE LOVE OF LETTERS.

Yet from the infirmity natural to man, the remedies are slower in operation than the disease; and

as the growth of bodies is slow and progressive, their destruction rapid and instantaneous, so you will much more easily destroy genius and the love of letters than you will recall them into existence. For even idleness itself possesses charms, which insensibly grow upon us; and sloth at first disliked is afterwards embraced with affection.

FAME.

Fame, in which even the good often indulge.

FAME.

Common fame does not always err: it sometimes even points out the man to be elected.

A HOUSEHOLD.

Beginning with himself and his friends, he first reformed his own household—a work often attended with not less difficulty than the administration of a province.

THE EVILS OF A LUXURIOUS AGE.

By degrees man passes to the enjoyments of a vicious life, porticoes, baths, and elegant banquets: this by the ignorant was called a civilized mode of living, though in reality it was only a form of slavery.

PLACABILITY.

His passion soon passed away and left no trace behind: you had no reason to fear his concealed ill-will. He thought it more honorable to give open offence than to indulge in secret hatred.

DEFEAT AND SUCCESS.

And those who had lately prided themselves on their prudence and wisdom, were after the successful result ardent and full of boasting. This is the unfair tax which commanders of armies must always pay—all claim a share of success, while a bad result is ascribed to the commander alone.

THE UNKNOWN.

Everything unknown is magnified.

Longfellow says:—

"The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert air,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs."

PEACE.

To rob, to ravage, and to murder, in their imposing language, are the arts of civil policy. When they have made the world a solitude, they call it peace.

FEAR.

Fear and awe are only weak chains to secure love; when these fetters are broken, the man who forgets to fear will begin to show the effects of his hatred.

INJURIES.

It is the property of the human mind to hate those whom we have injured.

Dryden ("The Conquest of Granada," Part II. act I. sc. 9) says:—

"Forgiveness, to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

Herbert ("Jacula Prudentum") says:—

"The offender never pardons."

GLORY.

And he, though carried off in the prime of life, had lived long enough for glory.

DOMITIAN.

Even Nero had the grace to turn away his eyes from the horrors of his reign. He commanded deeds of cruelty, but never was a spectator of the scene. Under Domitian it was our wretched lot to behold the tyrant, and to be seen by him, while he kept a register of our sighs and groans. With that fiery visage, of a dye so red that the blush of guilt could never color his cheek, he marked the pale languid countenance of the unhappy victims who shuddered at his frown.

THE DEAD.

If in another world there is a pious mansion for the blessed; if, as the wisest men have thought, the soul is not extinguished with the body, mayest thou enjoy a state of eternal felicity! From that station behold thy disconsolate family; exalt our minds from fond regret and unavailing grief to the contemplation of thy virtues. Those we must not lament; it were impiety to sully them with a tear. To cherish their memory, to embalm them with our praises, and if our frail condition will permit, to emulate thy bright example, will be the truest mark of our respect, the best tribute thy family can offer.

Young ("Night Thoughts," Night II. l. 24):—

"He mourns the dead who lives as they desire."

THE MIND.

For in the mind as in a field, though some things may be sown and carefully brought up, yet what springs naturally is most pleasing.

ENVY.

From the maliciousness of human nature we are always praising what has passed away, and depreciating the present.

ELOQUENCE.

It is of eloquence as of a flame; it requires matter to feed it, motion to excite it, and it brightens as it burns.

TERENCE.

BORN B.C. 195—DIED B.C. 159.

P. TERENTIUS AFRICANUS, born at Carthage, B.C. 195, became the slave of P. Terentius Lucanus, a Roman senator. He gave him a good education, and subsequently manumitted him, upon which

he assumed, according to the usual practice, his patron's name. The success of his play "The Andria," B.C. 186, introduced him to the most refined and intellectual circles of Rome. He is said to have received assistance in the composition of his plays from Scipio and Lælius, who treated him more as a friend than a dependent. As he was a foreigner, and the pure idioms of the Latin language could be little known to him, it is not at all improbable that his plays should have been submitted to the revision of his friends. The calumnious attacks of his rivals are said to have driven him from Italy, when he took refuge in Greece, from which he never returned. According to one story, after embarking at Brundisium, he was never heard of more; according to others, he died in some city of the Peloponnesus. He left a daughter, but nothing is known of his family.

IGNORANCE.

Faith! by too much knowledge they bring it about that they know nothing.

OBSOURE DILIGENCE.

He prefers to emulate the negligence of the one, rather than the obscure diligence of the other.

KINDNESS.

But this annoys me; for this reminding me of your kindness is as it were a reproaching me of ingratitude.

Shakespeare ("Troilus and Cressida," act iii. sc. 3) says:—

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts aims for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done."

EXCESS.

For I hold this to be the golden rule of life,
"Too much of anything is bad."

COMPLIANCE.

Obsequiousness procures friends, plain dealing breeds hatred.

BAD HEART.

From bad dispositions arise bad designs.

A SIMPLETON.

I am a simple Davus, who can understand plain talk very well, but I have not the sagacity of an Œdipus to fathom the enigma which you propose.

DOTARDS.

This is a beginning of dotards, not of doting.

This has been shortened to "amantes, amentes," "in love, a fool." It is translated alliteratively thus in an old translation (1641):—"For they are fare as they were lunaticke and not love-sick."

"By biting and scratching cats and dogs come together."

A WISH.

Since the thing you wish cannot be had, wish for that which you can have.

THE SICK.

We all, when we are well, give good advice to the sick.

Sophocles (Trachin. 781):—

"Not he who shares in the grief may suggest comfort, but he to whom there is no anxiety at home."

Shakespeare ("Much Ado About Nothing," act iii. sc. 2) says:—

"Every one can master a grief but he that has it."

And ("Romeo and Juliet," act ii. sc. 3):—

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

THANKS.

I do not by any means think it the act of an honorable man, when he has done nothing to merit favor, to require that thanks should be given him.

SELF-LOVE.

Is there no faith in the affairs of men! It is an old saying, and a true one too, "Of all mankind, each loves himself the best."

Menander says:—

"No one loves another better than himself."

SAFETY.

My vessel is in harbor, reckless of the troubled sea.

LOVERS.

Quarrels of lovers but renew their love.

MALICE.

Is it to be believed or told that there is such malice in men as to rejoice in misfortunes, and from another's woes to draw delight?

Menander says:—

"Never rejoice at the misfortunes of your neighbor."

CHARITY AT HOME.

Here, then, is their shameless impudence: they cry, Who, then, are you? What are you to me? Why should I give my property to you? Hark ye, I have a right to be my own best friend.

INCLINATION.

I know it; thou art constrain'd by inclination.

FROM THE HEART.

Dost thou think that there is little difference whether thou dost a thing from the heart, as nature suggests, or with a purpose?

AS WE CAN.

As we can, according to the old saying, when we cannot, as we would.

SAFETY.

All is now secure.

GRAVITY.

A grave severity is in his face,
And credit in his words.

TO HEAR WHAT IS DISPLEASING.

If he persists in saying whatever he pleases, he will hear what is displeasing.

This seems to be a translation of a line of Alceus (Fr. 68, 8.):—

"If thou sayest what thou wishest, thou wilt hear what thou wishest not."

Or of Homer (Il. xx. 280):—

"Whatever words thou shalt say, the same shalt thou hear."

ILLS OF LIFE.

It happens, as is usual among men, that my ills should reach thy ears before thy joys reach mine.

Milton ("Samson Agonistes," l. 1588) expresses the same idea:—

"For evil news rides post, while good news bates."

NOTHING NEW.

Nothing's said now, but has been said before.

St. Jerome relates that his preceptor Donatus, explaining this passage, rallied severely at the ancients for taking from him his best thoughts, saying:—

"Pereant, qui ante nos nostra dixerunt."

See Wharton in his "Essay on Pope," in a note i. 88

Tennyson says:—

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went,
In that new world that is the old."

LOVE.

In love there are all these ills: wrongs, suspicions, quarrels, reconcilements, war, and peace again. If thou wouldst try to do things thus uncertain by a certain method, thou wouldst act as wisely as if thou wert to run mad with reason as thy guide.

FLATTERERS.

There is a kind of men who wish to be at the head of everything, and are not: these I attend; not to make them laugh, like the buffoon, but I laugh with them, and wonder at their parts. Whatever they say, I praise: if they refuse the praise, I praise that also. Does any deny? I too deny; affirm? I too affirm. In a word, I have brought myself to assent to everything. That now is the best of all professions.

CHANGE.

There is, alas, a change

In all things.

MEN OF WIT.

They, who have the wit that is in you, often transfer to themselves the glory got by others' care and toil.

SILENCE.

This is illustrated by the sublime saying of Soanen, Bishop of Soanen, when he was proceeding to exile:—

"La silence du peuple est la leçon des rois."

LOVE.

Without good eating and drinking love grows cold.

THE WAYS OF WOMEN.

Nay, certainly, I know the ways of women: they won't, when thou wilt, and when thou won't, they are passionately fond.

Shakespeare ("Hamlet," act i. sc. 3) says:—

"Frality, thy name is woman!"

NEIGHBORHOOD.

Yet either thy austere life, or else near neighborhood, which I consider to be the first step to friendship, causes me to warn thee boldly and as a friend, that thou seemest to me to be acting in a way unsuited to thy age, and otherwise than thy income requires.

HUMANITY.

Ma. Chremes, hast thou such leisure from thy own affairs that thou canst lavish time on those of others, and on matters which don't concern thee?

Ch. I am a human being: I consider none of the incidents which befall my fellow-creatures to be matters of unconcern to me.

THE MIND.

What now prevents his having every earthly blessing that man can possess? Parents, a prosperous country, friends, high birth, relatives, riches? Yet all these take their value from the color of the mind. To him who knows their proper use, they are blessings: to him who misuses them, they are curses.

Spenser, in his "Faerie Queen" (vi. 2, 30) speaks thus of the mind of man:—

"It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise:
For wisdom is most riches: fools therefore
They are, which do by vows devise;
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunee."

EXPERIENCE FROM OTHERS' MISFORTUNES.

Remember this maxim, to draw from others' misfortunes a profitable lesson for thyself.

WOMEN TAKE TIME FOR ADORNMENT.

Dost thou not know that her house is a long way off. And then thou knowest the ways of women: while they are setting themselves off and tricking out their persons, it is an age.

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

We found her dressed without gold or trinkets, as ladies who are dressed only for themselves, set off with no female paints and pastes.

NO FAMOUS DEED WITHOUT DANGER.

No great and famous deed is accomplished without danger.

A LOVER.

I know thee, how little command thou hast over thyself; no double meanings, turning thy neck round to leer, sighs, hems, coughs, or tittering.

LICENSE.

Ah! what an opening for profligacy thou wilt make! so that in process of time life itself will be a burden. For we all become worse from too much liberty. Whatever comes into his head, he will have, nor will he consider whether it be right or wrong.

NATURE OF MANKIND.

Gods! that the nature of mankind should be such that they have more wisdom, and determine better in the affairs of others than in their own! Does this superior wisdom arise because, where our own interest is concerned, we are prevented from judging properly either by excessive joy or grief? How much more wisely does my neighbor here think for me than I do for myself.

TRIFLES.

She'll take mighty pains
To be delivered of some mighty trifle.

INDUSTRY.

Nothing so difficult but may be won by industry.

Herrick ("Seek and Find") says:—

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

Antiphones (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 500, M.) says:—

"Everything yields to industry."

AN IF.

Suppose, as some folks say, the sky should fall?

STRICT LAW.

For 'tis a common saying and a true,
That strictest law is oft the highest wrong.

AGAINST THE GAIN.

There is nothing so easy in itself but grows difficult when it is performed against one's will.

HABIT.

How many unjust and wicked things are done from mere habit!

HOPE.

So we do but live,
There's hope.

A FATHER'S FEARS.

What a world of fears now possess me, because my son has not returned! And with what apprehensions am I even now distracted lest he should have taken cold, or had a fall, or broken a limb! That any human being should entertain in his mind, or by his acts provide, a thing which should be dearer than he is to himself.

CHILDREN.

For he who has acquired the habit of lying or deceiving his father, will do the same with less remorse to others. I believe that it is better to bind your children to you by a feeling of respect and by gentleness than by fear.

KINDNESS.

The man is very much mistaken, in my opinion at least, who fancies that authority is more firm and stable that is founded on force than what is built on friendship. This is my way, this is my idea; he who does his duty, driven to it by severity, while he thinks his actions are observed, so long only is he on his guard; if he hopes for secrecy, he goes back to his own ways again. He whom you have made your own by kindness, does it of good will, is anxious to make a due return, acting present or absent evermore the same. This, then, is the duty of a father, to make a son embrace a life of virtue rather from choice than from terror or constraint.

Ben Jonson ("Every Man in his Humor," act I.) thus expresses the idea:—

"There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modesty than fear;
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compell'd to goodness may be good;
But 'tis but for that fit; where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit."

TO DESPISE MONEY IS GAIN.

To seem upon occasion to slight money,
Proves, in the end, sometimes the greatest gain.

HOPE.

San. I never purchase hope with ready money.

Syr. Thou'lt never make a fortune: away with thee, thou dost not know how to ensnare men. Sannio.

San. Well, perhaps thy way is best; yet I was never so cunning, but I had rather, when it was in my power, receive prompt payment.

TRUE WISDOM.

That is to be wise to see not merely that which lies before your feet, but to foresee even those things which are in the womb of futurity.

WISDOM.

Thou, from head to foot, art nought but wisdom's self: he a mere dotard. Wouldst thou ever permit thy boy to do such things?

Dem. Permit him? I? Or should I not much rather smell him out six months before he did but dream of it?

CHILDREN.

As fathers form their children, so they prove. Euripides (Fr. Antip. 17) says:—
"I announce to all men, that noble children are sprung from noble sires."

HOME EDUCATION.

He need not go from home for good instruction.

EDUCATION.

I spare no pains, neglect no means; in a word, I bid him look into the lives of all, as into a mirror, and thence draw from others an example for himself. "Do this."

Syr. Good.

Dem. "Fly that."

Syr. Very good.

Dem. "This deed is highly commendable."

Syr. That's the thing.

Dem. "That's reprehensible."

Syr. Most excellent.

EDUCATION.

I perceive that the things which we do are silly: but what can one do? According to men's habits and dispositions, so one must yield to them.

LAW.

Grant her, then, freely what law else will claim.

RESULT OF INDULGENCE.

But this immoderate indulgence must assuredly produce some terrible misfortune in the end.

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL.

The wolf i' th' fable.

I AM A FRAIL MAN.

Do you not remember that I am a frail human being? and therefore I have erred.

This is probably the origin of the phrase "*errare humanum est*," which first appears in the "*Antilucetius sive de deo natura*," a didactic poem of the Cardinal de Polignac (Paris, 1747). It is found in bk. v. l. 59.

THE POOR ARE SUSPICIOUS OF NEGLECT.

All whose fortunes are less prosperous, are, I know not how, the more suspicious; they take everything as if insult were intended: on account of their peculiar state of indigence, they always think themselves to be slighted.

A BLUSH.

He blushes. All's safe, I find.

Diphilus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1091, M.) says:—

"The man that neither blushes nor fears, has the initiative to every kind of shamelessness."

Young ("Night Thoughts" Night vii. 496):—

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

LIFE OF MAN LIKE A GAME AT DICE.

The life of man is like a game at dice: if the favorable throw be not cast, that which chance sends you must try to amend by skill.

Alexis (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 697, M.) says:—

"Such a life is like dice: the same throws do not always turn up, nor does the same form remain to life, but it has changes."

PROVIDENCE UNABLE TO SAVE SOME MEN.

'Tis not in the power

Of Providence herself, howe'er desirous,
To save from ruin such a family.

TWO DOING THE SAME THING.

When two persons do the self-same thing, it oftentimes falls out that in the one it is criminal, in the other it is not so,—not that the thing itself is different, but he who does it.

RULE OF LIFE CHANGED BY EXPERIENCE.

Never did man lay down so wise a rule of life but fortune, age, experience made some change in it, and taught you that those things which you thought you knew you did not know; and the things which you deemed your chief perfections from experience you threw by.

GENTLENESS.

I have found by dear experience that there is nothing so advantageous for man as mildness and a forgiving disposition.

So Zechariah vii. 9:—

"Show mercy and compassions every man to his brother."

OLD MEN.

It is the common failing of old men
To be too much intent on worldly matters.

TO FOIL A MAN AT HIS OWN WEAPONS.

I foil him at his own weapons.

MISFORTUNE.

For when mischance befalls us, all the interval between its happening and our knowledge of it may be esteemed clear gain.

WOMEN ARE WEAK OF SOUL.

For often a trifling cause, which would not move another's spleen, makes the choleric man your most bitter enemy. For how slight causes children squabble! Why? Because they are governed by a feeble mind. Women, like children, are impotent and weak of soul. A single word perhaps has kindled all this enmity between them.

WE RISE OR FALL ACCORDING TO OUR FORTUNE.

All of us, according as our affairs prosper, are elated or cast down.

MEN OF PLEASURE.

He was his whole lifetime a man of pleasure, and those who are so do not much enrich their heir; yet they leave this praise behind them,
"While he lived he lived well."

PAYMENT OF DEBTS.

As times go now, things are come to such a pass that, if a man pays you what he owes, you are much beholden to him.

MOUNTAINS OF GOLD.

Promising mountains of gold.

This proverbial expression is found in Sallust (Cat. 28), being derived from the Persians boasting of mountains of gold, as that metal abounded with them.

TO KICK AGAINST THE PRICKS.

For what a foolish task
To kick against the pricks!

PATIENCE.

Whate'er chance brings, I will patiently endure.

Alexis (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 753, M.) says:

"For it is the part of a wise man to bear the buffets of fortune with patience."

And Hurdia says:—

"The noblest fortitude, is still to bear
Accumulated ills and never faint."

DISCONTENT.

We are almost all of this disposition, that we
are never satisfied with our own.

FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE.

Fortune favors the brave.

ALL ALIKE.

De. See all alike! the whole gang hangs together:
know one, and you know all.

Ph. Nay, it is not so.

De. One is in fault, the other is at hand to bear
him out: when the other slips, he is ready; each
in their turn.

BORROWING EASILY SAID.

Ge. It was not the reckoning, but money that
was wanting.

De. He might have borrowed.

Ge. Have borrowed it! easily said.

FLEECE THE SIMPLE.

Because the net is not stretched to catch the
hawk or kite, who do us wrong: it is laid for those
who do us none at all. In them there is some-
thing to be got, in these it is mere labor lost.

FIRST ATTACK.

The first attack's the fiercest.

PEDIGREE.

If he had left behind him a property of some
ten talents.

De. Out upon you.

Ph. Then you would have been the first to trace
your descent from grandsire and great-grandsire.

A MATTER SETTLED.

Oh! that matter is all settled:

Think on't no more.

MANY MEN, MANY MINDS.

Many men, many minds.

Euripides (Fr. Rhadam. 1) says:—

"Various are the inclinations of man: this one longs for
high descent: to this other there is no such thought, but he
wishes to be called the master of much wealth in his house:
this other, who can speak nothing sensible, tries to persuade
his neighbors with sheer shamelessness: some men seek
base gain before what is honorable, in such various ways do

men stray. I, however, wish none of these, but would dare
to have the glory of high fame."

TO HARP ON THE SAME STRING.

You are harping on the same string.

GIVE PLACE TO YOUR BETTERS.

I have found a ready paymaster, no sniveller:
give place then to your betters!

WORDS TO THE WISE.

A word to the wise.

TWO STRINGS TO MY BOW.

I think it better to have two strings to my bow.

A HANGING MATTER.

Nothing indeed remains for me but that I should
hang myself.

A TALE.

Many a tale is spoilt in telling, Antipho.

FORTUNE.

How often Fortune blindly brings about
More than we dare to hope for!

KNAVERY.

Knavery's now its own reward

TIBULLUS.

BORN ABOUT B.C. 59—DIED ABOUT B.C. 18.

ALBIUS TIBULLUS was born about B.C. 59, of
equestrian rank, but of his youth and education
we know nothing. His property was situated at
Pedum, between Tibur and Praeneste, and, like
many others, in consequence of the civil wars, he
was deprived of a large portion of it. He accom-
panied his patron, Messala, when he was de-
spatched by Augustus to suppress a formidable
insurrection which had broken out in Aquitania,
a province of Gaul, and subsequently proceeded
with Messala on his way to the East, whither he
was sent to reorganize that part of the empire.
Being taken ill, he was obliged to remain at Cor-
cyra (Corfu), whence he returned to Rome, and
thus ended the active life of Tibullus. He spent
the remainder of his short life in composing those
poetical effusions which have come down to us.

LOVE.

Delia, be not afraid to elude thy guards: thou
must be courageous: Venus herself aids the ad-
venturous maiden.

PERJURIES OF LOVERS.

Fear not to swear; the winds carry the perjuries
of lovers without effect over land and sea, thanks
to Jupiter; the father of the gods himself has de-

nied effect to what foolish lovers in their eagerness have sworn.

PASSAGE OF TIME.

But if thou delayest, thou wilt be wrong: how swiftly time passes! the day moves not sluggishly nor goes back. How quickly the earth loses its gay colors! how quickly the white poplar its leafy honors! how slothfully lies the horse, which flew when young in the Olympic course, when it is unnerved by age! I have seen the youth, whom age has come upon, bewail the days he has passed in folly. Ye cruel gods! the serpent stripes off his years and renews his youth: fate allows no delay to beauty. Apollo and Bacchus are the only gods that know no change: their looks are ever unfading.

WINE.

Bacchus causes country swains oppressed with cares to forget themselves in joys: Bacchus gives respite to the wretch's pains, though his legs be galled with rattling chains.

Pindar (Fr. Incert. 61) says something to the same effect:—"When the wearying cares of men fly from their breasts, and we all alike sail in the sea of gold-abounding plenty to a false shore: the poor become rich, the rich abound still more, with their minds under the influence of wine."

BE DILIGENT IN YOUTH.

But thou, while the summer of life is in bloom, enjoy it, it passes away with rapid step.

So Ecclesiastes (xi. 6):—

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

DECEIT.

Ah wretch! even though one may be able at first to conceal his perjuries, yet Punishment creeps on, though late, with noiseless step.

DECEIT.

When thou art preparing to commit a sin, think not that thou wilt conceal it; there is a God that forbids crimes to be hidden.

Pindar (Dem. 48) says:—

"There is nothing so becoming a king as just dealing."

Deuteronomy (xvi. 19):—

"Thou shalt not wrest judgment; thou shalt not respect persons, neither take a gift: for a gift doth blind the eyes of the wise, and pervert the words of the righteous."

1 Peter ii. 1:—

"Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisy, and envies, and all evil speakings."

EARLY AGES.

This vice proceeds from greedy thirst of gold: there were no wars when draughts were quaffed from beechen cups; then there were no towers, no ramparts; the shepherd slept secure amidst his numerous flocks.

PLEASURES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

How much more wise the man who, surrounded by his children, spends his old age in some small cottage! He tends the sheep, his son the lambs; while his wife prepares warm water for his weary

feet. Such may I be, and may I with hoary locks relate in my old age the deeds of earlier times.

DEATH.

What madness is it to summon gloomy death by wars? It is always impending and advancing secretly with noiseless step. In the regions below there are no corn-fields, no clustering vines, but fierce Cerberus and the filthy ferryman of the stygian waters.

PEACE.

Meanwhile may Peace cultivate the fields. It was auspicious Peace that first instructed the oxen to draw the crooked plough. It was Peace that planted the vines and gave juice to the grapes, that the paternal jar may furnish wine to cheer the son. In piping times of Peace the rake and the plough ply with diligence, while rust eats into the gloomy arms of the fierce soldiers in darkness.

Aristophanes (Fr. Com. Gr. I. p. 284 M.) says:—

"A. The faithful nurse, housekeeper, co-operator, guardian, daughter, sister of Peace, the friend of all men, all these names are used by me. B. What is your name? A. What? Agriculture."

AN EPITAPH.

And at departure he will say, "Mayest thou rest soundly and quietly, and may the light turf lie easy on thy bones."

HAPPY FAMILY.

Warmed by wine, he will kindle heaps of light straw and leap across the sacred flames; the mother will bring forward her children, and the child, seizing his father by the ears, will snatch kisses. And the grandsire will delight to watch his little grandchild, and in his old age will hush words to the boy.

HOPE.

I would long ere this have quenched my sorrows in death, had not flattering hope cherished life, and always whispered that to-morrow would be happier day. It is hope that cheers the peasant, hope that intrusts the seed to the furrows to be returned with abundant interest. It is hope that catches birds with gins, fishes with the rod, when the bait has conceal'd the slender hook. Hope also comforts the prisoner bound in chains; his legs rattle with the fetters, but he sings in the midst of his work.

Shakespeare ("Richard III." act v. sc. 3):—

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

WINE.

The joyous god enlarges the soul: he subdued the stubborn hero (Hercules), and made him subservient to his mistress. He overcame Armenian tigresses and tawny lionesses, giving a soft heart to the ungovernable.

FORCED LAUGHTER.

Ah, me! how difficult it is to imitate false mirth; how difficult to mimic cheerfulness with a sad heart: a smile suits not well a countenance that belies it; nor do drunken words sound well from an anxious mind.

WOES OF ANOTHER.

Happy thou who canst learn to guard against thy own ills by observing those of another.

PERJURIES OF LOVERS.

Though she shall boldly swear by her eyes, by Juno and her Venus, there is nothing in it: Jupiter laughs at the perjuries of lovers, and throws them idly to the winds.

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

How could I, blest with thee, long nights employ?
And how with thee the longest day enjoy!

THE WILL FOR THE DEED.

Let the will be taken for the deed, nor refuse the gift of my humble muse.

VARRO.

BORN B.C. 116—DIED B.C. 28.

M. TERENTIUS VARRO, the most learned of the Romans, was born B.C. 116, being ten years younger than Cicero. He received his early education from L. Ælius Stilo Præconinus, who was fond of antiquarian pursuits, and from him no doubt he imbibed his literary tastes, which makes St. Augustine remark, "That he had read so much that it is astonishing he should have found time to write anything, and he wrote so much that it is difficult to believe that any one could find time to read all that he had written." In what way he rose in the service of the State has not been handed down to us, but he was employed in the wars against the pirates and Mithridates. He was attached to the party of the senate, and shared its fortunes at the battle of Pharsalia, B.C. 48. He submitted to the clemency of the conqueror, and was received into favor by Cæsar, though not before Antony had plundered and destroyed his villa, with all his books, at Casinum, which Cicero bitterly laments. He was proscribed in the second triumvirate, though he was more lucky than Cicero, as he contrived to conceal himself till he had secured the favor of Augustus. From this time he devoted himself to the seclusion of literary life, and employed himself in composing works, which amounted at last to four hundred and ninety books. They are nearly all lost.

TO PACK UP OUR BAGGAGE AT END OF LIFE.

For my eightieth year warns me to pack up my baggage before I leave life.

THAT MAN OUGHT TO BE COGNOSCEN.

He who overlooks a healthy spot for the site of his house is mad, and ought to be handed over to the care of his relations and friends.

GOD MADE THE COUNTRY, MAN THE TOWN.

Nor is it surprising, because it is Providence that has given us the country and the art of man that has built the cities.

Cowper ("The Task," l. 745) has appropriated this idea:—

"God made the country, and man made the town."

Cowley ("The Garden," Essay v.):—

"God the first garden made, and the first city Cain."

And Bacon ("Essays,"—"Of Gardens"):—

"God Almighty first planted a garden."

"HE WHO RUNS MAY READ."

Thou hast read what I have written, I may say, running and playing.

Habakkuk ii. 2, says:—

"Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it."

THE CHILD.

For the midwife delivers the child, the nurse brings it up, the attendant slave forms its manners, and the master teaches it.

EVERY FAMILY OUGHT TO WORSHIP GOD.

As a state ought to acknowledge God in its public capacity, so ought each individual family.

So Joshua xxiv. 15:—

"As for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord."

VIRGIL.

BORN B.C. 70—DIED B.C. 19.

P. VIRGILIUS MARO was born on the 18th of October B.C. 70, at Andes, a small village near Mantua in Cisalpine Gaul. His father had a small estate which he cultivated; his mother's name was Maia. Virgil was educated at Cremona and Mediolanum (Milan), and is said to have studied subsequently at Naples under Parthenius, a native of Bithynia. It is evident from his writings that he had received a learned education, but his health was feeble, and he did not attempt to rise to eminence by any of those means by which a Roman earned distinction. After the defeat of Brutus and Cassius, B.C. 42, the inhabitants of the north of Italy were deprived of their property that the victorious soldiery might be provided with land, and among others Virgil suffered. Through the intervention, however, of his friends at Rome, his property was restored, and the first eclogue is supposed to have been written to commemorate his gratitude to Augustus. When Augustus was returning from Samos, where he had spent the winter of B.C. 20, he met Virgil at Athens. It is said that the poet had intended to make

a tour of Greece, but he accompanied the emperor to Megara and thence to Italy. His health, which had been long declining, was now completely broken down, and he died soon after his arrival at Brundisium, on the 22d September B.C. 19. His remains were transferred to Naples, which had been his favorite residence, and placed on the road from Naples to Puteoli, where his tomb is still shown.

EXILE.

We are leaving our country and its sweet fields.

Euripides (Fr. Alol. 23) says :—

"But yet it is a sad life to leave the fields of our native country."

So Shakespeare ("Richard II.," act i. sc. 3) says :—

"Then England's ground, farewell ! sweet soil, adieu ;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman."

ENVY.

For my part I have no feeling of envy at your fortune ; I rather am surprised at your luck.

COMPARISONS.

Thus I knew that whelps were like to their sires, kids to their mothers ; so I used to compare great things with small.

BRITAIN.

And Britons wholly separated from the rest of the world.

CIVIL DISCORD.

Shall some barbarian plant and sow these fields ? See to what a state civil discord has brought wretched citizens !

COUNTRY LIFE.

This night, at least, you might remain with me on the green leaves ; we have plenty of excellent apples, soft chestnuts, with curds and cream ; see, too, the curling smoke is rising from the cottages, and the lofty mountains are throwing out their lengthening shadows.

TRUST NOT TO BEAUTY.

Though he was black and thou art heavenly fair, O fair boy, trust not too much to thy beauty.

EACH FOLLOWS HIS OWN PLEASURE.

Alexis, thou art chased by Corydon ; every one pursues his own pleasure.

EVENING.

See, the steers are bringing back the ploughs suspended from the yoke ; and the setting sun is doubling the lengthening shadows ; yet still I am burned by love ; what bounds can be set to love ?

SERVANTS.

What would their masters do when their knavish servants prate at such a rate !

SPRING.

And now every field is clothed with grass, every

tree with leaves ; now the woods put forth their blossoms ; now the year assumes its gayest attire.

So Shakespeare ("Winter's Tale," act iv. sc. 3) says :—

"O Proserpina,

For the flowers now that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids : bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one !"

Spenser ("Faerie Queen," vi.) :—

"So forth issued the seasons of the year :
First lusty spring all dight in leaves of flowers,
That freshly-budded and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours.

BAD TASTE.

Let him who does not hate Bavius love thy verses, Mævius ; and let him join foxes in the yoke and milk he-goats.

THE SECRET SNAKE.

Ye boys, who are gathering flowers, and low-growing flowers, fly hence, a cold snake is lurking among the grass.

DECISION DIFFICULT.

It does not belong to us to settle such a mighty dispute.

POET.

O divine poet, thy poetry is as charming to our ear as sleep to the weary swain, as to the feverish traveller the crystal stream with which he quenches his thirst.

Theocritus (Idyl. vill. 77) says to the same effect :—
"Sweet is it in summer to sleep in the open air beside running water."

POET'S FAME.

While the Boar delights in the mountain tops, the fish in the rivers, while the bees feed on thyme, so long will the glory of thy name and thy praise remain.

TO SEEM IS ENOUGH.

Loose me, boys ; it is enough that you have seemed able to overpower me.

ARCADIANS.

Both in the flower of their age, both Arcadian swains, able to sing and to answer in alternate verses.

Byron ("Don Juan," cant. iv. st. 98) thus uses the expression :—

"Arcades ambo," id est.
Blackguards both.

BEAUTIES OF COUNTRY.

The ash is the fairest tree in the woods, the pine in the gardens, the poplar by the brooks, the fir on the high mountains ; but, O fair Lycidas, if

thou wilt oft visit me, the ash in the woods shall yield to thee, and the pine in the gardens.

DIFFERENCE OF POWERS.

We are not all able to accomplish the same things.

MANTUA.

Ah Mantua too near to the wretched Cremona!

A GOOSE.

The goose gabbles 'midst the melodious swans.

TIME.

Time destroys all things, even the powers of the mind.

LOVE IS NEVER SATISFIED.

Love is never satisfied with tears, sooner are the meadows with the waters of the rivulets, the bees with the cytisus, and the goats with leaves.

LOVE CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

Love conquers all; and we must yield to Love.

MAN.

Whence men, a hard, laborious kind, were born.

INDUSTRY.

The father of the gods himself did not desire that the art of cultivating the ground should be easily acquired; he was the first to turn up the soil by skill, whetting human industry by care, nor did he allow his reign to grow torpid by sluggishness.

NECESSITY MOTHER OF INVENTION.

Jove added venom to the black vipers, commissioned wolves to gather their prey, and the sea to be lashed by the raging storms; honey he shook from the leaves, removing from human reach the cheerful fire, and stopping the wine which ran in rivulets, that man might gradually through experience explore useful arts, raising corn from the furrows, and forcing the hidden fire from the clashing flints.

INDUSTRY.

Then various arts succeeded each other; persevering labor overcomes everything and pressing want in the midst of hard penury.

Franklin says:—

"Sloth makes all things difficult, but Industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him."

DEGENERACY OF MANKIND.

Thus all things by the decree of Fate are turned to worse and carried back, just as the rower, who stems the current, if he but slack his arm, is borne down the channel with headlong haste.

THUNDER-STORM.

The father of the gods himself, shrouded in dark storms, darts his fiery bolts with flashing

right hand, making the mighty earth to tremble; the wild beasts fly; dark horror seizes every human breast; Athos, Rhodope, and lofty Ceraunus topple down from their old foundations; the winds redouble their fury; woods and shores roar, lashed by the furious winds.

CUSTOM.

So much power has custom over tender minds.

This is the advice of Solomon (Proverbs xxii. 6);—

"Train up a child in the way he should go."

Pope ("Moral Essays," l. pt. 3) says:—

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd."

COMPETENCY.

Praise spacious vineyards, but be content to cultivate those of less extent.

COUNTRY LIFE.

O too happy swains, if they only knew their happy state, who, far removed from civil broils, enjoy the fruits poured forth by Nature's bounty. Though no lofty palace with spacious gates sends forth crowds of early visitants from every entrance, with eager eyes devouring variegated dresses, beautiful tortoise-shell, gold-embroidered dresses, figures of Corinthian brass, arras purple-dyed, and the smell of costly perfumes, yet he enjoys easy quiet, a harmless life that knows not to deceive, rich in home-bred plenty, the joys of a wide-extending country, grots, and crystal lakes, cool groves, the lowing of cattle, and sweet repose at night; woods abounding in untamed beasts; there we find youth inured to labor and accustomed to homely fare, sacred shrines and sires of venerable age; here Astræa, as she left the earth, showed the last traces of her departing steps.

THE HAPPY MAN.

Happy the man who has been able to dive into Nature's laws, and has trampled underfoot fears and unyielding Fate, laughing at the approach of all-subduing death.

THE VARIOUS LIVES OF MAN.

Some pass their lives at sea, some in the camp, others frequent the palace and courts of kings; another aims at the destruction of the city and its gods, that he may get riches to enable him to drink from bowls encased with gems, and stretch his limbs on Tyrian purple; another hides his wealth, brooding over his buried store; this man is fond of popular praise, the applause of lords and commoners delighting his ear from both benches. Some take pleasure in the slaughter of their brethren, exchanging their sweet homes for exile, and seeking lands that lie beneath another sun.

FAME.

I must attempt new ways, by which I may raise myself from the ground and wing my flight to fame.

Theognis has the same idea (l. 237):—

"I have given myself wings . . . re-echoed from the mouths of many."

Milton ("Tract of Education") says:—
 "Inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to god and famous to all ages."

LIFE OF MAN.

Youth, the best part of life, flies quickly from miserable mortals; diseases succeed, sad old age, anxious labors, and death's inexorable doom hurry them off.

Diphilus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1078, M.) says:—
 "Man may look for trouble, for we fall in with woes day after day."

NO REST.

No stop, no stay.

EDUCATION.

Begin early the course of education, while the mind is pliant and age is flexible.

LOVE.

Thus every creature on earth, man and beast, fish, cattle, and birds with variegated plumage, rush into the fire of love; Love is the lord of all.

Sir W. Scott ("The Lay of the Last Minstrel," cant. III. st. 1) thus paraphrases the idea:—

"In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed:
 In halls, in gay attire is seen;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove.
 And men below, and saints above;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

LOVE EXEMPLIFIED BY LEANDER.

What did the youth Leander, whom love's unerring dart transfixed; alone, by night amidst the tempest's roar, he swims across the strait; over him the rolling thunder rattles, and around him the billows dashed against the rocks roar; neither can his miserable parents call him back nor the virgin (Hero) doomed to die on the sad pile.

TIME.

Time flies not to be recalled.

VICE.

The vice is fed and gathers strength by its very concealment.

PLEASURES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

What avails their well-deserving toil? to turn up the sluggish soil; but no draughts of Massic wine nor undigested feasts injure their stomachs; they live on salad and simple food; their drink is the crystal springs and the running stream; no care deprives them of healthful sleep.

LABOR.

Slight is the subject but the praise not small.

MIGHTY SOULS.

They have mighty souls in tiny bodies.

THE GRAVE.

All this commotion of spirit and this deadly

fray will soon rest under a few handfuls of dust, scattered over their bodies.

THE STUDIES OF INGLOUS EASE.

Indulging in the pursuits of inglorious ease.

RESENTMENT IN HEAVENLY MINDS.

Is there so great wrath to be found in the breasts of the heavenly gods?

Milton ("Paradise Lost," book vi. 788) says:—

"In heavenly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?"

SECRET RESENTMENT CHERISHED.

The decision of Paris, and the affront offered to her slighted beauty, remain deeply treasured up in her mind.

HERE AND THERE.

A few appear swimming here and there amid the vast and roaring abyss, arms of men, pictures of Trojan treasure are seen scattered over the waves.

A TUMULT.

And as in a mighty crowd, when a tumult has arisen, and the shouting varletry rage, firebrands and stones fly, their fury supplies them with arms; then, if it chances that they see some man of great influence by his piety and merits, they are silent and stand with listening ears; he directs them by his words, and soothes their angry mood.

SCENERY.

There is a place at the bottom of a deep recess; an island forms a secure harbor by the jutting out of its sides, against which every wave from the deep is broken, and divides itself into receding curves. On this side and on that are vast rocks, and twin-like cliffs raise their threatening heads towards the sky, at the base of which the waters far and wide lie unruffled and calm: then again, crowning the high grounds, is a wall of foliage, formed of waving trees, while a grove, dark with gloomy shade, hangs threatening over. Beneath the brow, as it fronts the view, there is a cave amid hanging cliffs; within sweet water and seats in the natural rock, the dwelling of the Nymphs.

THE LONGEST DAY COMES TO AN END.

O my companions, O ye who have endured greater hardships (for we are not unacquainted with previous ills), God will put an end to these too.

PAST MISFORTUNES REMEMBERED WITH PLEASURE.

You, too, know the rocky shore, where dwell the Cyclops. Resume your courage and away with gloomy fear. Perhaps it will delight us hereafter to recall to mind even the present dangers.

PERSEVERANCE.

Be of stout heart, and preserve yourselves for better times.

DISSIMULATION.

And sick at heart with mighty cares, he assumes
an appearance of hope in his look, keeping deep
sorrow down in his breast.

Shakespeare ("Macbeth," act i. sc. 5) says:—

"To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

ROMANS.

Nay, the harsh spirited Juno herself, who now
wearies out, by the fears she excites, the sea, the
earth, and the heaven, shall change her counsels
for the better, and shall cherish with me the Romans,
the lords of the world and the gowned nation.

THE GOLDEN AGE SHALL RETURN.

The Faith of the good old times, Vesta, Romulus,
with his brother Remus, shall administer justice:
the cruel gates of War shall be closed with bolts
and iron bars: impious Fury within, seated on
savage arms and bound with a hundred brazen
chains, shall roar horribly with blood-stained
mouth.

VENUS.

She said, and, turning away, flashed on the view
with her rosy neck, and from her head the ambrosial
locks breathed a heavenly odor: her robes descended
to the ground in a sweep, and in her gait the true
goddess was displayed to view.

BEES.

Such toil is theirs, as that of bees, beneath the
rays of the sun, throughout the flowery fields, in
the beginning of summer, when they lead forth
their grown-up offspring, or when they stow away
the liquid honey and fill the cells with sweet nectar;
or receive the loads of the bees coming in, or,
forming a band, drive from the hives the lazy
drones: the work goes busily forward, and the
fragrant honey is redolent of thyme.

Shakespeare ("Henry V.," act i. sc. 2) says:—

"So work the honey bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home,
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone."

So Homer (Il. ii. 87) says:—

"As the swarms of thick-flying bees, issuing ever fresh
from a hollow rock, fly in clusters on the vernal flowers: in
crowds here and in crowds there."

Milton, too ("Paradise Lost," l. 742), says:—

"As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers,
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
Now rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs."

TEARS.

See, here is our Priam. Even here has praise-
worthy conduct its reward; even here are tears for
misfortunes, and human affairs exert a touching
influence on the heart. Away with fear; this fame
of our deeds of glory will bring safety. Thus he
speaks and dotes on the unreal picture.

THE GODS ARE JUST.

If you pay no attention to the opinion which
men will have of such conduct, and despise the
vengeance which they may seek to inflict, at least
recollect that the gods are mindful of right and
wrong.

TROIJAN AND TYRIAN.

Trojan and Tyrian shall be treated by me with-
out distinction.

ÆNEAS.

There stood Æneas and shone forth in full
effulgence, in visage and in shoulders like a god:
for his mother herself had breathed upon her son
beautiful locks and the bright light of youth,
kindling up sparkling graces in his eyes; such
beauty as the hand of the artist imparts to ivory
or silver or Parian marble, when the skill of the
artist has been expended upon them.

ETERNAL FAME.

May the gods give thee a just reward, if there
be any gods that have a regard to the pious, if
justice and a mind conscious to itself of rectitude
be anywhere aught save an empty name. What
times so fortunate have produced thee? what so
illustrious parents have brought thee forth? As
long as the rivers shall flow into the sea, as long
as the shadows of the mountains shall traverse
their projecting sides, as long as heaven shall feed
the stars, thy honor, thy name, and praises shall
ever survive, in whatever land I may be fated to
live.

TO PITY OTHERS' WOES FROM HAVING FELT THEM.

Not ignorant of misfortune, I learn from my
own woes to succor the wretched.

Gray ("Hymn to Adversity"):—

"What sorrow was, thou had'st her know,
And from her own, she learn'd to melt at others' woe."

Campbell ("Gertrude of Wyoming," part i. v. 23):—

"He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe."

Garrick ("Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776) says:—

"Their cause I plead,—plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind."

And Burton ("Anatomy of Melancholy"):—

"I would help others out of a fellow-feeling."

DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

O Queen, thou orderest me to renew unutterable woe; to tell how the Greeks overthrew the Trojan power and kingdom, as well as those sad scenes which I myself beheld, and in which I personally took a conspicuous share. Who of the Myrmidons or Dolopians, or what soldier of the cruel Ulysses could refrain from tears as he relates such things? And now dewy night rushes downward and the sinking stars invite to repose. But if thou art really anxious to become acquainted with our misfortunes, and to hear briefly the last sad fate of Troy, though my mind shudders at the remembrance and shrinks back through grief, I nevertheless will begin.

THE VULGAR.

The wavering populace are divided into conflicting opinions.

THE GREEKS.

I dread the Greeks even when bringing gifts.

Sophocles (Ajax, 665) says to the same effect:—

"The gifts of enemies are no gifts and pernicious."

And Milton ("Paradise Regained," book ii. l. 391) expresses the same idea:—

"Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,

And count thy precious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

INFATUATION OF MAN.

If our own minds had not been infatuated.

A SAMPLE.

Listen now to the treachery of the Greeks, and from one instance of their wicked conduct learn the character of the whole nation.

INSINUATIONS.

From this time they begin to spread ambiguously-worded rumors among the crowd.

ALL PLEASED THAT THE THREATENED DANGER SHOULD FALL ON ANOTHER.

Those very things which each feared would happen to himself, he endured with patience when he saw that they were to effect the ruin of another.

HECTOR.

Ah me, how he looked! how changed from that Hector who returned from the battle-field arrayed in the spoils of Achilles.

Wordsworth ("Poems of the Imagination," xxix.) adopts this idea:—

"Like—but oh! how different."

And Milton:—

"How fallen, how changed

From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, did'st outshine
Myriads, though bright."

DESCRIPTION OF FIRE AND TORMENTS.

As when fire has seized on a field of standing corn, while the wind rages, or a rapid mountain torrent lays waste the fields, the joyous crops,

and the labors of the oxen, carrying down with it the woods, the astonished shepherd listens to the loud uproar from the top of some rock.

A NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE ON FIRE.

The house of Ucalegon that is next catches fire.

PATRIOTISM.

I madly seize my arms; and yet there was little sense in doing so: I burn, however, to gather a band for the conflict, and to dash with my associates into the citadel. Fury and passion urge me forward, and I feel that it is honorable to die in arms.

DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

The last day and doom of Troy has come. We were once Trojans; Troy once stood and the mighty glory of the Trojans.

DESPAIR OF LIFE.

The only safety that remains for the vanquished is to expect no safety.

Cornelle says:—

"Le courage est souvent un effet de la peur."

DESCRIPTION OF BATTLE.

At times courage returns even to the breasts of the vanquished; and the victorious Greeks bite the ground: everywhere you see sad lamentation, everywhere consternation and many a form of death.

FORTUNE SMILES.

Thus fortune on our first endeavor smiled.

AN ENEMY.

Whether it be deceit or bravery, who inquires in the case of an enemy?

THE GODS UNWILLING.

Alas! no one need feel confidence when the gods are opposed.

THE GODS.

Heaven thought not so.

THESE TIMES WANT OTHER AIDS.

O most wretched husband, why has so fearful a resolution urged thee to array thyself in these arms? or whither rushest thou? she says. The crisis requires not such aid nor such defenders, as thou art.

A FEEBLE WEAPON.

A feeble weapon inflicting no wound.

DEATH OF PRIAM.

Such was the close of Priam's life: this was his doom to see Troy in flames and her houses in ruins, the proud queen of Asia over so many na-

tions and lands. He lies on the shore a huge trunk, his head torn from his shoulders and a nameless body.

PUNISHMENT OF A WOMAN.

For though there be no glory in the punishment of a woman, nor is there in such a victory any cause for joy, yet I shall be lauded for having got rid of an abandoned wretch, and exacted from her well-merited punishment, and I shall be delighted to have sated my burning desire of vengeance, and rendered full atonement to the ashes of my countrymen.

THE WANT OF A GRAVE.

To be without a grave matters little.

DANGER.

Whatever may be our lot, there is one common danger.

PACES UNEQUAL.

And with unequal paces tript along.

A SPECTRE.

While I was searching and rushing unceasingly through the houses of the city, the unhappy spectre and shade of Creusa herself rose before my eyes and her image larger than life. I was astonished, my hair stood on end, and my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth.

GOLD.

Cursed craving for gold, what dost thou not force mortals to perpetrate.

Angot, in his "*Pistoles, ou l'injure du siècle*," one of his satires, says:—

"*Si le diable étoit or, il deviendrait monnoie.*"

Hood says:—

"Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold."

ADMONITIONS.

Admonished let us follow better counsels.

THE SIBYL.

Thou shalt behold a wild, raving prophetess, who, in a deep cavern, reveals the decrees of fate, and commits her oracles to leaves. Whatever oracular responses she has placed on leaves, she arranges in order and leaves them shut up in her cave. They remain immovable nor issue from the order in which they have been placed. And yet these same, when, on the hinge being turned, a slight current of air has set them in motion, and the opening door hath disturbed the tender leaves, she never afterwards cares to arrest, as they flutter through the hollow cave, or to restore their former positions nor connect once more her predictions. They who apply depart in this way without a response, and hate the habitation of the Sibyl.

FORTUNE.

Live happy ye, the course of whose fortune is

now completely run; we are summoned from one fate to another.

ÆTNA.

But Ætna thunders close by with frightful crushings, and sometimes bursting, it sends forth a black cloud to the air, smoking with pitchy whirlwind and glowing ember; and raises fireballs, licking the stars; sometimes with loud explosions it casts up rocks and the torn bowels of the mountain; and with a deep internal roar, it heaps up melted stones high in air, and boils violently from its lowest bottom.

A MONSTER.

A horrid monster, misshapen, huge, from whom sight had been taken away. A pine-tree in his hand, lopped of its branches, guides and steadies his steps. Woolly sheep accompany him; that is the only pleasure and solace for his misfortune.

TRACES OF ANCIENT FLAME.

I again feel the flame of love as I formerly felt it.

THE MANES.

Do you think that the ashes of the dead, or the manes laid at rest in the tomb, care for that?

LOVE.

The hidden wound keeps rankling in the breast.

LOVE.

The fatal dart sticks in her side.

ASCANIUS.

But the boy Ascanius, in the midst of the valley, delights in his spirited steed; and passes now these, now those in the course, and wishes a foaming boar to be given to his prayers amid the unwarlike herds, or that a tawny lion should descend from the mountain.

BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTION OF FAME.

Forthwith a rumor passes through the mighty cities of Libya: rumor, an evil, than which there is no greater; she flourishes by her very activity, and gains strength as she moves along; small at first through fear; by and by she raises herself into the air, stalking upon the ground, and at the same time hiding her head among the clouds. Parent Earth, incensed at the anger of the gods, brought her forth the youngest sister, as they say, to Cœus and Enceladus, quick in feet and wings. A monster, horrible and huge, to whom, as many feathers as there are upon her body, so many sleepless eyes are there beneath, wonderful to be said, so many tongues, so many mouths bable forth, so many ears she pricks up. By night she flies midway between heaven and earth through the gloom, with a rushing sound of her pinions, nor does she close her eyes in sweet sleep. By day she sits as a spy, either on the top of some lofty house, or some high tower, terrifying mighty

cities: as tenacious of what is false and wicked, as an announcer of what is true.

TO CHOOSE THE SOFTEST HOURS.

That he meanwhile, since the generous Dido is ignorant of what is passing, and does not imagine that such love can be broken, will try gentle avenues of approach to her feelings, and what may be the most fitting moments for addressing her; what mode of proceeding may be most favorable.

Tennyson says:—

"When his heart is glad
Of the full harvest I will speak to him."

JEALOUSY.

But the queen had a presentiment of their hidden projects (for who can deceive a lover?) and was the first to discover their intended movements, fearing all things, though they seemed to be safe.

A HARDENED WRETCH.

No goddess was thy mother nor Dardanus thy forefather, thou traitor; but Caucasus, in horror drest with its flinty rocks, gave thee being, and the Hyrcanian tigress gave thee suck.

FAITHLESSNESS.

Nowhere is there faith on earth.

ANTS.

As when ants plunder a large heap of grain, mindful of winter, and lay it up in their nests; the black column issues into the fields, carrying their booty through the grass in a narrow track; some struggling, push forward with their shoulders large piles of corn; others keep together the column of march and chastise the dilatory: the whole path glows with industrious labor.

LOVE.

All-powerful Love, to what dost thou not force mortals.

DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT.

It was night, and weary mortals were enjoying quiet rest on earth, the woods and murmuring seas were still; it was when the stars were rolling in mid-course, when the whole country was silent, cattle and parti-colored birds, both those which occupy the liquid lakes, and those which haunt the fields rough with bushes; buried in sleep during the silent night, they were lulling to rest their cares, and their hearts were now forgetful of toils.

This is in imitation of Apollonius Rhodius (*Argon. iv. 1058*):—"Sleep-bringing night had spread itself over the crowds of weary men, and had given rest to the whole earth."

Milton (*"Paradise Regained," i., at the end*):—

"Now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert: fowls in their clay nests were couch'd,
And now wild beasts came forth, the woods to roam."

WOMAN.

Come away! break through all delays; woman is a fickle and changeable thing.

END OF LIFE.

I have lived and finished the course which fortune had given me; now a mighty fame of me shall spread through the earth.

So 2 Timothy iv. 7:—

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

AN ANNIVERSARY OF A FATHER'S DEATH.

The day is at hand which I shall reckon forever sad, forever dear, so it has willed the gods.

RAINBOW.

As the bow in the clouds sends forth a thousand varied colors from the reflection of the sun's rays.

FLY DANGERS.

Keep close to the shore, let others launch into the main.

THE DOVE.

As the dove, suddenly roused from her covert, whose home and beloved nest are in some rock full of hiding-places, rushes flying into the fields, and scared from her abode, gives forth a loud flapping with her wings; by and by gliding through the still air, she skims along her liquid way nor moves her swift wings.

A CONQUEROR.

These are indignant should they not retain their own glory and the honors already in their grasp, willing to barter life for fame. Those success feeds with fresh hopes; they are able to conquer, because they seem to be able.

NEXT, BUT AT A LONG INTERVAL.

Next, but at a long interval.

BEAUTY.

And merit appearing more beautiful in a beautiful form.

A BOXER.

Having drawn back his right hand, he levelled from on high his hard gauntlet between the horns, and drove it into the bones, dashing the brains out; the ox, quivering, falls lifeless.

TO RETIRE FROM ACTIVE LIFE.

From this time I lay aside my gauntlets and renounce my profession.

PATIENCE.

Let us follow whithersoever the fates lead us. Whatever shall befall us, every kind of fortune is to be surmounted by patiently enduring it.

COWARDS.

They enrol mothers for the city, and set apart the people that wished it, souls that dare not hazard life for future fame.

Euripides (Fr. Archel. 9) says:—
 "Is it not right for me to endure toils? Without toils what man has become glorious? Who that is a craven has reached the highest fame?"

VALOR.

Few in number, but ardent for war.

SEA TREACHEROUS.

Dost thou bid me be ignorant of the aspect of the calm sea and of its quiet waters? Shall I trust this treacherous appearance?

BROWNS OF FORTUNE.

Do not yield to misfortunes, but advance against them with a bolder front in whatever way fortune shall permit thee.

TRUTH CONCEALED.

Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest.

PLUTO'S PORTALS ALWAYS OPEN.

He was entreating thus, and kept clinging to the horns of the altar, when the prophetess thus began to speak: O thou that art sprung from the blood of the gods, Trojan son of Anchisas, the descent to the world below is easy, the gate of gloomy Pluto lies open night and day, but to retrace one's steps and reach again the upper air, this is the real labor, this is the true difficulty. A few, whom the favor of heaven or brilliant merit hath exalted to the skies, sons of the gods, have been able to effect it.

THE BRANCH OF GOLD.

The fair Proserpine has ordained that this gift be brought as one peculiarly dear. One branch being plucked, another golden one occupies its place, and a twig of similar metal puts forth leaves.

THE PROFANE.

Far hence be souls profane!

NOW THERE IS NEED OF FIRMNESS.

Now there is need of courage, Æneas, now of a firm purpose.

SHADES BELOW.

Ye gods, who preside over the souls of the dead, and silent shades, Chaos and Phlegethon, places wrapped in silent night, let me be allowed to tell what I have heard; may it be allowed me, by your divine permission, to disclose things hidden in the depth of the earth and in darkness. They moved along, amidst the gloom of night's dark pall, through the empty halls of Pluto and solitary kingdom; as men journey in woods by the unsteady rays of the moon, beneath the faint and glimmering light when Jupiter obscures the heaven in clouds, and gloomy night has robbed surrounding objects of their hue.

THE VESTIBULE OF PLUTO'S REALMS.

Before the porch itself, within the jaws of Hell, Grief and avenging Cares have placed their couch-

es; there dwell pale Diseases, sorrowing Age, Despondency, and ill-prompting Hunger, and loathsome Want, shapes terrible to see: Death, and Labor, and Sleep, twin-born with Death, and the criminal Lusts of the heart, and death-bringing War near the opening door; and the iron bedchambers of the Furies and maddening Discord, her viper's tresses bound up with bloody fillets.

OLD AGE.

Though advanced in years, the god has a fresh and green old age.

Dryden (Edipus, act iii. sc. 1) says:—

"His hair just grizzled
 As in a green old age."

LEAVES IN AUTUMN.

Thick as leaves that fall in the woods on the first cold of autumn, or dense as birds that flock to the land from the troubled deep, when frigid winter sends them across the sea to sunny climes.

SHADES BELOW.

Son of Anchises, undoubted offspring of the gods, thou seest the streams of Cocytus and Stygian marsh, whose divinity the gods fear to swear by, and fail in their oath. All that thou seest, is a wretched unburied crowd: yon ferryman is Charon; those who are being ferried across have obtained the rites of burial: for it is not allowed to carry them across these fearful banks or hoarse-sounding waters before their bones have rested in the grave; they wander about for one hundred years and hover about these shores: then at length being admitted into the boat, they behold the much-wished-for waters.

FATES INEXORABLE.

Cease to think that the fixed decrees of heaven can be changed by prayers.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

Warned by my fate, learn to observe justice and not to despise the gods. This man sold his country for gold.

ELYSIUM.

They reached pleasant spots, the delightful verdure of the Fortunate groves, and abodes of the happy. A freer and purer sky here clothes the fields with resplendent light; they enjoy their own sun, their own stars. Some are exercising their limbs in grassy plains, are contending in play and struggling on the yellow sand: some are striking the ground with their feet in the loud resounding dance and singing songs.

Milton at the end of "Comus" thus beautifully expresses the idea:—

"To the ocean now I fly,
 And these happy climes, that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye."

ABODES OF THE BLESSED.

Behold he sees some right and left feasting on the grass, and singing joyfully in chorus, beneath

a sweet-smelling laurel grove, where mighty Po rolls through a wood from the world above. Here are found bands of those who have suffered wounds fighting for their country, and who were priests of unblemished life while they lived, and who were holy bards delivering songs worthy of Apollo.

INVENTORS.

Or those who have improved life by their inventions, and those who, by deserving well, have handed their names down to posterity.

BEES.

As in meadows, where bees, on a calm summer's day, light on various flowers, and flutter round white lilies: the whole field resounds with their busy hum.

MIND.

The thinking principle moves the whole mass, and mingles itself with the great body.

OUR OWN BURDEN MUST BE BORNE.

We endure each the burden of punishment imposed upon our Manes in the world below.

Apollodorus (Fr. Com. Gr. p. 1112, M.) says:—

"Fortune is a sad, sad thing; but we must bear her as we best may as a burden."

So Galatians vi. 5:—

"For every man shall bear his own burden."

MIGHTY EMPIRE.

He shall extend his sway over the Garamantes and Indians.

NUMA.

Sent from humble Cures and a poor estate to a great empire.

FABIUS.

Whither, ye Fabii, do ye hurry me, exhausted? Thou art that Maximus, greatest of the name, who alone by delays restorest our empire.

DESCRIPTION OF ROMANS.

Others, I do not doubt, will mould the breathing brass more like to nature, draw features more instinct with life from marble, plead causes with more eloquence, describe better with the rod the movements in the heavens, and explain more clearly the rising of the stars, do thou, Roman, rule nations with firmness: such be thy distinctive character, and to impose terms of peace, spare the vanquished, and trample on the proud.

MARCELLUS.

What piety shall be his! what integrity like that of the good old times and unyielding bravery! No antagonist could have met him in arms with impunity, whether advancing on foot or on horseback. Alas, boy to be pitied, if in any way thou canst break through the rigid decrees of fate, thou shalt be Marcellus. Scatter lilies in handfuls; let me scatter the dark-hued flowers on his tomb,

heap up these gifts at least to the shade of my descendant and discharge an unavailing duty.

SLEEP.

There are two gates to the palace of sleep: the one said to be formed of horn, gives an easy exit to true visions: the other, brightly shining, is skillfully wrought with white ivory, but through this the Manes send false dreams to the world above.

So Homer (Odys. xix. 560):—

"Stranger, dreams are certainly of difficult and uncertain interpretation, nor do men find them always accomplished. For there are two gates, through which issue dreams of doubtful import. The one is formed of horn, and the other of ivory: those of them that come through smooth ivory deceive with empty hopes, bearing promises never to be accomplished; others again that issue out from polished horn, predict what is true, whenever any mortal shall see them."

Shakespeare ("Romeo and Juliet," act i. sc. 4) says:—

"I talk of dreams;

Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south."

DETERMINATION.

If I am unable to bend the gods above, I shall try to move the gods below.

CAMILLA.

With these comes Camilla of the Volscian nation, leading a squadron of cavalry and bands armed in resplendent brass, a heroine; with hands unused to the spindle and housewife's basket, but, though a virgin, inured to the hardships of war and to outstrip the wind in speed.

Pope ("Essay on Criticism," pt. II. l. 365) says:—

"Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main."

REFLECTIONS OF THE SUN'S RAYS.

As when the trembling light of the water in brazen cauldrons, reflected by the sun's rays or by the bright moon, penetrates all the space around, is raised aloft and strikes the fretted ceilings of the lofty palace.

This seems to be an imitation of Apollonius Rhodius (III. 735):—

"As the ray of the sun is reflected in some palace, issuing from water freshly poured from a cauldron or else some milk-pail—darting; here and there it is moved rapidly with swift whirling."

LIGHTNING.

These had in hand an unfinished thunderbolt, part being already polished off, of the kind which father Jupiter hurls in numbers on the earth from every region of the sky; part remained unfinished. They had just added three shafts of hail, three of the rain-cloud, three of gleaming fire, and three of the storm-winged southern blast. They were now intermingling with the work terror-inspiring gleamings and uproar and fear and the wrath of heaven with its vengeful flames.

Shakespeare ("King Lear," act iv. sc. 7) says:—

"To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightnings."

A FATHER'S PRAYER FOR HIS SON.

Ye gods, and thou Jupiter, mightiest of the gods, I pray thee have pity on the Arcadian king, and listen to a father's prayers; if your divine pleasure, if the fates reserve my Pallas for me, if I am again to behold and meet him, I beg for life, let me sustain the worst of pain. But if thou, O Fortune, threatenest some sad bereavement, now, oh now, let me break off the tie that binds me to an unhappy existence, while my cares still hang in suspense, while the hope of the future is uncertain, while I strain thee to my bosom, my dear boy, the only solace of my declining years, lest too painful news should wound my ears.

A HORSE GALLOPING.

A shout arises, and in united band the hoof shakes the dusty plain with the sound of the courser's tramp.

This line is supposed to imitate the sound of cavalry in quick motion.

TIME.

What none of the gods dared to promise to thy prayers, lo time, as it rolls on, has bestowed of its own accord.

Pindar (Fr. Incert. 50) says:—

"Time that rules all, superior even to the gods."

MAN MAKES A GOD OF HIS DESIRE.

Nisus says: Euryalus, do the gods inspiré thee with this warmth? Or is that, which one earnestly desires, to be regarded as a divine inspiration?

FILIAL PIETY.

To him Euryalus replied: No day of my life shall, I trust, prove me unworthy of an attempt so bold as this; this I am able to promise, let fortune fall out favorable or unfavorable. But above all I entreat this of thee: Of Priam's royal race my mother came, whom, when I departed, neither Troy nor the walls of King Acastes could detain. Her, now ignorant of this danger whatever it is, and without taking farewell, I leave. Let the darkness of the night and thy right hand be witness that I am unable to endure the tears of my mother. But I entreat thee, comfort her in want, and assist her, whom I leave behind me. Allow me to entertain this hope of thee; I shall go with more confidence to meet every danger. The Trojans, deeply affected, wept, above all the fair Iulus, and this image of parental affection moved his bosom powerfully.

FRIENDSHIP.

Me, ~~me~~ (here am I, who did it,) turn your weapons against me.

DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN.

As some bright-hued flower, cut over by the

plough, languishes in death, or poppies hang their heads with wearied neck when they are overcharged with rain.

POWER OF POETRY.

Happy both, if my poetry can avail anything, no time, however long, shall ever blot you out of remembrance, as long as the line of Æneas shall dwell beside the Capitol, and Augustus, the father of his people, shall hold the reins of empire.

COWARDS.

O Phrygian women truly, for ye are not Phrygian men.

BY VIRTUE WE GO TO HEAVEN.

Go on and grow in valor, O boy! this is the path to immortality.

FORTUNE.

Such hopes I had indeed while heaven was kind.

THE ALL-SUBDUING POWER OF GOD.

As Jupiter spoke, the lofty palace of the gods was hushed in silence, and the earth trembled to its foundations; the high heaven gives forth no sound; the Zephyrs are lulled; the sea moves not.

So Homer (Il. I. 523):—

"The son of Saturn spoke and nodded with his dark eyebrows. Then the ambrosial hair streamed down from the head of the immortal king; and he shook the mighty Olympus."

And Milton ("Paradise Lost," iii.) says:—

"Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused."

THE FATES WILL FIND THEIR WAY.

The deeds of each will bring suffering or success. Jupiter looks with the same eye on all. The fates will find their way.

A GEM.

As a gem sparkles encased in gold, the ornament of neck or head; or like ivory enclosed with artistic skill in boxwood, or the turpentine wood of Oricus; his flowing locks hang down upon his ivory neck, while around his brow he wears a band of thin, ductile gold.

FORTUNE FAVORS THE BOLD.

Fortune befriends the bold.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE LENGTHENED BY VIRTUE.

Every one has his allotted time upon earth; a brief and irretrievable space is given to all; but it is virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow space by noble deeds.

Bailey ("Festus"):—

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

MAN IGNORANT OF FUTURITY.

The mind of men is ignorant of fate and future

lot, and how to practise moderation elated by prosperity.

HE DIES AND THINKS OF HIS COUNTRY.

Unhappy he falls by a wound intended for another, looking up to heaven, and dying, thinks of his native Argos.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

O Rhœbus, we have lived too long, if there be anything long with mortals.

A FLOWER PLUCKED.

Like the flower of a soft violet or languishing hyacinth, plucked by virgin hands, that has not yet lost its brilliant hue nor beauty, nor does its parent earth any longer afford it nurture and give it strength.

EXPERIENCE.

Believe me, who knows by experience, with what might he rises to his shield, and with what force he hurls his spear.

A DEMAGOGUE.

Rich, bold in language, but with a right hand slow in battle, in counsels deemed no trivial adviser, powerful in faction.

FORTUNE SHIFTS THE SCENE.

Why does fear seize us before the trumpet sounds? Time and the changes naturally connected with it have changed many things for the better: Fortune, from time to time visiting many, has at one moment mocked them, and again placed them on a firm basis.

MEDICINE PROVOKED THE PAIN.

And grows more distempered by the very attempt that is made to heal.

"The remedy is worse than the disease."

A VIRGIN.

As when one has stained the Indian ivory with the blood-red purple; or when the white lilies look red, mingled with many a rose: such was the color which the virgin's face exhibited.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

Perhaps a better fate will attend the wretched.

A ROYAL SCEPTRE.

As this sceptre (for his right hand happened to bear a sceptre) will never henceforth give forth shady branches with rustling leaves, since the time when cut down in the forest by its lowest root it was separated from the mother-tree, and stripped of its foliage and twigs by the axe; once a tree, now the skill of the artificer has surrounded it with ornamental brass, and given it to be borne by the Latin fathers.

EDUCATION.

Boy, learn from me the lesson of duty and patience under afflictions, the pursuit of fortune from others.

WHIRLWIND.

As when a storm bursting forth rushes over the sea to land, the wretched husbandman, alas! prescient of danger from afar, shudders: it will uproot the trees and lay low the corn, destroying all things far and wide: the winds fly before, carrying the sound to the shores.

SWALLOWS.

As when the black swallow flies through the great courts of a rich lord, traversing the lofty halls, gathering scanty food and nutriment for its chirping young, and now it twitters through the empty porticoes, now around the marshy pools.

A HERO.

Shall this land see Turnus flying from his foe? Is it such a wretched thing to die? Ye gods of the lower world be propitious; since the gods above are unwilling to save me, I shall go down to you, a pure spirit and unsullied with the shame of flight, never unworthy of my mighty sires.

A BULL FIGHT.

As in the lofty mountains of Sila or Taburnus, when two bulls rush with hostile fronts to battle, the frightened herdsmen fly, the whole herd stand mute with fear, the cows faintly low, doubting who shall command the pasture ground, which of them the herds shall follow; they inflict wounds on each other with great force, and, struggling, fix their horns in each other, bathing their necks and shoulders in streams of blood; the whole forest re-echoes with their bellowing.

THE BALANCE OF HEAVEN.

Jove himself hangs up two scales equally balanced, and places in them the fates of the two, to see which is to succeed and which is to meet death.

Milton ("Paradise Lost," iv. 965) imitates this:—

"Had not soon
Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heav'n His golden scales."

HEAVEN-TEMPERED SWORD.

After it reached the arms formed by the god Vulcan, the mortal sword, like brittle ice, shivered at the stroke, and its fragments glitter in the yellow sand.

Milton ("Paradise Lost," vi. 330) says:—

"But the sword
Of Michael, from the armory of God,
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half-cut sheer."

SUPPLEMENT.

The following passages are of a later date; but, as they have become "household words," they deserve to be connected with the "Great Thoughts" of classic authors. I have given their origin so far as they have as yet been able to be traced; others I have added without being able to fix the source from which they are derived. I have to express my obligations to correspondents in that valuable publication, "Notes and Queries," for tracing the origin of many of them.

TIMES ARE CHANGED.

All things are changed, we too are changed with them; the one has certain changes, the other has its own.

In the "*Delicias Poetarum Germanorum*," l. 685, we have the poems of Matthias Borbonius, and there we find the words in the mouth of Lotharius I., who flourished about A.D. 880.

In Pope ("Moral Essays," ep. l. l. 172) we have the same idea:—

"Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times."

TRUTH.

Truth is great and will prevail.

This is found in the Apocrypha (1 Esdras iv. 41):—

"And he ceased to speak, and all the people cried out and said, 'Truth is great and will prevail.'"

THE MAN OF ONE BOOK.

"The man of one book."

This expression is said to belong originally to St. Thomas Aquinas.

TO DO A DEED BY THE HAND OF ANOTHER.

He who does a deed by the hand of another is the same as if he did it himself.

This is one of the maxims of Boniface VIII. (Sexti Decret. lib. v. tit. 12, de Reg. Jur. c. 73), derived according to the glossary from the maxim of Paulus (Digest lib. i. tit. 17, de Div. Reg. Jur. l. 180).

LOVE OF TRUTH.

Plato is my friend, Socrates is my friend, but truth is a friend that I value above both.

A THIRD GENERATION.

A third heir seldom enjoys property dishonestly got.

These words are found, with a slight variation, in Bellochii *Praxis Moralis Theologiae*, de casibus reservatis, etc.

A WISE QUESTION.

A wise questioning is the half-way towards knowledge.

This is found in Bacon, "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*," lib. v. cap. 116.

PLEASING RECOLLECTION.

Alas! how much less delightful it is to live with those that survive, than it is to cherish a recollection of you.

This is Shenstone's epitaph on Miss Dolmen at the Lessowes Moore ("I saw Thy Form") imitates this idea:—

"To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee."

UNITY, LIBERTY, CHARITY.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

Unity in things necessary, liberty in what is doubtful, charity in all things.

THUS PASSES AWAY THE GLORY OF THIS WORLD.

O Holy Father, thus passes away the glory of the world.

The master of the ceremonies at the Pope's inauguration bears two dried reeds, whereof the one hath on the top a candle to kindle the other, crying aloud unto the Pope.

THE SCOTCH.

The fiery genius of the Scotch.

This occurs in the Jesuita Vapulans of Andreas Rivetus, a Calvinistic minister and professor of theology at Leyden in the middle of the seventeenth century. The phrase is found in the following passage:—"These books I will in some things no otherwise commend than Andreas Rivetus, professor of Leyden, did the doctrine of Buchanan and Knox: whose rashness he ascribed præservido Scotorum ingenio et ad audendum prompto." Sir T. Urquhart's *Tracts*. Edin. 1784. p. 184.

LOOK TO THE END.

Look to the end is in the last line but one of the fable "*De Accipitre et Columbis*," in "*Anonymi Fabulae Aesopiceae*," *Fabulae Variorum Auctorum*, p. 503. Francof. 1560.

OUR PREDECESSORS IN LEARNING.

May those perish who have anticipated us in our knowledge.

This phrase was used by Aelius Donatus, the commentator on Terence and Virgil.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

Small draughts of knowledge lead to atheism, but larger bring man back to God.

This is a saying of Bacon.

THE DEAD.

Of the dead nothing should be said except what is good.

This is a saying of Solon in Plutarch.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

The voice of the people is the voice of God.

This is No. 97 among the *Aphorismi Politici ex Ph. Comines per Lambertum Danseum collecti*, Lugd. Bat. 1609.

THE PEOPLE.

The people wish to be deceived, let it be deceived.

It was Paul IV.'s legate, Cardinal Carafa, that spoke thus of the devout Parisians:—

"Quandoquidem populus decipi vult, decipiatur."

See Matthias Prideaux's "Easy and Compendious Introduction to Reading all Texts of Histories," 6th ed. Oxford, 1682.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

You fall into Scylla, desiring to avoid Charybdis.

This line is from the "Alexandreis" of Philippe Gaultier. The following are the lines:—

"Darius, having found a horse, flies away from the field bedewed with the blood of his men. Whither, O king doomed to die, dost thou fly in so cowardly a way? Alas! lost man, thou knowest not whom thou fleest; thou runnest into the midst of enemies, whilst thou fleest the enemy: thou fallest into Scylla, while thou avoidest Charybdis."

RIDICULE.

He chastises manners by ridicule.

This was improvised by Santeuil for the Harlequin Domnique.

CERTAINTY.

It is certain because it is impossible.

This is from the fifth chapter of Tertullian, *De Carne Christi*.

MAN.

Man is a god or a brute.

This is from Aristotle, *Polit. lib. 1. c. 2*.

A HARBOR OF SAFETY.

I have found a harbor; hope and fortune, farewell; you have made sufficient sport of me, sport with others now.

This is a version of a Greek epigram in the *Anthologia*;—

TO FORTUNE.

"Hope and fortune, a long farewell: I have found a harbor; you and I have no further dealings: make sport of those with me."

DECEIT.

Deceit is safe to no one in any lurking place.

THE UNLEARNED AND LEARNED.

The unlearned may here learn, and the learned may reflect on what they knew before.

This is a verse of Henault, made by him for the motto of his "Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France."

It is a translation of two lines of Pope's (*l. 740, 741*) "Essay on Criticism":—

"Content, if hence the unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew."

BOOKS HAVE THEIR FATE.

Little books have their fates according to the taste of the reader.

This line is found in a didactic poem of Terentianus Maurus.

A WICKED ACT.

A thing forbidden becomes little thought of when it is allowed.

This is found in the elegies (*lib. v. 77*) of C. Cornelius Gallus.

TO REJOICE IN CRIME.

Wretched are those who take pleasure in their crimes.

This is found in *Pseudo-Gallus* (*l. 180*) in the collection of six elegies published under the name of C. Cornelius Gallus, by Pomponius Gauricus. Venice, 1501, 4to.

DIFFERENT THINGS DELIGHT DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

Different things are required to give pleasure to different tastes; all things do not suit all ages.

TO BE IN THE UTMOST MISERY.

He who lies on the ground cannot fall.

This phrase is found in the *Liber Parabolarum* (*Opera Moralia*, 1654, p. 494) of Alanus de Insulis.

Butler ("Hudibras," Part I. cant. *lib. l. 877*) has adopted this idea:—

"I am not now in fortune's power:
He that is down can fall no lower."

THE CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT OF KINGS.

The conclusive argument of kings.

Louis XIV. caused these words to be inscribed on his canon.

JUPITER.

Whom God wishes to destroy He first deprives of his senses.

In a note on a fragment of Euripides there is the following proverb:—

"When God is contriving misfortunes for man, He first deprives him of his reason."

WORDS.

Words and nothing more.

This saying is found in Plutarch's *Laconic Apophthegms* ("Plutarchi Opera Moralia," ed. Dan. Wyttienbach, vol. 1. p. 649). Philemon Holland has turned it into English thus:—

"Another Laconian having plucked all the feathers off from a nightingale, and seeing what a little body it had 'Surely,' quoth he, 'thou art all voice, and nothing else.'"

TO STAND ON THE OLD WAYS.

To stand on the old ways.

This is a sentence of Jeremiah vi. 16, which is often quoted by Lord Bacon in his "Essay on Innovations." It is found in the Vulgate, and is thus rendered in our English version:—

"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein."

QUESTION SOLVED.

The question is solved by walking.

This is Aldrich's first answer to the ancient sophism of Achilles and the tortoise.

LEISURE.

Leisure along with dignity.

This is found in Cicero, in *Or. P. Sextio*, 45.

PASSAGES FROM UNKNOWN AUTHORS.

GENTLE AND RESOLUTE.

Gentle in manner, resolute in deed.

This is the motto of Earl Newburgh.

MISERY.

Respect is due to the sufferings of the wretched: do not add to my miserable fate: sacrilegious hands have always spared the tomb.

La Fontaine has imitated this idea with consummate skill:—

"On devient innocent quand on est malheureux."

TO KNOW WHERE YOU CAN FIND A THING.

To know where you can find a thing is in reality the best part of learning.

WORDS AND LETTERS.

The word that is heard passes away, the letter that is written remains.

TO BE HIS OWN MASTER.

Let no man be the servant of another who can be his own master.

TO LIVE WELL.

He has lived long enough, who has lived well

for the period of a short life; the slothful count by time, the good by deeds deserving praise.

JUSTICE.

Let justice be done, though heaven fall.

This expression is first found at pp. 8 and 338 of William Watson's "Decacordon of Ten Quodlibetical Questions," etc. (1602); and *fiat enim justitia*, etc., at p. 196 of the same work. The presence of *enim* seems to point to a context which awaits discovery.

LAW.

To observe law, that is to reign.

PEN, WAX, AND PARCHMENT.

Pen, wax, and parchment govern the world.

The line is quoted in Howell's "Letters" (book ii. let. 2).

ABOVE GRAMMATICAL RULES.

I am king of the Romans and above grammar.

This was a saying of the Emperor Sigismund, who, at the Council of Constance, thus addressed the Council: "Right Reverend Fathers,—See that this infamous schism (*refanda schisma*) be rooted out," intent, on having the Bohemian schism ended—which he reckons to be of the feminine gender. To which a cardinal mildly replying, "*schisma* is neuter, your majesty." Sigismund loftily replied, "I am king of the Romans and above grammar."

BACON'S ESSAYS.

INTRODUCTION.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

AMONG the great spirits whose claim to undisputed empire over men's thoughts has been ratified by the concurrent testimony of ages and nations, Lord Bacon stands deservedly pre-eminent. If he does not occupy the foremost place, his pretensions are as high and legitimate as any of his competitors. The question is not, however, one of degree, but of kind, and consequently will be decided according to the estimation in which men are inclined to hold different objects. If ideal philosophy be regarded and the application of the rational faculty to objects of moral speculation, the palm must be awarded to Socrates and Plato. If the art of mental analysis be considered, and the power of distinctly looking into the human mind, and tracing out the various laws which produce and control its phenomena, we must as readily admit the pretensions of Aristotle. But should we direct our views to physical science, the creation of material arts and the extension of man's power over nature, we shall be compelled to grace Bacon's temples with the proudest wreath of glory. Despite the splendid attempts of Plato and Aristotle to explain everything, the result proved that their empire was bounded by the confines of the material universe. The arts and discoveries of the Athenian sages, splendid as they are in the spiritual world, and even potent to liberate the soul from the tyranny of the passions, still stop here. They might be exercised in a cloister, a desert, or in a dungeon, as they were exercised under the despotism of the most degraded of the Roman Emperors, without teaching man any other art than that of patience under calamities, and that of stringing together the speculative truths proposed by science or revelation. These advantages were, doubtless, important in their day, but they failed to disclose one physical truth, to protect the civilized world from the incursion of savages, or rescue mankind from barbarism. Bacon, though not the first to detect this lacune in philosophy, was the first to bring to its removal the adventurous genius of the Stagyrice, and to explore the mines of physical phenomena with the searching keenness that his predecessor manifested in analyzing the law of the reasoning faculty. Thought and language adjusted themselves to the pursuit,—new ideas were evolved, and a practical method instituted of applying the inductive syllogism to the interpretation of nature.

If Bacon discovered no great law himself, he not only propounded the system by which all might be reached, but gave hints which enabled his successors to light at once on the lurking-place of the discovery, and roused mankind with heart-stirring appeals to pursue the only legitimate track of natural science. If a Newton was required to exemplify the utility of Bacon's Organum, by a series of splendid discoveries, a Plato was also needed to exhibit the highest triumphs of the reasoning faculty before its laws could

be detected by the keen glance of the Stagyrice; and notwithstanding that both the ancient and the modern philosopher have had their share of detractors, mankind have been wonderfully concurrent in paying fealty to each as the great arbiters of the destinies of their species. The influence of the Stagyrice extends over a waste of two thousand years, through which, with some knocks from those who ought to have been his greatest friends, and with damaging support from that school whose descendants have proved his mortal enemies, he has generally contrived to mould the minds of those who sway the world. The intellect of Bacon has only impressed itself upon two centuries, and yet so unanimous has been the verdict of mankind, and so astounding the discoveries which have resulted from his method, that his fame may be pronounced to stand upon as firm a basis as that of Aristotle. Not an age passes wherein the inquiries which he continues to excite and direct do not lead to some practical result, either in the diminution of human evil, or in the increase of man's power and enjoyment; and so rapid has been the stride of scientific improvements since his day, that men now justly regard that state of learning which the scholastics surveyed with raptures of admiration, as the mere infancy of knowledge.

But Bacon was not only the high priest of nature, he was also the Lord Chancellor of England, and notwithstanding that some of his actions in relation to this office will occasionally awaken the censure of the reader, there are traits and performances which must challenge his applause, and transmit his name with lustre to posterity. The eloquence and searching analysis he displayed in philosophy followed him to the bar. His legal arguments, of which that on perpetuities may be taken as a type, are among the most masterly ever heard in Westminster Hall. His history of the Alienation Office may be pronounced worthy of Hale, while his dissertation on the courts of equity certainly throws the more popular treatise of Grotius into the shade. The question of law reform, so popular in our day, was first raised by him, and advocated in a speech of reasoning eloquence which at once secured him the favor of the Commons; and though his exhortations were unheeded till the Barebones Parliament thought that lawyers might be dispensed with altogether, and though they have been neglected from the Restoration till our own times, it must be borne in mind that the reforms already effected have been mainly directed by his counsels, and that in carrying out that wide measure of chancery reform, on which all parties are now bent, he is our safest guide. Though the son of a lord-keeper, and the nephew of a prime minister, he had, like all aspiring legists, to fight his way up to the highest posts of his profession by merit alone; nor does it appear that his official kinsmen ever opened

their lips, or stretched out their hand, except to push him back, or asperse his fame.

Whether, then, we consider moral admonitions, the highest philosophical achievements, practical civil wisdom, or the most splendid legal and forensic talents, the life and works of Lord Bacon stand if not alone in the world, at least without their rival in modern annals.* The characters of ordinary thinkers may be duly estimated when the generation with which their influence ends has passed away, but the merits of those who have given an immutable direction to the resistless tide of human reason, and fashioned the channel through which it is destined to flow, can only be fully appreciated after centuries have tested the result. High as Bacon's name now stands, every succeeding age must increase its elevation, and centuries roll away before it can be said to be graced with its final trophies.

Francis Bacon was born at York House,† in the Strand, on the 22nd of January (old style), 1560. His father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, one of the greatest ornaments of Elizabeth's administration, and lord-keeper of the great seal, contributed by his practical foresight to raise England to a height in European councils which has only been realized by the strongest governments of later times. His mother, Ann Cook, the daughter of Edward the Sixth's tutor, was skilled in the Latin and Greek tongues, which ladies were then accustomed to learn, owing to the dearth of modern literature; and also possessed such facility in French and Italian as to pronounce and translate those languages with ease and correctness. There can be little doubt that Bacon, like many other great men, inherited a large portion of his abilities from his mother, and that she, as the Lord-keeper's time was absorbed by more pressing duties, mostly contributed to fashion the infant stream of his thoughts and give them a healthy direction. Of his younger days, nothing more is recorded than his breaking open the drums and trumpets his nurses bought him, to explore the locality of the sound; his leaving the ordinary field sports, to discover the cause of an echo in a neighboring vault, and his sprightly answers to Queen Elizabeth, who used to stroke his head and call him her little lord-keeper. "It is certain," says Macaulay, "that at twelve years old he busied himself with very ingenious speculations on the art of legerdemain; a subject which, as Dugald Stewart has most justly observed, merits much more attention from philosophers than it has ever received."

In the latter end of his thirteenth year he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, but it does not appear that he ever felt at home in what are, or ought to be, the halls of science. His tutor, Whitgift, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, never thought him worthy of a remark in his writings. Doubtless Bacon placed too high a value on being well with his age, to make an open onslaught on the institu-

tions and the men whom it regarded with veneration; but it requires no great sagacity to discern in his remarks on cloistered learning, his opinion of almanacs, and its sister university. He deplored, as we deplore now, and are making some attempts to remedy the absence of scientific studies in the British universities; and covertly described the philosophy expounded within their walls, as so much spider thread spun out of the brains of the scholastics, admirable for its fineness, but without any use or purpose in nature. From his warring with Aristotle, whose logic he unaccountably deemed diametrically opposed to his own, there is no doubt that he experienced some hard knocks at the university; and that like Swift, Goldsmith, Gibbon, and Adam Smith, he was treated as too stubborn and erratic for a systematic course of study, and left pretty much to follow the bent of his own inclination. Having kept only eight terms, Bacon quitted the university without a degree, and being intended by his father for the political profession, was intrusted to the care of Sir Amyas Paulet, the Queen's ambassador at Paris, and occasionally employed by him in offices of trust for the crown. After visiting the chief provinces of France he settled in Poitiers, and devoted three years of that period of life which is most averse to reflection, to study, and retirement. To this sojourn we owe not only his *Essays*, and the *Notes on the State of Europe*, which display the rising sagacity of the veteran statesman, but all the graces of style and manner which so distinguish him from his contemporaries.

While Bacon was engaged in his studies he received news (Feb. 20, 1579,) of his father's death. Like Philip of Arragon, Sir Nicholas Bacon perished from the effects of civility. The politeness of a servant, who would not presume to close a window before which his master had fallen asleep, killed him. Bacon hastened home, but found his eldest brother in possession of the patrimonial estate, with nothing left for himself but a slender fifth portion, totally inadequate to the maintenance of his station in society. After many futile applications to his uncle, the lord-treasurer Burleigh, for political employment, he entered Gray's Inn in his twentieth year, resolved to scale the heights of power by the more arduous but surer path of law. For ten or eleven succeeding years, he rarely suffered either amusement or literature to disturb the tenor of his professional duties, and seems to have fully mastered the common law, and familiarized his mind with every branch of jurisprudence. About this period he published a draft of his philosophical notions, under the title of *Temporis partum maximum* (The Greatest Birth of Time;) which, however, dropped still-born from the press, the world only knowing of its existence through a paragraph in one of his letters to Father Fulgentius: nor does it appear that the copies which he scattered among his friends did him any further service than to single him out as a rash speculatist. Bacon, emboldened by his high talents and the claims of his family on the crown, continued to ply the Cecils with solicitations, but without any other result than testy refusals and lectures on his arrogance and presumption. The lord-treasurer, though a man of cool judgment and calculating foresight, had no regard for intellectual merit, and thought even one hundred pounds too handsome a gratuity for Spenser's "Fairy Queen," which he termed a foolish old song. Had he been childless, the same reason would have led him to bring forward, which now impelled him to push back, his illustrious kinsman; but he had a son, and being resolved to make the premiership hereditary in his family, thought no means beneath him to blast Bacon's legal reputation. Elizabeth was told

*To the universality of this panegyric, Burke, who borrowed from him his sagest political observations, bears testimony: "Who is there that, upon hearing the name of Lord Bacon, does not instantly recognize everything of genius the most profound, everything of literature the most extensive, everything of discovery the most penetrating, everything of observation on human life the most distinguishing and refined. All these must be instantly recognized, for they are all inseparably associated with the name of Lord Verulam."—Speech on the Impeachment of Warren Hastings.

† York House was so named from having been inhabited by the archbishop of York in the reign of Queen Mary. It was situated on the banks of the Thames, at the bottom of Buckingham-street, Strand. The only vestige of it now remaining is its fine water-gate, built by Inigo Jones. A view of the old house is preserved in that curious and interesting repository Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata*.

that the son of the late lord-keeper was a superficialist and a rash philosophical dreamer; and the unlucky *Temporis partum marimum* was doubtless adduced in proof of the allegation, that Bacon was more calculated to perplex than to promote the despatch of civil business. The philosopher, however, was persevering, and stoically impervious to repulse. Burleigh, at last wearied out, gave him the registrarship of the Star Chamber in reversion; but the place not yielding due till after the lapse of twenty years, Bacon complained that "it was like another man's fair round fattening upon his house, which might revive his prospects, but did not fill his barns."^{*}

In 1593 he sat for Middlesex, and delivered his maiden speech in favor of law reform. The praises which followed so intoxicated him that in the ensuing debate on the subsidy, he broke out into a flaming oration against the court, denouncing the claim as extravagant, and dwelling with pathetic sympathy on the miseries which such exactions must cause among the country gentry, who would be constrained to sell their plate and brass pans to meet the demands of the crown. Bacon carried his motion for an inquiry, and struck all the courtiers with horror and amazement. The queen, highly incensed, decreed it to be intimated to the delinquent, that he must never more expect favor or promotion. The spirit of the rising patriot was cowed; with bated breath, he whispered expressions of repentance and amendment, and never afterwards played the patriot rather than was consistent with his interest at court.

Egerton, the Attorney-General, being soon after elevated to the Rolls, and Coke becoming the chief law officer of the crown, the solicitor's place fell vacant, and opened to Bacon a path to the highest professional honors. He evidently thought this the great crisis of his life, and spared no pains to secure the golden prize which leads to the guardianship of the royal conscience. His unlucky speech, and the jealousy of the Cecil's, lay in his path, and to remove these obstacles he had to show deference to men he hated, and pay dutiful obedience to all the wishes of the crown. After soliciting lord-keeper Puckering and the Cecil's to use their influence, he resolved to take a bold step, and address the queen, who, however, recalled his unlucky subsidy speech and his philosophical predilections, as fatal to his claims. But Bacon did not give up the battle. The talents of Essex were immediately put in requisition to obtain the solicitor's place, but the queen could ill brook the rising popularity of the favorite, and was so glad to avail herself of an occasion to cross his aims. Essex, however, had an inkling that a man of such splendid abilities failed only through the weakness of his patron, and begged of him, in language dictated by spontaneous generosity, to accept some recompense for the time he had misspent in furthering the favor of a declining patron. "I shall be if I do not somewhat to your fortune; you shall not deny to accept a piece of land which I will bestow upon you." After a decent resistance, Bacon yielded, and was enfeoffed of land at Twickenham, which he afterwards sold for £1,800, a great sum in those days.[†]

Bacon now resolved to disprove the insinuations which had been uttered by Burleigh, with respect to

his legal attainments, and wrote a treatise upon the elements and use of common law, applying the inductive mode of reasoning to jurisprudence in ascending to the platform of rules and maxims through the gradual collection of particulars. The publication of his *Essays* followed, and carried his name at once into the mouth of the public. His philosophical genius, and the force of his language, gave him a greater advantage even than his learning, while his keen perception of the true and beautiful and his analytic powers have made him the marvel, delight, and despair of succeeding essayists.[‡]

These endeavors, successful as they were, do not appear to have gained him much practice, or to have placed him beyond the necessity of compounding with his creditors. Authorship brought in nothing but fame in those days. To rid himself of embarrassments, so irksome to a man of genius, he resolved to make a bold attempt to retrieve his affairs by marriage. Lady Hatton, the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Cecil, and early relic of the son of Chancellor Hatton, was the beauty at whose shrine Bacon ventured to offer up his first vows. But the rich widow had unfortunately possessed herself of a copy of Bacon's *Essays*, and finding therein love described as an ignoble passion, fit only for base and petulant natures, she ascribed his professions of attachment rather to her money than to her person, and rejected his suit. The disappointment was the more severely felt as the young lady capitulated to a rival, his sworn antagonist, Sir Edward Coke, a crabbed old lawyer, with six children, and stricken with infirmities.

The energy with which Bacon now devoted himself to his profession enabled him to place his legal reputation beyond the reach of calumny by his celebrated argument on perpetuities, which he afterwards fashioned into a reading on the Statute of Uses, and delivered as double reader in Gray's Inn. This tract has imparted to the law of real property the undeviating exactness it has since preserved, reconciling life-interests with perpetuities and providing facilities for the transfer of land, while it secures the stability of families so necessary in a fixed monarchy.

These legal triumphs conspired, with the death of Lord Burleigh, to raise his credit with Queen Elizabeth, who was a visitor at Twickenham when the earl who conferred that domain on Bacon returned from his unfortunate expedition to Ireland. As he, in addition to the other misfortunes of the campaign, had quitted the army without her Majesty's permission, the queen appeared indignant, and named a commission, in which Bacon was retained as council extraordinary for the crown, to examine the unfortunate earl on the various misdemeanors which truth or jealousy imputed to him. In these proceedings Bacon seems at first to have played the part of a prudent friend, in striving to effect a reconciliation between Elizabeth and her favorite; but his endeavor

of Little St. Margaret's, known in the vicinity as Lord Cavendish's house. This fine tract of land (several hundred acres), which, in Bacon's time, appears to have had only his own house upon it, is now covered with villas, including Lord Kilmorrey's new and magnificent mansion, "St. Margaret's," built nearly on the site of the old mansion of that name, lately pulled down. The land alone would now be worth more than £100,000.

[‡] "In Bacon's *Essays* the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage: the novelty and depth of his reflections often receiving a strong relief from the triteness of the subject. The volume may be read from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet after the twentieth perusal one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. This, indeed, is a characteristic of all Bacon's writings, and is only to be accounted for by the inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own thoughts, and the sympathetic activity they impart to our torpid faculties."—*Dugald Stewart*.

*Letter to Burleigh.

[†] This land was Twickenham Park, which stretched along the banks of the Thames from Richmond-bridge (then only a ferry) to Isleworth, and extended probably to the pathway now called Isleworth-lane, opposite Marble Hill. Lord Bacon's house was pulled down many years since, and no vestige of it is said to remain; we believe, however, that traces of it are still discernible on the site

ors on both sides were misconstrued, and rewarded with suspicions of double-dealing and treachery. "The earl looked on him as a spy of the queen, the queen as a creature of the earl."

"The reconciliation," says Macaulay, "which Bacon had labored to effect appeared utterly hopeless. A thousand signs, legible to eyes far less keen than his, announced that the fall of his patron was at hand. He shaped his course accordingly. When Essex was brought before the Council to answer for his conduct in Ireland, Bacon after a faint attempt to excuse himself from taking part against his friend, submitted to the Queen's pleasure, and appeared at the bar in support of the charges. But a darker scene was behind. The unhappy young nobleman, made reckless by despair, ventured on a rash and criminal enterprise, which brought on him the highest penalty of the law." When the nation loudly resented the fall of the unfortunate earl, Bacon, at the command of the queen, justified his execution in a pamphlet; but posterity has never entirely forgiven his ingratitude, or his apologists succeeded in finding a sufficient excuse for it.

The queen did not long survive her favorite, and the attention of both her courtiers and statesmen began to be directed towards the Scottish king. Bacon was determined not to be lost among the crowd, and we find him busily employed in soliciting James and his courtiers. After despatching letters to two of the more important, he resolved to address James himself, and thus hit off his nature to the life. "High and mighty sovereign Lord. It is observed by some upon a place in the Canticles, *ego sum flos Campum et lilium convallium*, that a *dispari*, it is not said: *Ego sum flos horti et lilium montium*, because the majesty of that person is not inclosed for a few, nor appropriated to the great." Excusing his freedom of approach, with this quibble, he then proceeds to veil his own claims under those of his kindred, and concludes with "sacrificing himself as a burnt-offering to the king."

Bacon was kindly received, and soon found that his prospects were by no means diminished by the death of the queen. As soon as James had domesticated himself at Whitehall, he began to lavish titles and honors with so wide a profusion that there hardly remained any other mark of distinction than that of having escaped them. The public were amazed and confused with the heap of new titles, and books were announced undertaking to help weaker memories to a knowledge of the nobility. Bacon requested to be knighted in a batch of three hundred, who were about to receive that dignity. Just at this period he was offering his heart to the daughter of a rich alderman, and intimated to Cecil that the concession of his request would expedite the match, and release him from the anomalous position of being the only untitled lawyer on his mess at Gray's Inn. His wish was gratified, and Miss Barnham immediately became Lady Bacon.

His first appearance under the new reign was as one of the counsel for the Crown on the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, arising out of the conspiracy to place Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. He was not, however, permitted by Coke, who was extremely jealous of his powers, either to examine the witnesses or address the jury. But being returned for Ipswich in James's first parliament, he raised his crest, and made himself popular with the country party by advocating a moderate redress of grievances, while he obtained the favor of the king by supporting his pet plan of a union with Scotland. In the autumn of the year he paid a visit to his friend, Sir Henry Saville, provost of Eaton, and on his return, addressed a letter to him on the subject of education, inclosing

a tract entitled, "Helps to the Intellectual Powers," which pointed out new methods of fortifying the memory, and assisting the rationalistic faculty. Soon after he proposed to write a "History of England," and sought to move the king to assist him in the undertaking by writing a tract, "On the Greatness of the Kingdom of Great Britain." Contemporaneously with these efforts, he prosecuted his treatise "On the Advancement of Learning," which appeared the following year and immediately placed his name among the first writers of the age. In this work he reviewed the state of the sciences, pointed out the obstacles which had obstructed their progress, and suggested sage and practical hints for their entire renovation. The eloquent wisdom he displayed in this survey had a marvellous effect in reviving a zeal for science in every part of Europe, and in enlarging the domain of knowledge; so that if Caesar's compliment to Cicero be worth anything, in extending the limits of human wit he obtained a glory greater than that of enlarging the boundaries of the Roman world. The elevation of Coke, in 1607, to the justiceship of the Common Pleas, opened a passage for Bacon to the solicitor's place.

In the mean time Bacon went steadily on with his philosophical labors. He published his "*Cogitata et Visa*," which he afterwards expanded into the "*Novum Organum*," the most wonderful effort of analogical wit ever exhibited. Had Bacon written nothing else, this work would have been sufficient to clothe him with imperishable renown. He likewise published his "*Sapientia Veterum*," and a new and greatly enlarged edition of his Essays. But with his foot on the ladder of promotion Bacon was not the man to stand still, and he wrote to James, with a view to extort a promise of the attorney's place when it should fall due. The chief-justiceship of the King's Bench soon after becoming vacant, Bacon influenced the king to thrust the office on Coke and remove Hobart to the Common Pleas, that he might secure the attorneyship. The manœuvre was successful; the men moved as the wires were drawn, and Bacon became the head legal adviser of the Crown. The king created him privy counsellor, which caused him to resign his private practice, and give a free rein to his speculative studies. The "*Novum Organum*" was prosecuted with renewed zeal, and a proposition appeared from his pen touching the amendment of the civil law. In his scheme he does not venture to codify the common law, but to reform the statute-book, and extract from the jumble of reports a series of sound and consistent decisions. He not only wrote valuable treatises to explain and improve the law of England, but induced the king to appoint reporters, who should authoritatively print such decisions of the courts as were useful, and guard against the publication of crude and contradictory cases.

In 1617, Bacon, who had previously been appointed chancellor to the duchy of Cornwall, became lord keeper. The philosopher is rather degraded than elevated by the trappings of civic pomp, yet history condescends to relate, as something accessory to his honor, how he rode between the lord high chancellor and lord of the privy seal, preceded by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer, and followed by a long line of judges, to the ceremony of his installation. He entered with alacrity on the duties of his new office, cleared out all the arrears of Chancery after a month's sitting, and wrote to the king and Buckingham, who were in Edinburgh endeavoring to persuade the Scots into episcopacy, to apprise them what a vigilant servant they had at Westminster. Coke, who in the mean time had been dismissed, displayed now as much astuteness as his rival in reconstructing his fortunes. He had the sagacity to foresee that the daughter he

had by his second wife, Lady Hatton, the heir of her mother's broad estates, would not be unacceptable to the needy Sir John Villiers, one of the brothers of the duke of Buckingham, and accordingly pushed the match with all the energy of his character. Lady Hatton, who had separated from her husband, opposed his projects, and ran away with her daughter to a place of concealment near Hampton Court. Coke, with a band of dependents, fled to the rescue with the same alacrity as he had posted off to Theobald's to seize Somerset, and carried off the young lady in triumph. Bacon grew alarmed at the prospect of the marriage bringing his rival again into favor, and determined no engine should remain unemployed to defeat it. He even deigned to forget the rejection of his first love, and opened a correspondence with Lady Hatton. Yelliverton, the attorney-general, was instructed to file an information against Coke in the Star-Chamber, and the king was importuned with letters designing to show how disastrous the union would be to his interests, in which communications Bacon so far forgot himself as to deal out sarcasms against Buckingham. The king, and, we need not add, the favorite, were enraged. James wrote his chancellor stinging letters of rebuke, and Bacon's eyes were open to the fact that his possession of the great seal depended on a look of Buckingham. He at once abandoned his opposition to the match, and bemoaned his error for proceeding in the matter without consulting the royal wishes.

The breach, however, was not repaired without making the lord keeper sensible of the bondage into which he had fallen. Buckingham had a host of needy relatives to provide for. The king's finances were never in a flourishing state, and to satisfy their clamors and supply his own extravagances, he fell upon the old device of patents and monopolies. These were certain charters granted under the great seal, enabling a few individuals to retain the manufacture of particular articles of trade in their own hands, and arming them with exorbitant powers to break open and ransack any house in which they suspected an illicit manufactory to be carried on. In Elizabeth's reign, such powers had been extensively exercised, but the enormities to which they led raised such an outcry in the nation as alarmed the queen, and compelled her to revoke the charters. Since that time Bacon had manifested some respect for the feelings of the people, and even declaimed against this mode of plundering them in his "advice" to Buckingham; he now found it necessary to stultify his own lessons, and that at the command of his pupil. As fast as the ingenuity of the favorite could devise patents, Bacon hurried them under the great seal of England, and a band of monopolists was armed with warrants to rob the public, in consideration of handing over to Buckingham a share of the pillage. The people's sense of justice was outraged by an attempt to pass off plated copper-wire for silver lace at more than the ordinary price, and an outcry was immediately raised against Sir John Villiers, Sir Giles Mompesson—supposed to be the original of Massenger's Sir Giles Overreach,—and Sir Francis Mompesson,—his Justice Greedy,—who were the principals in this nefarious transaction. James referred the case to the decision of his chancellor, who, after a decent delay, pronounced the patent to be decidedly beneficial, on the ground of affording employment to the poor.

At this period Bacon was employing his leisure in elaborating a work which was destined to reform the sciences, and introduce a new era in philosophy. In 1620, appeared the "*Novum Organum*," which had formed the subject of his contemplations for forty-five years, and showed the world that Aristotle might find a rival in the chancellor of Great Britain. Never

did voice break so portentously on mankind. The tongues of the Peripatetics were silenced, the babblers of the Academy hushed, and the rising sect of alchemists crouched in the presence of their master. As the supreme legislator of science, he had the universe for his book and the world for his auditory, and enraptured foreign countries with the wisdom of his decisions, while he instructed his own.

"Without any disparagement to the admirable treatise '*De Augmentis*,'" says Macaulay, "we may say that, in our judgment Bacon's greatest performance is the first book of the '*Novum Organum*.'" All the peculiarities of his extraordinary mind are found there in the highest perfection. Every part of the book blazes with wit, but with wit which is employed only to illustrate and decorate the truth. No book ever made so great a revolution in the mode of thinking, overthrew so many prejudices, introduced so many new opinions."

Bacon was now at the height of his prosperity. York House was fitted up for his town residence, in a style of grandeur unknown in his father's days, and Ben Jonson has done exquisite justice to the champagne *fetes* and the oratory of the owner. In addition to his villa at Kew, he erected a private retreat at Gorhambury, at the cost of £10,000, where he used to entertain Hobbes and a few choice spirits of the time. From thence he was called, not unwillingly, to attend the king's court at Theobald's, where he was raised to the peerage under the title of Viscount St. Alban's, Buckingham and Carew supporting his robe of state, and Lord Wentworth bearing his coronet. Three days after, the parliament assembled which was to convict him.

The attention of the new House of Commons was first directed to the copper lace business, in which the abuses were so enormous, as to excite a fearful crusade against monopolies and projectors. Rumors also were set afloat about corruption in high places; disappointed suitors in Chancery came forth to assail the integrity of the chancellor. The fathers of Pym and Hampden were not to be deterred by the splendor of the philosopher, from prying into the character of the judge. One Aubrey said he had been advised to give £100 to the chancellor, to expedite matters, and yet after many delays, Bacon had delivered a killing decree against him. Egerton, another petitioner, averred that to procure his favor, he had been induced to present him with £400, under color of a gratuity for certain services Bacon had rendered him when attorney-general, notwithstanding which, he got an adverse award. One charge brought many more, until the list became so lengthy, as to make an impeachment a matter of course. Coke had gone through the forms of a reconciliation with Bacon, but finding a seat at the privy council board without office or emolument rather dull work, set the inquiry afoot, and though he declined, through motives of decency, to be the chairman of the committee, he directed its councils, and fashioned the instrument which was to lay his rival at his feet.

Bacon does not seem to have been at first aware of the impending danger, thinking himself too highly perched in the king's favor to be struck down by a hand so vulgar as Coke's, and that the worst that could happen would be a dissolution. The king, however, was led by other counsels. Williams, the shrewd dean of Westminster, who had impressed Buckingham with a favorable opinion of his sagacity, represented the danger in which the court stood of being swept away by the indiscriminating tide of patriotism, unless some great victim was sacrificed, and justice dealt out to the herd of minor agents. "Swim with the stream," said Williams, "and you cannot be drowned. Leave Bacon to his fate, send

Sir John Villiers on an embassy, and throw overboard Montpesson and Michael as baits to decoy the whales from following a sinking ship." The chancellor was left to read the adoption of this advice in the uncivil air of the dependents of the court, and when his suspicions were confirmed by an interview with the king and his minion, he adjourned the House of Lords, and betook himself to his bed.

The blow soon fell. He was impeached before the lords for bribery and corruption, in the High Court of Chancery, on twenty-three separate counts. By the advice of the king, he dictated a vague confession of his guilt to be laid before the lords, by the heir apparent, in which he admitted that his conscience upbraided him with sufficient matter for impeachment, but begged their lordships to remember there were *vitia temporis* as well as *vitia homines*, and entreated them to accept his resignation of the great seal as a sufficient expiation of his errors. The peers, however, demanded a particular answer to each count of the impeachment, and communicated to him the formal articles of charge, with the proofs in support of each to that end. Bacon's confession was complete. He subscribed to each of the charges, admitting the receipt of the illegal sums from his suitors, though qualifying them in some instances as new year's gifts, or gratuities for past services. The king dared not interpose, and final judgment was not long delayed. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000, to be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure, declared incapable of holding any public office, place, or employment, and forbid to come within the verge of court.*

After one night's confinement in the Tower he was released, and consigned to his gloomy mansion in the country. Here he resolved to dedicate his retirement to literature, and begged of James to direct his mind to any undertaking that might add lustre to his reign. The history of Henry VII. was pointed out by the monarch as a work worthy of his pen. Bacon gives us a very graphic and complete view of the principal commotions which disturbed his reign. If he circumstantially details the pompous embassies and empty speeches of the period, it is because history consisted hardly of anything else, the people in those times allowing themselves to be treated like cattle, and permitting princes to decide their highest destinies with infantine simplicity. The character of the age is, notwithstanding, drawn out by Bacon in vivid colors, and the grouping of the incidents shows that, had the times conspired, he lacked not the capacity to rival Hume or Robertson in the highest department of their art. The king, who evidently thought more about this book than the "Novum Organum," which he declared surpassed his comprehension, condescended to correct the MSS., and allowed Bacon to come to town, with a view to expedite its course through the press. This work was immediately followed up by his "History of Life and Death," with an enlarged edition of his Essays, and many of his minor pieces. The following year he expanded the "Treatise on the Advancement of Learning," into nine books, preserving the first book of the original as preliminary to his design, and amplifying the matter of the second into eight.

Bacon, however, from his little retreat at Gorhambury, made small account of impressing his mind upon his living countrymen; his eye rested upon Europe and posterity. The fate of Chancer haunted him: he thought that modern languages would play the bankrupt with books, and that if he did not in-shrine his thoughts in a dead language, his name

would never travel abroad, and would positively die out among his own countrymen in the next generation. With the assistance of Herbert, Playfair, and some add of Ben Jonson, he gave his new treatise, together with his Essays and many of his minor pieces, a Latin dress; but on contrasting those works with the "Novum Organum," originally written by himself in Latin, it does not appear that he was much indebted to the attainments of his translator.

Bacon, though he followed the pursuits, had not learned to adopt the simple tastes of the philosopher. He gave up York House and its splendid luxuries with a pang, but retained the greater part of his retinue, and refused to allow one tree of the Gorhambury woods to be felled, even to satisfy the demands of his clamorous creditors. When urged to part with some of the more ostensible fineries of his household, "No," replied the philosopher, with indignation, "I will not be stripped of my feathers." He even entertained hopes of resuming his seat in the Lords, if not on the woolsack, and did not scruple, in his letters to James, to pervert history, with a view to establish similar cases of reintegration. "Demosthenes," says Bacon, in one of these communications, "was banished for bribery of the highest nature, yet was recalled with honor; Marcus Lucius was condemned for exactions, yet afterwards made consul and censor; Seneca was banished for divers corruptions, yet was afterwards restored, and an instrument in the memorable Quinquennium Neronis."

Williams, however, who had succeeded him as Lord Keeper, dreading the gigantic power of the supplanter in opposition, was not idle in multiplying reasons for allowing Bacon to decay among his books, and Buckingham had found agents quite as useful to his purpose as the philosopher of Gorhambury.

After the lapse of three or four years the public feeling against Bacon subsided, and his works had made so favorable an impression upon all classes of society, that the king thought he might with safety cancel the remaining portion of his sentence, and again open to him the avenues of public life. He requited this favor by writing two party pamphlets for the royal favorite, Buckingham, one entitled "Some Considerations touching a War with Spain," in which Bacon strives to excite the nation to make an unjustifiable attack upon an unoffending ally; the other, called "An Advertisement touching an Holy War," was neither more nor less than a dialogue on the lawfulness of propagating religion by the sword. The king certainly had his hands full in trying to extirpate heresies, reconcile schisms, and reform manners; but our author was inclined to think a war might be undertaken at the same time.

Had nature not interposed, but left the actors to perform their several parts with the same vigor, there is little doubt that Bacon would have climbed back to the woolsack. But a year sufficed to push James off the scene, and when parliament met to hail the advent of a new monarch, Bacon was too enfeebled by premature decay to attend the royal summons. About sixteen months before, when able to tread with firm step the avenues of the court, a writ requesting his attendance in the upper house, to consult *circa ardua regni*, would have revived his declining spirits. Now, no longer capable of playing a part, he flung the document with an air of contempt on his table, exclaiming, "I have done with such vanities." He survived the king only one year; but true to his beloved restoration of the sciences, he continued to the end to devote every moment rescued from positive sickness to the elaboration of the structure. With remarkable economy of time, he reserved the easiest portion of his labor for the employment of his latter days, and died in its execution.

* This venality has been elaborately palliated and defended by Montagu, as part and parcel of the condition of the times.

As the collection of mere empirical facts, which form only the unfashioned materials of natural science, could bring him no honor, the toil of his closing years must be regarded as the offspring of pure benevolence. The dry collocation of a heap of phenomena could not but be distasteful to a scholar, but all who presented themselves to build up the sciences aspired to be architects; and Bacon said the work could not advance unless some consented to become the stonemasons of the rest. With the true humility of greatness he descended to the task, and sacrificed his own importance for the welfare of his species. It struck him, when examining the subject of antiseptics, that snow might preserve flesh from corruption, and he resolved to try the experiment. One frosty morning, in the spring of 1626, he alighted at Highgate, and proceeded to stuff a fowl which he had bought at a neighboring cottage, with snow that he gathered from the ground. At the end of the operation he felt in his limbs a sudden chill, and was obliged to retire to the earl of Arundel's house hard by, where he met with nourishing cordials, dutiful attendants, and a damp bed. The last few lines he scrawled were directed to the owner of the mansion, whose incautious hospitality hastened his end, in which he compares himself to the elder Pliny, who lost his life in exploring the mouth of Vesuvius, and describes the experiment as succeeding "excellently well," which caused his death. A fever immediately ensued, attended with a defuxion in the breast. He lingered only a week, expiring on the morning of Easter-day in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

He was buried in St. Michael's church, St. Albans, by the side of his mother. A monument was soon after erected to his memory by his secretary, Sir Thomas Meantys, which represents him in a sitting posture, with an inscription, which strangely parodies the sublime opening of the instauration, "*Franciscus Bacon, Baro de Verulam, St. Albani Viccomes. . . Sic sedebat.*" A stranger standing over the grave of the great regenerator of physical science, might fairly expect to be entertained with something better than a pun upon one of the most striking passages in his writings.

His wife, who brought him no issue, died in 1646; a divorce had separated them since his fall.

Though Bacon was constantly attended by a chaplain and a secretary, who appear to have been fully impressed with his intellectual greatness, no chronicle has come down to us either of his private habits, his ingenious sayings, or his social virtues. Rawley has indeed written a vague panegyric, which he called a life, but the color is so indiscriminately laid on, and some of the incidents so perverted, that doubt may be entertained as to the fidelity of even the leading features. Bacon was invested with mighty intellectual endowments, which struggled to find vent as much by impressing themselves on his own age as by overturning the philosophical systems of antiquity. His mind was pre-eminently of a strong objective character, could see nothing except through the senses, and was disposed with his age, which had given to spiritual supremacy a second fall, to undervalue everything which did not contribute to physical enjoyment or tangible glory. The same impulse which led him to build up the natural sciences on their true foundations, led him also to mistake the false glitter of the world for something real, and to think that his elevation could not be complete, unless the baubles of state were as much at his command as the laws of nature. It is true that the condition of the times offer some excuse for him; and his legal treatises, the settlement of the law of real property, his attempts at law reform, and many of his judicial

and political acts, show a nature naturally obeying the impulse of reason and conscience; while the unimpeachable blamelessness of his private life, and the calm earnestness of his moral lessons, prove that he only needed a purer atmosphere, and more civilized times, to act with all the dignity of the sage, and speak with the unadulterated eloquence of an Augustan classic.

It is one of the most striking proofs of the original goodness of Bacon's nature, that he never tyrannized over his inferiors, or treated them unkindly; nor did he allow his severe habits of study, or even his reverses, to sour his disposition. His nature was abhorrent of avarice, the most degrading of human passions. He enriched himself only to lavish his bounties on others, and to invest his household with an air of splendid magnificence. Selfish distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*, so jealously observed by little minds, were hardly impressed upon his noble nature, and he showed as much readiness to dispense gifts as to accept them. With him splendor did not extend to luxurious gratification, or unfit him for acts of benevolence. At table he was exceedingly temperate, and satisfied himself with the simplest food. The needy never left his mansion unrelieved, and his purse was ever open to promote the charitable objects of the benevolent. It is impossible that such a character should not make us forget his vices, and pay tribute to his virtues, as well as his genius.

Of his habits of study we know nothing, except that they were severe. All the long vacations, and such hours as he at other times could steal from his official labors, were passed with his books; and there is little doubt that he made notes of everything important that he read, and distributed his papers under the several heads of human knowledge. No author, however, was less indebted to books for his general views than Bacon, and he seems rather to have turned them over as models of style, and as affording materials for illustration, than to instruct himself. If we were asked to adduce any didactic author, whose thoughts sprang directly out of his own intellect, we should instance Lord Bacon. Of the ancients, Tacitus appears to have been his favorite, and the frequent perusal of that author has left its marks in the laconic terseness of his style and his lucid glimpses into human nature: he was not a strong Grecian, and considerable doubt may be entertained whether he read any book in that language after quitting the university. All his citations from the Attic writers are from the Latin text, except one solitary line of Homer.

Bacon was regarded as one of the foremost writers and speakers of his day, and both friends and enemies have left unqualified testimony of his varied abilities. Raleigh, who was no mean judge, characterized Lord Salisbury as a great speaker but a bad writer, Lord Northampton as a great writer but a bad speaker, but Lord Bacon as excelling equally in speaking and writing. Ben Jonson, after sketching the features of a perfect orator, applies them to Bacon; but his colors are no doubt heightened by the warmth of personal friendship. His fame had gained him friends in foreign parts, and many distinguished strangers paid personal homage to him as a philosopher. When the Marquis d'Effiat brought into England the Princess Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., he went to visit Bacon, who, being in bed, received him with the curtains drawn: "You resemble the angels," said the minister to the philosopher; "we hear those beings continually talked of, we believe them superior to mankind, and we never have the consolation to see them." Much of his contemporaneous fame, however, is to be ascribed to his public position, which first drew the attention of a frivolous age to his

works. Had he not inhabited a princely mansion in the Strand, and kept a plentiful table at Gorhambury, Ben Jonson, instead of lauding him, might have censured with Hume, and Hobbes have been as niggardly of praise as Bayle. It was the possession of the great seal that made it fashionable to read what few could understand, pushed his works into circulation during an unlettered age, and gave him Europe for an auditory.

All his thoughts were engrossed by pursuits, the glory and advantage of which were to be reaped when he was in his grave. To carry his plans to as high a state of perfection as was compatible with the shortness of human life, he denied himself the relaxation afforded by social pleasures, and came only at intervals into the arena of ordinary life. His constitution, originally delicate, was rendered still more so by study, and during sudden changes of the atmosphere, he became affected with extreme dizziness, which often caused him to swoon. This gave rise to his chaplain's astrological fiction, that he was seized with a sudden fainting fit at every eclipse of the moon. He imagined that he could add many years to his life by systematic doses of nitre, and took about three grains in weak broth every morning for thirty years. He also placed great faith in the efficacy of macerated rhubarb, to carry off the grosser humors of the body without the inconveniences of perspiration, and swallowed an occasional draught before his meals. In his youth, his appearance is said to have been singularly frank and engaging, but his features were much furrowed and darkened by the contests of political life, and the misfortunes of his later years. His severe habits of study early impressed upon him the marks of age, bent his shoulders, and gave him the stooping gait of a philosopher. His stature was of the middle size, with features rather oblong than round. His forehead was spacious and open, his eye lively and penetrating, and his whole aspect venerably pleasing; so that the beholder was insensibly drawn to love, before he knew how much reason there was to admire him. In this respect we may apply to him what Tacitus says of Agricola, "*Bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter.*"

The characteristics of the Baconian philosophy are the introduction of the empiric element into every department of science, the stripping it of that crudeness which had previously rendered it repulsive, and investing it with those scientific views and methods which enable it to reveal the structure of the moral, social, and physical world, and the springs by which their several phenomena are produced; and the application of this knowledge to the increase of human enjoyment and perfectibility. Bacon's mind was strongly objective, and the first exercise of its powers appears directed to seize with tenacity on external facts, and from the appearances which they presented, without any reference to the innate faculties, to reason out the laws which controlled or produced them. He saw nature and society in a perpetual flow about him,—states falling and rising,—new languages growing in refinement,—old dropping into desuetude,—fashions and manners changing with governments, and new feelings and sensibilities clinging round the advent of a new creed. The world of nature presented to his mind phenomena as striking as the world of man. The change of the seasons, the tides of the ocean, the alternation of day and night, the motion of the planets, the perpetual renovation and decay of species, and the diversified combination of different substances and qualities, were all mysteries which he was anxious to unveil as the phenomena of society, but to none of which the ancient philosophies presented him with any direct solution. No one had previously attempted from a comparison of

the effects of different governments, or of different courses of training, to conclude what system of law or education was the most adapted to perfect society, and to lead man's nature to its highest development. No one before Bacon had asked himself by what process has civilization attained its present aspect, what are the elements that enter into its structure, how can the good be fostered, and the bad eliminated; or had attempted to evolve from these speculations the general principles that conspire to work the decline or the renovation of nations. The empiric element had been almost as completely abandoned in the field of nature. Aristotle appears to have been the only Greek philosopher that troubled himself about collecting facts, and making them the basis of his physical inquiries. Yet his rationalistic bias prevented him from exercising the patient scrutiny necessary to embody their real properties in language, and pursuing, without the admission of any adventitious element, the trains of inference which their action involved. Some of the ancient physicists had descended in astronomical researches to regard facts, and were rewarded for their pains with some glimpses of the Newtonian theory of the heavens; but in the general departments of physical science men rushed up to abstract principles, seeking, by *a priori* deductions, without any reference to tangible phenomena, to construct all the furniture of the universe. Bacon was the first to point out effectively the futility of these attempts to limit man's efforts in physical inquiry to the confines of nature, the first to assert the glorious principle, that knowledge must be synonymous with power. The immortal aphorism, *Homo naturæ minister et interpres*, with which he opens the "*Novum Organum*," is the epitome of his views, and at one stroke disposes of all the cosmogonies and contentions of the ancients.

Bacon looked into nature with the same spirit he was disposed to investigate everything else, and which, to us who have been brought up under the light that his system has shed upon the world, it appears incredible that any man should have mistaken. What, he inquired, is the present organization of substance? how far do they invade each other's confines? by what process do they reach the successive stages of growth and decay? seeking to evolve by the rigid pursuit of such inquiries, their constituent elements, and the general laws by which they are regulated and controlled. Hence the three great centres round which his inquiries revolved in every investigation were the latent structure (*latens schematismus*), or the secret organization of the parts which mould and determine its appearance: and the latent process (*latens processus ad formam*), or the changes which occur in their parts, simultaneous with renovation and decay; and the forms or the simple constituents, involved in the production of the phenomena, and the laws which regulate their action. Bacon's idea of the power which the result of such pursuits would confer upon man, were of the most sanguine description, and in some respects have been fully accomplished. To the application of his method to physiology we owe these sanitary measures which have put society as far out of reach of the plague, as gunpowder has placed it beyond the assault of savages. A thousand diseases, before deemed incurable, have been prevented, mitigated, or stayed; the body fortified against physical waste and consumption of strength, and human life prolonged. By examining nature in the manner he pointed out, we have made the ocean reveal the secret of its motions, the planets expound the forces which retain them in their orbits, the rainbow declare the laws of its formation, and the comets announce the periods of their return. From the facts we have obtained through his instrumentality, we can weigh the sun and moon

as in a balance, compute their respective distances to the greatest nicety, estimate the speed with which they and all the planets revolve, and correctly ascertain the time which an atom of matter, or a ray of light falling from their surface, will reach our earth. If the inhabitants of Jupiter are similarly circumstanced to ourselves, but have had no Bacon among them, it is very possible we know more about the fluctuations of their atmosphere, and the motion of their satellites, than they know themselves. Directed by the spirit of his method, we transmit thought across seas and continents with the same speed and facility that we communicate it by speech; we sail against wind and tide, and rush through the air with the velocity of an arrow. We can soar with the bird to the skies, or explore with fish the bottom of the ocean; we can conduct the lightning innocuous to the ground, and arrest the progress of the watery column on the wave!

But splendid as have been the results of his method, Bacon, if alive now, would only consider these as gleams of the dawn of that day whose bright effulgence he had anticipated. To obtain a knowledge of the laws of nature which should enable men to overcome natural obstacles, and annihilate time and space, may fairly be deemed insignificant to him who sought to fathom the entire process of her changes, and to make her render up all her secrets, that he might reverse the order and the times of her productions; perform that frequently which she performs rarely; accomplish with few things what she produces with many; crowd into one spot the productions of different climates and nations, and effect in a moment the transmutations of seasons and ages. He viewed nature much in the same light as Pythagoras, and the exposition of the doctrine of the Samian in the last book of the *Metamorphoses*, does not transcend Bacon's belief in the flux of physical nature.

"*Nec species sua culque manet: Rerum novatrix
Ex alis alias reparat natura figuras.
Nec perit in tanto quicquam (nili credite) mundo.
Sed variat, faciemque novat: nascique vocatur
Incipere esse aliud, quam quod fuit ante: morique,
Desinere illud idem: cum sint huc forsitan illa.
Hæc translata illuc, summa tamen omnia constant.*"
Ovid, *Metam. lib. xv. 252-9.*

If he knew and could command the constituent elements by which such transformations were produced, as his forms imported, he might fairly rival the divinities of Ovid in power over external nature. He could not see why, by availing himself of such knowledge he should not eliminate the old nature of any body, and invest it with new: why he should not transmute glass into stone, bones into earth, leaves into wood, invest tin with all the properties of gold, and charcoal with the qualities of the diamond.* To avert summer droughts and autumnal rains were trifles with Bacon. He sought to hurl the thunderbolt with Jupiter, to command the storm with Juno, to create

heat and manufacture metals with Vulcan, to pour golden fruits on the earth with Ceres, and arrest the plague with Apollo. All those powers, the exercise of any one of which the ancients thought sufficient to occupy the life of a deity, Bacon sought to unite in his single grasp, and bend to the iron mandate of his will.* We were to have spring fruits and autumnal blossoms, December roses and June icicles. The wines of Picardy were to be manufactured in the cellars of London, and the aromatic odors of the south regale the drawing-rooms of St. James. Nature was to be startled with the production of new species of plants and beasts, rich harvests to spring up without seed; and the creation of beasts, birds, and fish, even out of the earth's slime, to crown the triumphs of man.

It is needless to say that were such results achieved, man would be a god upon earth, and nothing could be wanting to paradisaical felicity but the gift of immortality. Could man claim every element as his own,—sport in the deep like a nereid, and explore the heavens like a bird; could he direct the lightning and the shower, call up the winds, and awaken the storm at his pleasure; could he arrest blight and disease, and command harvests and fruits to spring out of the earth where, when, and how he pleased; such a thing as social misery could not exist, and the only limit to human power and enjoyment would simply be the restrictive law designed to mark out the boundaries of individual action, and make the liberty of the one consistent with the happiness of the many. That we shall arrive at such a golden period is the opinion of many; that we are progressing in the direction of some of its landmarks, cannot be denied by any one who contrasts the state of physical science in the present century, with its low condition in Bacon's time. We see no reason why he who can control the thunderbolt, should not direct the cloud where to discharge its treasures; why the mind which has unlocked the arcana of the heavens should not wring from the earth some of its latent secrets; why he who explores the air in a frail parachute, should not exchange his paper boat for wings, and tread with the eagle the blue vault of heaven. At least such achievements seem less visionary to us than the triumphs of the present age would have been regarded by a very recent ancestry. Had a denizen even of the eighteenth century been asked whether it was more likely that steam-carriages should be invented than that man should fly, he would undoubtedly have pronounced for the wings. It seems far more practicable to soar above seas and continents, than to sail against wind and tide, or to make mere vapor transport vast crowds through space with the speed of a bird. Sage men may regard the transmutation of metals as the dreams of idle alchemists; but how would the philosopher of the last generation have scouted the man who promised to turn old rags into sugar, starch into honey, and sawdust into a substitute for flour. We are surrounded with a world of phenomena, forming the distinct sciences unknown in Bacon's day, which only await a philosopher who will investigate them in his spirit, to render up a crowd of facts which will work as great a revolution in society as the modern achievements of chemistry and mechanics. Electricity, magnetism, and galvanism were to us precisely what optics and astronomy were to Bacon; and we doubt not that, as these phenomena relate more particularly to terrestrial objects, they are big with results destined to enlarge man's power over nature, and to

* e. g. "Si quis argento cupiat superinducere flavum colorem auri, aut augmentum ponderis (servatis legibus materie) aut lapidi alicui non diaphano diaphancitatem aut vitris tenacitatem, aut corpori alicui non vegetabili vegetationem; videndum est, quale quis preceptum aut deductionem potissimum sibi dari exoptet." He then proceeds to give the rules of this transmutation: "Primum intuetur corpus, ut turmam sive conjugationem naturarum simplicium, ut in auro, hæc conveniunt; quod sit flavum; quod sit ponderosum, ad pondus tale; quod sit malleabile aut ductile, ad extensionem talem; quod non fiat volatile, nec deperdat de quanto suo per ignem; quod fiat fluere tali; quod separetur et solvatur modis talibus; et similiter de ceteris naturis que in auro concurrunt. Itaque hujusmodi axioma rem deduct ex forme naturarum simplicium. Nam qui formas et modos novit superinducendi flavi, ponderis, ductilis, fixi, fluvii, solutionem, et sic de reliquis et eorum gradationes et modos; videbit et curabit, ut ista confungi possint in aliquo corpore, unde se quater transformatio in aurum."—*Nov. Org. li. 4 and 5.*

* For a corroboration of these views we refer the reader, once for all, to Bacon's own statement in the description of Solomon's house, at the end of the *New Atlantis*.

lay bare many secrets which veil the confines of the spiritual world. When we survey the discoveries of the last two centuries, we certainly have no reason to complain of the slowness of the progress, or to despair with the Greeks and Romans of further advance, and retrace our steps to avoid the languor of monotony.* The new acquisitions in knowledge and power over nature, exceed each other in importance: classes of empirical facts are gradually raising the subjects they involve to the rank of exact sciences; and as these are perfected by the restless tide of human reason, other phenomena of a more startling character succeed. The law of the Baconian physics is progress. The goal of one generation becomes the starting post of the next; what is wondered at as the witchcraft of to-day, becomes the craft and profession of to-morrow.

Bacon no doubt intended, as his words import, to investigate the moral sciences in a similar spirit, but he seems to have been impressed with too gloomy an idea of the depravity of the will to indulge in glowing pictures of social felicity. Of course the only state of society that could bear any contrast to the results of physical inquiries pursued after his method, would be a charming millennium, in which every community moved under the impulse of reason and justice, and each of their component members possessed the sanctuary of the heart undefiled, and a breast glowing with in-born honor.

Bacon held forth no such prospects. He had only to look within to be convinced of the delusion. Even with regard to what Comte calls sociology, it is not probable that the completest knowledge of the different processes involved in the production of individual stages of civilization, or in the generation of the various phases of mental growth, could have invested man with any other power than that of removing obstacles to the regular development of his social endowments. There are some things which time and a disciplined train of habits and customs only can accomplish. A nation is not rendered martial or commercial in an age, though it know all the steps, and have at its disposition all the means that concur to the adoption of that character. Chaucer could trace the gradations through which the ancient languages passed from barbarism to elegance, without being able to improve his own. If we knew the process involved in the generation of every link of mental capacity, from a child speculating on bubbles to a Newton weighing worlds, the result could invest us with no other power than that of assisting nature by an adequate system of education. In casting the horoscope of the future, or tracing with certain hand the progress of civilization, who shall account for the appearance of such men as Dante and Shakespeare, who have created a language; of Cromwell and Luther, who have revolutionized empires; of Newton and Archimedes, who have introduced a new element into science?

Bacon thought his method quite as applicable to the phenomena of the social world as to physical nature, and determined to apply it to every subject which fell under his consideration. The empiric element had been totally neglected by the Greek sages, who found the world too young to give them facts in sufficient abundance to invest them with a scientific character. Bacon's penetrating mind saw at a glance the lacunae which had been left in learning through the neglect of this essential constituent of all knowledge; and deeming their existence rendered the en-

* Paterculus, speaking of the old civilization says: Quod summo studio petum est, ascendit, in summum, difficillique in perfectum mox est; et then concludes, that society seeing further advance impossible, fell into dissoluteness.

tire fabric insecure, resolved on a grand restoration of all the sciences.

The plan of his *INSTAURATIO MAGNA* was on a scale of epic grandeur. The creative fancy of Dante or Milton never called up more gorgeous images than those suggested by Bacon's design, and we question much whether their worlds surpass his in affording scope for the imagination. His view extended over all time; penetrated into the circumstances under which each science had arisen, and the motives in which it was pursued; traced the illusions which had led the greatest intellects to misinterpret the facts which nature put into their hands; and distinctly saw the action of the causes which had rendered physical inquiries stationary and unproductive, and the moral sciences incomplete. With the wand of a superior intelligence, he pointed out the boundaries of human knowledge; mapped out and circumambulated its different provinces; crumbled into dust the fragile systems which reason had erected on false foundations; showed what part of its labors might stand after the rubbish had been cleared away; and put into the hands of the human race the only method by which they could build themselves an abiding habitation.* His mind brooded over all nature, and making her tripartite kingdom tributary to the undertaking, opened the only quarries whence the materials for the reconstruction of the physical sciences, decayed and corroded to the foundations, could be drawn.† He next designed to exhibit all the laws and methods of inference employed in the production of real knowledge; and erect the intricate scaffolding by means of which every science might be raised from the foundations of empiricism. From the basis of particulars, the mind was to be carried up to intermediary axioms, and hence to universal laws, which were to comprehend in their statement every subordinate degree of generality, and to unfold to the gaze of the spectator the order of the universe, as exhibited to angelic intelligences. From this, the highest platform of human vision, the mind might dart its glance through the corresponding series of inverted reasonings from generals to particulars, by which these laws and axioms are traced back to their remote consequences, and all particular propositions deduced from them,—as well those by whose immediate consideration it rose to its elevation as those of which it had no previous knowledge.‡ Then were to arise the stately temples of science, with their proud parapets and decorated pediments, in all their breadth of light and harmony of proportion, revealing the glories of the universe to man amidst long vistas of receding columns, and glimpses of internal splendor!§

Such was the glorious vision which Bacon saw in prospect, and in part labored to realize. If on descending into a minute survey of his views, some false notions, and crude generalizations present themselves, we must remember the age in which he lived,

* The two first parts of the *Instauratio Magna*, viz. the partition of the science, and the *Novum Organum*.

† The third part, *Sylva Sylvarum*, or *Natural History*.

‡ The fourth part of the *Instauratio*, *Scala Intellectus*, or ladder of the understanding, which he did not live to execute.

§ The fifth and sixth part, *Prodromi*, or *Anticipations of the Second Philosophy*; and *Scientia Activa*, or the *Second Philosophy* itself. The sciences are destined to undergo constant enlargement, as new phenomena perpetually present themselves for elaboration. Bacon calls these new additions, while in an unfinished state, *prodromi*, or *anticipations of the second philosophy*. The primary philosophy he designed to consist of a series of general principles, which are comprised in the action of the universal laws. Thus, the dicta *de omni et aucto* and "two things which are equal to a third thing, are equal to each other," being involved in the inferences of logic and geometry, would form a part of the primary philosophy.

and find an excuse for him in the almost superhuman obstacles which then obstructed the march of the physical sciences. Society in the Sixteenth century was but slowly emerging from civil barbarism: human reason, for two thousand years, had been pent up within the region of ethics and school-divinity; and the first men who had ventured to lead it out into the broad field of nature, were either imprisoned for heresy or burnt for witchcraft. Ramus expiated his opposition to Aristotle with his blood. Vanini and Giordano Bruno were burnt as atheists. Telesius and Campanella were hunted about from city to city like wild beasts; Galileo was imprisoned by the Inquisition at Rome, and Descartes persecuted by the Protestant tribunals.* Every attempt to advance the Aristotelian physics which had remained stationary since the days of the Lyceum had ended on every side in expatriation, imprisonment, or death. It was an age of violent fluctuation and change. The struggle waged between the two philosophies was, to a great degree, embittered by the strife between the two creeds; reason and faith alternately invaded each other's province, and the voice of truth was lost in the clamor of their followers. The modern languages, occupying a transitory position between barbarism and refinement, reflected the turbulent features of the times, and defeated every attempt at subtle reasoning or refined analysis in which they became the instrument. The stream of learning which the recent sacking of Constantinople had suddenly turned upon Europe, perplexed and bewildered men's minds, unfixing, like a gush of light suddenly let in upon a darkened vision, the true relations of things, and investing shadows with the appearance of realities. The human soul was stirred from its depths. Men suddenly found themselves in the midst of treasures, which, however they might admire, they were unable to appreciate; and the anomalous position awakened new trains of thought, for which their language afforded no adequate expression. If the wisest of mortals should lay the foundations of a new philosophy during such a disturbed epoch, it would be but denying him attributes above humanity to ascribe to his work the defects of his situation.

The *Instauratio Magna*, it must be admitted, is deficient in method. Bacon could not penetrate at once to the essential attributes of things, and divide them according to their distinguishing difference. It does not appear to have occurred to him that in the production of every creation of intellect, memory, imagination, and reason harmoniously concur, and that it is impossible to achieve the slightest triumph of genius without calling into simultaneous action the agency of these faculties, and blending their variegated resources in the elaboration of thought. Memory and reason are the woof and the warp of the intellectual tissue; and no such thing as consecutive judgment can be produced if they perform their functions apart, and refuse to interlace their resources. Of course each of the triune faculties will more or less preponderate according to the nature of the subject in which they are engaged. Imagination plays an inferior part to memory in the historian, as reason to imagination in the philosopher, but still in due subordination to the severe canons of judgment which sit as the controlling empire in every grand operation of genius. Imagination may be more ex-

ercised by the poet who creates, than by the historian who narrates; but the thought will not be entertained for a moment, that memory is the presiding faculty in the historian, and imagination in the fabulist. In proportion as men are endowed with these faculties, they require the augmentation of the power, which weighs and balances facts, refines images, and gives to the shadows which their memory or fancy calls up, a graphic and life-breathing motion. If all the ordinary men of our day were provided with prodigious memories, without any increase of the rationalistic faculty, the number of diners-out with a ready stock of composed matter on subjects political, religious, scientific, and legendary, might be increased, but history could not be benefitted by the addition of a single page worth the reading. Men would become so many parrots; the world would certainly retrograde, and the rationalistic element, which now tolerably manages to keep up with every man's accumulation of facts, would be entirely overpowered by a deluge of useless particularities. Imagination stands in the same relation to the poet as memory to the historian; and if all men were blessed with the command of ideality which Dante and Milton enjoyed, without a proportionate influx of judgment and memory, we might have an endless flood of legends, but not one epic. So strict is the union of these three powers, even in productions of opposite tendencies, that it may be doubted whether imagination is not as necessary to the geometer as who invents, as to the poet who creates; and whether memory may not play a more distinguished part in the productions of the philosopher than of the historian.

The human mind for nearly two thousand years, had been lulled into an entire forgetfulness of objective facts, during all that period, regarding the Aristotelian physics as the highest fruits that reason could reap from scientific inquiry; and it required a man of Bacon's breadth of capacity and spirit-stirring eloquence, to throw all the energy of his nature into the opposite element, and by showing how the splendid treasures it contained might be reaped, and the errors of the Greeks retrieved, to awaken the world from its slumbers, and set it on the road of physical discovery. If his nomenclature was logically incorrect, the empirical views out of which it arose gave men's minds, perverted by speculative reasoning, a strong objective bent. If his scientific method was defective, it led men to abandon pure rationalistic inquiry, which had produced all the fruit it was capable of yielding, and to explore the fields of nature, where treasures undreamt of lay concealed. If he placed the end of philosophy in the discovery of visionary and chimerical objects, the pursuit led men to the detection of the laws of phenomena, which has already tripled man's power over nature, and enriched the intellect with the possession of a new world. Science can afford to overlook errors which balanced the one-sided tendencies of the human mind, turned the vessel aside from a barren coast, and shot it right into the harbor of discovery. The triumph to which his spirit led, rectified the mistakes with which it was accompanied, and left mankind nothing to gather from the mine of nature which he opened, but the pure ore of truth. His fervent appeals still thunder in the ear of every generation, irrespective of creed or nation while the trains of light which they leave behind them stimulate every succeeding race to renewed efforts in the path of discovery. The human mind had never been so profoundly stirred since the times of Archimedes and Aristotle, as on the day when this mighty magician spake: the wheels of science, which had stood still for two thousand years, impelled by his breath, began to move, and the

* We do not agree with the cant that represents the former of these as martyrs to philosophy. They did not content themselves with reforming science, but supposing that the social and ecclesiastical institutions of the epoch stood in need of like service, began to assail princes and bishops with the same virulence as Aristotle and the schoolmen. These dignitaries, in answering their logic by another kind of weapon, were simply providing for their own safety and the general peace of their subjects.

spirit of Europe was evoked on all sides to impart to them accelerated velocity. Pascal and Torricelli, guided by his rules, established the properties of air, and Newton, in the spirit of his method, and directed by his hints, threw back the curtain of the heavens, revealed the laws of light, explained the phenomena of the tides, and peopled space with worlds! Nurtured in his school, Boyle transformed hydrostatics from a loose assemblage of facts into a deductive science: Watt constructed the steam-engine, which has annihilated space and economized the labor of millions; and Franklin rivalled the glories of the ancient Prometheus, in snatching the electric fire from heaven! Human reason, unshackled and independent, took her bent from his hands; and learned societies in every part of Europe,—on the banks of the Volga, the Po, and the Danube,—either rose up at his name, or reconstructed their plans after his direction. The collective wits of the brightest of European nations,—as little inclined as the Greeks to look out of themselves for excellencies,—have paid homage to him as the Solon of modern science, and founded upon his partition of the sciences an encyclopædia,* which was once the marvel and the glory of literature. The tribes of every age and nation regard the father of modern philosophy with the reverence and devotion of children; and so loud and universal has been the acclaim, that the testimony of our own epoch falls on the ear like the voice of a child closing the shout

of a multitude. He has established a school in metaphysics, which, whatever may be its defects, keeps alive a due attention to facts in a science where they are too apt to be neglected; while nearly all the practical improvements introduced into education, statesmanship, and social policy, may be traced in a great degree to the philosophic tone he gave to the introduction of the same element. The politicians and legists, as well as philosophers, moulded by his counsels, have placed themselves at the head of their respective sciences in Europe; and the pedantic tyrants and corrupt ministers, before whom he crouched, have been removed by the works which they patronized, and a monarchy rendered impossible, otherwise than as the personification of the organized will and reason of the nation. The splendid fanes of science, which he only saw in vision, are rising on every side, and from their lofty cupolas man may already catch glimpses of the internal splendor of the universe; and winding round their turrets, the *scala intellectus* extends its steps to the skies, and enables men to carry the rule and compass to the boundaries of Creation! Perfected by such triumphs, and fitted to embrace the complete expansion of natural, moral, and intellectual science, the human mind may expect to trace their mutual blendings and intricate ramifications, and behold the day when "Truth, though now hewn, like the mangled body of Osiris, into a thousand pieces, and scattered to the four winds of heaven, shall be gathered limb to limb, and moulded with every joint and member into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection."

* The great French Encyclopædia, edited by Diderot and D'Alembert, was arranged upon his scheme of the sciences.

BACON'S ESSAYS.

I.—OF TRUTH.

WHAT is truth? said jesting Pilate;^a and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness; and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discouraging wits, which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth; nor again, that when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later schools^b of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies; where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant, but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied light. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy "*vinum dæmonum*," because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and setteth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever, these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth, that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense:^c the last was the light of reason:^d and his

Sabbath work ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First, he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet^e that beautified the sect,^f that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well:—"It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth" (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), "and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below:"^g so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business; it will be acknowledged even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to

of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life: and man became a living soul."—Genesis ii. 7.

^f Lucretius, the Roman poet and Epicurean philosopher, is alluded to.

^g He refers to the sect which followed the doctrines of Epicurus. The life of Epicurus himself was pure and abstemious in the extreme. One of his leading tenets was that the aim of all speculation should be to enable men to judge with certainty what course is to be chosen in order to secure health of body and tranquility of mind. The adoption, however, of the term "pleasure," as denoting this object has at all periods subjected the Epicurean system to great reproach; which, in fact, is due rather to the conduct of many who, for their own purposes, have taken shelter under the system in name only, than to the tenets themselves, which did not inculcate libertinism. Epicurus admitted the existence of the Gods, but he deprived them of the characteristics of Divinity either as creators or preservers of the world.

^h Lord Bacon has either translated this passage of Lucretius from memory, or has purposely paraphrased it. The following is the literal translation of the original:

'Tis a pleasant thing, from the shore, to behold the dangers of another upon the mighty ocean, when the winds are lashing the main: not because it is a grateful pleasure for any one to be in misery, but because it is a pleasant thing to see those misfortunes from which you yourself are free: 'tis also a pleasant thing to behold the mighty contests of warfare, arrayed upon the plains, without a share in the danger: but nothing is there more delightful than to occupy the elevated temples of the wise, well fortified by tranquil learning, whence you may be able to look down upon others, and see them straying in every direction, and wandering in search of the path of life."

^a He refers to the following passage in the Gospel of St. John, xviii. 38: "Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? And when he had said this, he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in him no fault at all."

^b He probably refers to the "New Academy," a sect of Greek philosophers, one of whose moot questions was, "What is truth?" Upon which they came to the unsatisfactory conclusion that mankind has no criterion by which to form a judgment.

^c "The wine of evil spirits."

^d Genesis i. 3: "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light."

^e At the moment when "The Lord God formed man out

be found false and perfidious; and therefore Montaigne¹ saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge, saith he, "If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men. For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man;" surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men: it being foretold, that, when "Christ cometh," he shall not "find faith upon the earth."²

II.—OF DEATH.*

MEN fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin, and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification, that a man should think with himself, what the pain is, if he have but his finger's end pressed or tortured; and thereby imagine what the pains of death are, when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him that spake only as a philosopher, and natural man, it was well said, "*Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa.*"³ Groans and convulsions, and a discoloured face, and friends weeping, and blacks⁴ and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible. It is worthy the observing, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear pre-occupateth it; nay, we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. Nay, Seneca adds, niceness and satiety: "*Cogita quamdiu eadem feceris; mori velle, non tantum fortis, aut miser, sed etiam fastidiosus potest.*"⁵ A man would die, though

¹ Michael de Montaigne, the celebrated French Essayist. His Essays embrace a variety of topics, which are treated in a sprightly and entertaining manner, and are replete with remarks indicative of strong native good sense. He died in 1592. The following quotation is from the second book of the Essays, c. 18:—"Lying is a disgraceful vice, and one that Plutarch, an ancient writer, paints in most disgraceful colors, when he says that it is 'affording testimony that one first despises God, and then fears men:' it is not possible more happily to describe its horrible, disgusting, and abandoned nature: for can we imagine anything more vile than to be cowards with regard to men, and brave with regard to God?"

² St. Luke xviii. 8: "Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith upon the earth?"

³ A portion of this Essay is borrowed from the writings of Seneca. See his Letters to Lucilius, B. iv. Ep. 24 and 82.

⁴ "The array of the death-bed has more terrors than death itself." This quotation is from Seneca.

⁵ He probably alludes to the custom of hanging the room in black where the body of the deceased lay, a practice much more usual in Bacon's time than at the present day.

⁶ "Reflect how often you do the same things; a man

he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over. It is no less worthy to observe, how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make: for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Cæsar died in a compliment; "*Livia, conjugii nostri memor, vive et vale.*"⁷ Tiberius in dissimulation, as Tacitus saith of him, "*Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non dissimulatio, deserebant.*"⁸ Vespasian in a jest, sitting upon the stool, "*Ut pater Deus fio.*"⁹ Galba with a sentence, "*Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani,*"¹⁰ holding forth his neck; Septimus Severus in dispatch, "*Adeste, si quid mihi restat agendum,*"¹¹ and the like. Certainly the Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. Better, saith he, "*qui finem vitæ extremum inter munera ponit naturæ.*"¹² It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit, is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good, doth avert the dolours of death; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is "*Nunc dimittis,*"¹³ when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy: "*Extinctus amabitur idem.*"¹⁴

III.—OF UNITY IN RELIGION.

RELIGION being the chief band of human society, it is a happy thing when itself is well contained within the true band of unity. The quarrels and divisions about religion were evils unknown to the

may wish to die not only because either he is brave or wretched, but even because he is surfeited with life."

⁷ "*Livia, mindful of our union, live on, and fare thee well.*"

⁸ "*His bodily strength and vitality were now forsaking Tiberius, but not his duplicity.*"

⁹ This was said as a reproof to his flatterers, and in spirit is not unlike the rebuke administered by Canute to his retinue.

¹⁰ "*I am become a Divinity, I suppose.*"

¹¹ "*If it be for the advantage of the Roman people, strike.*"

¹² "*If aught remains to be done by me, dispatch.*"

¹³ These were the followers of Zeno, a philosopher of Citium, in Cyprus, who founded the Stoic school, or "*School of the Portico,*" at Athens. The basis of his doctrines was the duty of making virtue the object of all our researches. According to him, the pleasures of the mind were preferable to those of the body, and his disciples were taught to view with indifference health or sickness, riches or poverty, pain or pleasure.

¹⁴ "*Who reckons the close of his life among the boons of nature.*" Lord Bacon here quotes from memory; the passage is in the tenth Satire of Juvenal, and runs thus:—

"*Fortem posce animum, mortis terrore carentem. Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponit Nature.*"

"Pray for strong resolve, void of the fear of death, that reckons the closing period of life among the boons of nature."

¹⁵ He alludes to the song of Simeon, to whom the Holy Ghost had revealed "that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ." When he beheld the infant Jesus in the Temple, he took the child in his arms and burst forth into a song of thanksgiving, commencing, "*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*"—St. Luke ii. 29.

¹⁶ "When dead, the same person shall be beloved."

heathen. The reason was, because the religion of the heathen consisted rather in rites and ceremonies, than in any constant belief: for you may imagine what kind of faith theirs was, when the chief doctors and fathers of their church were the poets. But the true God hath this attribute, that he is a jealous God; and therefore his worship and religion will endure no mixture nor partner. We shall therefore speak a few words concerning the unity of the church; what are the fruits thereof; what the bounds; and what the means.

The fruits of unity (next unto the well-pleasing of God, which is all in all) are two; the one towards those that are without the church, the other towards those that are within. For the former, it is certain, that heresies and schisms are of all others the greatest scandals: yea, more than corruption of manners: for as in the natural body a wound or solution of continuity is worse than a corrupt humor, so in the spiritual: so that nothing doth so much keep men out of the church, and drive men out of the church, as breach of unity: and therefore whensoever it cometh to that pass that one saith, "Ecce in Deserto,"^a another saith, "Ecce in penetralibus;"^b that is, when some men seek Christ in the conventicles of heretics, and others in an outward face of a church, that voice and need continually to sound in men's ears, "nolite exire,"—"go not out." The doctor of the Gentiles (the propriety of whose vocation drew him to have aspecial care of those without) saith, "If a heathen come in, and hear you speak with several tongues, will he not say that you are mad?" and, certainly, it is little better: when atheists and profane persons do hear of so many discordant and contrary opinions in religion, it doth avert them from the church, and maketh them "to sit down in the chair of the scornors."^c It is but a light thing to be vouched in so serious a matter, but yet it expresseth well the deformity. There is a master of scoffing that in his catalogue of books of a feigned library sets down this title of a book, "The Morris-Dance" of Heretics: for, indeed, every sect of them hath a diverse posture, or cringe, by themselves, which cannot but move derision in worldlings and depraved politicians, who are apt to condemn holy things.

As for the fruit towards those that are within, it is peace, which containeth infinite blessings; it establisheth faith; it kindleth charity; the outward peace of the church distilleth into peace of conscience, and it turneth the labors of writing and reading of controversies into treatises of mortification and devotion.

Concerning the bounds of unity, the true placing of them importeth exceedingly. There appear to be two extremes: for to certain zealots all speech of

pacification is odious. "Is it peace, Jehu?"—"What hast thou to do with peace? turn thee behind me." Peace is not the matter, but following, and party. Contrariwise, certain Laodiceans^d and lukewarm persons think they may accommodate points of religion by middle ways, and taking part of both, and witty reconcilements, as if they would make an arbitrament between God and man. Both these extremes are to be avoided; which will be done if the league of Christians, penned by our Saviour himself, were in the two cross clauses thereof soundly and plainly expounded: "He that is not with us, is against us;"^e and again, "He that is not against us, is with us;"^f that is, if the points fundamental, and of substance in religion, were truly discerned and distinguished from points not merely of faith, but of opinion, order, or good intention. This is a thing may seem to many a matter trivial, and done already; but if it were done less partially, it would be embraced more generally.

Of this I may give only this advice, according to my small model. Men ought to take heed of rending God's church by two kinds of controversies; the one is, when the matter of the point controverted is too small and light, not worth the heat and strife about it, kindled only by contradiction; for, as it is noted by one of the fathers, "Christ's coat indeed had no seam, but the church's vesture was of divers colors;" whereupon he saith, "In veste varietas sit, scissura non sit;"^g they be two things, unity and uniformity; the other is, when the matter of the point controverted is great, but it is driven to an over great subtilty and obscurity, so that it becometh a thing rather ingenious than substantial. A man that is of judgment and understanding shall sometimes hear ignorant men differ, and know well within himself, that those which so differ mean one thing, and yet they themselves would never agree: and if it come so to pass in that distance of judgment, which is between man and man, shall we not think that God above, that knows the heart, doth not discern that frail men, in some of their contradictions, intend the same thing; and accepteth of both? The nature of such controversies is excellently expressed by St. Paul, in the warning and precept that he giveth concerning the same; "Devita profanas vocum novitates, et oppositiones falsi nominis scientie;"^h Men create oppositions which are not, and put them into new terms, so fixed as, whereas the meaning ought to govern the term, the term in effect governeth the meaning. There be also two false peaces, or unities: the one, when the peace is grounded but upon an implicit ignorance; for all colors will agree in the dark: the other, when it is pieced up upon a direct admission of contraries in fundamental points. For truth and falsehood, in such things, are like the iron and clay in the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image;ⁱ they may cleave, but they will not incorporate.

Concerning the means of procuring unity, men

^a "Behold, he is in the Desert."—St. Matthew xxiv. 26.

^b "Behold, he is in the secret chambers."—St. Matthew xxiv. 26.

^c He alludes to 1 Corinthians xiv. 23:—"If, therefore, the whole church be come together into one place, and all speak with tongues, and there come in those that are unlearned or unbelievers, will they not say that ye are mad?"

^d Psalm i. 1 "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

^e This dance, which was originally called the Morisco dance, is supposed to have been derived from the Moors of Spain; the dancers in earlier times blackening their faces to resemble Moors. It was probably a corruption of the ancient Pyrrhic dance, which was performed by men in armor, and which is mentioned as still existing in Greece, in Byron's "Song of the Greek Captive:"—

"You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet"—

Attitude and gesture formed one of the characteristics of the dance. It is still practised in some parts of England.

^f 2 Kings ix. 18.

^g He alludes to the words in Revelations, c. iii. v. 14, "And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans write: These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God; I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I will spue thee out of my mouth." Laodicea was a city of Asia Minor. St. Paul established the church there which is here referred to.

^h St. Matthew xii. 30.

ⁱ "In the garment there may be many colors, but let there be no rending of it."

^k "Avoid profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called.—1 Tim. vi. 20.

^l He alludes to the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, significant of the limited duration of his kingdom. See Daniel ii. 33, 41.

must beware that, in the procuring or muniting of religious unity, they do not dissolve and deface the laws of charity and of human society. There be two swords amongst Christians, the spiritual and temporal; and both have their due office and place in the maintenance of religion: but we may not take up the third sword, which is Mahomet's sword,^m or like unto it: that is, to propagate religion by wars, or by sanguinary persecutions to force consciences; except it be in cases of overt scandal, blasphemy, or intermixture of practice against the state; much less to nourish seditions; to authorize conspiracies and rebellions; to put the sword into the people's hands, and the like, tending to the subversion of all government, which is the ordinance of God; for this is but to dash the first table against the second; and so to consider men as Christians, as we forget that they are men. Lucretius the poet, when he beheld the act of Agamemnon, that could endure the sacrificing of his own daughter, exclaimed:

"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum."ⁿ

What would he have said, if he had known of the massacre in France,^o or the powder treason of England?^p He would have been seven times more epicure and atheist than he was; for as the temporal sword is to be drawn with great circumspection in cases of religion, so it is a thing monstrous to put it into the hands of the common people; let that be left unto the Anabaptists, and other furies. It was great blasphemy, when the devil said, "I will ascend and be like the Highest;" but it is greater blasphemy to personate God, and bring him in saying, "I will descend, and be like the prince of darkness:" and what is it better, to make the cause of religion to descend to the cruel and execrable actions of murdering princes, butchery of people and subversion of states and governments? Surely this is to bring down the Holy Ghost, instead of the likeness of a dove, in the shape of a vulture or raven; and to set out of the bark of a Christian church a flag of a bark of pirates and assassins; therefore it is most necessary that the church by doctrine and decree, princes by their sword, and all learnings, both Christian and moral, as by their Mercury rod,^q do damn, and send to hell forever those facts and opinions tending to the support of the same; as hath been already in good part done. Surely in councils concerning religion, that counsel of the apostle would be prefixed, "*Ira hominis non implet justitiam Dei*:"^r and it was a notable observation of a wise father, and no less ingeniously confessed, that those which held and persuaded pressure of consciences, were commonly interested therein themselves for their own ends.

^m Mahomet proselytized by giving to the nations which he conquered the option of the Koran or the sword.

ⁿ "To deeds so dreadful could religion prompt." The poet refers to the sacrifice by Agamemnon, the Grecian leader, of his daughter Iphigenia, with the view of appeasing the wrath of Diana.

^o He alludes to the massacre of the Huguenots, or Protestants, in France, which took place on St. Bartholomew's day, August 24, 1572, by the order of Charles IX. and his mother, Catherine de Medici. On this occasion about 60,000 persons perished, including the Admiral de Coligny, one of the most virtuous men that France possessed, and the mainstay of the Protestant cause.

^p More generally known as "the Gunpowder Plot."

^q Allusion is made to the "caduceus," with which Mercury, the messenger of the Gods, summoned the souls of the departed to the infernal regions.

^r "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."—James 1. 20.

IV.—OF REVENGE.

REVENGE is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out: for as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law, but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon: and Solomon, I am sure, saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offense."^a That which is just is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labor in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the like; therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why yet it is but like the thorn or briar, which prick and scratch, because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then, let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish, else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh: this is the more generous; for the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent: but base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, Duke of Florence,^b had a desperate saying against peridious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. "You shall read," saith he, "that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends." But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: "Shall we," saith he, "take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?"^c and so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges^d are for the most part fortunate; as that for the death of Cæsar,^e for the death of Pertinax; for the death of Henry the Third of France;^f and many more. But in private revenges it is not so; nay, rather vindictive persons live the life of witches: who, as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunate.

V.—OF ADVERSITY.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that, "the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired." ("Bona

^a These words as here quoted, are not to be found in the writings of Solomon, though doubtless the sentiment is.

^b He alludes to Cosmo de Medici, or Cosmo I., chief of the Republic of Florence, the encourager of literature and the fine arts.

^c Job ii. 10.—"Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

^d By "public revenges," he means punishment awarded by the state with the sanction of the laws.

^e He alludes to the retribution dealt by Augustus and Antony to the murderers of Julius Cæsar. It is related by ancient historians, as a singular fact, that not one of them died a natural death.

^f Henry III. of France was assassinated in 1589, by Jacques Clement, a Jacobin monk, in the frenzy of fanaticism. Although Clement justly suffered punishment, the red of this bloodthirsty and bigoted tyrant may be justly deemed a retribution dealt by the hand of an offended Providence; so truly does the poet say:—

— "neque enim lex sequior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."

rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia." Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen), "It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God." (*Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.*) This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed; and the poets, indeed, have been busy with it; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets,* which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay and to have some approach to the state of a Christian, "that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher," lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroic virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs^b as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."

VI.—OF SIMULATION AND DISSIMULATION.

DISSIMULATION is but a faint kind of policy, or wisdom; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth, and to do it: therefore it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the great dissemblers.

Tacitus saith, "Livia sorted well with the arts of

* Stesichorus, Apollodorus, and others. Lord Bacon makes a similar reference to this myth in his treatise "On the Wisdom of the Ancients." "It is added with great elegance, to console and strengthen the minds of men, that this mighty hero (Hercules) sailed in a cup or 'urceus,' in order that they may not too much fear and allege the narrowness of their nature and its frailty; as if it were not capable of such fortitude and constancy: of which very thing Seneca argued well, when he said, 'It is a great thing to have at the same time the frailty of a man, and the security of a God.'"

^b Funeral airs. It must be remembered that many of the Psalms of David were written by him when persecuted by Saul, as also in the tribulation caused by the wicked conduct of his son Absalom. Some of them, too, though called "The Psalms of David," were really composed by the Jews in their captivity at Babylon: as, for instance, the 137th Psalm, which so beautifully commences, "By the waters of Babylon there we sat down." One of them is supposed to be the composition of Moses.

^c This fine passage, beginning at "Prosperity is the blessing,"—which was not published till 1625, twenty-eight years after the first Essays, has been quoted by Macaulay, with considerable justice, as a proof that the writer's fancy did not decay with the advance of old age, and that his style in his latter years became richer and softer. The learned Critic contrasts this passage with the terse style of the Essay of Studies (Essay 50), which was published in 1597.

her husband, and dissimulation of her son; attributing arts or policy to Augustus, and dissimulation to Tiberius:" and again, when Mucianus encourageth Vespasian to take arms against Vitellius, he saith, "We rise not against the piercing judgment of Augustus, nor the extreme caution or closeness of Tiberius." These properties of arts or policy, and dissimulation or closeness, are indeed habits and faculties several, and to be distinguished; for if a man have that penetration of judgment as he can discern what things are to be laid open, and what to be secreted, and what to be showed at half-lights, and to whom and when (which indeed are arts of state, and arts of life, as Tacitus well calleth them), to him a habit of dissimulation is a hinderance and a poorness. But if a man cannot attain to that judgment, then it is left to him generally to be close, and a dissembler: for where a man cannot choose or vary in particulars, there it is good to take the safest and wariest way in general, like the going softly, by one that cannot well see. Certainly, the ablest men that ever were, have had all an openess and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity: but then they were like horses well managed, for they could tell passing well when to stop or turn; and at such times when they thought the case indeed required dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass that the former opinion spread abroad, of their good faith and clearness of dealing, made them almost invisible.

There be three degrees of this hiding and veiling of a man's self: the first, closeness, reservation, and secrecy; when a man leaveth himself without observation, or without hold to be taken, what he is: the second, dissimulation in the negative; when a man lets fall signs and arguments, that he is not that he is: and the third, simulation in the affirmative; when a man industriously and expressly feigns and pretends to be that he is not.

For the first of these, secrecy, it is indeed the virtue of a confessor; and assuredly the secret man heareth many confessions; for who will open himself to a blab or a babbler? But if a man be thought secret, it inviteth discovery, as the more close all sucketh in the more open; and, as in confession, the revealing is not for worldly use, but for the ease of a man's heart, so secret men come to the knowledge of many things in that kind; while men rather discharge their minds than impart their minds. In few words, mysteries are due to secrecy. Besides (to say truth), nakedness is uncomely, as well in mind as body; and it addeth no small reverence to men's manners and actions, if they be not altogether open. As for talkers, and futile persons, they are commonly vain and credulous withal: for he that talketh what he knoweth, will also talk what he knoweth not; therefore set it down, that a habit of secrecy is both politic and moral: and in this part it is good that a man's face give his tongue leave to speak; for the discovery of a man's self, by the traits^a of his countenance, is a great weakness and betraying, by how much it is many times more marked and believed than a man's word.

For the second, which is dissimulation, it followeth many times upon secrecy by a necessity; so that he that will be secret must be a dissembler in some degree; for men are too cunning to suffer a man to keep an indifferent carriage between both, and to be secret, without swaying the balance on either side. They will so beset a man with questions, and draw him on, and pick it out of him, that without an absurd silence, he must show an inclination one way; or if he do not, they will gather as much by his silence as by his

^a A word now unused, signifying the "traits" or "features."

speech. As for equivocations, or oraculous speeches they cannot hold out long: so that no man can be secret, except he give himself a little scope of dissimulation, which is, as it were, but the skirts or train of secrecy.

But for the third degree, which is simulation and false profession, that I hold more culpable, and less politic, except it be in great and rare matters: and, therefore, a general custom of simulation (which is this last degree) is a vice rising either of a natural falseness, or fearfulness, or of a mind that hath some main faults; which, because a man must needs disguise, it maketh him practise simulation in other things, lest his hand should be out of use.

The advantages of simulation and dissimulation are three: first, to lay asleep opposition, and to surprise; for where a man's intentions are published, it is an alarm to call up all that are against them: the second is, to reserve to a man's self a fair retreat: for if a man engage himself by a manifest declaration, he must go through, or take a fall: the third is, the better to discover the mind of another; for to him that opens himself men will hardly show themselves adverse; but will (fair) let him go on, and turn their freedom of speech to freedom of thought; and therefore it is a good shrewd proverb of the Spaniards, "Tell a lie and find a truth;"^b as if there were no way of discovery but by simulation. There be also three disadvantages to set it even; the first, that simulation and dissimulation commonly carry with them a show of fearfulness, which, in any business doth spoil the feathers of round flying up to the mark; the second, that it puzzleth and perplexeth the conceits of many, that, perhaps, would otherwise co-operate with him, and make a man walk almost alone to his own ends; the third, and greatest, is, that it depriveth a man of one of the most principal instruments for action, which is trust and belief. The best composition and temperature is, to have openness in fame and opinion; secrecy in habit; dissimulation in seasonable use; and a power to feign if there be no remedy.

VII.—OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

THE joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears; they cannot utter the one, nor they will not utter the other. Children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death. The perpetuity by generation is common to beasts; but memory, merit, and noble works, are proper to men: and surely a man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, which have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed; so the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity. They that are the first raisers of their houses are most indulgent towards their children, beholding them as the continuance, not only of their kind, but of their work; and so both children and creatures.

The difference in affection of parents towards their several children is many times unequal, and sometimes unworthy, especially in the mother; as Solomon saith, "A wise son rejoiceth the father, but an ungracious son shames the mother."^a A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest respected, and the youngest made

wantons;^b but in the midst some that are as it were forgotten, who, many times, nevertheless, prove the best. The illiberality of parents, in allowance towards their children, is a harmful error, makes them base, acquaints them with shifts, makes them sort with mean company, and makes them surfeit more when they come to plenty: and, therefore, the proof is best when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their purse. Men have a foolish manner (both parents, and schoolmasters, and servants), in creating and breeding an emulation between brothers during childhood, which many times sorteth to discord when they are men, and disturbeth families.^c The Italians make little difference between children and nephews, or near kinsfolk; but so they be of the lump, they care not, though they pass not through their own body; and, to say truth, in nature it is much a like matter; inasmuch that we see a nephew sometimes resembeth an uncle or a kinsman, more than his own parent as the blood happens. Let parents choose betimes the vocations and courses they mean their children should take, for then they are most flexible, and let them not too much apply themselves to the disposition of their children, as thinking they will take best to that which they have most mind to. It is true, that if the affection, or spite of the children be extraordinary, then it is good not to cross it; but generally the precept is good, "Optimum, elige, suave et facile illud faciet consuetudo."^d Younger brothers are commonly fortunate, but seldom or never where the elder are disinherited.

"VIII.—OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times, unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are who, though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences; nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges; nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men, that take a pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer; for, perhaps they have heard some talk, "Such an one is a great rich man," and another except to it, "Yea, but he hath a great charge of children;" as if it were an abatement to his riches: but the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always

^b Petted—spoiled.

^c This word seems here to mean "a plan" or "method," as proved by its results.

^d There is considerable justice in this remark. Children should be taught to do what is right for its own sake, and because it is their duty to do so, and not that they may have the selfish gratification of obtaining the reward which their companions have failed to secure, and of being led to think themselves superior to their companions. When launched upon the world, emulation will be quite sufficiently forced upon them by stern necessity.

^e "Select that course of life which is the most advantageous: habit will soon render it pleasant and easily endured."

^a A truth.

^b Proverbs x. 1: "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

best subjects, for they are light to run away, and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool.* It is indifferent for judges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly, in their hortatives, put men in mind of their wives and children; and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands, as was said of Ulysses, "*Vetulam suam pretulit immortalitati.*"⁶ Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds, both of chastity and obedience, in the wife, if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses, so as a man may have a quarrel⁷ to marry when he will: but yet he was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry: "A young man not yet, an elder man not at all." It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience; but this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent, for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

IX.—OF ENVY.

THERE be none of the affections which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy: they both have vehement wishes; they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions, and they come easily into the eye, especially upon the presence of the objects which are the points that conduce to fascination, if any such thing there be. We see, likewise, the Scripture calleth envy an evil eye,⁸ and the astrologers call the evil influences of the stars evil aspects so that still there seemeth to be acknowledged, in the act of envy, an ejaculation, or irradiation of the eye: nay, some have been so curious as to note, that the times, when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt, are,

when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph; for that sets an edge upon envy: and besides, at such times, the spirits of the person envied do come forth, most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow.

But leaving these curiosities (though not unworthy to be thought on in fit place), we will handle what persons⁹ are apt to envy others, what persons are most subject to be envied themselves, and what is the difference between public and private envy.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand,¹⁰ by depressing another's fortune.

A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious; for to know much of other men's matters cannot be, because all that ado may concern his own estate; therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play-pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others: neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy; for envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the street, and doth not keep home: "*Non est curiosus, quin idem sit malevolus.*"¹¹

Men of noble birth are noted to be envious towards new men when they rise; for the distance is altered; and it is like a deceit of the eye, that when others come on they think themselves go back.

Deformed persons and eunuchs, and the old men and bastards, are envious: for he that cannot possibly mend his own case, will do what he can to impair another's; except these defects light upon a very brave and heroic nature, which thinketh to make his natural wants part of his honor; in that it should be said, "That a eunuch, or a lame man, did such great matters," affecting the honor of a miracle: as it was in Narses¹² the eunuch, and Agesilaus and Tamerlane,¹³ that were lame men.

The same is the case of men that rise after calamities and misfortunes; for they are as men fallen out with the times, and think other men's harms a redemption of their own sufferings.

They that desire to excel in too many matters, out of levity and vain-glory, are ever envious, for they cannot want work: it being impossible, but many, in some one of those things, should surpass them; which was the character of Adrian the emperor, that mortally envied poets and painters, and artificers in works, wherein he had a vein to excel.

Lastly, near kinsfolk and fellows in office, and those that have been bred together, are more apt to envy their equals when they are raised; for it doth upbraid unto them their own fortunes, and pointeth at them, and cometh oftener into their remembrance, and in-

⁶ To be even with him.

⁷ "There is no person a busy-body but what he is ill-natured too." This passage is from the *Stichus* of Plautus.

⁸ Narses superseded Belisarius in the command of the armies of Italy, by the orders of the Emperor Justinian. He defeated Totila, the king of the Goths (who had taken Rome), in a decisive engagement, in which the latter was slain. He governed Italy with consummate ability for thirteen years, when he was ungratefully recalled by Justin the Second, the successor of Justinian.

⁹ Tamerlane, or Timour, was a native of Samarcand, of which territory he was elected emperor. He overran Persia, Georgia, Hindostan, and captured Bajazet, the valiant Sultan of the Turks, at the battle of Angora, 1402, whom he is said to have inclosed in a cage of iron. His conquests extended from the Irtish and Volga to the Persian Gulf, and from the Ganges to the Grecian Archipelago. While preparing for the invasion of China, he died, in the 70th year of his age, A. D. 1406. He was tall and corpulent in person, but was maimed in one hand and lame on the right side.

* His meaning is, that if clergymen have the expenses of a family to support, they will hardly find means for the exercise of benevolence toward their parishioners.

¹⁰ "He preferred his aged wife *Penelope* to immortality." This was when Ulysses was entreated by the goddess Calypso to give up all thoughts of returning to Ithaca, and to remain with her in the enjoyment of immortality.

¹¹ "May have a pretext," or "excuse."

¹² So prevalent in ancient times was the notion of the injurious effects of the eye of envy, that in common parlance the Romans generally used the word "*præfiscini*," "without risk of enchantment," or "fascination," when they spoke in high terms of themselves. They supposed that they thereby averted the effects of enchantment produced by the evil eye of any envious person who might at that moment possibly be looking upon them. Lord Bacon probably here alludes to St. Mark vii. 21, 22: "Out of the heart of men proceedeth—deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye." Solomon also speaks of the evil eye, Prov. xlii. 6, and xxviii. 22.

curreth likewise more into the note¹ of others; and envy ever redoubleth from speech and fame. Cain's envy was the more vile and malignant towards his brother Abel, because when his sacrifice was better accepted, there was nobody to look on. Thus much for those that are apt to envy.

Concerning those that are more or less subject to envy: First, persons of eminent virtue, when they are advanced, are less envied, for their fortune seemeth but due unto them; and no man envieth the payment of a debt, but rewards and liberality rather. Again, envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self, and where there is no comparison, no envy; and therefore kings are not envied but by kings. Nevertheless, it is to be noted, that unworthy persons are most envied at their first coming in, and afterwards overcome it better; whereas, contrariwise, persons of worth and merit are most envied when their fortune continueth long; for by that time, though their virtue be the same, yet it hath not the same lustre; for fresh men grow up that darken it.

Persons of noble blood are less envied in their rising; for it seemeth but right done to their birth; besides, there seemeth not so much added to their fortune; and envy is as the sunbeams, that beat hotter upon a bank or steep rising ground, than upon a flat; and, for the same reason, those that are advanced by degrees are less envied than those that are advanced suddenly, and "per saltum."²

Those that have joined with their honor great travels, cares, or perils, are less subject to envy; for men think that they earn their honors hardly, and pity them sometimes; and pity ever healeth envy: wherefore you shall observe, that the more deep and sober sort of politic persons, in their greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a "quanta patimur;"³ not that they feel it so, but only to abate the edge of envy: but this is to be understood of business that is laid upon men, and not such as they call unto themselves; for nothing increaseth envy more than an unnecessary and ambitious engrossing of business; and nothing doth extinguish envy more than for a great person to preserve all other inferior officers in their full rights and pre-eminences of their places; for, by that means, there be so many screens between him and envy.

Above all, those are most subject to envy, which carry the greatness of their fortunes in an insolent and proud manner: being never well but while they are showing how great they are, either by outward pomp, or by triumphing over all opposition or competition: whereas wise men will rather do sacrifice to envy, in suffering themselves, sometimes of purpose, to be crossed and overborne in things that do not much concern them. Notwithstanding so much is true, that the carriage of greatness in a plain and open manner (so it be without arrogancy and vain-glory) doth draw less envy than if it be in a more crafty and cunning fashion; for in that course a man doth but disavow fortune, and seemeth to be conscious of his own want in worth, and doth but teach others to envy him.

Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said in the beginning that the act of envy had somewhat in it of witchcraft, so there is no other cure of envy but the cure of witchcraft; and that is, to remove the lot (as they call it), and to lay it upon another; for which purpose the wiser sort of great persons bring in ever upon the stage somebody upon whom to derive the envy that would come upon themselves;

sometimes upon ministers and servants, sometimes upon colleagues and associates, and the like; and for that turn, there are never wanting some persons of violent and undertaking natures, who, so they may have power and business, will take it at any cost.

Now, to speak of public envy: there is yet some good in public envy, whereas in private there is none: for public envy is as an ostracism,⁴ that eclipseth men when they get too great; and therefore it is a bridle also to great ones, to keep them within bounds.

This envy, being in the Latin word "invidia,"⁵ goeth in the modern languages by the name of discontentment; of which we shall speak in handling sedition. It is a disease in a state like to infection; for as infection spreadeth upon that which is sound, and tainteth it, so, when envy is gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill odor; and therefore there is little won by intermingling of plausible actions; for that doth argue but a weakness and fear of envy, which hurteth so much the more, as it is likewise usual in infections, which, if you fear them, you call them upon you.

This public envy seemeth to beat chiefly upon principal officers or ministers, rather than upon kings and estates themselves. But this is a sure rule, that if the envy upon the minister be great, when the cause of it in him is small; or if the envy be general in a manner upon all the ministers of an estate, then the envy (though hidden) is truly upon the state itself. And so much of public envy or discontentment, and the difference thereof from private envy, which was handled in the first place.

We will add this in general, touching the affection of envy, that of all other affections it is the most importune and continual; for of other affections there is occasion given but now and then; and therefore it was well said, "Invidia festos dies non agit:"⁶ for it is ever working upon some or other. And it is also noted, that love and envy do make a man pine, which other affections do not, because they are not so continual. It is also the vilest affection, and the most depraved; for which cause it is the proper attribute of the devil, who is called "The envious man, that soweth tares amongst the wheat by night;"⁷ as it always cometh to pass that envy worketh subtly, and in the dark, and to the prejudice of good things, such as is the wheat.

X.—OF LOVE.

THE stage is more beholding to love than the life of man; for as to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief, sometimes like a Siren, sometimes like a Fury. You may observe, that amongst all the great and worthy persons (whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent), there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. You must except, nevertheless, Marcus Antonia, the half partner of the empire of Rome, and Appian

¹ Comes under the observation.

² "By a leap," i. e. over the heads of others.

³ "How vast the evils we endure."

⁴ He probably alludes to the custom of the Athenians, who frequently ostracised or banished by vote their public men, lest they should become too powerful.

⁵ From "in" and "video," "to look upon;" with reference to the so-called "evil eye" of the envious.

⁶ "Envy keeps no holidays."

⁷ See St. Matthew xiii. 26.

Claudius,* the Decemvir and lawgiver; whereof the former was indeed a voluptuous man, and inordinate; but the latter was an austere and wise man; and therefore it seems (though rarely) that love can find entrance, not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept. It is a poor saying of Epicurus, "Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus:"^a as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself subject, though not of the mouth (as beasts are), yet of the eye, which was given him for higher purposes. It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature and value of things by this, that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love; neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas it hath been well said, "That the arch flatterer, with whom all the potty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self;" certainly the lover is more; for there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said, "That it is impossible to love and to be wise." Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved, but to the loved most of all, except the love be reciprocal; for it is a true rule, that love is ever rewarded, either with the reciprocal, or with an inward and secret contempt; by how much the more men ought to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things, but itself. As for the other losses, the poet's relation^c doth well figure them: "That he that preferred Helena, quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas;" for whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection, quitteth both riches and wisdom. This passion hath his floods in the very times of weakness, which are, great prosperity and great adversity, though this latter hath been less observed; both which times kindle love, and make it more fervent, and therefore show it to be the child of folly. They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business, it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can nowise be true to their own ends. I know not how, but martial men are given to love: I think it is, but as they are given to wine, for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures. There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards love of others, which, if it be not spent upon some one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable, as it is seen sometimes in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind, friendly love perfecteth it, but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it.

* He indolently attempted to obtain possession of the person of Virginia, who was killed by her father Virginius, to prevent her from falling a victim to his lust. This circumstance caused the fall of the Decemvir at Rome, who had been employed in framing the code of laws afterwards known as "The Laws of the Twelve Tables." They narrowly escaped being burnt alive by the infuriated populace.

^a "We are a sufficient theme for contemplation, the one for the other." Pope seems, notwithstanding this censure of Bacon, to have been of the same opinion with Epicurus.

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan.
The proper study for mankind is man."

Essay on Man, Ep. II. 1, 2.

Indeed Lord Bacon seems to have misunderstood the saying of Epicurus who did not mean to recommend man as the sole object of his bodily vision, but as the proper theme for mental contemplation.

^c He refers here to the judgment of Paris, mentioned by Ovid in his *Epistles*, of the Heroines.

XI.—OF GREAT PLACE.

MEN in great place are thrice servants—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others, and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing: "Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere." Nay, retire men cannot when they would, neither will they when it were reason; but are impatient of privateness even in age and sickness, which require the shadow; like old townsmen, that will be still sitting at their street-door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it: but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when, perhaps, they find the contrary within; for they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business they have no time to tend their health either of body or mind. "Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi."^b In place there is license to do good and evil; whereof the latter is a curse: for in evil the best condition is not to will, the second not to can. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts, though God accept them, yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion; and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest: for if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. "Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera, quæ fecerunt manus sue, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis;"^c and then the Sabbath.

In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples; for imitation is a globe of precepts; and after a time set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform, therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerated; but yet ask counsel of both times—of the ancient time what is best, and of the latter time what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect; but be not too positive and peremptory; and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir

^a "Since you are not what you were, there is no reason why you should wish to live."

^b "Death presses heavily upon him, who, well-known to all others, dies unknown to himself."

^c "And God turned to behold the works which his hands had made, and he saw that everything was very good."—See Gen. I. 31.

not questions of jurisdiction; and rather assume thy right in silence, and "de facto,"⁴ than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places; and think it more honor to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place; and do not drive away such as bring thee information as meddlers, but accept of them in good part. The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness and facility. For delays give easy access; keep times appointed; go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption, do not only bind thine own hands or thy servant's hands from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering; for integrity used doth the one; but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other; and avoid not only the fault, but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption: therefore, always when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly, and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change, and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favorite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close corruption. For roughness, it is a needless cause of discontent: severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility,* it is worse than bribery; for bribes come but now and then; but if importunity or idle respects¹ lead a man, he shall never be without; as Solomon saith, "To respect persons is not good; for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread."²

It is most true that was anciently spoken; "A place sheweth the man; and it sheweth some to the better and some to the worse;" "Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset,"³ saith Tacitus of Galba; but of Vespasian he saith, "Solut imperantium, Vespasianus mutatus in melius;"⁴ though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honor amends; for honor is, or should be, the place of virtue; and as in nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will sure be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them; and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, "When he sits in place, he is another man."

XII.—OF BOLDNESS.

It is a trivial grammar-school text, but yet worthy a wise man's consideration. Question was asked of Demosthenes, what was the chief part of an orator?

⁴ "As a matter of course."

^{*} Too great easiness of access.

¹ Predilections that are undeserved.

² Proverbs xxviii. 21. The whole passage stands thus in our version:—"He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. To have respect of persons is not good; for, for a piece of bread that man will transgress."

³ "By the consent of all he was fit to govern, if he had not governed."

⁴ "Of the emperors, Vespasian alone changed for the better after his accession."

he answered, Action: what next?—Action: what next again?—Action. He said it that knew it best, and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that that part of an orator which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest; nay, almost alone, as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent. Wonderful-like is the case of boldness in civil business; what first?—boldness; what second and third?—boldness: and yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts: but, nevertheless, it doth fascinate, and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part; yea, and prevail with wise men at weak times; therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states, but with senates and princes less; and more, ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action than soon after; for boldness is an ill keeper of promise. Surely as there are mountebanks for the natural body, so are there mountebanks for the politic body; men that undertake great cures, and perhaps have been lucky in two or three experiments, but want the grounds of science, and therefore cannot hold out; nay, you shall see a bold fellow many times do Mahomet's miracle. Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled: Mahomet called the hill to come to him again and again; and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill." So these men, when they have promised great matters and failed most shamefully, yet (if they have the perfection of boldness) they will but slight it over, and make a turn, and no more ado. Certainly to men of great judgment, bold persons are a sport to behold; nay, and to the vulgar also boldness hath somewhat of the ridiculous; for if absurdity be the subject of laughter, doubt you not but great boldness is seldom without some absurdity; especially it is a sport to see when a bold fellow is out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture, as needs it must; for in bashfulness the spirits do a little go and come; but with bold men, upon like occasion, they stand at a stay; like a stale at chess, where it is no mate, but yet the game cannot stir: but this last were fitter for a satire than for a serious observation. This is well to be weighed, that boldness is ever blind; for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences: therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution; so that the right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief, but be seconds and under the direction of others; for in counsel it is good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them except they be very great.

XIII.—OF GOODNESS, AND GOODNESS OF NATURE.

I TAKE goodness in this sense, the affecting of the weal of men, which is that the Grecians call "philanthropia;" and the word humanity (as it is used) is a little too light to express it. Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity: and without it

man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin. Goodness answers to the theological virtue charity, and admits no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall;^a the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it. The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man; inasmuch, that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures; as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds; inasmuch as Busbechius^b reporteth, a Christian boy in Constantinople had like to have been stoned for gaggling in a waggishness a long-billed fowl.^c Errors, indeed, in this virtue, of goodness or charity, may be committed. The Italians have an ungracious proverb, "Tanto buon che val niente:"—"So good, that he is good for nothing;" and one of the doctors of Italy, Nicholas Machiavel,^d had the confidence to put in writing, almost in plain terms, "That the Christian faith had given up good men in prey to those that are tyrannical and unjust;" which he spake, because, indeed, there was never law, or sect, or opinion did so much magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth: therefore, to avoid the scandal and the danger both, it is good to take knowledge of the errors of a habit so excellent. Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies; for that is but facility or softness, which taketh an honest mind prisoner. Neither give thou *Æsop's* cock a gem, who would be better pleased and happier if he

^a It is not improbable that this passage suggested Pope's beautiful lines in the *Essay on Man*, Ep. 1. 125-8.

"Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel."

^b Auger Glsien Busbecq, or Busbechius, a learned traveller, born at Comines, in Flanders, in 1522. He was employed by the Emperor Ferdinand as ambassador to the Sultan Solyman II. He was afterwards ambassador to France, where he died in 1562. His "Letters" relative to his travels in the East, which are written in Latin, contain much interesting information. They were the pocket companion of Gibbon, and are highly praised by him.

In this instance the stork or crane was probably protected not on the abstract grounds mentioned in the text, but for reasons of state policy and gratitude combined. In Eastern climates the cranes and dogs are far more efficacious than human agency in removing filth and offal, and thereby diminishing the chances of pestilence. Superstition, also, may have formed another motive, as we learn from a letter written from Adrianople by Lady Montagu, in 1718, that storks were "held there in a sort of religious reverence, because they are supposed to make every winter the pilgrimage to Mecca. To say truth, they are the happiest subjects under the Turkish government, and are so sensible of their privileges, that they walk the streets without fear, and generally build their nests in the lower parts of the houses. Happy are those whose houses are so distinguished, as the vulgar Turks are perfectly persuaded that they will not be that year attacked either by fire or pestilence." Storks are still protected by municipal law in Holland, and roam unmolested about the market-places.

^d Nicolo Machiavelli, a Florentine statesman. He wrote "Discourses on the first Decade of Livy," which were conspicuous for their liberality of sentiment, and just and profound reflections. This work was succeeded by his famous treatise, "Il Principe."—"The Prince," his patron, Caesar Borgia, being the model of the perfect prince there described by him. The whole scope of this work is directed to one object—the maintenance of power, however acquired. Though its precepts are no doubt based upon the actual practice of the Italian politicians of that day, it has been suggested by some writers that the work was a covert exposure of the deformity of the shocking maxims that it professes to inculcate. The question of his motives has been much discussed, and is still considered open. The word "Machiavellism" has, however, been adopted to denote all that is deformed, insincere, and perfidious in politics. He died in great poverty, in the year 1527.

had had a barley-corn. The example of God teacheth the lesson truly; "He sendeth his rain, and maketh his sun to shine upon the just and the unjust;"^e but he doth not rain wealth, nor shine honor and virtue upon men equally: common benefits are to be communicate with all, but peculiar benefits with choice. And beware how in making the portraiture thou breakest the pattern; for divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern: the love of our neighbors but the portraiture: "Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor, and follow me:"^f but sell not all thou hast except thou come and follow me; that is, except thou have a vocation wherein thou mayst do as much good with little means as with great; for otherwise, in feeding the streams, thou driest the fountain. Neither is there only a habit of goodness directed by right reason; but there is in some men, even in nature, a disposition towards it; as, on the other side, there is a natural malignity: for there be that in their nature do not affect the good of others. The lighter sort of malignity turneth but to a crossness, or frowardness, or aptness to oppose, or diffidence, or the like; but the deeper sort to envy, and mere mischief. Such men in other men's calamities, are, as it were, in season, and are ever on the loading part: not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores,^g but like flies that are still buzzing upon anything that is raw; misanthropi, that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in their gardens, as Timon^h had: such dispositions are the very errors of human nature, and yet they are the fittest timber to make great politics of; like to knee timber,ⁱ that is good for ships that are ordained to be tossed, but not for building houses that shall stand firm. The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them: if he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm:^k if he easily pardons and remits offenses, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot: if he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash: but, above all, if he have St. Paul's perfection, that

^e St. Matthew v. 5: "For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

^f This is a portion of our Saviour's reply to the rich man who asked him what he should do to inherit eternal life: "Then Jesus beholding him, loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me."—St. Mark x. 21.

^g See St. Luke xvi. 21.

^h Timon of Athens, as he is generally called (being so styled by Shakespeare in the play which he has founded on his story), was surnamed the "Misanthrope," from the hatred which he bore to his fellow-men. He was attached to Apemantus, another Athenian of similar character to himself, and he professed to esteem Alcibiades, because he foresaw that he would one day bring ruin on his country. Going to the public assembly on one occasion, he mounted the Rostrum, and stated that he had a fir-tree on which many worthy citizens had ended their days by the halter: that he was going to cut it down for the purpose of building on the spot, and therefore recommended all such as were inclined to avail themselves of it before it was too late.

ⁱ A piece of timber that has grown crooked, and has been so cut that the trunk and branch form an angle.

^k He probably here refers to the myrrh-tree. Incision is the method usually adopted for extracting the resinous juices of trees: as in the India-rubber and gutta-percha trees.

he would wish to be an anathema^a from Christ for the salvation of his brethren, it shows much of a divine nature, and a kind of conformity with Christ himself.

XIV.—OF NOBILITY.

WE will speak of nobility first as a portion of an estate, then as a condition of particular persons. A monarchy, where there is no nobility at all, is ever a pure and absolute tyranny, as that of the Turks; for nobility attempts sovereignty, and draws the eyes of the people somewhat aside from the line royal: but for democracies they need it not; and they are commonly more quiet and less subject to sedition than where there are stirps of nobles; for men's eyes are upon the business, and not upon the persons; or if upon the persons, it is for the business sake, as fittest, and not for flags and pedigree. We see the Switzers last well, notwithstanding their diversity of religion and of cantons; for utility is their bond, and not respects.^a The united provinces of the Low Countries^b in their government excel; for where there is an equality the consultations are more indifferent, and the payments and tributes more cheerful. A great and potent nobility addeth majesty to a monarch, but diminisheth power, and putteth life and spirit into the people, but presseth their fortune. It is well when nobles are not too great for sovereignty nor for justice; and yet maintained in that height, as the insolency of inferiors may be broken upon them before it come on too fast upon the majesty of kings. A numerous nobility causeth poverty and inconvenience in a state, for it is a surcharge of expense; and besides, it being of necessity that many of the nobility fall in time to be weak in fortune, it maketh a kind of disproportion between honor and means.

As for nobility in particular persons, it is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber-tree sound and perfect; how much more to behold an ancient noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time! for new nobility is but the act of power, but ancient nobility is the act of time. Those that are first raised to nobility are commonly more virtuous,^c but less innocent, than their descendants; for there is rarely any rising but by a commixture of good and evil arts; but it is reason^d the memory of their virtues remain to their posterity, and their faults die with themselves. Nobility of birth commonly abateth industry; and he that is not industrious, envieth him that is; besides, noble persons cannot go much higher; and he that standeth at a stay when others rise, can hardly avoid motions of envy. On the other side, nobility extinguisheth the passive envy from others towards them, because they are in possession of honor. Certainly, kings that have able men of their nobility shall find ease in employing them, and a better slide into their business; for people naturally bend to them as born in some sort to command.

^a "A votive," and in the present instance "a vicarious offering." He alludes to the words of St. Paul in his Second Epistle to Timothy ii. 10: "Therefore I endure all things for the elect's sakes, that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory."

^b "Consideration of," or "predilection for, particular persons."

^c The Low Countries had then recently emancipated themselves from the galling yoke of Spain. They were called the Seven United Provinces of the Netherlands.

^d This passage may at first sight appear somewhat contradictory; but he means to say that those who are first ennobled will commonly be found to be more conspicuous for the prominence of their qualities, both good and bad.

^e Consistent with reason and justice.

XV.—OF SEDITIONS AND TROUBLES.

SHEPHERDS of people had need know the calendars of tempests in state, which are commonly greatest when things grow to equality; as natural tempests are greatest about the equinoctia,^a and as there are certain hollow blasts of wind and secret swellings of seas before a tempest, so are there in states—

—"*Ille etiam cæcos instare tumultus
Sæpe monet, fraudesque et operta tumescere bella*."

Libels and licentious discourses against the state, when they are frequent and open; and in like sort false news, often running up and down, to the disadvantage of the state, and hastily embraced, are amongst the signs of troubles. Virgil, giving the pedigree of Fame, saith she was sister to the giants:—

"*Ilam Terra parens, ira irritata Deorum,
Extremam (ut perhibent) Cæo Enceladoque sororem
Progenit*."

As if fumes were the relics of seditions past; but they are no less indeed the preludes of seditions to come. Howsoever he noteth it right, that seditious tumults and seditious fumes differ no more but as brother and sister, masculine and feminine; especially if it come to that, that the best actions of a state, and the most plausible, and which ought to give greatest contentment, are taken in ill sense, and traduced: for that shows the envy great, as Tacitus saith, "*Conflata magna invidia, seu bene, seu male, gesta premunt*."^a Neither doth it follow, that because these fumes are a sign of troubles, that the suppressing of them with too much severity should be a remedy of troubles; for the despising of them many times checks them best, and the going about to stop them doth but make a wonder long-lived. Also that kind of obedience, which Tacitus speaketh of, is to be held suspected: "*Erant in officio, sed tamen qui mallent imperantium mandata interpretari, quam exsequi*;"^b disputing, excusing, cavilling upon mandates and directions, is a kind of shaking off the yoke, and assay of disobedience; especially if in those disputings they which are for the direction speak fearfully and tenderly, and those that are against it audaciously.

Also, as Machiavel noteth well, when princes, that ought to be common parents, make themselves as a party, and lean to a side; it is, as a boat that is overthrown by uneven weight on the one side; as was well seen in the time of Henry the Third of France: for first himself entered league^c for the extirpation of the Protestants, and presently after the same league was turned upon himself: for when the authority of princes is made but an accessory to a cause, and that

^a The periods of the Equinoxes.

^b "He often warns, too, that secret revolt is impending, that treachery and open warfare are ready to burst forth."

^c "Mother Earth, exasperated at the wrath of the Deities, produced her, as they tell, a last birth, a sister to the Giant Cæus and Enceladus."

^d "Great public odium once excited, his deeds, whether good or whether bad, cause his downfall." Bacon has here quoted incorrectly, probably from memory. The words of Tacitus are (Hist. B. i. c. 7)—"*Inviso semel principe, seu bene, seu male, facta premunt*,"—"The ruler once detested, his actions, whether good or whether bad, cause his downfall."

^e "They attended to their duties, but still, as preferring rather to discuss the commands of their rulers, than to obey them."

^f He alludes to the bad policy of Henry the Third of France, who espoused the part of "the League" which was formed by the Duke of Guise and other Catholics for the extirpation of the Protestant faith. When too late, he discovered his error, and, finding his own authority entirely superseded, he caused the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal De Lorraine, his brother, to be assassinated.

there be other bands that tie faster than the band of sovereignty, kings begin to be put almost out of possession.

Also, when discords, and quarrels, and factions, are carried openly and audaciously, it is a sign the reverence of government is lost; for the motions of the greatest persons in a government ought to be as the motions of the planets under "primum mobile,"¹ according to the old opinion, which is, that every of them is carried swiftly by the highest motion, and softly in their own motion; and therefore, when great ones in their own particular motion move violently, and as Tacitus expresseth it well, "liberius quam ut imperantium meminissent,"² it is a sign the orbs are out of frame: for reverence is that wherewith princes are girt from God, who threatneth the dissolving thereof; "Solvam cingula regum."³

So when any of the four pillars of government are mainly shaken or weakened (which are religion, justice, counsel, and treasure), men had need to pray for fair weather. But let us pass from this part of predictions (concerning which, nevertheless, more light may be taken from that which followeth), and let us speak first of the materials of seditions; then of the motives of them; and thirdly of the remedies.

Concerning the materials of seditions, it is a thing well to be considered; for the surest way to prevent seditions (if the times do bear it) is to take away the matter of them; for if there be fuel prepared, it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come that shall set it on fire. The matter of seditions is of two kinds; much poverty and much discontentment. It is certain, so many overthrown estates, so many votes for troubles. Lucan noteth well the state of Rome before the civil war:—

"Hinc usura vorax, rapidumque in tempore fœnus,
Hinc concussa fides, et multis utile bellum."⁴

This same "multis utile bellum,"⁵ is an assured and infallible sign of a state disposed to seditions and troubles; and if this poverty and broken estate in the better sort be joined with a want and necessity in the mean people, the danger is imminent and great: for the rebellions of the belly are the worst. As for discontentments, they are in the politic body like to humors in the natural, which are apt to gather a preternatural heat and to inflame; and let no prince measure the danger of them by this, whether they be just or unjust: for that were to imagine people to be too reasonable, who do often spurn at their own good; nor yet by this, whether the griefs whereupon they rise be in fact great or small; for they are the most dangerous discontentments where the fear is greater than the feeling: "Dolendi modus, timendi non item."⁶ besides, in great oppressions, the same things that provoke the patience, do withal mate⁷ the courage; but in fears it is not so; neither let any prince or state be secure concerning discontentments, because they have been often, or have been long, and yet no peril hath en-

sued: for as it is true that every vapor or fume doth not turn into a storm, so it is nevertheless true that storms, though they blow over divers times, yet may fall at last; and, as the Spanish proverb noteth well "The cord breaketh at the last by the weakest pull."⁸

The causes and motives of seditions are, innovation in religion, taxes, alteration of laws and customs, breaking of privileges, general oppression, advancement of unworthy persons, strangers, dearths, disbanded soldiers, factions grown desperate; and whatsoever in offending people joineth and knitteth them in a common cause.

For the remedies, there may be some general preservatives, whereof we will speak: as for the just cure, it must answer to the particular disease; and so be left to counsel rather than rule.

The first remedy, or prevention, is to remove, by all means possible, that material cause of sedition whereof we spake, which is, want and poverty in the estate: to which purpose serveth the opening and well-balancing of trade; the cherishing of manufactures; the banishing of idleness; the repressing of waste and excess, by sumptuary laws;⁹ the improvement and husbanding of the soil; the regulating of prices of things vendible; the moderating of taxes and tributes, and the like. Generally, it is to be foreseen that the population of a kingdom (especially if it be not mown down by wars) do not exceed the stock of the kingdom which should maintain them: neither is the population to be reckoned only by number; for a smaller number, that spend more and earn less, do wear out an estate sooner than a greater number that live lower and gather more: therefore the multiplying of nobility, and other degrees of quality, in an over proportion to the common people, doth speedily bring a state to necessity; and so doth likewise an overgrown clergy, for they bring nothing to the stock;¹⁰ and, in like manner, when more are bred scholars than preferments can take off.

It is likewise to be remembered, that, forasmuch as the increase of any estate must be upon the foreigner¹¹ (for whatsoever is somewhere gotten is somewhere lost), there be but three things which one nation selleth unto another; the commodity, as nature yieldeth it; the manufacture; and the vecture, or carriage; so that, if these three wheels go, wealth will flow as in a spring tide. And it cometh many times to pass, that, "materiam superabit opus,"¹² that the work and carriage is more worth than the material, and enricheth a state more: as is notably seen in the Low Countrymen, who have the best mines¹³ above ground in the world.

Above all things, good policy is to be used, that the treasure and monies in a state be not gathered into few hands; for, otherwise, a state may have a

• This is similar to the proverb now in common use: "Tis the last feather that breaks the back of the camel."

• The state.

• Though sumptuary laws are probably just in theory, they have been found impracticable in any other than infant states. Their principle, however, is certainly recognized in such countries as by statutory enactment discountenance gaming. Those who are opposed to such laws upon principle, would do well to look into Bernard Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees,"—or "Private Vices Public Benefits." The Romans had numerous sumptuary laws, and in the middle ages there were many enactments in this country against excess of expenditure upon wearing apparel and the pleasures of the table.

• He means that they do not add to the capital of the country.

• At the expense of foreign countries.

• "The workmanship will surpass the material."—Ovid, Metamorph. B. ii. l. 6.

• He alludes to the manufactures of Low Countries.

• "The primary motive power." He alludes to an imaginary center of gravitation, or central body, which was supposed to set all the other heavenly bodies in motion.

• "Too freely to remember their own rulers."

• "I will unloose the girdles of kings." He probably alludes here to the first verse of the 45th chapter of Isaiah: "Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have upheld, to subdue nations before him: and I will loose the loins of kings, to open before him the two-leaved gates."

• Hence devouring usury, and interest accumulating to lapse of time,—hence shaken credit, and warfare, profitable to the many."

• "Warfare profitable to the many."

• "To grief there is a limit, not so to fear."

• "Check," or "daunt."

great stock, and yet starve; and money is like muck,* not good except to be spread. This is done chiefly by suppressing, or, at least, keeping a straight hand upon the devouring trades of usury, engrossing great pasturages, and the like.

For removing discontentments, or, at least, the danger of them, there is in every state (as we know) two portions of subjects, the nobles and commonalty. When one of these is discontent, the danger is not great; for common people are of slow motion, if they be not excited by the greater sort; and the greater sort are of small strength; except the multitude be apt and ready to move of themselves; then is the danger, when the greater sort do but wait for the troubling of the waters amongst the meaner, that then they may declare themselves. The poets feign that the rest of the gods would have bound Jupiter; which he hearing of, by the counsel of Pallas, sent for Briareus, with his hundred hands, to come in to his aid: an emblem, no doubt, to show how safe it is for monarchs to make sure of the good will of common people.

To give moderate liberty for griefs and discontentments to evaporate (so it be without too great insolency or bravery), is a safe way: for he that turneth the humours back, and maketh the wound bleed inwards, endangereth malign ulcers and pernicious imposthumations.

The part of Epimetheus[†] might well become Prometheus, in the case of discontentments, for there is not a better provision against them. Epimetheus, when griefs and evils flow abroad, at last shut the lid, and kept hope in the bottom of the vessel. Certainly, the politic and artificial nourishing and entertaining of hopes, and carrying men from hopes to hopes, is one of the best antidotes against the poison of discontentments: and it is a certain sign of a wise government and proceeding, when it can hold men's hearts by hopes, when it cannot by satisfaction; and when it can handle things in such manner as no evil shall appear so peremptory but that it hath some outlet of hope; which is the less hard to do, because both particular persons and factions are apt enough to flatter themselves, or at least to brave that which they believe not.

Also the foresight and prevention, that there be no likely or fit head wherunto discontented persons may resort, and under whom they may join, is a known, but an excellent point of caution. I understand a fit head to be one that hath greatness and reputation, that hath confidence with the discontented party, and upon whom they turn their eyes, and that is thought discontented in his own particular: which kind of persons are either to be won and reconciled to the state, and that in a fast and true manner; or to be fronted with some other of the same party that may oppose them, and so divide the reputation. Generally, the dividing and breaking of all factions and combinations that are adverse to the state, and setting them at distance, or, at least, distrust amongst themselves, is not one of the worst remedies; for it is a desperate case, if those that hold with the proceeding of the state be full of discord

* Like manure.

† The myth of Pandora's box, which is here referred to, is related in the "Works and Days" of Hesiod. Epimetheus was the personification of "Afterthought," while his brother Prometheus represented "Forethought," or prudence. It was not Epimetheus that opened the box, but Pandora—"All-gift," whom, contrary to the advice of his brother, he had received at the hands of Mercury, and had made his wife. In their house stood a closed jar, which they were forbidden to open. Till her arrival this had been kept untouched; but her curiosity prompting her to open the lid, all the evils hitherto unknown to man flew out and spread over the earth, and she only shut it down in time to prevent the escape of Hope.

and faction, and those that are against it be entire and united.

I have noted, that some witty and sharp speeches, which have fallen from princes, have given fire to seditions. Cæsar did himself infinite hurt in that speech—"Sylla nescivit literas, non potuit dictare;"[‡] for it did utterly cut off that hope which men had entertained, that he would at one time or other give over his dictatorship. Galb undid himself by that speech, "Legi a se militem, non emi;"[§] for it put the soldiers out of hope of the donative. Probus, likewise, by that speech, "Si vixero, non opus erit amplius Romano imperio militibus;"^{||} a speech of great despair for the soldiers, and many the like. Surely princes had need in tender matters and ticklish times to beware what they say, especially in these short speeches, which fly abroad like darts, and are thought to be shot out of their secret intentions; for as for large discourses, they are flat things, and not so much noted.

Lastly, let princes, against all events, not be without some great person, one or rather more, of military valor, near unto them, for the repressing of seditions in their beginnings; for without that, there useth to be more trepidation in court upon the first breaking out of troubles than were fit; and the state runneth the danger of that which Tacitus saith;—"Atque is habitus animorum fuit, ut pessimum facinus auderent pauci, plures vellent omnes, paterenter:"[¶] but let such military persons be assured, and well reputed of, rather than factious and popular; holding also good correspondence with the other great men in the state, or else the remedy is worse than the disease.

XVI.—OF ATHEISM.

I HAD rather believe all the fables in the legend,^a and the Talmud,^b and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and, therefore, God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true, that a little philosophy^c inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity: nay, even

^a "Sylla did not know his letters, and so he could not dictate." This saying is attributed by Suetonius to Julius Cæsar. It is a play on the Latin verb "dictare," which means either "to dictate," or "to act the part of Dictator," according to the context. As this saying was presumed to be a reflection on Sylla's ignorance, and to imply that by reason thereof he was unable to maintain his power, it was concluded by the Roman people that Cæsar, who was an elegant scholar, feeling himself subject to no such inability, did not intend speedily to yield the reins of power.

^b "That soldiers were levied by him, not bought."

^c "If I live, there shall no longer be need of soldiers in the Roman empire."

^d "And such was the state of feeling, that a few dared to perpetrate the worst of crimes; more wished to do so, all submitted to it."

^e He probably alludes to the legends or miraculous stories of the saints, such as walking with their heads off, preaching to the fishes, sailing over the sea on a cloak, &c., &c.

^f This is the book that contains the Jewish traditions, and the Rabbinical explanations of the law. It is replete with wonderful narratives.

^g This passage not improbably contains the germ of Pope's famous lines,—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion: that is, the school of Zeno, Zeno, and Democritus,⁴ and Epicurus: for it is, thousand times more credible that four mutable elements, and one immutable fifth essence,⁵ duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal. The Scripture saith, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;"⁶ it is not said, "The fool hath thought in his heart;" so as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it; for none deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh⁷ that there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this, that atheists will never be talking of that their opinion, as if they doubted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others; nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it becometh with other sects; and, which is most of all, you shall have of them that will suffer for atheism, and not recant; whereas, if they did truly think that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves? Epicurus is charged, that he did but dissemble for his credit's sake, when he affirmed there were blessed natures, but such as enjoyed themselves without having respect to the government of the world; wherein they say he did temporize, though in secret he thought there was no God: but certainly he is traduced, for his words are seditious and divine: "Non Deos vulgi negare profanum; sed vulgi opiniones Diis applicare profanum." Plato would have said no more; and although he had the confidence to deny the administration, he had not the power to deny the nature. The Indians⁸ of the west have names for their particular gods, though they have no name for God: as if the heathens should have had the names Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, &c., but not the word Deus, which shows that even those barbarous people have the notion, though they have not the latitude and extent of it; so that against atheists the very savages take part with the very subtlest philosophers. The contemplative atheist is rare; a Diagoras,⁹ a Bion,¹⁰ a Lucian¹¹ perhaps, and some others; and yet they seem to be more than they are; for that all that impugn a received religion, or super-

stition, are, by the adverse part, branded with the name of atheists: but the great atheists indeed are hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things but without feeling; so as they must needs be cauterized in the end. The causes of atheism are, divisions in religion, if they be many; for any one main division addeth zeal to both sides, but many divisions introduce atheism: another is, scandal of priests, when it is come to that which St. Bernard saith, "Non est jam dicere, ut populus, sic sacerdos; quia nec sic populus, ut sacerdos:"¹² a third is, custom of profane scoffing in holy matters, which doth by little and little deface the reverence of religion; and lastly, learned times, specially with peace and prosperity; for troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to religion. They that deny a God destroy a man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and, if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, or melior natura;¹³ which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith, which human nature in itself could not obtain; therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons, so it is in nations: never was there such a state for magnanimity as Rome. Of this state hear what Cicero saith; "Quam volumus, licet, Patres conscripti, nos amemus, tamen nec numero Hispanos, nec robore Gallos, nec calliditate, Pœnos, nec artibus Græcos, nec denique hoc ipso hujus gentis et terræ domestico nativoque sensu Italos ipsos et Latinos; sed pietate, ac religione, atque hac una sapientia, quod Deorum immortalium numine omnia regi, gubernarique perspeximus, omnes gentes, nationesque superavimus."¹⁴

XVII.—OF SUPERSTITION.

It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely:¹⁵ and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose, "Surely," saith he, "I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say

"It is not for us now to say, 'Like priest like people,' for the people are not even so bad as the priest." St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, preached the second Crusade against the Saracens, and was unsparing in his censures of the sins then prevalent among the Christian priesthood. His writings are voluminous, and by some he has been considered as the latest of the fathers of the Church.

"A superior nature."

"We may admire ourselves, conscript fathers, as much as we please; still, neither by numbers did we vanquish the Spaniards, nor by bodily strength the Gauls, nor by cunning the Carthaginians, nor through the arts the Greeks, nor, in fine, by the inborn and native good sense of this our nation, and this our race and soil, the Italians and Latins themselves; but through our devotion and our religious feeling, and this, the sole true wisdom, the having perceived that all things are regulated and governed by the providence of the immortal Gods, have we subdued all races and nations."

The justice of this position is perhaps somewhat doubtful. The superstitious man must have some scruples, while he who believes not in a God (if there is such a person) needs have none.

⁴ A Philosopher of Abdera; the first who taught the system of atoms, which was afterwards more fully developed by Democritus and Epicurus.

⁵ He was a disciple of the last named Philosopher. and held the same principles: he also denied the existence of the soul after death. He is considered to have been the parent of experimental Philosophy, and was the first to teach, what is now confirmed by science, that the Milky Way is an accumulation of stars.

⁶ Spirit.

⁷ Psalm xiv. 1, and lili. 1.

⁸ To whose (seeming) advantage it is; the wish being father to the thought.

⁹ "It is not profane to deny the existence of the Deities of the vulgar: but to apply to the Divinities the received notions of the vulgar is profane."

¹⁰ He alludes to the native tribes of the continent of America and the West Indies.

¹¹ He was an Athenian Philosopher, who from the greatest superstition became an avowed atheist. He was proscribed by the Areiopagus for speaking against the Gods with ridicule and contempt, and is supposed to have died at Corinth.

¹² A Greek Philosopher, a disciple of Theodorus the atheist, to whose opinions he adhered. His life was said to have been profligate, and his death superstitious.

¹³ Lucian ridiculed the follies and pretensions of some of the ancient Philosophers; but though the freedom of his style was such as to cause him to be censured for impiety, he hardly deserves the stigma of atheism here cast upon him by the learned author.

that there was one Plutarch that would eat his children^a as soon as they were born;" as the poets speak of Saturn: and, as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation: all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men: therefore atheism did never perturb states; for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further, and we see the times inclined to atheism (as the time of Augustus Cæsar) were civil times; but superstition hath been the confusion of many states, and bringeth in a new "primum mobile,"^b that ravisheth all the spheres of government. The master of superstition is the people, and in all superstition wise men follow fools: and arguments are fitted to practice in a reversed order. It was gravely said by some of the prelates in the Council of Trent,^c where the doctrine of the schoolmen bare great sway, that the schoolmen were like astronomers, which did feign eccentric^d and epicycles,^e and such engines of orbs to save the phenomena, though they knew there were no such things; and, in like manner, that the schoolmen had framed a number of subtle and intricate axioms and theorems, to save the practice of the Church. The causes of superstition are, pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies; excess of outward and pharisaical holiness; overgreat reverence of traditions, which cannot but load the Church; the stratagems of prelates for their own ambition and lucre; the favoring too much of good intentions, which openeth the gate to conceits and novelties; the taking an aim at divine matters by human, which cannot but breed mixture of imaginations; and, lastly, barbarous times, especially joined with calamities and disasters. Superstition, without a veil, is a deformed thing; for as it addeth deformity to an ape to be so like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more deformed: and as wholesome meat corrupteth to little worms, so good forms and orders corrupt into a number of petty observances. There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think to do best if they go furthest from the superstition formerly received; therefore care would be had that (as it saith in ill purgings) the good be not taken away with the bad, which commonly is done when the people is the reformer.

XVIII.—OF TRAVEL.

TRAVEL, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country, before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before; whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yielded; for else

^b Time was personified in Saturn, and by this story was meant its tendency to destroy whatever it has brought into existence.

^c The primary motive power.

^d This Council commenced in 1545, and lasted eighteen years. It was convened for the purpose of opposing the rising spirit of Protestantism, and of discussing and settling the disputed points of the Catholic faith.

^e Irregular or anomalous movements.

^f An epicycle is a smaller circle, whose center is in the circumference of a greater one.

^g To account for.

young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little. It is a strange thing, that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation: let diaries, therefore, be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are, the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories^a ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns; and so the havens and harbors, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, burars, warehouses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like: comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasures of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the place where they go; after all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not be put in mind of them: yet are they not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do: first, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth; then he must have such a servant, or tutor, as knoweth the country, as was likewise said: let him carry with him also some card, or book, describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry; let him keep also a diary; let him not stay long in one city or town, more or less as the place deserveth, but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great advantage of acquaintance; let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth: let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favor in those things he desireth to see or know; thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable, is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men^b of ambassadors; for so in travelling in one country he shall suck the experience of many: let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame; for quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided; they are commonly for mistresses, healths,^c place, and words; and let a man beware how he keepeth company with choleric and quarrelsome persons; for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth; and let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture, and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers, than forward to tell stories: and let it ap-

^a Synods, or councils.

^b At the present day called "attaches."

^c He probably means the refusing to join on the occasion of drinking healths when taking wine.

pear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country

XIX.—OF EMPIRE.

It is a miserable state of mind to have few things to desire, and many things to fear; and yet that commonly is the case of Kings, who being at the highest, want matter of desire,^a which makes their minds more languishing; and have many representations of perils and shadows, which makes their minds the less clear; and this is one reason also of that effect which the Scripture speaketh of, "That the king's heart is inscrutable:"^b for multitude of jealousies, and lack of some predominant desire, that should marshal and put in order all the rest, maketh any man's heart hard to find or sound. Hence it comes likewise, that princes many times make themselves desires, and set their hearts upon toys; sometimes upon a building; sometimes upon erecting of an order; sometimes upon the advancing of a person; sometimes upon obtaining excellency in some art, or feat of the hand: as Nero for playing on the harp; Domitian for certainty of the hand with the arrow; Commodus for playing at fence; Caracalla for driving chariots, and the like. This seemeth incredible unto those that know not the principle, that the mind of man is more cheered and refreshed by profiting in small things than by standing at a stay^c in great. We see also that Kings that have been fortunate conquerors in their first years, it being not possible for them to go forward infinitely, but that they must have some check or arrest in their fortunes, turn in their latter years to be superstitious and melancholy; as did Alexander the Great, Dioclesian,^d and in our memory, Charles the Fifth,^e and others; for he that is used to go forward, and findeth a stop, falleth out of his own favor, and is not the thing he was.

To speak now of the true temper of empire, it is a thing rare and hard to keep; for both temper and temper consist of contraries; but it is one thing to mingle contraries, another to interchange them. The answer of Apollonius to Vespasian is full of excellent instruction. Vespasian asked him, "What was Nero's overthrow?" he answered, "Nero could touch and tune the harp well; but in government sometimes he used to wind the pins too high, sometimes to let them down too low." And certain it is, that nothing destroyeth authority so much as the unequal and untimely interchange of power pressed too far, and relaxed too much.

This is true, that the wisdom of all these latter times in princes' affairs is rather fine deliveries, and shiftings of dangers and mischiefs, when they are near, than solid and grounded courses to keep them aloof: but this is but to try masteries with fortune; and let men beware how they neglect and suffer matter of trouble to be prepared. For no man can forbid the spark, nor tell whence it may come. The

difficulties in princes' business are many and great; but the greatest difficulty is often in their own mind. For it is common with princes (saith Tacitus) to will contradictories; "Sunt plerumque regum voluntates vehementes, et inter se contrariæ;"^f for it is the solecism of power to think to command the end, and yet not to endure the mean.

Kings have to deal with their neighbors, their wives, their children, their prelates or clergy, their nobles, their second nobles or gentlemen, their merchants, their commons, and their men of war; and from all these arise dangers, if care and circumspection be not used.

First, for their neighbors, there can no general rule be given (the occasions are so variable), save one which ever holdeth; which is, that princes do keep due sentinel, that none of their neighbors do overgrow so (by increase of territory, by embracing of trade, by approaches, or the like), as they become more able to annoy them than they were; and this is generally the work of standing counsels to foresee and to hinder it. During that triumvirate of kings, King Henry the Eighth of England, Francis the First, King of France,^g and Charles the Fifth, Emperor, there was such a watch kept that none of the three could win a palm of ground, but the other two would straightways balance it, either by confederation, or, if need were, by a war; and would not in anywise take up peace at interest: and the like was done by that league (which Guicciardini^h saith was the security of Italy), made between Ferdinando, King of Naples, Lorenzian Medicis, and Ludovicus Sforza, potentates, the one of Florence, the other of Milan. Neither is the opinion of some of the schoolmen to be received, that a war cannot justly be made, but upon a precedent injury or provocation; for there is no question, but a just fear of an imminent danger, though there be no blow given, is a lawful cause of a war.

For their wives, there are cruel examples of them. Livia is infamedⁱ for the poisoning of her husband; Roxolana, Solyman's wife^j was the destruction of that renowned prince, Sultan Mustapha, and otherwise troubled his house and succession; Edward the Second of England's Queen^k had the principal hand in the disposing and murder of her husband.

This kind of danger is then to be feared chiefly when the wives have plots for the raising of their own children, or else that they be advoutrresses.^l

For their children, the tragedies likewise of dangers from them have been many; and generally the entering of fathers into suspicion of their children hath been ever unfortunate. The destruction of

^a "The desires of monarchs are generally impetuous and conflicting among themselves."

^b He was especially the rival of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and was one of the most distinguished sovereigns that ever ruled over France.

^c An eminent historian of Florence. His great work, which is here alluded to, is, "The History of Italy during his own Time," which is considered one of the most valuable productions of that age.

^d Spoken badly of. Livia was said to have hastened the death of Augustus, to prepare the accession of her son Tiberius to the throne.

^e Solyman the Magnificent was one of the most celebrated of the Ottoman monarchs. He took the Isle of Rhodes from the Knights of St. John. He also subdued Moldavia, Wallachia, and the greatest part of Hungary, and took from the Persians, Georgia and Bagdad. He died A.D. 1566. His wife Roxolana (who was originally a slave called Rosa or Hazathya), with the Pasha Rustan, conspired against the life of his son Mustapha, and by their instigation this distinguished prince was strangled in his father's presence.

^f The infamous Isabella of Anjou.

^g Advoutrresses.

^a Something to create excitement.

^b "The heart of kings is unsearchable."—Prov. v. 3.

^c Commodus fought naked in public as a gladiator, and added himself on his skill as a swordsman.

^d Making a stop at, or dwelling too long upon.

^e After a prosperous reign of twenty-one years, Dioclesian abdicated the throne, and retired to a private station.

^f After having reigned thirty-five years, he abdicated the throne of Spain and Germany, and passed the two last years of his life in retirement at St. Just, a convent in Extremadura.

Mustapha (that we named before) was so fatal to Solymán's line, as the succession of the Turks from Solymán's until this day is suspected to be untrue, and of strange blood; for that Selymus the Second was thought to be supposititious.* The destruction of Crispus, a young prince of rare towardness, by Constantinus the Great, his father, was in like manner fatal to his house; for both Constantinus and Constantine, his sons died violent deaths; and Constantinus, his other son, did little better, who died indeed of sickness, but after that Julianus had taken arms against him. The destruction of Demetrius,† son to Philip the Second of Macedon, turned upon the father who died of repentance. and many like examples there are; but few or none where the fathers had good by such distrust, except it were where the sons were up in open arms against them; as was Selymus the First against Bajazet, and the three sons of Henry the Second, King of England.

For their prelates, when they are proud and great, there is also danger from them; as it was in the times of Anselmus‡ and Thomas Becket, Archbishops of Canterbury, who with their crosiers did almost try it with the King's sword; and yet they had to deal with stout and haughty Kings; William Rufus, Henry the First, and Henry the Second. The danger is not from that state, but where it hath a dependence of foreign authority; or where the churchmen come in and are elected, not by the collation of the King, or particular patrons, but by the people.

For their nobles, to keep them at a distance is not amiss; but to depress them may make a King more absolute, but less safe, and less able to perform anything he desires. I have noted it in my History of King Henry the Seventh of England, who depressed his nobility, whereupon it came to pass that his times were full of difficulties and troubles; for the nobility, though they continued loyal unto him, yet did they not co-operate with him in his business so that in effect he was fain to do all things himself.

For their second nobles, there is not much danger from them, being a body dispersed: they may sometimes discourse high, but that doth little hurt: besides, they are a counterpoise to the higher nobility, that they grow not too potent; and, lastly, being the most immediate in authority with the common people, they do best temper popular commotions.

For their merchants, they are "vena porta;" and if they flourish not, a kingdom may have good limbs, but will have empty veins, and nourish little. Taxes and imposts upon them do seldom good to the King's revenue, for that which he wins in the hundred, he loseth in the shire; the particular rates being increased, but the total bulk of trading rather decreased.

For their commons, there is little danger from them, except it be where they have great and potent heads; or where you meddle with the point of religion, or their customs or means of life.

* He however distinguished himself by taking Cyprus from the Venetians in the year 1571.

† He was falsely accused by his brother Perseus of attempting to dethrone his father, on which he was put to death by the order of Philip, B. C. 180.

‡ Anselm was archbishop of Canterbury, in the time of William Rufus and Henry the First. Though his private life was pious and exemplary, through his rigid assertions of the rights of the clergy, he was continually embroiled with his sovereign. Thomas A. Becket pursued a similar course, but with still greater violence.

§ The great vessel that conveys the blood to the liver, after it has been enriched by the absorption of nutriment from the intestines.

¶ This is an expression similar to our proverb, "Penny wise and pound-foolish."

‡ A subdivision of the shire.

For the men of war,* it is a dangerous state where they live and remain in a body, and are used to donatives whereof we see examples in the Janizaries† and Prætorian bands of Rome; but training of men, and arming them in several places, and under several commanders, and without donatives, are things of defence, and no danger.

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times; and which have much veneration, but no fest. All precepts concerning Kings are in effect comprehended in those two remembrances, "Memento quod es homo;" and "Memento quod es Deus," or "vice Dei,"‡ the one brideth their power, and the other their will.

XX.—OF COUNSEL.

The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel; for in other confidences men commit the parts of life, their lands, their goods, their children, their credit, some particular affair; but to such as they make their counsellors they commit the whole: by how much the more they are obliged to all faith and integrity. The wisest princes need not think it any diminution to their greatness or derogation to their sufficiency to rely upon counsel. God himself is not without, but hath made it one of the great names of his blessed Son, "The Counsellor." Solomon hath pronounced that, "In counsel is stability." Things will have their first or second agitation: if they be not tossed upon the arguments of counsel, they will be tossed upon waves of fortune; and be full of inconstancy, doing and undoing, like the reeling of a drunken man. Solomon's son§ found the force of counsel, as his father saw the necessity of it: for the beloved kingdom of God was first rent and broken by ill counsel; upon which counsel there are set for our instruction the two marks whereby bad counsel is forever best discerned, that it was young counsel for the persons, and violent counsel for the matter.

The ancient times do set forth in figure both the incorporation and inseparable conjunction of counsel with Kings, and the wise and politic use of counsel by Kings: the one in that they say Jupiter did marry Metis, which signifieth counsel; whereby they intend that sovereignty is married to counsel; the other, in that which followeth, which was thus: they say, after Jupiter was married to Metis, she conceived by him and was with child; but Jupiter suffered her not to stay till she brought forth, but eat her up: whereby he became himself, with child, and was delivered of Pallas armed, out of his head. Which monstrous fable containeth a secret of empire, how Kings are to make use of their counsel of state: that first they ought to refer matters unto them, which is the first begetting or impregnation; but when they are elaborate, molded and shaped in the

* Soldiers.

† The Janizaries were the body-guards of the Turkish sultans, and enacted the same disgraceful part in making and unmaking monarchs, as the mercenary Prætorian guards of the Roman empire.

‡ "Remember that thou art a man."

§ "Remember that thou art a God."

¶ "The representative of God."

§ Isaiah ix. 6: "His name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

¶ Prov. ix. 18: "Every purpose is established by counsel: and with good advice make war."

‡ The wicked Rehoboam, from whom the ten tribes of Israel revolted and elected Jeroboam their king. See 1 Kings xii.

womb of their council, and grow ripe and ready to be brought forth, that then they suffer not their council to go through with the resolution and direction, as if it depended on them; but take the matter back into their own hands, and make it appear to the world, that the decrees [and final directions] (which, because they come forth with prudence and power, are resembled to Pallas armed), proceeded from themselves; and not only from their authority, but (the more to add reputation to themselves) from their head and device.

Let us now speak of the inconveniences of counsel, and of the remedies. The inconveniences that have been noted in calling and using counsel, are three: first, the revealing of affairs, whereby they become less secret; secondly, the weakening of the authority of princes, as if they were less of themselves; thirdly, the danger of being unfaithfully counselled, and more for the good of them that counsel than of him that is counselled; for which inconveniences, the doctrine of Italy, and practice of France, in some Kings' times, hath introduced cabinet councils; a remedy worse than the disease.^d

As to secrecy, princes are not bound to communicate all matters with all counsellors, but may extract and select; neither is it necessary, that he that consulteth what he should do, should declare what he will do; but let princes beware that the unsecreting of their affairs comes not from themselves: and, as for cabinet councils, it may be their motto, "*Plenus rimarum sum*:"^e one futile person, that maketh it his glory to tell, will do more hurt than many, that know it their duty to conceal. It is true there be some affairs which require extreme secrecy, which will hardly go beyond one or two persons besides the King: neither are those counsels unprosperous; for, besides the secrecy, they commonly go on constantly in one spirit of direction without distraction: but then it must be a prudent King, such as is able to grind with a hand-mill;^f and those inward counsellors had need also be wise men, and especially true and trusty to the King's ends; as it was with King Henry the Seventh of England, who, in his greatest business imparted himself to none, except it were to Morton^g and Fox.^h

For weakening of authority, the fableⁱ sheweth the remedy: nay, the majesty of Kings is rather exalted than diminished when they are in the chair of council; neither was there ever prince bereaved of his dependencies by his council, except where there hath been either an over-greatness in one counsellor, or an over strict combination in divers, which are things soon found and holpen.^j

For the last inconvenience, that men will counsel with an eye to themselves; certainly, "*non inveniet*

fidem super terram,"^k is meant of the nature of times,^l and not of all particular persons. There be that are in nature faithful and sincere, and plain and direct, not crafty and involved: let princes, above all, draw to themselves such natures. Besides, counsellors are not commonly so united, but that one counsellor keepeth sentinel over another; so that if any do counsel out of faction or private ends, it commonly comes to the King's ear: but the best remedy is, if princes know their counsellors, as well as their counsellors know them:

"*Principis est virtus maxima nosse suos*."^m

And on the other side, counsellors should not be too speculative into their sovereign's person. The true composition of a counsellor is, rather to be skilful in their master's business than in his nature;ⁿ for then he is like to advise him, and not to feed his humor. It is of singular use to princes if they take the opinions of their council both separately and together; for private opinion is more free, but opinion before others is more reverend. In private, men are more bold in their own humors; and in consort, men are more obnoxious^o to others' humors; therefore it is good to take both; and of the inferior sort rather in private, to preserve freedom; of the greater, rather in consort, to preserve respect. It is in vain for princes to take counsel concerning matters, if they take no counsel likewise concerning persons; for all matters are as dead images: and the life of the execution of affairs resteth in the good choice of persons: neither is it enough to consult concerning persons, "*secundum genera*,"^p as in an idea or mathematical description, what the kind and character of the person should be; for the greatest errors are committed and the most judgment is shown, in the choice of individuals. It was truly said, "*Optimi consilarii mortui*:"^q "books will speak plain when counsellors blanch;"^r therefore it is good to be conversant in them, specially the books of such as themselves have been actors upon the stage.

The councils at this day in most places are but familiar meetings, where matters are rather talked on than debated; and they run too swift to the order or act of council. It were better that in causes of weight the matter were propounded one day and not spoken to till the next day; "*In nocte consilium*:"^s so was it done in the commission of union^t between England and Scotland, which was a grave and orderly assembly. I commend set days for petitions; for both it gives the suitors more certainty for their attendance, and it frees the meetings for matters of estate, that they may "*hoc agere*."^u In choice of com-

^l "He shall not find faith upon the earth." Lord Bacon probably alludes to the words of our Saviour, St. Luke xviii. 8: "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith upon the earth?"

^m He means to say that this remark was only applicable to a particular time, namely, the coming of Christ. The period of the destruction of Jerusalem was probably referred to.

ⁿ "Tis the especial virtue of a prince to know his own men."

^o In his disposition, or inclination.

^p Liable to opposition from.

^q "According to classes," or, as we vulgarly say, "in the lump." Lord Bacon means that princes are not, as a matter of course, to take counsellors merely on the presumption of talent, from their rank and station; but that, on the contrary, they are to select such as are tried men, and with regard to whom there can be no mistake.

^r "The best counsellors are the dead."

^s "Are afraid" to open their mouths.

^t "Night-time for counsel."

^u On the accession of James the Sixth of Scotland to the throne of England in 1603.

^v A phrase much in use with the Romans, signifying, "to attend to the business in hand."

^d The political world has not been convinced of the truth of this doctrine of Lord Bacon; as cabinet councils are now held probably by every sovereign in Europe.

^e "I am full of outlets."

^f That is, without a complicated machinery of government.

^g Master of the Rolls and privy-councillor under Henry VI., to whose cause he faithfully adhered. Edward IV. promoted him to the see of Ely, and made him lord-chancellor. He was elevated to the see of Canterbury by Henry VII., and in 1493 received the Cardinal's hat.

^h Privy-councillor and Keeper of the Privy Seal to Henry VII.; and after enjoying several bishoprics in succession, translated to the see of Winchester. He was an able statesman, and highly valued by Henry VII. On the accession of Henry VIII., his political influence was counteracted by Wolsey; on which he retired to his diocese, and devoted the rest of his life to acts of piety and munificence.

ⁱ Before mentioned, relative to Jupiter and Metis.

^j Remedied

mittees for ripening business for the council, it is better to choose indifferent persons, than to make an indifferency by putting in those that are strong on both sides. I commend, also, standing commissions; as for trade, for treasure, for war, for suits, for some provinces; for where there be divers particular councils, and but one council of estate (as it is in Spain), they are, in effect, no more than standing commissions, save that they have greater authority. Let such as are to inform councils out of their particular professions (as lawyers, seamen, mintmen, and the like), be first heard before committees; and then, as occasion serves, before the council; and let them not come in multitudes, or in a tribunitious manner; for that is to clamor councils, not to inform them. A long table and a square table, or seats about the walls, seem things of form, but are things of substance; for at a long table a few at the upper end, in effect, sway all the business; but in the other form there is more use of the counsellors' opinions that sit lower. A King, when he presides in council, let him beware how he opens his own inclination too much in that which he propoundeth; for else counsellors will but take the wind of him, and instead of giving free counsel, will sing him a song of "placebo."²

XXI.—OF DELAYS.

FORTUNE is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer,* which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price; for occasion (as it is in the common verse) "turneth a bald noddle" after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken; or, at least, turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them: nay, it is better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon approaches, for if a man watch too long, it is odds that he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows (as some have been when the moon was low, and shone on their enemies' back), and so to shoot off before the time; or to teach dangers to come on by over early buckling towards them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion (as we said) must be ever well weighed; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands; first to watch and then to speed; for the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the council, and celerity in the execution; for when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity; like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

XXII.—OF CUNNING.

WE take cunning for a sinister, or crooked wisdom; and certainly there is great difference between a cunning man and a wise man, not only in point of

honesty, but in point of ability. There be that can pack the cards,^a and yet cannot play well; so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men. Again, it is one thing to understand persons, and another thing to understand matters; for many are perfect in men's humors that are not capable of the real part of business, which is the constitution of one that hath studied men more than books. Such men are fitter for practice than for counsel, and they are good but in their own alley: turn them to new men, and they have lost their aim; so as the old rule, to know a fool from a wise man, "*Mitte ambos nudos ad ignotos, et videbis,*"^b doth scarce hold for them; and, because these cunning men are like haberdashers' of small wares, it is not amiss to set forth their shop.

It is a point of cunning to wait upon^d him with whom you speak with your eye, as the Jesuits gave it in precept; for there be many wise men that have secret hearts and transparent countenances: yet this would be done with a demure debasing of your eye sometimes, as the Jesuits also do use.

Another is, when you have anything to obtain of present dispatch, you entertain and amuse the party with whom you deal with some other discourse, that he be not too much awake to make objections. I knew a counsellor and secretary that never came to Queen Elizabeth of England with bills to sign, but would always first put her into some discourse of estate^e that she might the less mind the bills.

The like surprise may be made by moving things when the party is in haste, and cannot stay to consider advisedly of that is moved.

If a man would cross a business that he doubts some other would handsomely and effectually move, let him pretend to wish it well, and move it himself, in such sort as may foil it.

The breaking off in the midst of that, one was about to say, as if he took himself up, breeds a greater appetite in him, with whom you confer, to know more.

And because it works better when anything seemeth to be gotten from you by question than if you offer it of yourself, you may lay a bait for a question, by showing another visage and countenance than you are wont; to the end, to give occasion for the party to ask what the matter is of the change, as Nehemiah^f did, "And I had not before that time been sad before the king."

In things that are tender and displeasing, it is good to break the ice by some whose words are of less weight, and to reserve the more weighty voice to come in as by chance, so that he may be asked the question upon the other's speech; as Narcissus did, in relating to Claudius the marriage^g of Messalina and Silius.

^a Packing the cards is an admirable illustration of the author's meaning. It is a cheating exploit, by which knaves, who perhaps are inferior players, insure to themselves the certainty of good hands.

^b "Send them both naked among strangers, and then you will see."

^c This word is used here in its primitive sense of "retail dealers." It is said to have been derived from a custom of the Flemings, who first settled in this country in the fourteenth century, stopping the passengers as they passed their shops, and saying to them, "*Haber en herr?*" "Will you take this sir." The word is now generally used as synonymous with linen-draper.

^d To watch.

^e State.

^f Discussing matters.

^g He refers to the occasion when Nehemiah, on presenting the wine, as cupbearer to King Artaxerxes, appeared sorrowful, and on being asked the reason of it, entreated the king to allow Jerusalem to be rebuilt. Nehemiah ii. 1.

^h This can hardly be called a marriage, as at the time of the intrigue Messalina was the wife of Claudius: but she

¹ A tribunitian or declamatory manner.

² "I'll follow the bent of your humor."

³ See the history of Rome under the reign of Tarquinius Superbus.

⁴ Bald head. He alludes to the common saying "take time by the forelock."

In things that a man would not be seen in himself, it is a point of cunning to borrow the name of the world; as to say, "The world says," or "There is a speech abroad."

I knew one, that when he wrote a letter, he would put that which was most material in the postscript, as if it had been a by-matter.

I knew another, that when he came to have speech, he would pass over that that he intended most: and go forth and come back again, and speak of it as of a thing that he had almost forgot.

Some procure themselves to be surprised at such times as it is like the party that they work upon will suddenly come upon them, and to be found with a letter in their hand, or doing somewhat which they are not accustomed, to the end they may be opposed of those things which of themselves they are desirous to utter.

It is a point of cunning to let fall those words in a man's own name, which he would have another man learn and use, and thereupon take advantage. I knew two that were competitors for the secretary's place, in Queen Elizabeth's time, and yet kept good quarter between themselves, and would confer one with another upon the business; and the one of them said, that to be a secretary in the declination of a monarchy was a ticklish thing, and that he did not affect it: the other straight caught up those words, and discoursed with divers of his friends, that he had no reason to desire to be secretary in the declination of a monarchy. The first man took hold of it, and found means it was told the queen; who, hearing of a declination of a monarchy, took it so ill, as she would never after hear of the other's suit.

There is a cunning, which we in England call "the turning of the cat in the pan;" which is, when that which a man says to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him; and, to say truth, it is not easy, when such a matter passed between two, to make it appear from which of them it first moved and began.

It is a way that some men have, to glance and dart at others by justifying themselves by negatives; as to say, "This I do not;" as Tigellinus did towards Burrhus, "Se non diversas spes, sed incolunitatem imperatoris simpliciter spectare."

Some have in readiness so many tales and stories, as there is nothing they would insinuate, but they can wrap it into a tale; which serveth both to keep themselves more in guard, and to make others carry it with more pleasure.

It is a good point of cunning for a man to shape the answer he would have in his own words and propositions; for it makes the other party stick the less.

It is strange how long some men will lie in wait to speak somewhat they desire to say; and how far about they will fetch, and how many other matters they will beat over to come near it: it is a thing of great patience, but yet of much use.

A sudden, bold, and unexpected question doth many times surprise a man, and lay him open. Like to him, that, having changed his name, and walking

in Paul's,^a another suddenly came behind him and called him by his true name, wherewith straightways he looked back.

But these small wares and petty points of cunning are infinite, and it were a good deed to make a list of them; for that nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise.

But certainly some there are that know the resorts and falls of business that cannot sink into the main of it; like a house that hath convenient stairs and entries, but never a fair room: therefore you shall see them find out pretty looses in the conclusion, but are noways able to examine or debate matters: and yet commonly they take advantage of their inability, and would be thought wits of direction. Some build rather upon the abusing of others, and (as we now say) putting tricks upon them, than upon soundness of their own proceedings: but Solomon saith, "Prudens advertit ad gressus suos: stultus divertit ad dolos."

XXIII.—OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF.

AN ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden: and certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, especially to thy king and country. It is a poor center of a man's actions, himself. It is right earth; for that only stands fast upon his own center; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens, move upon the center of another, which they benefit. The referring of all to a man's self, is more tolerable in a sovereign prince, because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune; but it is a desperate evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic; for whatsoever affairs pass such a man's hands, he crooketh them to his own ends, which must needs be often eccentric to the ends of his master or state: therefore let princes or states choose such servants as have not this mark; except they mean their service should be made but the accessory. That which maketh the effect more pernicious is, that all proportion is lost; it were disproportionate enough for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's; but yet it is a greater extreme, when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's: and yet that is the case of bad officers, treasurers, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants; which set a bias upon their bowl, of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs, and, for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune; but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune; and certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set a house on fire, an it were but to roast their eggs; and yet these men many times hold credit with their masters because

^a He alludes to the old Cathedral of St. Paul in London, which, in the sixteenth century, was a common lounge for idlers.

^r Movements, or springs. ^s Chances, or vicissitudes.

^t Enter deeply into. ^u Faults, or weak points.

^x "The wise man gives heed to his own footsteps; the fool turneth aside to the snare." No doubt he here alludes to Ecclesiastes xiv. 2, which passage is thus rendered in our version: "The wise man's eyes are in his head; but the fool walketh in darkness."

^y Mischievous.

^b It must be remembered that Bacon was not a favorer of the Copernican system.

forced Caius Silius, of whom she was deeply enamored, to divorce his own wife, that she herself might enjoy his society. The intrigue was disclosed to Claudius by Narcissus, who was his freedman, and the pander to his infamous vices on which Silius was put to death.

¹ To speak in his turn. ² Be questioned upon.

³ Kept on good terms. ⁴ Desire it.

⁵ "That he did not have various hopes in view, but solely the safety of the emperor." Tigellinus was the prodigal minister of Nero, and Africanus Burrhus was the chief of the Praetorian guards.

⁶ As Nathan did when he reproved David for his criminality with Bathsheba. ⁷ Samuel xii.

⁸ Use indirect stratagems.

their study is but to please them, and profit themselves; and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing: it is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall: it is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger who digged and made room for him: it is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted, is, that those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are, "*sui amantes, sine rivali*,"^a are many times unfortunate; and whereas they have all their times sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.

XXIV.—OF INNOVATIONS.

As the births of living creatures at first are ill-shapen, so are all innovations, which are the births of time; yet notwithstanding, as those that first bring honor into their family are commonly more worthy than most that succeed, so the first precedent (if it be good) is seldom attained by imitation; for ill to man's nature as it stands perverted, hath a natural motion strongest in continuance; but good, as a forced motion, strongest at first. Surely every medicine^b is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils; for time is the greatest innovator; and if time of course alter things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end? It is true, that what is settled by custom, though it be not good, yet at least it is fit; and those things which have long gone together, are, as it were, confederate within themselves;^c whereas new things piece not so well; but, though they help by their utility, yet they trouble by their inconformity: besides, they are like strangers, more admired and less favored. All this is true, if time stood still: which, contrariwise, moveth so round, that a froward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as an innovation; and they that reverence too much old times are but a scorn to the new. It were good, therefore, that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived; for otherwise, whatsoever is new is unlooked for; and ever it mends some and pairs^d other; and he that is holpen, takes it for a fortune, and thanks the time; and he that is hurt, for a wrong, and imputeth it to the author. It is good also not to try experiments in states, except the necessity be urgent, or the utility evident; and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation; and lastly, that the novelty, though it be not rejected, yet be held for a suspect,^e and, as the Scripture saith, "That we make a stand upon the ancient way, and then look about us, and discover what is the straight and right way, and so to walk in it."^f

^a "Lovers of themselves without a rival."

^b Remedy.

^c Adapted to each other.

^d Injures, or impairs.

^e A thing suspected.

^f He probably alludes to Jeremiah vi. 16: "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

XXV.—OF DISPATCH.

AFFECTED dispatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be: it is like that which the physicians call predigestion, or hasty digestion, which is sure to fill the body full of crudities, and secret seeds of diseases: therefore measure not dispatch by the times of sitting, but by the advancement of the business: and as in races, it is not the large stride, or high lift, that makes the speed; so in business, the keeping close to the matter, and not taking of it too much at once, procureth dispatch. It is the care of some, only to come off speedily for the time, or to contrive some false periods of business, because they may seem men of dispatch: but it is one thing to abbreviate by contracting,^a another by cutting off; and business so handled at several sittings, or meetings, goeth commonly backward and forward in an unsteady manner. I knew a wise man^b that had it for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, "Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner."

On the other side, true dispatch is a rich thing; for time is the measure of business, as money is of ware; and business is bought at a dear hand where there is small dispatch. The Spartans and Spaniards have been noted to be of small dispatch: "*Mi venga la muerte de Spagna*;" "*Let my death come from Spain*;" for then it will be sure to be long in coming.

Give good hearing to those that give the first information in business, and rather direct them in the beginning, than interrupt them in the continuance of their speeches; for he that is put out of his own order will go forward and backward, and be more tedious while he waits upon his memory, than he could have been if he had gone on in his own course; but sometimes it is seen that the moderator is more troublesome than the actor.

Iterations are commonly loss of time; but there is no such gain of time as to iterate often the state of the question; for it chaseth away many a frivolous speech as it is coming forth. Long and curious speeches are as fit for dispatch as a robe, or mantle, with a long train, is for a race. Prefaces, and passages,^c and excusations,^d and other speeches of reference to the person, are great wastes of time; and though they seem to proceed of modesty, they are bravery.^e Yet beware of being too material when there is any impediment, or obstruction in men's wills; for preoccupation of mind^f ever requireth preface of speech, like a fomentation to make the unguent enter.

Above all things, order and distribution, and singling out of parts, is the life of dispatch; so as the distribution be not too subtle: for he that doth not divide will never enter well into business; and he that divideth too much will never come out of it clearly. To choose time, is to save time; and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air. There be three parts of business: the preparation; the debate, or examination; and the perfection. Whereof, if you look for dispatch, let the middle only be the work of many, and the first and last the work of few. The proceeding, upon somewhat conceived in writing, doth for the most part facilitate dispatch; for though it should be wholly rejected, yet that negative is more pregnant of direction than an indefinite, as ashes are more generative than dust.

^a That is, by means of good management.

^b It is supposed that he here alludes to Sir Amyas Paulet, a very able statesman, and the ambassador of Queen Elizabeth to the court of France.

^c Quotations.

^d Apologies.

^e Boasting.

^f Prejudice.

XXVI.—OF SEEMING WISE.

It hath been an opinion, that the French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are; but howsoever it be between nations, certainly it is so between man and man; for as the apostle saith of godliness, "Having a show of godliness, but denying the power thereof;"^a so certainly there are, in points of wisdom and sufficiency, that do nothing or little very solemnly; "*magno conatu nugas*."^b It is a ridiculous thing, and fit for a satire to persons of judgment, to see what shifts these formalists have, and what prospectives to make superficies to seem body, that hath depth and bulk. Some are so close and reserved as they will not show their wares but by a dark light, and seem always to keep back somewhat; and when they know within themselves they speak of that they do not well know, would nevertheless seem to others to know of that which they may not well speak. Some help themselves with countenance and gesture, and are wise by signs; as Cicero saith of Piso, that when he answered him he fetched one of his brows up to his forehead, and bent the other down to his chin; "Respondes, altero ad frontem sublato, altero ad mentum depresso supercilio; crudelitatem tibi non placere."^c Some think to bear it by speaking a great word, and being peremptory; and go on, and take by admittance that which they cannot make good. Some, whatsoever is beyond their reach, will seem to despise, or make light of it as impertinent or curious: and so would have their ignorance seem judgment. Some are never without a difference, and commonly by amusing men with a subtilty, blanch the matter; of whom A. Gellius saith, "*Hominem delirum, qui verborum minutiis rerum frangit pondera*."^d Of which kind also Plato, in his Protagoras, bringeth in Prodicus in scorn, and maketh him make a speech that consisteth of distinctions from the beginning to the end. Generally such men, in all deliberations, find ease to be^e of the negative side, and affect a credit to object and foretell difficulties; for when propositions are denied, there is an end of them; but if they be allowed, it requireth a new work: which false point of wisdom is the bane of business. To conclude, there is no decaying merchant, or inward beggar,^f hath so many tricks to uphold the credit of wealth as these empty persons have to maintain the credit of their sufficiency. Seeming wise men may make shift to get opinion; but let no man choose them for employment; for certainly, you were better take for business a man somewhat absurd than over-formal.

XXVII.—OF FRIENDSHIP.

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god:"^a for it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aver-

^a 2 Tim. iii. 5.

^b "Trifles with great effort."

^c "With one brow raised to your forehead, the other bent downward to your chin, you answer that cruelly delights you not."

^d "A foolish man who fritters away the weight of matters by fine-spun trifling on words."

^e Find it easier to make difficulties and objections than to originate.

^f One in really insolvent circumstances, though to the world he does not appear so.

^a He here quotes from a passage in the "*Politics*" of Aristotle, book i.

"He who is unable to mingle in society, or who requires nothing, by reason of suffering for himself, is no part of the state, so that he is either a wild beast or a Divinity."

sion towards society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a desire in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides,^b the Candian; Numa, the Roman; Empedocles, the Sicilian; and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the Church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little, "*Magna civitas, magna solitudo*;"^c because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighborhoods: but we may go further, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza^d to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum^e for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak: so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness: for princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions, and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favorites, or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace, or conversation; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them "*participes curarum*;"^f for it is that which tieth the knot: and we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but

^b Epimenides, a poet of Crete (of which Canadia is the modern name), is said by Pliny to have fallen into a sleep which lasted fifty-seven years. He was also said to have lived 200 years. Numa pretended that he was instructed in the art of legislation by the divine nymph Egeria, who dwelt in the Arcan grove. Empedocles, the Sicilian philosopher, declared himself to be immortal, and to be able to cure all evils: he is said by some to have retired from society that his death might not be known, and to have thrown himself into the crater of Mount Ætna. Apollonius of Tyana, the Pythagorean philosopher, pretended to miraculous powers, and after his death a temple was erected to him at that place. His life is recorded by Philostratus; and some persons, among whom are Hierocles, Dr. More, in his *Mystery of Godliness*, and recently Strauss, have not hesitated to compare his miracles with those of our Saviour.

^c "A great city, a great desert."

^d Sarsaparilla.

^e A liquid matter of a pungent smell, extracted from a portion of the body of the beaver.

^f "Partakers of cares."

by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch; for when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet; for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting. With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew; and this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death: for when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calphurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream; and it seemeth his favor was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him "veneficus," "witch," as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height, as, when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life: there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius, in a letter to him, saith, "Hæc pro amicitia nostra non occultavi;" and the whole senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like, or more, was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus; for he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus, and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also, in a letter to the senate, by these words: "I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me." Now, if these princes had been as a Trajan, or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise,^h of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half-piece, except they might have a friend to make it entire; and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Comineusⁱ observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy,^k namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith, that towards his latter time that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding. Surely Comineus

might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Louis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true, "Cor me edito," "eat not the heart." Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts: but one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves: for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchymists used to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature: but yet, without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature; for, in bodies, union strengtheneth and cheriseth any natural action; and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulbeth any violent impression; and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections; for friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts: neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words: finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, "That speech was like cloth of Arras," opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best), but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetted his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation: which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best:" and certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the

ⁱ "These things, by reason of our friendship, I have not concealed from you."

^h Such infamous men as Tiberius and Sejanus hardly deserve this commendation.

^k Philip de Comines.

^l Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, the valiant antagonist of Louis XI. of France. de Comines spent his early years at his court, but afterwards passed into the service of Louis XI. This monarch was notorious for his cruelty, treachery, and dissimulation, and had all the bad qualities of his contemporary, Edward IV. of England, without any of his redeeming virtues.

^m Pythagoras went still further than this, as he forbade his disciples to eat flesh of any kind whatever. See the interesting speech which Ovid attributes to him in the Fifteenth book of the *Metamorphoses*. Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Pseudodoxia* (Browne's Works, Bohn's Antiquarian edn., vol. i. p. 27, et seq.), gives some curious explanations of the doctrines of this philosopher.

ⁿ Tapestry. Speaking hypercritically, Lord Bacon commits an anachronism here, as Arras did not manufacture tapestry till the middle ages.

counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business: for the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health, is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive; reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead; observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case; but the best receipt (best I say to work and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune: for, as St. James saith, they are as men "that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor."^a As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or, that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or, that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters;^b or, that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest;^c and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all: but when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight: and if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is well (that is to say, better, perhaps, than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers; one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled; for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it: the other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief, and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and, therefore, may put you in a way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease, and kill the patient: but a friend, that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience; and therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid, and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say, "that a friend is another himself:" for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure

that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place: but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there, which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them: a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate, or beg, and a number of the like: but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person: but to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part, if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

XXVIII.—OF EXPENSE.

RICHES are for spending, and spending for honor and good actions; therefore extraordinary expense must be limited by the worth of the occasion; for voluntary undoing may be as well for a man's country as for kingdom of heaven; but ordinary expense ought to be limited by a man's estate, and governed with such regard, as it be within his compass; and not subject to deceit and abuse of servants; and ordered to the best show, that the bills may be less than the estimation abroad. Certainly, if a man will keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part. It is no baseness for the greatest to descend and look into their own estate. Some forbear it, not upon negligence alone, but doubting to bring themselves into melancholy, in respect they shall find it broken: but wounds cannot be cured without searching. He that cannot look into his own estate at all, had need both choose well those whom he employeth, and change them often; for new are more timorous and less subtle. He that can look into his estate but seldom, it behoveth him to turn all to certainties. A man had need, if he be plentiful in some kind of expense, to be as saving again in some other: as if he be plentiful in diet, to be saving in apparel: if he be plentiful in the hall, to be saving in the stable: and the like. For he that is plentiful in expenses of all kinds will hardly be preserved from decay. In clearing^a of a man's estate, he may as well hurt himself in being too sudden, as in letting it run on too long; for hasty selling is commonly as disadvantageable as interest. Besides, he that clears at once will relapse; for finding himself out of straits, he will revert to his customs: but he that cleareth by degrees induceth a habit of frugality, and gaineth as well upon his mind as upon his estate. Certainly, who hath a state to repair, may not despise small things; and, commonly, it is less dishonorable to abridge petty charges than to stoop to petty gettings. A man ought warily to begin charges, which once begun will continue: but in matters that return not, he may be more magnificent.

^a James i. 23.

^b He alludes to the recommendation which moralists have often given, that a person in anger should go through the alphabet to himself before he allows himself to speak.

^c In his day the musket was fixed upon a stand, called the "rest," much as the ginals or matchlocks are used in the East at the present day.

^a From debts and incumbrances.

XXIX.—OF THE TRUE GREATNESS OF KINGDOMS AND ESTATES.

THE speech of Themistocles, the Athenian, which was haughty and arrogant, in taking so much to himself, had been a grave and wise observation and censure, applied at large to others. Desired at a feast to touch a lute, he said, "He could not fiddle, but yet he could make a small town a great city." These words (holpen a little with a metaphor) may express two different abilities in those that deal in business of estate; for if a true survey be taken of counsellors and statesmen, there may be found (though rarely) those which can make a small state great, and yet cannot fiddle: as, on the other side, there will be found a great many that can fiddle very cunningly, but yet are so far from being able to make a small state great, as their gift lieth the other way; to bring a great and flourishing estate to ruin and decay. And certainly, those degenerate arts and shifts whereby many counsellors and governors gain both favor with their masters and estimation with the vulgar, deserve no better name than fiddling; being things rather pleasing for the time, and graceful to themselves only, than tending to the weal and advancement of the state which they serve. There are also (no doubt) counsellors and governors which may be held sufficient, "*negotii pares*," able to manage affairs, and to keep them from precipices and manifest inconveniences; which, nevertheless, are far from the ability to raise and amplify an estate in power, means, and fortune: but be the workmen what they may be, let us speak of the work; that is, the true greatness of kingdoms and estates, and the means thereof. An argument fit for great and mighty princes to have in their hand; to the end, that neither by over-measuring their forces, they lose themselves in vain enterprises: nor, on the other side, by undervaluing them, they descend to fearful and pusillanimous counsels.

The greatness of an estate, in bulk and territory, doth fall under measure; and the greatness of finances and revenues doth fall under computation. The population may appear by musters; and the number and greatness of cities and towns by cards and maps; but yet there is not anything amongst civil affairs more subject to error than the right valuation and true judgment concerning the power and forces of an estate. The kingdom of heaven is compared, not to any great kernel, or nut, but to a grain of mustard-seed;^a which is one of the least grains, but hath in it a property and spirit hastily to get up and spread. So are there states great in territory, and yet not apt to enlarge or command; and some that have but a small dimension of stem, and yet apt to be the foundations of great monarchies.

Walled towns, stored arsenals and armories, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants, ordnance, artillery, and the like; all this is but a sheep in a lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike. Nay, number itself in armies importeth not much, where the people is of weak courage; for, as Virgil saith, "It never troubles a wolf how many the sheep be." The army of the Persians in the plains of Arbela was such a vast sea of people, as it did somewhat astonish the commanders in Alexander's army, who came to him, therefore, and wished him to set upon them by

night; but he answered, "He will not pilfer the victory: and the defeat was easy. When Tigranes, the Armenian, being encamped upon a hill with four hundred thousand men, discovered the army of the Romans, being not above fourteen thousand, marching towards him, he made himself merry with it, and said, "Yonder men are too many for an ambassage, and too few for a fight;" but before the sun set, he found them enow to give him the chase with infinite slaughter. Many are the examples of the great odds between number and courage: so that a man may truly make a judgment, that the principal point of greatness in any state is to have a race of military men. Neither is money the sinews of war (as it is trivially said), where the sinews of men's arms in base and effeminate people are failing: for Solon said well to Croesus (when in ostentation he showed him his gold), "Sir, if any other come that hath better iron than you, he will be master of all this gold." Therefore, let any prince, or state, think soberly of his forces, except his militia of natives be of good and valiant soldiers; and let princes, on the other side, that have subjects of martial disposition, know their own strength, unless they be otherwise wanting unto themselves. As for mercenary forces (which is the help in this case), all examples show that, whatsoever estate, or prince, doth rest upon them, he may spread his feathers for a time, but he will mew them soon after.

The blessing of Judah and Issachar will never meet; that the same people, or nation, should be both the lion's whelp and the ass between burdens; neither will it be, that a people overlaid with taxes should ever become valiant and martial. It is true that taxes, levied by consent of the estate, do abate men's courage less; as it hath been seen notably in the excises of the Low Countries; and, in some degree, in the subsidies of England; for, you must note, that we speak now of the heart, and not of the purse; so that, although the same tribute and tax laid by consent or by imposing, be all one to the purse, yet it works diversely upon the courage. So that you may conclude, that no people overcharged with tribute is fit for empire.

Let states that aim at greatness take heed how their nobility and gentlemen do multiply too fast; for that maketh the common subject grow to be a peasant and base swain, driven out of heart, and in effect but the gentleman's laborer. Even as you may see in coppice woods; if you leave your staddles too thick, you shall never have clean underwood, but shrubs and bushes. So in countries, if the gentlemen be too many, the commons will be base; and you will bring it to that, that not the hundred poll will be fit for a helmet: especially as to the infantry, which is the nerve of an army; and so there will be great population and little strength. This which I speak of hath been nowhere better seen than by comparing of England and France; whereof England, though far less in territory and population, hath been (nevertheless) an overmatch; in regard the middle people of England make good soldiers, which the peasants of France do not: and herein the device of King Henry the Seventh (whereof I have spoken largely in the history of his life) was profound and

^a He was vanquished by Lucullus, and finally submitted to Pompey.

^b He alludes to the prophetic words of Jacob on his death-bed, Gen. xlix. 9, 14, 15: "Judah is a lion's whelp—he stooped down, he crouched as a lion, and as an old lion—Issachar is a strong ass crouching down between two burdens: And he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant: and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute."

^c Sums of money voluntarily contributed by the people for the use of the sovereign.

^d Young trees.

^a "Equal to business."

^b He alludes to the following passage, St. Matthew xiii. 31: "Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and sowed in his field: which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

admirable; in making farms and houses of husbandry of a standard; that is, maintained with such a proportion of land unto them as may breed a subject to live in convenient plenty, and no servile condition; and to keep the plough in the hands of the owners, and not mere hirelings; and thus indeed you shall attain to Virgil's character, which he gives to ancient Italy:

"Terra potens armis atque ubere glebae."¹

Neither is that state (which, for anything I know, is almost peculiar to England, and hardly to be found anywhere else, except it be, perhaps, in Poland) to be passed over; I mean the state of free servants and attendants upon noblemen and gentlemen, which are no ways inferior unto the yeomanry for arms; and, therefore, out of all question, the splendor and magnificence, and great retinues, and hospitality of noblemen and gentlemen received into custom, do much conduce unto martial greatness; whereas, contrariwise, the close and reserved living of noblemen and gentlemen causeth a penury of military forces.

By all means it is to be procured that the trunk of Nebuchadnezzar's tree of monarchy² be great enough to bear the branches and the boughs; that is, that the natural subjects of the crown, or state, bear a sufficient proportion to the stronger subjects that they govern; therefore all states that are liberal of naturalization towards strangers are fit for empire; for to think that a handful of people can, with the greatest courage and policy in the world, embrace too large extent of dominion, it may hold for a time, but it will fail suddenly. The Spartans were a nice people in point of naturalization; whereby, while they kept their compass, they stood firm; but when they did spread, and their boughs were becoming too great for their stem, they became a windfall upon the sudden. Never any state was, in this point, so open to receive strangers into their body as were the Romans; therefore it sorted with them accordingly, for they grew to the greatest monarchy. Their manner was to grant naturalization (which they called "*jus civitatis*"),³ and to grant it in the highest degree, that is, not only "*jus commercii*," "*jus connubii*," "*jus hereditatis*,"⁴ but also, "*jus suffragii*,"⁵ and "*jus honorum*,"⁶ and this not to singular persons alone, but likewise to whole families; yea, to cities, and sometimes to nations. Add to this their custom of plantation of colonies, whereby the Roman plant was removed into the soil of other nations, and, putting both constitutions together, you will say, that it was not the Romans that spread upon the world, but it was the world that spread upon the Romans; and that was the sure way of greatness. I have marvelled sometimes at Spain, how they clasp and contain so large dominions with so few natural Spaniards;⁷ but sure the whole compass of Spain is a very great body of a tree, far above Rome and Sparta at the first; and, besides, though they have not had that usage to naturalize liberally,

yet they have that which is next to it; that is, to employ, almost indifferently, all nations in their militia of ordinary soldiers; yea, and sometimes in their highest commands; nay, it seemeth at this instant they are sensible of this want of natives; as by the pragmatical sanction,⁸ now published, appeareth.

It is certain, that sedentary and within-door arts, and delicate manufacturers (that require rather the finger than the arm), have in their nature a contrariety to a military disposition; and generally all warlike people are a little idle, and love danger better than travail; neither must they be too much broken of it, if they shall be preserved in vigor; therefore it was great advantage in the ancient states of Sparta, Athens, Rome, and others, that they had the use of slaves, which commonly did rid those manufacturers; but that is abolished, in greatest part, by the Christian law. That which cometh nearest to it is, to leave those arts chiefly to strangers (which, for that purpose, are the more easily to be received), and to contain the principal bulk of the vulgar natives within those three kinds, tillers of the ground, free servants, and handicraftsmen of strong and manly arts; as smiths, masons, carpenters, &c., not reckoning professed soldiers.

But, above all, for empire and greatness, it importeth most, that a nation do profess arms as their principal honor, study, and occupation; for the things which we formerly have spoken of are but habilitations⁹ towards arms; and what is habilitation without intention and act? Romulus, after his death (as they report or feign), sent a present to the Romans, that above all they should intend¹⁰ arms, and then they should prove the greatest empire of the world. The fabric of the state of Sparta was wholly (though not wisely) framed and composed to that scope and end; the Persians and Macedonians had it for a flash;¹¹ the Gauls, Germans, Goths, Saxons, Normans, and others, had it for a time: the Turks have it at this day, though in great declination. Of Christian Europe, they that have it are in effect only the Spaniards: but it is so plain, that every man profiteth in that he most intendeth, that it needeth not to be stood upon: it is enough to point at it; that no nation which doth not directly profess arms, may look to have greatness fall into their mouths; and, on the other side, it is a most certain oracle of time, that those states that continue long in that profession (as the Romans and Turks principally have done) do wonders; and those that have professed arms but for an age have, notwithstanding, commonly attained that greatness in that age which maintained them long after, when their profession and exercise of arms had grown to decay.

Incident to this point is, for a state to have those laws or customs which may reach forth unto them just occasions (as may be pretended) of war; for there is that justice imprinted in the nature of men, that they enter not upon wars (whereof so many calamities do ensue), but upon some, at the least specious grounds and quarrels. The Turk hath at hand, for cause of war, the propagation of his law or sect, a quarrel that he may always command. The Romans, though they esteemed the extending the limits of their empire to be great honor to their generals when it was done, yet they never rested upon that alone to begin a war: first, therefore, let nations that pretend to greatness have this, that they be sensible of wrongs, either upon borderers, merchants, or politic ministers; and that they sit not too long upon

¹ "A land strong in arms and in the richness of the soil."

² He alludes to the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, which is mentioned Daniel iv. 10: "I saw, and behold a tree in the midst of the earth, and the height thereof was great. The tree grew, and was strong, and the height thereof reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of all the earth; the leaves thereof were fair, and the fruit thereof much, and in it was meat for all; the beasts of the field had shadow under it, and the fowls of the heaven dwelt in the boughs thereof, and all flesh was fed of it."

³ "Right of citizenship."

⁴ "Right of trading."

⁵ "Right of intermarriage."

⁶ "Right of inheritance."

⁷ "Right of suffrage."

⁸ "Right of honors."

⁹ Long since the time of Lord Bacon, as soon as these colonies had arrived at a certain state of maturity, they at different periods revolted from the mother country.

¹⁰ The laws and ordinances promulgated by the sovereigns of Spain were so called. The term was derived from the Byzantine empire.

¹¹ Qualifications.

¹² Attend to.

¹³ For a short or transitory period.

a provocation: secondly, let them be pressed¹ and ready to give aids and succors to their confederates; as it ever was with the Romans; inasmuch, as if the confederate had leagues defensive with divers other states, and, upon invasion offered, did implore their aids severally, yet the Romans would ever be the foremost, and leave it to none other to have the honor. As for the wars, which were anciently made on the behalf of a kind of party or tacit conformity of estate, I do not see how they maybe well justified: as when the Romans made a war for the liberty of Græcia: or, when the Lacedæmonians and Athenians made wars to set up or pull down democracies and oligarchies: or when wars were made by foreigners, under the pretence of justice or protection, to deliver the subjects of others from tyranny and oppression; and the like. Let it suffice, that no estate expect to be great, that is not awake upon any just occasion of arming.

No body can be healthful without exercise, neither natural body nor politic; and, certainly, to a kingdom, or estate, a just and honorable war is the true exercise. A civil war, indeed, is like the heat of a fever; but a foreign war is like the heat of exercise, and serveth to keep the body in health; for in a slothful peace, both courages will effeminate and manners corrupt: but howsoever it be for happiness, without all question for greatness, it maketh to bestill for the most part in arms; and the strength of a veteran army (though it be a chargeable business), always on foot, is that which commonly giveth the law, or at least, the reputation amongst all neighbor states, as may well be seen in Spain,² which hath had, in one part or other, a veteran army almost continually, now by the space of six-score years.

To be master of the sea is an abridgment of a monarchy. Cicero, writing to Atticus, of Pompey's preparation against Cæsar, saith, "*Consilium Pompeii plane Themistocleum est; putat enim, qui mari potitur, eum rerum potiri*;"³ and without doubt, Pompey had tired out Cæsar, if upon vain confidence he had not left that way. We see the great effects of battles by sea: the battle of Actium decided the empire of the world; the battle of Lepanto arrested the greatness of the Turk. There be many examples where sea-fights have been final to the war: but this is when princes, or states, have set up their rest upon the battles. But thus much is certain; that he that commands the sea is at great liberty, and may take as much and as little of the war as he will; whereas those that be strongest by land are many times, nevertheless, in great straits. Surely, at this day, with us of Europe the vantage of strength at sea (which is one of the principal doweries of this kingdom of Great Britain) is great; both because most of the kingdoms of Europe are not merely inland, but girt with the sea most part of their compass; and because the wealth of both Indies seems, in great part, but an accessory to the command of the seas.

The wars of latter ages seem to be made in the dark, in respect of the glory and honor which reflected upon men from the wars in ancient time. There be now, for martial encouragement, some degrees and orders of chivalry, which, nevertheless, are conferred promiscuously upon soldiers and no soldiers; and some remembrance perhaps upon the escutcheon, and some hospitals for maimed soldiers, and such like things; but in ancient times, the trophies erected upon the place of the victory; the

funeral laudatives⁴ and monuments for those that died in the wars; the crowns and garlands personal; the style of emperor with the great kings of the world after borrowed; the triumphs of the generals upon their return; the great donatives and largesses upon the disbanding of the armies, were things able to inflame all men's courages; but above all, that of the triumph amongst the Romans was not pageants, or gaudery, but one of the wisest and noblest institutions that ever was; for it contained three things; honor to the general, riches to the treasury out of the spoils, and donatives to the army: but that honor, perhaps, were not fit for monarchies, except it be in the person of the monarch himself, or his sons; as it came to pass in the times of the Roman emperors, who did improprieate the actual triumphs to themselves and their sons, for such wars as they did achieve in person, and left only for wars achieved by subjects, some triumphal garments and ensigns to the general.

To conclude: no man can by care taking (as the Scripture saith), "add a cubit to his stature,"⁵ in this little model of a man's body; but in the great frame of kingdoms and commonwealths, it is in the power of princes, or estates, to add amplitude and greatness to their kingdoms; for by introducing such ordinances, constitutions, and customs, as we have now touched, they may sow greatness to their posterity and succession: but these things are commonly not observed, but left to take their chance.

XXX.—OF REGIMEN OF HEALTH.

THERE is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic: a man's own observation, what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health; but it is a safer conclusion to say, "This agreeth not well with me, therefore I will not continue it;" than this, "I find no offence of this, therefore I may use it:" for strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses which are owing a man till his age. Discern of the coming on of years, and think not to do the same things still; for age will not be defied. Beware of sudden change in any great point of diet, and, if necessity enforce it, sit the rest to it; for it is a secret both in nature and state, that it is safer to change many things than one. Examine thy customs of diet, sleep, exercise, apparel, and the like; and try, in anything thou shalt judge hurtful, to discontinue it by little and little; but so, as if thou dost find any inconvenience by the change, thou come back to it again: for it is hard to distinguish that which is generally held good and wholesome from that which is good particularly,⁶ and fit for thine own body. To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat, and of sleep, and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting. As for the passions and studies of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, anger fretting inwards, subtle and knotty inquisitions, joys, and exhilarations in excess, sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes, mirth rather than joy, variety of delights, rather than surfeit of them; wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties; studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects; as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature. If you fly physic in health altogether, it will be too strange for your body when you shall need it; if you make it too familiar, it will work no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh. I command rather some diet, for certain seasons, than frequent use of physic, except it be

¹ Be in a hurry.

² It was its immense armaments that in a great measure consumed the vitals of Spain

³ "Pompey's plan is clearly that of Themistocles; for he believes that whoever is master of the sea will obtain the supreme power."

⁴ Encomiums.

⁵ St. Matthew vi. 27; St. Luke xii. 23.

⁶ The effects of which must be felt in old age.

⁷ Of benefit in your individual case.

grown into a custom; for those diets alter the body more, and trouble it less. Despise no new accident^a in your body, but ask opinion^d of it. In sickness, respect health principally; and in health, action: for those that put their bodies to endure in health, may, in most sicknesses which are not very sharp, be cured only with diet and tendering. Celsus could never have spoken it as a physician, had he not been a wise man withal, when he giveth it for one of the great precepts of health and lasting, that a man do vary and interchange contraries, but with an inclination to the more benign extreme: use fasting and full eating, but rather full eating;^e watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise, and the like: so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught masteries. Physicians are some of them so pleasing and conformable to the humor of the patient, as they press not the true cure of the disease; and some other are so regular in proceeding according to art for the disease, as they respect not sufficiently the condition of the patient. Take one of a middle temper; or, if it may not be found in one man, combine two of either sort: and forget not to call as well the best acquainted with your body, as the best reputed of for his faculty.

XXXI.—OF SUSPICION.

SUSPICION amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight: certainly they are to be repressed, or at the least well guarded; for they cloud the mind; they lose friends, and they check with business, whereby business cannot go on currently and constantly: they dispose kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy, wise men to irresolution and melancholy: they are defects, not in the heart, but in the brain; for they take place in the stoutest natures, as in the example of Henry VII. of England; there was not a more suspicious man nor a more stout: and in such a composition they do small hurt; for commonly they are not admitted, but with examination, whether they be likely or no; but in fearful natures they gain ground too fast. There is nothing makes a man suspect much more than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother. What would men have? Do they think those they employ and deal with are saints? Do they not think they will have their own ends, and be truer to themselves than to them? Therefore there is no better way to moderate suspicions, than to account upon such suspicions as true, and yet to bridle them as false:^a for so far a man ought to make use of suspicions, as to provide, as if that should be true that he suspects, yet it may do him no hurt. Suspicions that the mind of itself gathers are but buzzes; but suspicions that are artificially nourished, and put into men's heads by the tales and whisperings of others, have stings. Certainly, the best mean, to clear the way in this same wood of suspicions, is frankly to communicate them with the party that he suspects; for thereby he shall be sure to know more of the truth of them than he did before; and withal shall make that party more circumspect, not to give further cause of suspicion. But this would not be done to men of base natures; for they, if they find themselves once suspected, will never be true. The Italian says, "Sospetto licentia fede;"^b as if suspicion did give a passport to faith; but it ought rather to kindle it to discharge itself.

- ^a Any striking change in the constitution
- ^b Take medical advice.
- ^c Incline rather to fully satisfying your hunger.
- ^d To hope the best, but be fully prepared for the worst.
- ^e Suspicion is the passport to faith.

XXXII.—OF DISCOURSE.

SOME in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments,^a than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain common-places and themes, wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion;^b and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else; for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse, and speech of conversation, to vary, and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest; for it is a dull thing to tire, and as we say now, to jade anything too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity; yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick; that is a vein which would be bridled.^c

"Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris."^d

And generally, men ought to find the difference between saltiness and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much, shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge: but let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser;^e and let him be sure to leave other men their turn to speak: nay if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and to bring others on, as musicians used to do with those that dance too long galliards.^f If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought at another time, to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, "He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself," and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch^g towards others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen of the west, part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the one would ask of those who had been at the other's table, "Tell truly, was there never a flout^h or dry blowⁱ given? To which the guest would answer, "Such and such a thing passed." The lord would say, "I thought he would mar a good dinner." Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to

^a A censure of this nature has been applied by some to Dr. Johnson, and possibly with some reason.

^b To start the subject.

^c Requires to be bridled.

^d He quotes here from Ovid: "Boy, spare the whip, and tightly grasp the reins."

^e One who tests or examines.

^f The Galliard was a light active dance much in fashion in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

^g Hits at, or remarks intended to be applied to particular individuals.

^h A slight or insult.

ⁱ A sarcastic remark.

speaking agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order. A good continued speech without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness; and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech, sheweth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts that those that are weakest in the course, are yet nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances, ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all is blunt.

XXXIII.—OF PLANTATIONS.

PLANTATIONS are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works. When the world was young, it begat more children; but now it is old, it begets fewer: for I may justly account new plantations to be the children of former kingdoms. I like a plantation in a pure soil; that is, where people are not displace'd,^b to the end to plant in others; for else it is rather an extirpation than a plantation. Planting of countries is like planting of woods; for you must make account to lose almost twenty years' profit, and expect your recompense in the end: for the principal thing that hath been the destruction of most plantations, hath been the base and hasty drawing of profit in the first years. It is true, speedy profit is not to be neglected, as far as may stand with the good of the plantation, but no farther. It is a shameful and unblessed thing^c to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant; and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation; for they will ever live like rogues, and not fall to work, but be lazy, and do mischief, and spend victuals, and be quickly weary, and then certify over to their country to the discredit of the plantation. The people wherewith you plant ought to be gardeners, ploughman, laborers, smiths, carpenters, joiners, fisherman, fowlers, with some few apothecaries, surgeons, cooks and bakers. In a country of plantation first look about what kind of victual the country yields of itself to hand: as chestnuts, walnuts, pine-apples, olives, dates, plums, cherries, wild honey, and the like; and make use of them. Then consider what victual, or esculent things there are, which grow speedily, and within the year; as parsnips, carrots, turnips, onions, radish, artichokes, of Jerusalem, maize and the like: for wheat, barley, and oats, they ask too much labor; but with peas and beans you may begin, both because they ask less labor, and because they serve for meat as well as for bread; and of rice likewise cometh a great increase, and it is a kind of meat. Above all, there ought to be brought store of biscuit, oatmeal, flour, meal, and the like, in the beginning, till bread may be had. For beasts, or birds, take chiefly such as are least subject to diseases and multiply fastest; as swine, goats, cocks, hens, turkeys, geese, house-doves, and the like. The victual in plantation ought to be expended almost as in a besieged town; that is with certain allowance: and let the main part of the ground employed to gardens or corn, be to a common

stock; and to be laid in, and stored up, and then delivered out in proportion; besides some spots of ground that any particular person will manure for his own private use. Consider, likewise, what commodities the soil where the plantation is doth naturally yield, that they may some way help to defray the charge of the plantation; so it be not, as was said, to the untimely prejudice of the main business, as it hath fared with tobacco in Virginia.^d Wood commonly aboundeth but too much; and therefore timber is fit to be one. If there be iron ore, and streams whereupon to set the mills, iron is a brave commodity where wood aboundeth. Making of bay-salt, if the climate be proper for it, would be put in experience: growing silk, likewise, if any be, is a likely commodity: pitch and tar, where store of firs and pines are, will not fail; so drugs and sweet woods, where they are, cannot but yield great profit: soap-shashes, likewise, and other things that may be thought of; but moil^e not too much under ground, for the hope of mines is very uncertain, and useth to make the planters lazy in other things. For government, let it be in the hands of one, assisted with some counsel; and let them have commission to exercise martial laws, with some limitation; and above all, let men make that profit of being in the wilderness, as they have God always, and his service, before their eyes: let not the government of the plantation depend upon too many counsellors and undertakers in the country that planteth, but upon a temperate number: and let those be rather noblemen and gentlemen, than merchants; for they look ever to the present gain. Let there be freedoms from custom, till the plantation be of strength; and not only freedom from custom, but freedom to carry their commodities where they may make their best of them, except there be some special cause of caution. Cram not in people, by sending too fast company after company; but rather hearken how they waste, and send supplies proportionably; but so as the number may live well in the plantation, and not by surcharge be in penury. It hath been a great endangering to the health of some plantations, that they have built along the sea and rivers, in marish^f and unwholesome grounds: therefore, though you begin there, to avoid carriage and other like discommodities, yet build still rather upwards from the streams, than along. It concerneth likewise the health of the plantation, that they have good store of salt with them, that they may use it in their victuals when it shall be necessary. If you plant where savages are, do not only entertain with trifles and gingles,^g but use them justly and graciously, with sufficient guard nevertheless; and do not win their favor by helping them to invade their enemies, but for their defense it is not amiss; and send oft of them over to the country that plants, that they may see a better condition than their own, and commend it when they return. When the plantation grows to strength, then it is time to plant with women as well as with men; that the plantation may spread into generations, and not be ever pieced from without. It is the sinfulness thing in the world to forsake or destitute a plantation once in forwardness; for, besides the dishonor, it is the guiltiness of blood of many commiserable persons.

^a The old term for Colonies.

^b He perhaps alludes covertly to the conduct of the Spaniards extirpating aboriginal inhabitants of the West India Islands, against which the venerable Las Casas so eloquently but vainly protested.

^c Of course this censure would not apply to what is primarily and essentially a convict colony: the object of which is to drain the mother country of its impure superfluities.

^d Times have much changed since this was penned: tobacco is now the staple commodity, and the source of "the main business" of Virginia.

^e To labor hard.

^f Marshy; from the French *marais*, a marsh.

^g Gewgaws, or spangles.

XXXIV.—OF RICHES.

I CANNOT call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, "impedimenta;" for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory: of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit; so saith Solomon, "Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?"^a The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them; or a power of dole and donative of them; or a fame of them; but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities? and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or troubles; as Solomon saith, "Riches are as a strong hold in the imagination of the rich man;"^b but this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact: for, certainly, great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly; yet have no abstract nor friarly contempt of them; but distinguish, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus, "In studio rei amplificandæ apparebat, non avaritiæ prædam, sed instrumentum bonitati queri."^c Hearken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: "Qui festinat ad divitias, non erit insons."^d The poets feign, that when Plutus (which is riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly; but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs, and is swift of foot; meaning, that riches gotten by good means and just labor pæce slowly; but when they come by the death of others^e (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man: but it might be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil: for when riches come from the devil (as by fraud and oppression, and unjust means), they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul: parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent; for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches; for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's; but it is slow; and yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England that had the greatest audits^f of any man in my time, a great grazier, a great sheep-master, a great timberman, a great collier, a great corn-master, a great leadman, and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry; so as the earth seemed a sea to him in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, "That himself came very hardly

to a little riches, and very easily to great riches;" for when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets,^g and overcome those bargains, which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things, chiefly: by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing; but the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon others' necessity: broke by servants and instruments to draw them on; put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices, which are crafty and naught; as for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst; as that whereby a man doth eat his bread, "in sudore vultus alieni;"^h and besides, doth plough upon Sundays: but yet certain though it be, it hath flaws; for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men to serve their own turn. The fortune, in being the first is an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches, as it was with the first sugarmanⁱ in the Canaries: therefore if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit: he that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly grow to great riches; and he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break and come to poverty: it is good, therefore, to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and co-emption of wares for resale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich; especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so, store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humors, and other servile conditions, they may be placed amongst the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorships (as Tacitus saith of Seneca, "Testamenta et orbos tanquam indagine capi"),^k it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them; and none worse when they come to them. Be not pennywise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred or to the public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great state left to an heir, is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better established in years and judgment: likewise, glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt; and but the painted sepulchres of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly: therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not charities till death; for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

^g Wait till prices have risen.

^h "In the sweat of another's brow." He alludes to the words of Genesis iii. 19: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

ⁱ Planters of sugar-canes.

^k "Wills and childless persons were caught by him as though with a hunting net."

^a He alludes to Ecclesiastes v. 11, the words of which are somewhat varied in our version: "When goods increase, they are increased that eat them: and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?"

^b "The rich man's wealth is his strong city."—Prov. x. 15; xviii. 11.

^c "In his anxiety to increase his fortune, it was evident that not the gratification of avarice was sought, but the means of doing good."

^d "He who hastens to riches will not be without guilt." In our version the words are: "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent."—Proverbs xxviii. 22.

^e Pluto being the king of the Infernal regions, or place of departed spirits.

^f Rent-roll, or account taken of income.

XXXV.—OF PROPHECIES.

I MEAN not to speak of divine prophecies, nor of heathen oracles, nor of natural predictions; but only of prophecies that have been of certain memory, and from hidden causes. Saith the Pythonissa^a to Saul, "To-morrow thou and thy sons shall be with me." Virgil hath these verses from Homer:—

"Hic domus Æneæ cunctis dominabitur oris,
Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis."

A prophecy as it seems of the Roman empire. Seneca the tragedian hath these verses:

"—Venient annis
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
Pateat Tellus, Tiphysque novos
Detegat orbis; nec sit terris
Ultima Thule:"

a prophecy of the discovery of America. The daughter of Polycrates^d dreamed that Jupiter bathed her father, and Apollo anointed him; and it came to pass that he was crucified in an open place, where the sun made his body run with sweat; and the rain washed it. Philip of Macedon dreamed he sealed up his wife's belly; whereby he did expound it, that his wife should be barren; but Aristander the soothsayer told him his wife was with child, because men do not use to seal vessels that are empty. A phantasm that appeared to M. Brutus in his tent, said to him, "Philippis iterum me videbis." Tiberius said to Galba, "Tu quoque, Galba, degustabis imperium." In Vespasian's time there went a prophecy in the East that those that should come forth of Judea, should reign over the world; which though it may be was meant of our Saviour, yet Tacitus expounds it of Vespasian. Domitian dreamed, the night before he was slain, that a golden head was growing out of the nape of his neck; and indeed the succession that followed him, for many years made golden times. Henry the Sixth of England said of Henry the Seventh, when he was a lad, and gave him water, "This is the lad that shall enjoy the crown for which we strive." When I was in France, I heard from one Dr. Pena, that the queen mother,^e who was given to curious arts, caused the king her husband's nativity to be calculated under a false name; and the astrologer gave a judgment, that he should be killed in a duel; at which the queen laughed, thinking her husband to be above challenges and duels; but he was slain upon a course at tilt, the splinters of the staff of Montgomery going in at his beaver. The trivial prophecy which I heard when I was a child, and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years, was,

"When hempo is spunne
England's done:"

whereby it was generally conceived, that after the princes had reigned which had the principal letters of the word hempo (which were Henry, Edward,

^a "Pythonessa." used in the sense of witch. He alludes to the witch of Endor, and the words in Samuel xvii. 19. He is however mistaken in attributing these words to the witch: it was the spirit of Samuel that said, "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."

^b "But the house of Æneas shall reign over every shore, both his children's children, and those who shall spring from them."

^c "After the lapse of years, ages will come in which Ocean shall relax his chains around the world, and a vast continent shall appear, and Tiphys shall explore new regions, and Thule shall be no longer the utmost verge of earth."

^d He was king of Samos, and was treacherously put to death by Orontes, the governor of Magnesia, in Asia Minor. His daughter in consequence of her dream, attempted to dissuade him from visiting Orontes, but in vain.

^e "Thou shalt see me again at Philippi."

^f "Thou also, Galba, shalt taste of empire."

^g Catherine de Medici, the wife of Henry II. of France, who died from a wound accidentally received in a tournament.

Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth), England should come to utter confusion; which thanks be to God, is verified only in the change of the name; for that the king's style is now no more of England, but of Britain.^h There was also another prophecy before the year of eighty-eight, which I do not well understand.

"There shall be seen upon a day,
Between the Baaigh and the May,
The black fleet of Norway.
When that what is come and gone,
England build houses of lime and stone,
For after wars shall you have none."

It was generally conceived to be meant of the Spanish fleet that came in eighty-eight: for that the king of Spain's surname, as they say, is Norway. The prediction of Regiomontanus,

"Octogesimus octavus mirabilis annus,"

was thought likewise accomplished in this ending of that great fleet, being the greatest in strength, though not in number, of all that ever swam upon the sea. As for Cleon's dream,ⁱ I think it was a jest; it was, that he was devoured of a long dragon: and it was expounded of a maker of sausages, that troubled him exceedingly. There are numbers of the like kind; especially if you include dreams, and predictions of astrology: but I have set down these few only of certain credit, for example. My judgment is that they ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for winter talk by the fireside: though when I say despised, I mean it as for belief; for otherwise, the spreading or publishing of them is in no sort to be despised, for they have done much mischief; and I see many severe laws made to suppress them. That that hath given them grace, and some credit consisteth in three things. First, that men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss: as they do, generally, also of dreams. The second is, that probable conjectures, or obscure traditions, many times turn themselves into prophecies; while the nature of man, which coveteth divination, thinks it no peril to foretell that which indeed they do but collect: as that of Seneca's verse; for so much was then subject to demonstration, that the globe of the earth had great parts beyond the Atlantic, which might be probably conceived not to be all sea: and added thereto the tradition in Plato's Timæus, and his Atlantics,^j it might encourage one to turn it to a prediction. The third and last (which is the great one), is, that almost all of them, being infinite in number, have been impostures, and by idle and crafty brains merely contrived and feigned, after the event past.

^h James I. being the first monarch of Great Britain.

ⁱ "The eighty-eight will be a wondrous year."

^k Aristophanes, in his Comedy of The Knights, satirizes Cleon, the Athenian demagogue. He introduces a declaration of the oracle that the Eagle of hides (by whom Cleon was meant, his father having been a tanner) should be conquered by a serpent, which Demosthenes, one of the characters in the play, expounds as meaning a maker of sausages. How Lord Bacon could for a moment doubt that this was a mere jest, it is difficult to conjecture. The following is a literal translation of a portion of the passage from The Knights (l. 197):—"But when a leather eagle with crooked talons shall have seized with its jaws a serpent, a stupid creature, a drinker of blood, then the tan pickle of the Paphlagonians is destroyed; but upon the sellers of sausages the Deity bestows great glory, unless they choose rather to sell sausages."

^l This is a very just remark. So-called strange coincidences, and wonderful dreams that are verified, when the point is considered, are really not at all marvellous. We never hear of the 999 dreams that are not verified, but the thousandth that happens to precede its fulfilment is blazoned by unthinking people as a marvel. It would be a much more wonderful thing if dreams were not occasionally verified.

^m Under this name he alludes to the Critias of Plato, in which an imaginary 'terra incognita' is discovered under the name of the "New Atlantis." It has been conjectured from this by some, that Plato really did believe in the existence of a continent on the other side of the globe.

XXXVI.—OF AMBITION.

AMBITION is like choler, which is a humor that maketh men active, earnest, full of alacrity, and stirring, if it be not stopped: but if it be stopped, and cannot have its way, it becometh adust,^a and thereby malign and venomous: so ambitious men, if they find the way open for their rising, and still get forward, they are rather busy than dangerous; but if they be checked in their desires, they become secretly discontent, and look upon men and matters with an evil eye, and are best pleased when things go backward; which is the worst property in a servant of a prince or state: therefore it is good for princes, if they use ambitious men, to handle it so, as they be still progressive, and not retrograde; which, because it cannot be without inconvenience, it is good not to use such natures at all; for if they rise not with their service, they will take order to make their service fall with them. But since we have said, it were good not to use men of ambitious natures, except it be upon necessity, it is fit we speak in what cases they are of necessity. Good commanders in the wars must be taken, be they never so ambitious; for the use of their service dispenseth with the rest: and to take a soldier without ambition, is to pull off his spurs. There is also great use of ambitious men in being screens to princes in matters of danger and envy; for no man will take that part except he be like a seeded^b dove, that mounts and mounts, because he cannot see about him. There is use also of ambitious men in pulling down the greatness of any subject that overtops; as Tiberius used Macro^c in the pulling down of Sejanus. Since, therefore, they must be used in such cases, there resteth to speak how they are to be bridled, that they may be less dangerous. There is less danger of them if they be of mean birth, than if they be noble; and if they be rather harsh of nature, than gracious and popular; and if they be rather new raised, than grown cunning and fortified in their greatness. It is counted by some a weakness in princes to have favorites; but it is, of all others, the best remedy against ambitious great ones; for when the way of pleasuring and displeasuring lieth by the favorite, it is impossible any other should be over great. Another means to curb them, is to balance them by others as proud as they: but then there must be some middle counsellors, to keep things steady; for without that ballast the ship will roll too much. At the least, a prince may animate and inure some meaner persons to be, as it were, scourges to ambitious men. As for the having of them obnoxious to ruin, if they be of fearful natures, it may do well; but if they be stout and daring, it may precipitate their designs, and prove dangerous. As for the pulling of them down, if the affairs require it, and that it may not be done with safety suddenly, the only way is, the interchange continually of favors and disgraces, whereby they may not know what to expect, and be, as it were, in a wood. Of ambitions, it is less harmful the ambition to prevail in great things, than that other to appear in everything; for that breeds confusion, and mars business: but yet, it is less danger to have an ambitious man stirring in business, than great in dependencies. He that seeketh to be eminent amongst able men, hath a great task; but that

is ever good for the public: but he that plots to be the only figure amongst ciphers, is the decay of a whole age. Honor hath three things in it: the vantage ground to do good; the approach to kings and principal persons; and the raising of a man's own fortunes. He that hath the best of these, intentions, when he aspireth, is an honest man; and that prince that can discern of these intentions in another that aspireth, is a wise prince. Generally, let princes and states choose such ministers as are more sensible of duty than of rising, and such as love business rather upon conscience than upon bravery; and let them discern a busy nature, from a willing mind.

XXXVII.—OF MASQUES AND TRIUMPHS.

THESE things are but toys to come amongst such serious observations; but yet, since princes will have such things, it is better they should be graced with elegancy, than daubed with cost. Dancing to song, is a thing of great state and pleasure. I understand it that the song be in quire, placed aloof, and accompanied with some broken music; and the ditty fitted to the device. Acting in song, especially in dialogues, hath an extreme good grace; I say acting, not dancing (for that is a mean and vulgar thing); and the voices of the dialogue would be strong and manly (a base and a tenor; no treble), and the ditty high and tragical, not nice or dainty. Several quires placed one over against another, and taking the voice by catches anthem-wise, give great pleasure. Turning dances into figure is a childish curiosity; and generally, let it be noted, that those things which I here set down are such as do naturally take the sense, and not respect petty wonderments. It is true, the alterations of scenes, so it be quietly and without noise, are things of great beauty and pleasure; for they feed and relieve the eye before it be full of the same object. Let the scenes abound with light, especially colored and varied; and let the masquers, or any other that are to come down from the scene, have some motions upon the scene itself before their coming down; for it draws the eye strangely, and makes it with great pleasure to desire to see that, it cannot perfectly discern. Let the songs be loud and cheerful, and not chirping or pulings:^a let the music likewise be sharp and loud, and well placed. The colors that show best by candlelight, are white, carnation, and a kind of sea-water green; and ouches,^b or spangs,^c as they are of no great cost, so they are of most glory. As for rich embroidery, it is lost, and not discerned. Let the suits of the masquers be graceful, and such as become the person when the vizors are off; not after examples of known attires; Turks, soldiers, mariners, and the like. Let anti-masques^d not be long; they have been commonly of fools, satyrs, baboons, wild men, antics, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiopes, pigmies, turquets,^e nymphs, rustics, Cupids, statues, moving, and the like. As for angels, it is not comical enough to

^a Chirpings like the noise of young birds.

^b Jewels or necklaces.

^c Spangles, or O's of gold or silver. Beckmann says that these were invented in the beginning of the seventeenth century. See Beckmann's Hist. of Inventions (Bohn's Stand. Lib.), vol. 1. p. 424.

^d Or antick-masques, were ridiculous interludes dividing the acts of the more serious masque. These were performed by hired actors, while the mask was played by ladies and gentlemen. The rule was, the characters were to be neither serious nor hideous. The "Comus" of Milton is an admirable specimen of a masque.

^e Turks.

^a Hot and fiery.

^b With the eyes closed, or blindfolded.

^c He was a favorite of Tiberius, to whose murder by Nero he was said to have an accessory. He afterwards prostituted his own wife to Caligula, by whom he was eventually put to death.

^d Liable to.

put them in anti-masques: and anything that is hideous, as devils, giants, is, on the other side, as unfit; but chiefly, let the music of them be recreative, and with some strange changes. Some sweet odors suddenly coming forth, without any drops falling, are, in such a company as there is steam and heat, things of great pleasure and refreshment. Double masques, one of men, another of ladies, addeth state and variety; but all is nothing, except the room be kept clear and neat.

For justs, and tourneys, and barriers, the glories of them are chiefly in the chariots, wherein the challengers make their entry; especially if they be drawn with strange beasts: as lions, bears, camels, and the like; or in the devices of their entrance, or in the bravery of their liveries, or in the goodly furniture of their horses and armor. But enough of these toys.

XXXVIII.—OF NATURE IN MEN.

NATURE is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune; but custom only doth alter and subdue nature. He that seeketh victory over his nature, let him not set himself too great nor too small tasks: for the first will make him dejected by often failings, and the second will make him a small proceeder, though by often prevailings: and at the first, let him practice with helps, as swimmers do with bladders, or rushes; but, after a time, let him practice with disadvantage, as dancers do with thick shoes; for it breeds great perfection, if the practice be harder than the use. Where nature is mighty, and therefore the victory hard, the degrees had need be, first to stay and arrest nature in time; like to him that would say over the four and twenty letters when he was angry: then to go less in quantity: as if one should, in forbearing wine, come from drinking healths to a draught at a meal; and lastly, to discontinue altogether: but if a man have the fortitude and resolution to enfranchise himself at once, that is the best:

"Optimus ille animi vindex lædentiæ pectus
Vincula qui rupit, dedoluitque semel."^a

Neither is the ancient rule amiss, to bend nature as a wand to a contrary extreme, whereby to set it right; understanding it where the contrary extreme is no vice. Let not a man force a habit upon himself with a perpetual continuance, but with some intermission: for both the pause reinforceth the new onset; and if a man that is not perfect be ever in practice, he shall as well practise his errors as his abilities, and induce one habit of both; and there is no means to help this but by seasonable intermissions; but let not a man trust his victory over his nature too far; for nature will lie buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion, or temptation; like as it was with Æsop's damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her: therefore, let a man either avoid the occasion altogether, or put himself often to it, that he may be little moved with it. A man's nature is best perceived in privateness, for there is no affectation; in passion, for that putteth a man out of his precepts; and in a new case or experiment, for there custom leaveth him. They are happy men whose natures sort with their vocations; otherwise they may say, "Multum incola fuit

anima mea,"^b when they converse in those things they do not affect. In studies, whatsoever a man commandeth upon himself, let him set hours for it; but whatsoever is agreeable to his nature, let him take no care for any set times; for his thoughts will fly to it of themselves, so as the spaces of other business or studies will suffice. A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

XXXIX.—OF CUSTOM AND EDUCATION.

MEN's thoughts are much according to their inclination: their discourse and speeches according to their learning and infused opinions; but their deeds are after as they have been accustomed: and, therefore, as Machiavel well noteth (though in an evil-favored instance), there is no trusting to the force of nature, nor to the bravery of words, except it be corroborate by custom. His instance is, that for the achieving of a desperate conspiracy, a man should not rest upon the fierceness of any man's nature, or his resolute undertakings; but take such a one as hath had his hands formerly in blood; but Machiavel knew not of a Friar Clement, nor a Ravillac,^c nor a Jaureguy,^d nor a Baltazar Gerard;^e yet his rule holdeth still, that nature, nor the engagement of words, are not so forcible as custom. Only superstition is now so well advanced, that men of the first blood are as firm as butchers by occupation; and votary^f resolution is made equipollent to custom even in matter of blood. In other things, the predominancy of custom is everywhere visible, insomuch as a man would wonder to hear men profess, protest, engage, give great words, and then do just as they have done before, as if they were dead images and engines, moved only by the wheels of custom. We see also the reign or tyranny of custom, what it is. The Indians^g (I mean the sect of their wise men) lay themselves quietly upon a stack of wood, and so sacrifice themselves by fire: nay, the wives strive to be burned with the corpses of their husbands. The lads of Sparta, of ancient time, were wont to be scourged upon the altar of Diana, without so much as quecking.^h I remember, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's time of England, an Irish rebel condemned, put up a petition to the deputy that he might be hanged in a withe, and not in a halter, because it had been so used with former rebels. There be monks in Russia for penance, that will sit a whole night in a vessel of water, till they be engaged with hard ice. Many examples may be put of the force of custom, both upon mind and body: therefore, since custom is the principal magistrate of man's life, let men by all means endeavor to obtain good customs. Certainly, custom is most perfect when it beginneth in young years: this we call education, which is, in effect, but an early custom. So we see, in languages the tongue is more pliant to all expressions and sounds, the joints are more supple to all seats of activity and motions

^b "My soul has long been a sojourner."

^c "The wish is father to the thought," is a proverbial saying of similar meaning.

^d He murdered Henry IV. of France, in 1610.

^e Philip II. of Spain having, in 1582, set a price upon the head of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, the leader of the Protestants, Jaureguy attempted to assassinate him, and severely wounded him.

^f He assassinated William of Nassau, in 1584. It is supposed that this fanatic meditated the crime for six years.

^g A resolution prompted by a vow of devotion to a particular principle or creed.

^h He alludes to the Hindoos, and the ceremony of Suttee, encouraged by the Brahmins.

ⁱ Flinching.

^a "He is the best assenter of the liberty of his mind who bursts the chains that gail his breast, and at the same moment ceases to grieve." This quotation is from Ovid's *Remedy of Love*.

in youth, than afterwards; for it is true, that late learners cannot so well take the ply, except it be in some minds that have not suffered themselves to fix, but have kept themselves open and prepared to receive continual amendment, which is exceeding rare: but if the force of custom, simple and separate, be great, the force of custom, copulate and conjoined and collegiate, is far greater; for their example teacheth, company comforteth, emulation quickeneth, glory raiseth; so as in such places the force of custom is in his exultation. Certainly, the great multiplication of virtues upon human nature resteth upon societies well ordained and disciplined; for commonwealths and good governments do nourish virtue grown, but do not much mend the seeds; but the misery is, that the most effectual means are now applied to the ends least to be desired.

XL.—OF FORTUNE.

It cannot be denied, but outward accidents conduce much to fortune; favor, opportunity, death of others, occasion fitting virtue: but chiefly, the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands: "Faber quisque fortunæ suæ," saith the poet; and the most frequent of external causes is, the folly of one man is the fortune of another; for no man prospers so suddenly as by others' errors. "Serpens nisi serpentem comederit non fit draco." Overt and apparent virtues bring forth praise; but there be secret and hidden virtues that bring forth fortune; certain deliveries of a man's self, which have no name. The Spanish name, "disemboltura," partly expresseth them, when there be not stonds nor restiveness in a man's nature, but that the wheels of his mind keep way with the wheels of his fortune; for so Livy (after he had described Cato Major in these words, "In illo viro, tantum robor corporis et animi fuit, ut quocunque loco natus esset, fortunam sibi facturus videretur"), falleth upon that that he had "versatile ingenium:" therefore, if a man look sharply and attentively, he shall see fortune; for though she be blind, yet she is not invisible. The way of Fortune is like the milky way in the sky; which is a meeting, or knot, of a number of small stars, not seen asunder, but giving light together: so are there a number of little and scarce discerned virtues, or rather faculties and customs, that make men fortunate. The Italians note some of them, such as a man would little think. When they speak of one that cannot do amiss, they will throw in into his other conditions, that he hath "Poco di matto;" and certainly, there be not two more fortunate properties, than to have a little of the fool, and not too much of the honest; therefore extreme lovers of their country, or masters, were

never fortunate; neither can they be; for when a man placeth his thoughts without himself, he goeth not his own way. A hasty fortune maketh an enterpriser and remover; (the French hath it better, "entreprenant," or "remuant"); but the exercised fortune maketh the able man. Fortune is to be honored and respected, and it be but for her daughters, Confidence and Reputation; for those two Felicity breedeth; the first within a man's self, the latter in others towards him. All wise men, to decline the envy of their own virtues, use to ascribe them to Providence and Fortune; for so they may the better assume them: and, besides, it is greatness in a man to be the care of the higher powers. So Cæsar said to the pilot in the tempest, "Cæsarem portas, et fortunam ejus." So Sylla chose the name of "Felix," and not of "Magnus;" and it hath been noted, that those who ascribe openly too much to their own wisdom and policy, end unfortunate. It is written, that Timotheus, the Athenian, after he had, in the account he gave to the state of his government, often interlaced this speech, "and in this Fortune had no part," never prospered in anything he undertook afterwards. Certainly there be, whose fortunes are like Homer's verses, that have a slide^m and easiness more than the verses of other poets; as Plutarch saith of Timoleon's fortune in respect of that of Agesilaus or Epaminondas: and that this should be, no doubt it is much in a man's self.

XLI.—OF USURY.*

MANY have made witty investives against usury. They say that it is a pity the devil should have God's part, which is the tithe; that the usurer is the greatest Sabbath-breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday; that the usurer is the drone that Virgil speaketh of:

"Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent;"^b that the usurer breaketh the first law that was made for mankind after the fall, which was, "in sudore vultus tui comedes panem tuum;"^c not, "in sudore vultus alieni;"^d that usurers should have orange-tawny^e bonnets, because they do Judaize; that it is against nature for money to beget money, and the like. I say this only, that usury is a "concessum propter duritiem cordis;"^f for since there must be borrowing and lending, and men are so hard of heart as they will not lend freely, usury must be permitted. Some others have made suspicious and cunning propositions of banks, discovery of men's estates, and other inventions; but few have spoken of usury usefully. It is good to set before us the inconveniences and commodities of usury, that the good may be

^a "Thou carriest Cæsar and his fortunes."

^b "The Fortunate." He attributed his success to the intervention of Hercules to whom he paid especial veneration.

^c "The Great."

^d A successful Athenian general, the son of Conon, and the friend of Plato.

^e Fluency or smoothness.

^f Lord Bacon seems to use the word in the general sense of "lending money upon interest."

^g "Drive from their hives the drones, a lazy race."—Georgics, b. iv. 168.

^h "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread."—Gen. iii. 19.

ⁱ "In the sweat of the face of another."

^j In the middle ages the Jews were compelled, by legal enactment, to wear peculiar dresses and colors; one of these was orange.

^k "A concession by reason of hardness of heart." He alludes to the words in St. Matthew xix. 8.

^a "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." Sallust, in his letters "De Republica Ordinanda," attributes these words to Appius Claudius Cæcus, a Roman poet whose works are now lost. Lord Bacon, in the Latin translation of his Essays, which was made under his supervision, rendered the word "poet" "comicus;" by whom he probably meant Plautus, who has this line in his "Trinummus" (Act ii. sc. 2): "Nam sapiens quidem pol' ipsus fingit fortunam sibi," which has the same meaning, though in somewhat different terms.

^b "A serpent, unless it has devoured a serpent, does not become a dragon."

^c Or "desenvoltura," implying readiness to adapt oneself to circumstances.

^d Impediments, causes for hesitation.

^e "In that man there was such great strength of body and mind, that in whatever station he had been born, he seemed as though he should make his fortune."

^f "A versatile genius."

^g "A little of the fool."

either weighed out, or culled out; and warily to provide, that, while we make forth to that which is better, we meet not with that which is worse.

The discommodities of usury are, first, that it makes fewer merchants; for were it not for this lazy trade of usury, money would not lie still, but would in great part be employed upon merchandising, which is the "vena porta" ¹ of wealth in a state: the second, that it makes poor merchants; for as a farmer cannot husband his ground so well if he sit at a great rent, so the merchant cannot drive his trade so well, if he sit² at great usury: the third is incident to the other two; and that is, the decay of customs of kings, or states, which ebb or flow with merchandising: the fourth, that it bringeth the treasure of a realm or state into a few hands; for the usurer being at certainties, and others at uncertainties, at the end of the game most of the money will be in the box; and ever a state flourisheth when wealth is more equally spread: the fifth, that it beats down the price of land; for the employment of money is chiefly either merchandising, or purchasing, and usury waylays both: the sixth, that it doth dull and damp all industries, improvements, and new inventions, wherein money would be stirring, if it were not for this slug: the last, that it is the canker and ruin of many men's estates, which in process of time breeds a public poverty.

On the other side, the commodities of usury are, first, that howsoever usury in some respect hindereth merchandising, yet in some other it advanceth it; for it is certain that the greatest part of trade is driven by young merchants upon borrowing at interest; so as if the usurer either call in, or keep back his money, there will ensue presently a great stand of trade: the second is, that were it not for this easy borrowing upon interest, men's necessities would draw upon them a most sudden undoing, in that they would be forced to sell their means (be it lands or goods), far under foot, and so, whereas usury doth but gnaw upon them, bad markets would swallow them quite up. As for mortgaging or pawning, it will little mend the matter: for either men will not take pawns without use, or if they do, they will look precisely for the forfeiture. I remember a cruel moneyed man in the country, that would say, "The devil take this usury, it keeps us from forfeitures of mortgages and bonds." The third and last is, that it is a vanity to conceive that there would be ordinary borrowing without profit; and it is impossible to conceive the number of inconveniences that will ensue, if borrowing be cramped: therefore to speak of the abolishing of usury is idle; all states have ever had it in one kind or rate, or other; so as that opinion must be sent to Utopia.³

To speak now of the reformation and reglement⁴ of usury, how the discommodities of it may be best avoided, and the commodities retained. It appears, by the balance of commodities and discommodities of usury, two things are to be reconciled; the one that the tooth of usury be grinded, that it bite not too much; the other, that there be left open a means to invite moneyed men to lend to the merchants, for the continuing and quickening of trade. This cannot be done, except you introduce two several sorts of usury, a less and a greater; for if you reduce usury to one low rate, it will ease the common borrower, but the merchant will be to seek for money; and it is to be noted, that the trade of merchandise

being the most lucrative, may bear usury at a good rate: other contracts not so.

To serve both intentions, the way would be briefly thus: that there be two rates of usury; the one free and general for all; the other under license only to certain persons, and in certain places of merchandising. First, therefore, let usury in general be reduced to five in the hundred, and let that rate be proclaimed to be free and current; and let the state shut itself out to take any penalty for the same; this will preserve borrowing from any general stop or dryness; this will ease infinite borrowers in the country; this will, in good part, raise the price of land, because land purchased at sixteen years' purchase will yield six in the hundred, and somewhat more whereas this rate of interest yields but five: this by like reason will encourage and edge industries and profitable improvements, because many will rather venture in that kind, than take five in the hundred, especially having been used to greater profit. Secondly, let there be certain persons licensed to lend to known merchants upon usury, at a higher rate, and let it be with the cautions following: let the rate be, even with the merchant himself, somewhat more easy than that he used formerly to pay; for by that means all borrowers shall have some case by this reformation, be he merchant, or whosoever; let it be no bank or common stock, but every man be master of his own money; not that I altogether is like banks, but they will hardly be brooked, in regard to certain suspicions. Let the state be answered, some small matter for the license, and the rest left to the lender; for if the abatement be but small, it will no whit discourage the lender; for he, for example, that took before ten or nine in the hundred, will sooner descend to eight in the hundred, than give over his trade of usury, and go from certain gains to gains of hazard. Let these licensed lenders be in number indefinite, but restrained to certain principal cities and towns of merchandising; for then they will be hardly able to color other men's moneys in the country: so as the license of nine will not suck away the current rate of five; for no man will send his moneys far off, nor put them into unknown hands.

If it be objected that this doth in a sort authorize usury, which before was in some places but permissive; the answer is, that it is better to mitigate usury by declaration, than to suffer it to rage by connivance.

XLII.—OF YOUTH AND AGE.

A MAN that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second: for there is a youth in thoughts, as well as in ages; and yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years: as it was with Julius Cæsar and Septimius Severus; of the latter of whom it is said, "Javentem egit erroribus, imo furoribus plenam;"¹ and yet he was the ablest emperor, almost, of all the list; but reposed natures may do well in youth, as it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmus Duke of Florence, Gaston de Foix,² and others. On the other side, heat and

¹ See Note to Essay xix.

² Hold.

³ The imaginary country described in Sir Thomas More's political romance of that name.

⁴ Regulation.

¹ Be paid.

² "He passed his youth full of errors, of madness even."

³ He was nephew of Louis XII of France, and commanded the French armies in Italy against the Spaniards. After a brilliant career, he was killed at the battle of Ravenna, in 1512.

vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business; for the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner.

Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first: and that, which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them, like an unready horse, that will not neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for extern accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth: but, for the moral part, perhaps, youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin, upon the text, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams,"^a inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream; and certainly, the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth: and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding, than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which sadeth betimes: these are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned: such as was Hermogenes^b the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle, who afterwards waxed stupid: a second sort is of those^c that have some natural dispositions, which have better grace in youth than in age; such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech, which becomes youth well, but not age: so Tully saith of Hortensius, "*Idem manebat, neque idem decebat*:" the third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years can uphold; as was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith, in effect, "*Ultima primis cedebat*."^d

XLIII.—OF BEAUTY.

VIRTUE is like a rich stone, best plain set; and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features; and that hath rather dignity of presence, than beauty of aspect; neither is it almost seen that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue; as if nature were rather busy not to err, than in labor to produce excellency; and therefore they prove accomplished, but not of great spirit; and study rather behavior, than virtue. But this

holds not always: for Augustus Cæsar, Titus Vespasianus, Philip le Bel of France, Edward the Fourth of England,^a Alcibiades of Athens, Ismael the Sophy of Persia, were all high and great spirits, and yet the most beautiful men of their times. In beauty, that of favor, is more than that of color; and that of decent and gracious motion, more than that of favor.^b That is the best part of beauty, which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles or Albert Dürer were the more trifter; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions: the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them: not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and not by rule. A man shall see faces, that, if you examine them part by part, you shall find never a good; and yet altogether do well. If it be true that the principal part of beauty is in decent motion, certainly it is no marvel, though persons in years seem many times more amiable; "*Pulchrorum autumnus pulcher*;"^c for no youth can be comely but by pardon,^d and considering the youth as to make up the comeliness. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine, and vices blush.

XLIV.—OF DEFORMITY.

DEFORMED persons are commonly even with nature; for as nature hath done ill by them, so do they by nature, being for the most part (as the Scripture saith), "*void of natural affection*;"^a and so they have their revenge of nature. Certainly there is a consent between the body and the mind, and where nature erreth in the one, she ventureth in the other: "*Ubi peccat in uno, periclitatur in altero*;"^b but because there is in man an election, touching the frame of his mind, and a necessity in the frame of his body, the stars of natural inclination are sometimes obscured by the sun of discipline and virtue; therefore it is good to consider of deformity, not as a sign which is more deceivable, but as a cause which seldom faileth of the effect. Whosoever hath anything fixed in his person that doth not induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; therefore, all deformed persons are extreme bold; first, as in their own defense, as being exposed to scorn, but in process of time by a general habit. Also it stirreth in them industry, and especially of this kind, to watch and observe the weakness of others, that they may have somewhat to repay. Again, in the superiors, it quencheth jealousy towards them, as persons that they think they may at pleasure despise: and it layeth their competitors and emulators asleep, as never believing they should be in possibility of advancement till they see

^a Joel ii. 23, quoted Acts ii. 17.

^b He lived in the second century after Christ, and is said to have lost his memory at the age of twenty-five.

^c "He remained the same, but with the advance of years was not so becoming."

^d "The close was unequal to the beginning." This quotation is not correct; the words are—"Memorabilius prima pars vite quam postrema fuit."—"The first part of his life was more distinguished than the latter."—Livy, xxviii. ch. 53.

^a By the context, he would seem to consider "great spirit" and "virtue" as convertible terms. Edward IV., however, has no claim to be considered as a virtuous or magnanimous man, though he possessed great physical courage.

^b Features.

^c "The autumn of the beautiful is beautiful."

^d By making allowances.

^e Rom. i. 31; 2 Tim. iii. 3.

^f "Where she errs in the one, she ventures in the other."

them in possession; so that upon the matter, in a great wit, deformity is an advantage to rising. Kings in ancient times (and at this present in some countries) were wont to put great trust in eunuchs, because they that are envious towards all are more obnoxious and officious towards one; but yet their trust towards them hath rather been as to good spies,^a and good whisperers, than good magistrates and officers: and much like is the reason of deformed persons. Still the ground is, they will, if they be of spirit, seek to free themselves from scorn: which must be either by virtue or malice; and, therefore, let it not be marvelled, if sometimes they prove excellent persons; as was Agesilaus, Zanger the son of Solyman,^d Æsop, Gasca president of Peru; and Socrates may go likewise amongst them, with others.

XLV.—OF BUILDING.

HOUSES are built to live in, and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had. Leave ungoodly fabrics of houses, for beauty only, to the enchanted palaces of the poets, who build them with small cost. He that builds a fair house upon an ill seat,^a committeth himself to prison: neither do I reckon it an ill seat only where the air is unwholesome, but likewise where the air is unequal; as you shall see many fine seats set upon a knap^b of ground, environed with higher hills round about it, whereby the heat of the sun is pent in, and the wind gathereth as in troughs; so as you shall have, and that suddenly, as great diversity of heat and cold as if you dwelt in several places. Neither is it ill air only that maketh an ill seat; but ill ways, ill markets, and, if you will consult with Momus,^c ill neighbors. I speak not of many more; want of water, want of wood, shade, and shelter, want of fruitfulness, and mixture of grounds of several natures; want of prospect, want of level grounds, want of places at some near distance for sports of hunting, hawking, and races; too near the sea, too remote; having the commodity of navigable rivers, or the discommodity of their overflowing; too far off from the great cities, which may hinder business; or too near them, which lurcheth^d all provision and maketh everything dear; where a man hath a great living laid together; and where he is scantied; all which, as it is impossible perhaps to find together, so it is good to know them, and think of them, that a man may take as many as he can; and if he have several dwellings, that he sort them so, that what he wanteth in the one he may find in the other. Lucullus answered Pompey well, who, when he saw his stately galleries and rooms so large and lightsome, in one of his houses, said: "Surely an excellent place for summer, but how do you in winter?" Lucullus answered, "Why, do you not think me as wise as some fowls are, that ever change their abode towards the winter?"^e

To pass from the seat to the house itself, we will do as Cicero doth in the orator's art, who writes books *De Oratore*, and a book he entitles *Orator*; whereof the former delivers the precepts of the art, and the latter the perfection. We will therefore describe a princely palace, making a brief model thereof; for it is strange to see, now in Europe, such

huge buildings as the Vatican and Escorial,^f and some others be, and yet scarce a very fair room in them.

First, therefore, I say, you cannot have a perfect palace, except you have two several sides; a side for the banquet, as is spoken of in the book of Esther;^g and a side for the household; the one for feasts and triumphs, and the other for dwelling. I understand both these sides to be not only returns, but parts of the front; and to be uniform without, though severally partitioned within; and to be on both sides of a great and stately tower in the midst of the front, that as it were joine them together on either hand. I would have, on the side of the banquet is front, one only goodly room above stairs, of some forty foot high; and under it a room for a dressing or preparing place, at times of triumphs. On the other side, which is the household side, I wish it divided at the first into a hall and a chapel, (with a partition between), both of good state and bigness; and thence to go all the length, but to have at the further end a winter and a summer parlor, both fair; and under these rooms a fair and large cellar sunk under ground; and likewise some privy kitchens, with butteries and pantries, and the like. As for the tower, I would have it two stories, of eighteen foot high apiece above the two wings; and a goodly leads upon the top, railed with statues interpoed; and the same tower to be divided into rooms, as shall be thought fit. The stairs likewise to the upper rooms, let them be upon a fair open newel,^h and finely railed in with images of wood cast into a brass color; and a very fair landing-place at the top. But this to be, if you do not point any of the lower rooms for a dining-place of servants; for, otherwise, you shall have the servants' dinner after your own: for the steam of it will come up as in a tunnel.ⁱ And so much for the front: only I understand the height of the first stairs to be sixteen foot, which is the height of the lower room.

Beyond this front is there to be a fair court, but three sides of it of a far lower building than the front; and in all the four corners of that court fair staircases, cast into turrets on the outside, and not within the row of buildings themselves: but those towers are not to be of the height of the front, but rather proportionable to the lower building. Let the court not be paved, for that striketh up a great heat in summer, and much cold in winter: but only some side alleys with a cross, and the quarters to graze, being kept shorn, but not too near shorn. The row of return on the banquet side, let it be all stately galleries: in which galleries let there be three or five fine cupolas in the length of it, placed at equal distance, and fine colored windows of several works: on the household side, chambers of presence and ordinary entertainments, with some bed-chambers: and let all three sides be a double house, without thorough lights on the sides, that you may have rooms from the sun, both for forenoon and afternoon. Cast it also, that you may have rooms both for summer and winter; shady for summer, and warm for winter. You shall have sometimes fair houses so full of glass, that one cannot tell where to become^j to be out of the sun or cold. For inbowed^k windows. I

^a A vast edifice, about twenty miles from Madrid, founded by Philip II.

^g Esth. 1: 5: "The king made a feast unto all the people that were present in Shushan the palace, both unto great and small, seven days, in the court of the garden of the king's palace."

^h The cylinder formed by the small end of the steps of winding stairs.

ⁱ The funnel of a chimney.

^j Where to go.

^k Bow, or bay, windows.

^c Spies.

^d Solyman the Magnificent, Sultan of the Turks.

^b Site.

^e Knoll.

^f Having a liking for cheerful society. Momus being the God of mirth.

^g Rats up.

hold them of good use (in cities, indeed, upright¹ do better, in respect of the uniformity towards the street); for they be pretty retiring places for conference: and besides, they keep both the wind and sun off; for that which would strike almost through the room doth scarce pass the window: but let them be but few, four in the court, on the sides only.

Beyond this court, let there be an inward court, of the same square and height, which is to be environed with the garden on all sides; and in the inside, cloistered on all sides upon decent and beautiful arches, as high as the first story: on the under story towards the garden, let it be turned to grotto, or place of shade, or estivation; and only have opening and windows towards the garden, and be level upon the floor, no whit sunk under ground to avoid all dampness: and let there be a fountain, or some fair work of statues in the midst of this court, and to be paved as the other court was. These buildings to be for privy lodgings on both sides, and the end for privy galleries; whereof you must foresee that one of them be for an infirmary, if the prince or any special person should be sick, with chambers, bed-chamber, "anticamera,"² and "recamera,"³ joining to it; this upon the second story. Upon the ground story, a fair gallery, open, upon pillars; and upon the third story, likewise an open gallery upon pillars, to take the prospect and freshness of the garden. At both corners of the further side, by way of return, let there be two delicate or rich cabinets, daintily paved, richly hanged, glazed with crystalline glass, and a rich cupola in the midst; and all other elegancy that can be thought upon. In the upper gallery, too, I wish that there may be, if the place will yield it, some fountains running, in divers places from the wall, with some fine avoidances.⁴ And thus much for the model of the palace; save that you must have, before you come to the front, three courts; a green court plain, with a wall about it; a second court of the same, but more garnished with little turrets, or rather embellishments, upon the wall; and a third court, to make a square with the front, but not to be built, nor yet enclosed with a naked wall, but enclosed with terraces leaded aloft, and fairly garnished on the three sides; and cloistered on the inside with pillars, and not with arches below. As for offices, let them stand at distance, with some low galleries, to pass from them to the palace itself.

XLVI.—OF GARDENS.

God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works: and a man shall ever see, that, when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season. For December, and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter: holly, ivy, bay, juniper, cypress-tree, yew, pineapple-trees,⁵ fir-trees, rosemary, lavender; periwinkle, the white, the purple, and the blue; germander, flags, orange-

trees, lemon-trees, and myrtles, if they be stoved;⁶ and sweet marjoram, warm set. There followeth, for the latter part of January and February, the mezereon-tree, which then blossoms: crocus vernus, both the yellow and the grey; primroses, anemones, the early tulip, the hyacinthus orientalis, chamairis fritellaria. For March, there comes violets, especially the single blue, which are the earliest; the yellow daffodil, the daisy, the almond-tree in blossom, the peach-tree in blossom, the cornelian-tree in blossom, sweet-briar. In April follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock-gilliflower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and lilies of all natures; rosemary-flowers, the tulip, the double peony, the pale daffodil, the French honeysuckle, the cherry-tree in blossom, the damascene⁷ and plum-trees in blossoms, the white thorn in leaf, the lilac-tree. In May and June come pinks of all sorts, specially the blush-pink; roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later; honeysuckles, strawberries, bugloss, columbine, the French marygold, flos Africanus, cherry-tree in fruit, ribes,⁸ figs in fruit, rasps, vine-flowers, lavender in flowers, the sweet satyrian, with the white flower; herba muscaria, liliun convallium, the apple-tree in blossom. In July come gilliflowers of all varieties, musk-roses, the lime-tree in blossom, early pears, and plums in fruit, genitings,⁹ codlins. In August come plums of all sorts in fruit, pears, apricots, barberries, filberts, musk-melons, monks-hoods, of all colors. In September come grapes, apples, poppies of all colors, peaches, melocotones,¹⁰ nectarines, cornelians,¹¹ warden,¹² quinces. In October, and the beginning of November come services, medlars, bullaces, roses cut or removed to come late, hollyoaks, and such like. These particulars are for the climate of London; but my meaning is perceived, that you may have "ver perpetuum,"¹³ as the place affords.

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music), than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers¹⁴ of their smells; so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays, likewise, yield no smell as they grow, rosemary little, nor sweet marjoram; that which, above all others, yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet, especially the white double violet, which comes twice a year, about middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the musk-rose; then the strawberry-leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell; then the flower of the vines, it is a little dust like the dust of a bent,¹⁵ which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth; then sweet-briar, then wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set upon a parlor or lower chamber window; then pinks and gilliflowers, specially the matted pink and clove gilliflower; then the flowers of the lime-tree; then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of bean-flowers¹⁶ I speak not, because they are field flowers; but those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed

¹ Kept warm in a greenhouse.

² The damson, or plum of Damascus.

³ Currants.

⁴ An apple that is gathered very early.

⁵ A kind of quince, so called from "cotoneum," or "cydonium," the Latin name of the quince.

⁶ The fruit of the cornel-tree.

⁷ The warden was a large pear, so called from its keeping well. Warden-pie was formerly much esteemed in this country.

⁸ Perpetual spring.

Flowers that do not send forth their smell at any distance.

⁹ A species of grass of the genus *argostea*.

¹⁰ The blossoms of the bean.

¹ Flush with the wall.

² Anti-chamber.

³ Withdrawing-room.

⁴ Watercourses.

⁵ Pine-trees.

by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three; that is, burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints; therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

For gardens (speaking of those which are indeed prince-like, as we have done of buildings), the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground, and to be divided into three parts; a green in the entrance, a heath, or desert, in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides; and I like well, that four acres of ground be assigned to the green, six to the heath, four and four to either side, and twelve to the main garden. The green hath two pleasures: the one, because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn; the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge, which is to enclose the garden: but because the alley will be long, and in great heat of the year, or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in the sun through the green, therefore you are, of either side the green, to plant a covert alley, upon carpenter's work, about twelve foot in height, by which you may go in shade into the garden. As for the making of knots, or figures, with divers colored earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house on that side which the garden stands, they be but toys; you may see as good sights many times in tarts. The garden is best to be square, encompassed on all the four sides with a stately arched hedge; the arches to be upon pillars of carpenter's work, of some ten foot high, and six foot broad, and the spaces between of the same dimension with the breadth of the arch. Over the arches let there be an entire hedge of some four foot high, framed also upon carpenter's work; and upon the upper hedge, over every arch, a little turret, with a belly enough to receive a cage of birds: and over every space between the arches some other little figure, with broad plates of round colored glass gilt, for the sun to play upon: but this hedge I intend to be raised upon a bank, not steep but gently slope, of some six foot, set all with flowers. Also I understand, that this square of the garden should not be the whole breadth of the ground, but to leave on either side ground enough for diversity of side alleys, unto which the two covert alleys of the green may deliver you;^m but there must be no alleys with hedges at either end of this great enclosure; not at the hither end, for lettingⁿ your prospect upon this fair hedge from the green; nor at the further end, for letting your prospect from the hedge through the arches upon heath.

For the ordering of the ground within the great hedge, I leave it to variety of device; advising, nevertheless, that whatsoever form you cast it into first, it be not too bushy, or full of work; wherein I, for my part, do not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff; they be for children. Little low hedges, round like welts, with some pretty pyramids, I like well; and in some places fair columns, upon frames of carpenter's work. I would also have the alleys spacious and fair. You may have closer alleys upon the side grounds, but none in the main garden. I wish also, in the very middle, a fair mount, with three ascents and alleys, enough for four to walk abreast; which I would have to be perfect circles, without any bulwarks or embossments; and the whole mount to be thirty foot high, and some fine banqueting-house with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass.

For fountains, they are a great beauty and refreshment; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome, and full of flies and frogs. Fountains I intend to be of two natures; the one that sprinkleth or spouteth water: the other a fair receipt of water, of some thirty or forty foot square, but without fish, or slime, or mud. For the first, the ornaments of images, gilt or of marble, which are in use, do well: but the main matter is so to convey the water, as it never stay, either in the bowls or in the cistern: that the water be never by rest discolored, green, or red, or the like, or gather any mossiness or putrefaction; besides that, it is to be cleaned every day by the hand: also some steps up to it, and some fine pavement about it doth well. As for the other kind of fountain, which we may call a bathing-pool, it may admit much curiosity and beauty, wherewith we will not trouble ourselves: as, that the bottom be finely paved, and with images; the sides likewise; and withal embellished with colored glass, and such things of lustre; encompassed also with fine rails of low statues: but the main point is the same which we mentioned in the former kind of fountain; which is, that the water be in perpetual motion, fed by a water higher than the pool, and delivered into it by fair spouts, and then discharged away under ground, by some equality by bores, that it stay little; and for fine devices, of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms (of feathers, drinking-glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness.

For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness. Trees I would have none in it, but some thickets made only of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses; for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade; and these to be in the heath here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set, some with wild thyme, some with pinks, some with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye; some with periwinkle, some with violets, some with strawberries, some with cowslips, some with daisies, some with red roses, some with liliū convallium,^p some with sweet-williams red, some with bear's-foot, and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly; part of which heaps to be with standards of little bushes pricked upon their top, and part without: the standards to be roses, juniper, holly, barberries (but here and there, because of the smell of their blossoms), red currants, gooseberries, rosemary, bays, sweet-briar, and such like: but these standards to be kept with cutting, that they grow not out of course.

For the side grounds, you are to fill them with variety of alleys, private, to give a full shade; some of them, wheresoever the sun be. You are to frame some of them likewise for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp, you may walk as in a gallery: and those alleys must be likewise hedged at both ends, to keep out the wind; and these closer alleys must be ever finely gravelled, and no grass, because of going wet. In many of these alleys, likewise, you are to set fruit-trees of all sorts, as well upon the walls as in ranges;^q and this should be generally observed, that the borders wherein you plant your fruit-trees be fair, and large, and low, and not steep; and set with fine flowers, but thin and sparingly, lest they deceive^r

^m Bring or lead yo

ⁿ Impeding.

^p Causing the water to fall in a perfect arch, without any spray escaping from the jet.

^q Lilies of the valley.

^r In rows.

^s Insidiously subtract nourishment from.

the trees. At the end of both the side grounds I would have a mount of some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast-high, to look abroad into the fields.

For the main garden I do not deny but there should be some fair alleys ranged on both sides, with fruit-trees, and some pretty tufts of fruit-trees and arbors with seats, set in some decent order; but these to be by no means set too thick, but to leave the main garden so as it be not close, but the air open and free. For as for shade, I would have you rest upon the alleys of the side grounds, there to walk, if you be disposed, in the heat of the year or day; but to make account^a that the main garden is for the more temperate parts of the year, and, in the heat of summer for the morning and the evening or overcast days.

For aviaries, I like them not, except they be of that largeness as they may be turfed, and have living plants and bushes set in them; that the birds may have more scope and natural nestling, and that no foulness appear in the floor of the aviary. So I have made a platform of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing; not a model, but some general lines of it; and in this I have spared for no cost: but it is nothing for great princes, that for the most part taking advice with workmen, with no less cost set their things together, and sometimes add statues and such things, for state and magnificence, but nothing to the true pleasure of a garden.

XLVII.—OF NEGOTIATING.

It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter; and by the mediation of a third than by a man's self. Letters are good, when a man would draw an answer by letter back again; or when it may serve for a man's justification afterwards to produce his own letter; or where it may be danger to be interrupted, or heard by pieces. To deal in person is good, when a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases where a man's eye upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh, may give him a direction how far to go: and generally where a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound. In choice of instruments, it is better to choose men of a plainer sort, that are like to do that, that is committed to them, and to report back again faithfully the success, than those that are cunning to contrive out of other men's business somewhat to grace themselves, and will help the matter in report, for satisfaction sake. Use also such persons as affect^b the business wherein they are employed, for that quickeneth much; and such as are fit for the matter, as bold men for expostulation, fair-spoken men for persuasion, crafty men for inquiry and observation, froward and absurd men for business that doth not well bear out itself. Use also such as have been lucky and prevailed before in things wherein you have employed them; for that breeds confidence, and they will strive to maintain their prescription. It is better to sound a person with whom one deals afar off, than to fall upon the point at first, except you mean to surprise him by some short question. It is better dealing with men in appetite,^c than with those that are where they would be. If a man deal with another upon conditions, the start of first performance is all: which a man cannot reasonably demand, except either the nature of the thing be such, which must go before: or

else a man can persuade the other party, that he shall still need him in some other thing; or else that he be counted the honestest man. All practice is to discover, or to work. Men discover themselves in trust, in passion, at unawares; and of necessity, when they would have somewhat done, and cannot find an apt pretext. If you would work any man, you must either know his nature and fashions, and so lead him; or his ends, and so persuade him; or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him; or those that have interest in him, and so govern him. In dealing with cunning persons, we must ever consider their ends, to interpret their speeches; and it is good to say little to them, and that which they least look for. In all negotiations of difficulty, a man may not look to sow and reap at once; but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees.

XLVIII.—OF FOLLOWERS AND FRIENDS.

COSTLY followers are not to be liked; lest while a man maketh his train longer, he make his wings shorter. I reckon to be costly, not them alone which charge the purse, but which are wearisome and importune in suits. Ordinary followers ought to challenge no higher conditions than countenance, recommendation, and protection from wrongs. Factious followers are worse to be liked, which follow not upon affection to him with whom they range themselves, but upon discontentment conceived against some other; whereupon commonly ensueth that ill intelligence, that we many times see between great personages. Likewise glorious^a followers, who make themselves as trumpets of the commendation of those they follow, are full of inconveniences, for they taint business through want of secrecy; and they export honor from a man and make him a return in envy. There is a kind of followers, likewise, which are dangerous, being indeed espials; which inquire the secrets of the house, and bear tales of them to others; yet such men, many times, are in great favor; for they are officious, and commonly exchange tales. The following by certain estates^b of men, answerable to that which a great person himself professeth (as of soldiers to him that hath been employed in the wars, and the like), hath ever been a thing civil and well taken even in monarchies, so it be without too much pomp or popularity: but the most honorable kind of following, is to be followed as one that apprehendeth to advance virtue and desert in all sorts of persons; and yet, where there is no eminent odds in sufficiency, it is better to take with the more passable, than with the more able; and besides, to speak truth in base times, active men are of more use than virtuous. It is true, that in government, it is good to use men of one rank equally: for to countenance some extraordinarily, is to make them insolent and the rest discontent; because they may claim a due: but contrariwise in favor, to use men with much difference and election is good; for it maketh the persons preferred more thankful, and the rest more officious: because all is of favor. It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion. To be governed (as we call it) by one, is not safe; for it shows softness,^c and gives a freedom to scandal and disreputation; for those that would not censure, or speak ill of a man immediately, will talk more boldly of those that are so great with them, and thereby wound their honor;

^a To consider or expect.

^b Love, are pleased with.

^c It is more advantageous to deal with men whose desires are not yet satisfied than with those who have gained all they have wished for, and are likely to be proof against inducements.

^a In the sense of the Latin "gloriosus," "boastful," "bragging."

^b Professions or classes.

^c Weakness or indecision of character.

yet to be distracted with many, is worse; for it makes men to be of the last impression, and full of change. To take advice of some few friends is ever honorable; for lookers-on many times see more than gamesters; and the vale best discovereth the hill. There is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, which was wont^d to be magnified. That that is, is between superior and inferior,* whose fortunes may comprehend the one the other.

XLIX.—OF SUITORS.

MANY ill matters and projects are undertaken; and private suits do putrefy the public good. Many good matters are undertaken with bad minds; I mean not only corrupt minds, but crafty minds; that intend not performance. Some embrace suits, which never mean to deal effectually in them; but if they see there may be life in the matter, by some other mean they will be content to win a thank, or take a second reward, or at least, to make use in the mean time of the suitor's hopes. Some take hold of suits only for an occasion to cross some other, or to make an information, whereof they could not otherwise have apt pretext, without care what become of the suit when that turn is served; or, generally, to make other men's business a kind of entertainment to bring in their own: nay, some undertake suits with a full purpose to let them fall; to the end to gratify the adverse party, or competitor. Surely there is in some sort a right in every suit; either a right of equity, if it be a suit of controversy, or a right of desert, if it be a suit of petition. If affection lead a man to favor the wrong side in justice, let him rather use his countenance to compound the matter than to carry it. If affection lead a man to favor the less worthy in desert, let him do it without depraving^e or disabling the better deserver. In suits which a man doth not well understand, it is good to refer them to some friend of trust and judgment, that may report whether he may deal in them with honor: but let him choose well his referendaries,^b for else he may be led by the nose. Suitors are so distasted^c with delays and abuses, that plain dealing in denying to deal in suits at first, and reporting the success barely,^d and in challenging no more thanks than one hath deserved, is grown not only honorable but also gracious. In suits of favor, the first coming ought to take little place;^e so far forth^f consideration may be had of his trust, that if intelligence of the matter could not otherwise have

been had but by him, advantage be not taken of the note;^g but the party left to his other means; and in some sort recompensed for his discovery. To be ignorant of the value of a suit, is simplicity; as well as to be ignorant of the right thereof, is want of conscience. Secrecy in suits is a great mean of obtaining; for voicing them to be in forwardness may discourage some kind of suitors; but doth quicken and awake others: but timing of the suit is the principal; timing I say not only in respect of the person that should grant it, but in respect of those which are like to cross it. Let a man, in the choice of his mean, rather choose the fittest mean, than the greatest mean; and rather them that deal in certain things, than those that are general. The reparation of a denial is sometimes equal to the first grant, if a man show himself neither dejected nor discontented. "Iniquum petas, ut æquum feras,"^h is a good rule, where a man hath strength of favor: but otherwise a man were better rise in his suit; for he that would have ventured at first to have lost the suitor, will not, in the conclusion, lose both the suitor and his own former favor. Nothing is thought so easy a request to a great person, as his letter; and yet, if it be not in a good cause, it is so much out of his reputation. There are no worse instruments than these general contrivers of suits: for they are but a kind of poison and infection to public proceedings.

L.—OF STUDIES.*

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one: but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth: to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar: they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously;^a and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy^b things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make

^b He probably alludes to the ancient stories of the friendship of Orestes and Pylades, Theseus and Pirithous, Damon and Pythias, and others, and the maxims of the ancient Philosophers. Aristotle considers that equality in circumstances and station is one requisite of friendship. Seneca and Quintus Curtius express the same opinion. It seems hardly probable that Lord Bacon reflected deeply when he penned this passage, for between equals, jealousy, the most insidious of all the enemies of friendship, has the least chance of originating. Dr Johnson says:—"Friendship is seldom lasting but between equals, or where the superiority on one side is reduced by some equivalent advantage on the other. Benefits which cannot be repaid, and obligations which cannot be discharged, are not commonly found to increase affection; they excite gratitude indeed, and heighten veneration; but commonly take away that easy freedom and familiarity of intercourse without which, though there may be fidelity, and zeal, and admiration, there cannot be friendship.—*The Rambler*, No. 64.

^c In such a case, gratitude and admiration exist on the one hand, esteem and confidence on the other.

^a Lowering, or humiliating.

^b References.

^c Disgusted

^d Giving no false color to the degree of success which has attended the prosecution of the suit.

^e To have little effect.

^f To this extent.

^g Of the information.

^h "Ask what is exorbitant, that you may obtain what is moderate."

^{*} This formed the first Essay in the earliest edition of the work.

^a Attentively.

^b Vapid; without taste or spirit.

men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: "Abeunt studia in mores;"^a nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good, for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like; so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen; for they are "Cymini sectores."^b If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases, so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

LI.—OF FACTION.

MANY have an opinion not wise, that for a prince to govern his estate, or for a great person to govern his proceedings, according to the respect of factions is a principal part of policy; whereas, contrariwise, the chiefest wisdom is either, in ordering those things which are general, and wherein men of several factions do nevertheless agree, or in dealing with correspondence to particular persons, one by one: but I say not, that the consideration of factions is to be neglected. Mean men in their rising must adhere; but great men, that have strength in themselves, were better to maintain themselves indifferent and neutral: yet even in beginners, to adhere so moderately, as he be a man of the one faction, which is most passable with the other, commonly giveth best way. The lower and weaker faction is the firmer in conjunction; and it is often seen, that a few that are stiff, do tire out a great number that are more moderate. When one of the factions is extinguished, the remaining subdivideth; as the faction between Lucullus and the rest of the nobles of the senate (which they called "optimates") held out a while against the faction of Pompey and Cæsar; but when the senate's authority was pulled down, Cæsar and Pompey soon after brake. The faction or party of Antonius and Octavianus Cæsar, against Brutus and Cassius, held out likewise for a time; but when Brutus and Cassius were overthrown, then soon after Antonius and Octavianus brake and subdivided. These examples are of wars, but the same holdeth in private factions: and therefore, those that are seconds in factions, do many times, when the faction subdivideth, prove principals; but many times also they prove ciphers and cashiered; for many a man's strength is in opposition; and when that falleth, he groweth out of use. It is commonly seen, that men once placed, take in with the contrary faction to that by which they enter; thinking, belike, that they have the first sure, and now are ready for a new purchase. The traitor in faction lightly goeth away with it, for when matters have stuck long in balancing, the winning of some one man casteth them,^c and he getteth all the thanks. The even carriage between two factions proceedeth not always of moderation, but of a trueness to a man's self, with end to make

use of both. Certainly, in Italy, they hold it a little suspect in popes, when they have often in their mouth "Padre comune;"^d and take it to be a sign of one that meaneth to refer all to the greatness of his own house. Kings had need beware how they side themselves, and make themselves as of a faction or party; for leagues within the state are ever pernicious to monarchies; for they raise an obligation paramount to obligation of sovereignty, and make the king "tanquam unus ex nobis;"^e as was to be seen in the League of France. When factions are carried too high and too violently, it is a sign of weakness in princes, and much to the prejudice both of their authority and business. The motions of factions under kings, ought to be like the motions (as the astronomers speak of the inferior orbs, which may have their proper motions, but yet still are quietly carried by the higher motion of "primum mobile."^f

LII.—OF CEREMONIES AND RESPECTS.

HE that is only real, had need have exceeding great parts of virtue; as the stone had need to be rich that is set without foil; but if a man mark it well, it is in praise and commendation of men, as it is in gettings and gains: for the proverb is true, "That light gains make heavy purses;" for light gains come thick, whereas great come but now and then: so it is true, that small matters win great commendation, because they are continually in use and in note: whereas the occasion of any great virtue cometh but on festivals; therefore it doth much add to a man's reputation, and is (as Queen Isabella^g said) like perpetual letters commendatory, to have good forms; to attain them, it almost sufficeth not to despise them; for so shall a man observe them in others; and let him trust himself with the rest; for if he labor too much to express them, he shall lose their grace; which is to be natural and unaffected. Some men's behavior is like a verse, wherein every syllable is measured; how can a man comprehend great matters, that breaketh his mind too much to small observations? Not to use ceremonies at all, is to teach others not to use them again; and so diminisheth respect to himself; especially they be not to be omitted to strangers and formal natures; but the dwelling upon them, and exalting them above the moon, is not only tedious, but doth diminish the faith and credit of him that speaks; and, certainly, there is a kind of conveying of effectual and imprinting passages amongst compliments, which is of singular use, if a man can hit upon it. Amongst a man's peers, a man shall be sure of familiarity; and therefore it is good a little to keep state; amongst a man's inferiors, one shall be sure of reverence; and therefore it is good a little to be familiar. He that is too much in anything, so that he giveth another occasion of satiety, maketh himself cheap. To apply one's self to others, is good; so it be with demonstration, that a man doth it upon regard, and not upon facility. It is a good precept, generally in seconding another, yet to add somewhat of one's own: as if you will grant his opinion, let it be with some distinction; if you will follow his motion, let it be with condition; if you allow his counsel, let it be with alleging further rea-

^a "Studies become habits."

^b "Splitters of cummin-seeds;" or, as we now say, "splitters of straws," or "hairs." Butler says of Hudibras—

"He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side."

^c Cause one side to preponderate.

^d "The common of father."

^e "As one of us." Henry III. of France, favoring the League formed by the Duke of Guise and Cardinal De Lorraine against the Protestants, soon found that through the adoption of that policy he had forfeited the respect of his subjects.

^f See a Note to Essay 15.

^g Of Castile. She was the wife of Ferdinand of Arragon, and was the patroness of Columbus.

son. Men had need beware how they be too perfect in compliments; for be they never so sufficient otherwise, their enviers will be sure to give them that attribute, to the disadvantage of their greater virtues. It is loss also in business to be too full of respects, or to be too curious in observing times and opportunities. Solomon saith, "He that considereth the wind shall not sow, and he that looketh to the clouds shall not reap."^b A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds. Men's behavior should be like their apparel, not too straight or point device,^c but free for exercise or motion.

LIII.—OF PRAISE.

PRAISE is the reflection of virtue; but it is *glasse*, or body, which giveth the reflection. If it be from the common people, it is commonly false and nought, and rather followeth vain persons than virtuous: for the common people understand not many excellent virtues: the lowest virtues draw praise from them, the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration; but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all; but shows and "species virtutibus similes,"^d serve best with them. Certainly, fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid; but if persons of quality and judgment concur, then it is (as the Scripture saith), "Nomen bonum instar unguenti fragrantis,"^e it filleth all round about, and will not easily away; for the odors of ointments are more durable than those of flowers. There be so many false points of praise, that a man may justly hold it a suspect. Some praises proceed merely of flattery; and if he be an ordinary flatterer, he will have certain common attributes, which may serve every man; if he be a cunning flatterer, he will follow the arch-flatterer, which is a man's self, and wherein a man thinketh best of himself, therein the flatterer will uphold him most: but if he be an impudent flatterer, look wherein a man is conscious to himself that he is most defective, and is most out of countenance in himself, that will the flatterer entitle him to, perforce, "spretâ conscientia."^f Some praises come of good wishes and respects, which is a form due in civility to kings and great persons, "laudando præcipere,"^g when by telling men what they are, they represent to them what they should be; some men are praised maliciously to their hurt, thereby to stir envy and jealousy towards them; "Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantium,"^h inasmuch as it was a proverb amongst the Grecians, that, "he that was praised to his hurt, should have a pushⁱ rise upon his nose," as we say, that a blister will rise upon one's tongue that tells a lie; certainly, moderate praise, used with opportunity, and not vulgar, is that which doth the good. Solomon saith, "He that praiseth his friend aloud, rising early, it shall be to him no better than a curse."^k Too much magnifying of man or

matter doth irritate contradiction, and procure envy and scorn. To praise a man's self cannot be decent, except it be in rare cases; but to praise a man's office^l or profession, he may do it with good grace, and with a kind of magnanimity. The cardinals of Rome, which are theologues^m and friars, and schoolmen, have a phrase of notable contempt and scorn towards civil business; for they call all temporal business of wars, embassages, judicature, and other employments, *sbirrerie*, which is under-sheriffries, as if they were but matters for under-sheriffs and catchpoles; though many times those under-sheriffries do more good than their high speculations. St. Paul, when he boasts of himself, he doth oft interlace, "I speak like a fool;"ⁿ but speaking of his calling, he saith, "Magnifico apostolatium meum."^o

LIV.—OF VAIN GLORY.

It was prettily devised of Æsop, the fly sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot-wheel, and said, "What a dust do I raise!" So are there some vain persons, that whatsoever goeth alone, or moveth upon greater means, if they have never so little hand in it, they think it is they that carry it. They that are glorious must needs be factious; for all bravery^p stands upon comparisons. They must needs be violent to make good their own vaunts; neither can they be secret, and therefore not effectual; but according to the French proverb "Beaucoup de bruit, peu de fruit;"^q—"much bruit,^r little fruit." Yet, certainly, there is use of this quality in civil affairs: where there is an opinion^s and fame to be created, either of virtue or greatness, these men are good trumpeters. Again, as Titus Livius noteth, in the case of Antiochus and the Ætolians, there are sometimes great effects of cross lies; as if a man that negotiates between two princes, to draw them to join in a war against the third, doth extol the forces of either of them above measure, the one to the other: and sometimes he that deals between man and man, raiseth his own credit with both, by pretending greater interest than he hath in either; and in these, and the like kinds, it often falls out, that somewhat is produced of nothing; for lies are sufficient to breed opinion, and opinion brings on substance. In military commanders and soldiers, vain glory is an essential point; for as iron sharpens iron, so by glory, one courage sharpeneth another. In cases of great enterprise upon charge^t and adventure, a composition of glorious natures doth but life into business; and those that are of solid and sober natures, have more of the ballast than of the sail. In fame of learning, the flight will be slow without some feathers of ostentation: "Qui de contemptu gloriâ libros scribunt, nomen suum inscribunt."^u Socrates, Aristotle, Galen, were men full of ostentation: certainly, vain

^b The words in our version are, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."—Ecclesiastes xi. 4.

^c Exact in the extreme. Point-de-vice was originally the name of a kind of lace of very fine pattern.

^d "Appearances resembling virtues."

^e "A good name is like sweet-smelling ointment." The words in our version are, "A good name is better than precious ointment."—Ecclesiastes vii. 1.

^f "Disregarding his own conscience."

^g "To instruct under the form of praise."

^h "The worst kind of enemies are those who flatter."

ⁱ A pimple filled with "pus," or "purulent matter." The word is still used in the east of England.

^k The words in our version are, "He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning it, shall be counted a curse to him."—Proverbs xxvii. 14.

^l In other words, to show what we call *esprit de corps*.

^m Theologians.

ⁿ 2 Cor. xi. 23.

^o "I will magnify my apostleship." He alludes to the words in Romans xi. 18—"Inasmuch as I am the apostle of the Gentiles, I magnify mine office."

^p Vaunting, or boasting.

^q Noise. We have a corresponding proverb—"great cry and little wool."

^r A high or good opinion.

^s By express command.

^t "Those who write books on despising glory set their names in the title-page." He quotes from Cicero's "*Tusculanæ Disputationes*," b. i. c. 15, whose words are, "*Quid nostri philosophi? Nonne in his libris ipsi, quos scribunt de contemptu gloriæ, sua nomina inscribunt.*"—"What do our philosophers do? Do they not, in those very books which they write on despising glory, set their names in the title-page?"

glory helpeth to perpetuate a man's memory; and virtue was never so beholden to human nature, as it received its due at the second hand. Neither had the fame of Cicero, Seneca, Plinius Secundus, borne her age so well if it had not been joined with some vanity in themselves; like unto varnish, that makes ceilings not only shine, but last. But all this while, when I speak of vain glory, I mean not of that property that Tacitus doth attribute to Mucianus, "Omnium, quæ dixerat feceratque, arte quâdam ostentator:"¹ for that² proceeds not of vanity, but of natural magnanimity and discretion; and, in some persons, is not only comely, but gracious: for excusations,³ concessions,⁴ modesty itself, well governed, are but arts of ostentation; and amongst those arts there is none better than that which Plinius Secundus speaketh of, which is to be liberal of praise and commendation to others, in that wherein a man's self hath any perfection: for, saith Pliny very wittily, "In commending another, you do yourself right;" for he that you commend is either superior to you in that you commend, or inferior: if he be inferior, if he be to be commended, you much more; if he be superior, if he be not to be commended, you much less." Glorious men are the scorn of wise men, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites, and the slaves of their own vanities.

LV.—OF HONOR AND REPUTATION.

THE winning of honor is but the revealing of a man's virtue and worth without disadvantage; for some in their actions do woo and affect honor and reputation; which sort of men are commonly much talked of, but inwardly little admired: and some, contrariwise, darken their virtue in the show of it; so as they be undervalued in opinion. If a man perform that which hath not been attempted before, or attempted and given over, or hath been achieved, but not with so good circumstance, he shall purchase more honor than by affecting a matter of greater difficulty or virtue, wherein he is but a follower. If a man so temper his actions, as in some one of them he doth content every faction or combination of people, the music will be the fuller. A man is an ill husband of his honor that entereth into any action, the failing wherein may disgrace him more than the carrying of it through can honor him. Honor that is gained and broken upon another hath the quickest reflection, like diamonds cut with facets; and therefore let a man contend to excel any competitors of his in honor, in outshooting them, if he can, in their own bow. Discreet followers and servants help much to reputation: "Omnis fama a domesticis emanat."⁵ Envy, which is the canker of honor, is best extinguished by declaring a man's self in his ends, rather to seek merit than fame: and by attributing

a man's successes rather to Divine providence and felicity, than to his own virtue or policy. The true marshalling of the degrees of sovereign honor are these: in the first place are "conditores imperiorum,"⁶ founders of states and commonwealths; such as were Romulus, Cyrus, Cæsar, Ottoman,⁷ Ismael: in the second place are "legislatores,"⁸ lawgivers; which are also called second founders, or "perpetui principes,"⁹ because they govern by their ordinances after they are gone; such were Lycurgus, Solon, Justinian, Edgar,¹⁰ Alphonsus of Castile the Wise, that made the "Siete Partidas;"¹¹ in the third place are "liberatores,"¹² or "salvatores,"¹³ such as compound the long miseries of civil wars, or deliver their countries from servitude of strangers or tyrants; as Augustus Cæsar, Vespasianus, Aurelianus, Theodoricus, King Henry the Seventh of England, King Henry the Fourth of France: in the fourth place are "propagatores,"¹⁴ or "propugnatores imperii,"¹⁵ such as in honorable wars enlarge their territories, or make noble defense against invaders; and, in the last place, are "patres patriæ,"¹⁶ which reign justly and make the times good wherein they live; both which last kinds need no examples, they are in such number. Degrees of honor in subjects are, first, "participes curarum,"¹⁷ those upon whom princes do discharge the greatest weight of their affairs; their right hands, as we call them; the next are "duces belli,"¹⁸ great leaders; such as are princes' lieutenants, and do them notable services in the wars: the third are "gratiosi,"¹⁹ favorites such as exceed not this scantling,²⁰ to be solace to the sovereign, and harmless to the people: and the fourth, "negotii pares,"²¹ such as have great places under princes, and execute their places with sufficiency. There is an honor, likewise, which may be ranked amongst the greatest, which happeneth rarely; that is, of such as sacrifice themselves to death or danger for the good of their country; as was M. Regulus, and the two Decii.

LVI.—OF JUDICATURE.

JUDGES ought to remember that their office is "jus dicere,"²² and not "jus dare;"²³ to interpret law, and not to make law, or give law; else will it be like the

b "Founders of empires."

c He alludes to Ottoman, or Othman I., the founder of the dynasty now reigning at Constantinople. From him the Turkish empire received the appellation of "Othman," or "Ottoman" Porte.

d "Perpetual rulers."

e Surnamed the Peaceful, who ascended the throne of England A. D. 958. He was eminent as a legislator and a rigid assertor of justice. Hume considers his reign "one of the most fortunate that we meet with in the ancient English history."

These were a general collection of the Spanish laws, made by Alphonsus X. of Castile, arranged under their proper titles. The work was commenced by Don Ferdinand, his father, to put an end to the contradictory decisions in the Castilian courts of justice. It was divided into seven parts, whence its name "Siete Partidas." It did not, however, become the law of Castile till nearly eighty years after.

f "Deliverers," or "preservers."

h "Extenders" or "defenders of the empire."

i "Fathers of their country."

k "Participators in cares."

l "Leaders in war."

m Proportion, dimensions.

n "Equal to their duties."

o "To expound the law."

p "To make the law."

¹ Pliny the Younger, the nephew of the elder Pliny, the naturalist.

² "One who set off everything he said and did with a certain skill." Mucianus was an intriguing general in the times of Otho and Vitellius.

³ Namely, the property of which he was speaking, and not that mentioned by Tacitus.

⁴ Apologies.

⁵ Concessions.

⁶ Boastful.

⁷ "All fame emanates from servants."

authority claimed by the Church of Rome, which, under pretext of exposition of Scripture, doth not stick to add and alter, and to pronounce that which they do not find, and by show of antiquity to introduce novelty. Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverend than plausible, and more advised than confident. Above all things, integrity is their portion and proper virtue. "Cursed (saith the law) is he that removeth the landmark." The mislayer of a mere stone is to blame; but it is the unjust judge that is the capital remover of landmarks, when he defineth amiss of lands and property. One foul sentence doth more hurt than many foul examples; for these do but corrupt the stream, the other corrupteth the fountain: so saith Solomon, "Fons turbatus et vena corrupta est justus cadens in causâ suâ coram adversario."^a The office of judges may have reference unto the parties that sue, unto the advocates that plead, unto the clerks and ministers of justice underneath them, and to the sovereign or state above them.

First, for the causes or parties that sue. "There be (saith the Scripture) that turn judgment into wormwood;"^b and surely there be, also, that turn it into vinegar; for injustice maketh it bitter, and delays make it sour. The principal duty of a judge is to suppress force and fraud; whereof force is the more pernicious when it is open, and fraud when it is close and disguised. Add thereto contentious suits, which ought to be spewed out, as the surfeit of courts. A judge ought to prepare his way to a just sentence, as God useth to prepare his way, by raising valleys and taking down hills: so when there appeareth on either side a high hand, violent prosecution, cunning advantages taken, combination, power, great counsel, then is the virtue of a judge seen to make inequality equal; that he may paint his judgment as upon an even ground. "Qui fortiter emungit, elicit sanguinem;"^c and where the wine-press is hard wrought, it yields a harsh wine, that tastes of the grape-stone. Judges must beware of hard constructions, and strained inferences; for there is no worse torture than the torture of laws: especially in case of laws penal, they ought to have care that that which was meant for terror be not turned into rigor: and that they bring not upon the people that shower whereof the Scripture speaketh, "Pluet super eos laqueos;"^d for penal laws pressed,^e are a shower of snares upon the people: therefore let penal laws, if they have been sleepers of long, or if they be grown unfit for the present time, be by wise judges confined in the execution: "Judicis officium est, ut res, ita tempora rerum," &c.^f In causes of life and death, judges ought (as far as the law permitteth) in justice to remember mercy, and to cast a severe eye upon the example, but a merciful eye upon the person.

Secondly, for the advocates and counsel that plead. Patience and gravity of hearing is an essential part

of justice; and an overspeaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal. It is no grace to judge first to find that which he might have heard in due time from the bar; or to show quickness of conceit in cutting off evidence or counsel too short, or to prevent information by questions, though pertinent. The parts of a judge in hearing are four: to direct the evidence; to moderate length, repetition, or impertinency of speech; to recapitulate, select, and collate the material points of that which hath been said; and to give the rule, or sentence. Whatsoever is above these is too much, and proceedeth either of glory, and willingness to speak, or of impatience to hear, or of shortness of memory, or of want of a staid and equal attention. It is a strange thing to see that the boldness of advocates should prevail with judges; whereas they should imitate God, in whose seat they sit, who represseth the presumptuous, and giveth grace to the modest: but it is more strange, that judges should have noted favorites, which cannot but cause multiplication of fees, and suspicion of by-ways. There is due from the judge to the advocate some commendation and gracing, where causes are well handled and fair pleaded, especially towards the side which obtaineth not;^g for that upholds in the client the reputation of his counsel, and beats down in him the conceit of his cause. There is likewise due to the public a civil reprehension of advocates, where there appeareth cunning counsel, gross neglect, slight information, indiscreet pressing, or an over-bold defence; and let not the counsel at the bar chop^h with the judge, nor wind himself into the handling of the cause anew after the judge hath declared his sentence; but, on the other side, let not the judge meet the cause half-way, nor give occasion to the party to say, his counsel or proofs were not heard.

Thirdly, for that that concerns clerks and ministers. The place of justice is a hallowed place; and therefore not only the bench but the foot-pace and precincts, and purprise thereof ought to be preserved without scandal and corruption; for, certainly, "Grapes (as the Scripture saith) will not be gathered of thorns or thistles;"ⁱ neither can justice yield her fruit with sweetness amongst the briars and brambles of catching and polling^j clerks and ministers. The attendance of courts is subject to four bad instruments: first, certain persons that are sowers of suits, which make the court swell, and the country pine: the second sort is of both those that engage courts in quarrels or jurisdiction, and are not truly "amici curiæ,"^k but parasiti curiæ,^l in puffing a court up beyond her bounds for their own scraps and advantage: the third sort is of those that may be accounted the left hands of courts: persons that are full of nimble and sinister tricks and shifts, whereby they pervert the plain and direct courses of courts, and bring justice into oblique lines and labyrinths: and the fourth is the poller and exacter of fees: which justifies the common resemblance of the courts of justice to the bush, whereunto while the sheep flies for defense in weather, he is sure to lose part of his fleece. On the other side, an ancient clerk skilful in precedents, wary in proceeding, and understanding in the business of the court, is an excellent finger of a court, and doth many times point the way to the judge himself.

^k Is not successful.

^l Makes him to feel less confident of the goodness of his cause.

^m Altercate, or bandy words with the judge.

ⁿ St. Matthew vii. 16—"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles."

^o Plundering.

^p "Friends of the court."

^q "Parasites," or "flatterers of the court."

^a The Mosaic law. He alludes to Deuteronomy xxvii. 17—"Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark."

^b "A righteous man falling down before the wicked is as a troubled fountain and a corrupt spring."—Proverbs xxv. 26.

^c Amos v. 7—"Ye who turn judgment to wormwood, and leave off righteousness in the earth."

^d "He who wrings the nose strongly brings blood." Proverbs xxx. 33—"Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood: so the forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife."

^e "He will rain snares upon them." Psalm xi. 6—"Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire, and brimstone, and an horrible tempest."

^f Strained.

^g "It is the duty of a judge to consider not only the facts but the circumstances of the case."

^h Pliny the Younger, Ep. B. 6, E. 2, has the observation—

"Patientiam . . . que pars magna justitiæ est;"

"Patience, which is a great part of justice."

Fourthly, for that which may concern the sovereign and estate. Judges ought, above all, to remember the conclusion of the Roman Twelve Tables, "Salus populi suprema lex;"^a and to know that laws, except they be in order to that end, are but things capitious, and oracles not well inspired: therefore it is a happy thing in a state, when kings and states do often consult with judges; and again, when judges do often consult with the king and state: the one, when there is matter of law intervenient in business of state; the other, when there is some consideration of state intervenient in matter of law; for many times the things deduced to judgment may be "meum" and "tuum" when the reason and consequence thereof may trench to point of estate: I call matter of estate, not only the parts of sovereignty, but whatsoever introduceth any great alteration, or dangerous precedent; or concerneth manifestly any great portion of people: and let no man weakly conceive that just laws and true policy have any antipathy; for they are like the spirits and sinews, that one moves with the other. Let judges also remember, that Solomon's throne was supported by lions^c on both sides: let them be lions, but yet lions under the throne: being circumspect that they do not check or oppose any points of sovereignty. Let not judges also be so ignorant of their own right, as to think there is not left to them, as a principal part of their office, a wise use and application of laws; for they may remember what the apostle saith of a greater law than theirs: "Nos scimus quia lex bona est, modo quis eâ utatur legitime"

LVII.—OF ANGER.

To seek to extinguish anger utterly is but a bravery of the Stoics. We have better oracles: "Be angry, but sin not: let not the sun go down upon your anger."^b Anger must be limited and confined both in race and in time. We will speak first how the natural inclination and habit, "to be angry," may be tempered and calmed; secondly, how the particular motions of anger may be repressed, or, at least, refrained from doing mischief; thirdly, how to raise anger, or appease anger in another.

For the first, there is no other way but to meditate and ruminate well upon the effects of anger, how it troubles man's life: and the best time to do this, is to look back upon anger when the fit is thoroughly over. Seneca saith well, "that anger is like ruin, which breaks itself upon that it falls." The Scripture exhorteth us "to possess our souls in patience;"^c whosoever is out of patience, is out of possession of his soul. Men must not turn bees;

—"Animasque in vulnere ponunt."^d

Anger is certainly a kind of baseness; as it appears

^a Which were compiled by the Decemvirs.

^b "The safety of the people is the supreme law."

^c "Mine."

^d "Yours."

^e He alludes to 1 Kings x. 19, 30—"The throne had six steps, and the top of the throne was round behind: and there were stays on either side on the place of the seat, and two lions stood beside the stays. And twelve lions stood there on the one side and on the other upon the six steps." The same verses are repeated in 1 Chronicles ix. 18, 19.

^f 1 Tim. i. 8—"We know that the law is good, if a man use it lawfully."

^g A boast.

^h Ephes. iv. 26. In our version it is thus rendered: "Be ye angry and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

ⁱ "In your patience possess ye your souls."—Luke xvi. 12.

^j "And leave their lives in the wound." The quotation is from Virgil's Georgics, iv. 238.

well in the weakness of those subjects in whom it reigns: children, women, old folks, sick folks. Only men must beware that they carry their anger rather with scorn than with fear; so that they may seem rather to be above the injury than below it; which is a thing easily done, if a man will give law to himself in it.

For the second point, the causes and motives of anger are chiefly three: first, to be too sensible of hurt; for no man is angry that feels not himself hurt; and therefore tender and delicate persons must needs be oft angry, they have so many things to trouble them, which more robust natures have little sense of: the next is, the apprehension and construction of the injury offered, to be, in the circumstances thereof, full of contempt: for contempt is that which putteth an edge upon anger, as much, or more, than the hurt itself; and, therefore, when men are ingenious in picking out circumstances of contempt, they do kindle their anger much: lastly, opinion of the touch^a of a man's reputation doth multiply and sharpen anger; wherein the remedy is, that a man should have, as Gonsalvo was wont to say, "Telam honoris crasiorum." But in all refrainings of anger, it is the best remedy to win time, and to make a man's self believe that the opportunity of his revenge is not yet come; but that he foresees a time for it, and so to still himself in the meantime, and reserve it.

To contain anger from mischief, though it take hold of a man, there be two things whereof you must have special caution: the one, of extreme bitterness of words, especially if they be aculeate and proper^b for "communia maledicta"^c are nothing so much; and again, that in anger a man reveal no secrets; for that makes him not fit for society: the other that you do not peremptorily break off in any business in a fit of anger; but howsoever you show bitterness, do not act anything that is not revocable.

For raising and appeasing anger in another, it is done chiefly by choosing of times, when men are forwardest and worst disposed to incense them; again, by gathering (as we touched before) all that you can find out to aggravate the contempt: and the two remedies are by the contraries; the former to take good times, when first to relate to a man an angry business; for the first impression is much; and the other is, to sever, as much as may be, the construction of the injury from the point of contempt; imputing it to misunderstanding, fear, passion, or what you will.

LVIII.—OF VICISSITUDE OF THINGS.

SOLOMON saith, "There is no new thing upon the earth;"^a so that as Plato^b had an imagination that all knowledge was but remembrance; so Solomon giveth his sentence, "That all novelty is but oblivion;"^c whereby you may see, that the river of Lethe runneth as well above ground as below. There is an abstruse astrologer that saith, if it were not for two

^a Susceptibility upon.

^b "A thicker covering for his honor."

^c Pointed and peculiarly appropriate to the party attacked.

^d "Ordinary abuse."

^e Ecclesiastes i. 9, 10—"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be: and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already, of old time, which was before us."

^f In his Phædo.

^g Ecclesiastes i. 11—"There is no remembrance of former things: neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come with those that shall come hereafter."

things that are constant (the one is, that the fixed stars ever stand at like distance one from another, and never come nearer together, nor go further asunder; the other, that the diurnal motion perpetually keepeth time), no individual would last one moment: certain it is, that the matter is in a perpetual flux, and never at a stay. The great winding-sheets that bury all things in oblivion are two; deluges and earthquakes. As for conflagrations and great droughts, they do not merely dispeople, but destroy. Phaeton's car went but a day; and the three years' drought in the time of Elias,^d was but particular,* and left people alive. As for the great burnings by lightnings, which are often in the West Indies,^e they are but narrow;^f but in the other two destructions, by deluge and earthquake, it is further to be noted, that the remnant of people which happen to be reserved, are commonly ignorant and mountainous people, that can give no account of the time past; so that the oblivion is all one as if none had been left. If you consider well of the people of the West Indies, it is very probable that they are a newer, or a younger people than the people of the old world; and it is much more likely that the destruction that hath heretofore been there, was not by earthquakes (as the Egyptian priest told Solon, concerning the island of Atlantis, that it was swallowed by an earthquake), but rather that it was desolated by a particular deluge; for earthquakes are seldom in those parts: but on the other side, they have such pouring rivers, as the rivers of Asia, and Africa, and Europe, are but brooks to them. Their Andes, likewise, or mountains, are far higher than those with us; whereby it seems, that the remnants of generation of men were in such a particular deluge saved. As for the observation that Machiavel hath, that the jealousy of sects doth much extinguish the memory of things; traducing Gregory the Great, that he did what in him lay to extinguish all heathen antiquities; I do not find that those zeals do any great effects, nor last long; as it appeared in the succession of Sabinian,^h who did revive the former antiquities.

The vicissitude, or mutations, in the superior globe, are no fit matter for this present argument. It may be, Plato's great year,ⁱ if the world should last so long, would have some effect, not in renewing the state of like individuals (for that is the fume^j of those that conceive the celestial bodies have more accurate influences upon these things below, than indeed they have), but in gross. Comets, out of question, have likewise power and effect over the gross and mass of things; but they are rather gazed, and waited upon in their journey, than wisely observed in their effects; especially in their respective effects; that is, what kind of comet for magnitude, color, version of the

beams, placing in the region of heaven, or lasting, producing what kind of effects.

There is a toy,^m which I have heard, and I would not have it given over, but waited upon a little. They say it is observed in the Low Countries (I know not in what part), that every five and thirty years the same kind and suit of years and weather comes about again; as great frosts, great wet, great droughts, warm winters, summers with little heat, and the like; and they call it the prime; it is a thing I do the rather mention, because, computing backwards, I have found some concurrence.

But to leave these points of nature, and to come to men. The greatest vicissitude of things amongst men, is the vicissitude of sects and religions: for those orbs rule in men's minds most. The true religion is built upon the rock; the rest are tossed upon the waves of time. To speak, therefore, of the causes of new sects, and to give some counsel concerning them, as far as the weakness of human judgment can give stay to so great revolutions.

When the religion formerly received is rent by discords, and when the holiness of the professors of religion is decayed and full of scandal, and withal the times be stupid, ignorant, and barbarous, you may doubt the springing up of a new sect; if then also there should arise any extravagant and strange spirit to make himself author thereof; all which points held when Mahomet published his law. If a new sect have not two properties, fear it not, for it will not spread: the one is the supplanting or the opposing of authority established; for nothing is more popular than that; the other is the giving license to pleasures and a voluptuous life: for as for speculative heresies (such as were in ancient times the Arians, and now the Arminians),ⁿ though they work mightily upon men's wits, yet they do not produce any great alterations in states: except it be by the help of civil occasions. There be three manner of plantations of new sects: by the power of signs and miracles; by the eloquence and wisdom of speech and persuasion; and by the sword. For martyrdoms, I reckon them amongst miracles, because they seem to exceed the strength of human nature; and I may do the like of superlative and admirable holiness of life. Surely there is no better way to stop the rising of new sects and schisms, than to reform abuses; to compound the smaller differences; to proceed mildly, and not with sanguinary persecutions; and rather to take off the principal authors, by winning and advancing them, than to enrage them by violence and bitterness.

The changes and vicissitude in wars are many; but chiefly in three things: in the seats or stages of the war, in the weapons, and in the manner of the conduct. Wars, in ancient time, seemed more to move from east to west; for the Persians, Assyrians, Arabians, Tartars (which were the invaders), were all eastern people. It is true, the Gauls were western; but we read but of two incursions of theirs: the one to Gallo-Græcia, the other to Rome: but east and west have no certain points of heaven; and no more have the wars, either from the east or west, any certainty of observation: but north and south are fixed; and it hath seldom or never been seen that the far southern people have invaded the northern, but contrariwise; whereby it is manifest that the northern tract of the world is in nature the more martial region: be it in respect of the stars of that hemisphere,^o or of

^m A curious fancy or odd conceit.

ⁿ The followers of Arminius, or James Harmensen, a celebrated divine of the 16th and 17th centuries. Though called a heresy by Bacon, his opinions have been for two centuries, and still are, held by a large portion of the Church of England.

^o A belief in astrology, or at least the influences of the stars, was almost universal in the time of Bacon.

^d 1 Kings xvii. 1—"And Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Ahab, As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word." 1 Kings xviii. 1—"And it came to pass after many days, that the word of the Lord came to Elijah, in the third year, saying, Go, show thyself unto Ahab: and I will send rain upon the earth."

* Confined to a limited space.

^e The whole of the continent of America then discovered is included under this name.

^f Limited.

^h Sabinianus of Volaterra was elected bishop of Rome on the death of Gregory the Great, A. D. 604. He was of an avaricious disposition, and thereby incurred the popular hatred. He died in eighteen months after his election.

ⁱ This Cicero speaks of as "the great year of the mathematicians." "On the Nature of the Gods," B. 4, ch. 20. By some it was supposed to occur after a period of 12,954 years, while according to others, it was of 25,920 years' duration.

^j Conceit.

^k Observed.

the great continents that are upon the north; whereas the south part, for aught that is known, is almost all sea; or (which is most apparent) of the cold of the northern parts, which is that which, without aid of discipline, doth make the bodies hardest, and the courage warmest.

Upon the breaking and shivering of a great state and empire, you may be sure to have wars; for great empires, while they stand, do enervate and destroy the forces of the natives which they have subdued, resting upon their own protecting forces; and then, when they fail also all goes to ruin, and they become a prey; so was it in the decay of the Roman empire, and likewise in the empire of Almaigne,¹ after Charles the Great,² every bird taking a feather; and were not unlike to befall to Spain, if it should break. The great accessions and unions of kingdoms do likewise stir up wars: for when a state grows to an over-power, it is like a great flood, that will be sure to overflow; as it hath been seen in the states of Rome, Turkey, Spain, and others. Look when the world hath fewest barbarous people, but such as commonly will not marry, or generate, except they know means to live (as it is almost everywhere at this day, except Tartary), there is no danger of inundations of people; but when there be great shoals of people, which go on to populate, without foreseeing means of life and sustentation, it is of necessity that once in an age or two they discharge a portion of their people upon other nations, which the ancient northern people were wont to do by lot; casting lots what part should stay at home, and what should seek their fortunes. When a warlike state grows soft and effeminate, they may be sure of a war: for commonly such states are grown rich in the time of their degenerating: and so the prey inviteth, and their decay in valor encourageth a war.

As for the weapons, it hardly falleth under rule and observation: yet we see even they have returns and vicissitudes; for certain it is, that ordnance was known in the city of the Oxidracæ, in India; and was that which the Macedonians³ called thunder and lightning, and magic; and it is well known that the use of ordnance hath been in China above two thousand years. The conditions of weapons, and their improvements are, first, the fetching⁴ afar off; for that outruns the danger, as it is seen in ordnance and muskets; secondly, the strength of the percussion, wherein likewise ordnance do exceed all arietations,⁵ and ancient inventions; the third is, the commodious use of them, as that they may serve in all weathers, that the carriage may be light and manageable, and the like.

For the conduct of the war: at the first, men rested extremely upon number; they did put the wars likewise upon main force and valor, pointing days for pitched fields, and so trying it out upon an even match; and they were more ignorant in ranging and arraying their battles. After they grew to rest upon number, rather competent than vast, they grew to advantages of place, cunning diversions, and the like, and they grew more skilful in the ordering of their battles.

In the youth of a state, arms do flourish; in the middle age of a state, learning; and then both of them together for a time; in the declining age of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise. Learning hath its infancy when it is but beginning, and almost childish; then its youth, when it is luxuriant and juvenile; then its strength of years, when it is solid

and reduced; and, lastly, its old age, when it waxeth dry and exhaust; but it is not good to look too long upon these turning wheels of vicissitude, lest we become giddy: as for the philology of them, that is but a circle of tales, and therefore not fit for this writing.

A FRAGMENT OF AN ESSAY OF FAME.*

THE poets make Fame a monster: they describe her in part finely and elegantly, and in part gravely and sententially; they say, Look how many feathers she hath, so many eyes she hath underneath, so many tongues, so many voices, she pricks up so many ears.

This is a flourish; there follow excellent parables; as that she gathereth strength in going; that she goeth upon the ground, and yet hideth her head in the clouds; that in the day-time she sitteth in a watch-tower, and lieth most by night; that she minglenth things done with things not done; and that she is a terror to great cities; but that which passeth all the rest is, they do recount that the earth, mother of the giants that made war against Jupiter, and were by him destroyed, thereupon in anger brought forth Fame; for certain it is, that rebels, figured by the giants, and seditious fames and libels are but brothers and sisters, masculine and feminine; but now if a man can tame this monster, and bring her to feed at the hand and govern her, and with her fly other ravening fowl, and kill them, it is somewhat worth: but we are infected with the style of the poets. To speak now in a sad and serious manner there is not in all the politics a place less handled, and more worthy to be handled, than this of fame. We will therefore speak of these points: what are false fames, and what are true fames, and how they may be best discerned; how fames may be sown and raised; how they may be spread and multiplied; and how they may be checked and laid dead; and other things concerning the nature of fame. Fame is of that force, as there is scarcely any great action wherein it hath not a great part, especially in the war. Mucianus undid Vitellius by a fame that he scattered, that Vitellius had in purpose to remove the legions of Syria into Germany, and the legions of Germany into Syria; whereupon the legions of Syria were infinitely inflamed. Julius Cæsar took Pompey unprovided, and laid asleep his industry and preparations by a fame that he cunningly gave out, how Cæsar's own soldiers loved him not; and being wearied with the wars, and laden with the spoils of Gaul, would forsake him as soon as he came into Italy. Livia settled all things for the succession of her son Tiberius, by continually giving out that her husband Augustus was upon recovery and amendment; and it is a usual thing with the bashaws to conceal the death of the Grand Turk from the janizaries and men of war, to save the sacking of Constantinople, and other towns, as their manner is. Themistocles made Xerxes, king of Persia, post apace out of Græcia, by giving out that the Grecians had a purpose to break his bridge of ships which he had made athwart Hellespont. There be a thousand such like examples, and the more they are, the less they need to be repeated, because a man meeteth with them everywhere: therefore let all wise governors have as great a watch and care over fames, as they have of the actions and designs themselves.

* This fragment was found among Lord Bacon's papers, and published by Dr. Rawley.

¹ Germany.

² Charlemagne.

³ When lead thither by Alexander the Great.

⁴ Striking.

⁵ Application of the "aries," or battering-ram

OF A KING.

1. A KING is a mortal God on earth, unto whom the living God hath lent his own name as a great honor; but withal told him, he should die like a man, least he should be proud and flatter himself, that God hath, with his name, imparted unto him his nature also.

2. Of all kind of men, God is the least beholden unto them; for he doth most for them, and they do, ordinarily, least for him.

3. A king that would not feel his crown too heavy for him, must wear it every day; but if he think it too light, he knoweth not of what metal it is made.

4. He must make religion the rule of government, and not to balance the scale; for he that casteth in religion only to make the scales even, his own weight is contained in those characters: "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin: He is found too light, his kingdom shall be taken from him."

5. And that king that holds not religion the best reason of state, is void of all piety and justice, the supporters of a king.

6. He must be able to give counsel himself, but not rely thereupon; for though happy events justify their counsels, yet it is better that the evil event of good advice be rather imputed to a subject than a sovereign.

7. He is the fountain of honor, which should not run with a waste-pipe, least the courtiers sell the water, and then, as Papists say of their holy wells, it loses the virtue.

8. He is the life of the law, not only as he is *Lex loquens* himself, but because he animateth the dead letter, making it active towards all his subjects *præmio et pena*.

9. A wise king must do less in altering his laws than he may; for new government is ever dangerous. It being true in the body politic, as in the corporal, that *omnis subita immutatio est periculosa*; and though it be for the better, yet it is not without a fearful apprehension; for he that changeth the fundamental laws of a kingdom, thinketh there is no good title to a crown, but by conquest.

10. A king that setteth to sale seats of justice, oppresseth the people; for he teacheth his judges to sell justice, and *pretio porata pretio venditur justitia*.

11. Bounty and magnificence are virtues very regal, but a prodigal king is nearer a tyrant than a parsimonious; for store at home draweth not his contemplations abroad, but want supplieth itself of what is next, and many times the next way. A king therein must be wise, and know what he may justly do.

12. That king which is not feared, is not loved; and he that is well seen in his craft, must as well study to be feared as loved; yet not loved for fear, but feared for love.

13. Therefore, as he must always resemble Him whose great name he beareth, and that as in manifesting the sweet influence of his mercy on the severe stroke of his justice sometimes, so in this not to suffer a man of death to live; for, besides that the land doth mourn, the restraint of justice towards sin doth more retard the affection of love, than the extent of mercy doth inflame it; and sure, where love is [ill] bestowed, fear is quite lost.

14. His greatest enemies are his flatterers; for though they ever speak on his side, yet their words still make against him.

15. The love which a king oweth to a weal public should not be overstrained to any one particular; yet that his more especial favor do reflect upon some worthy ones, is somewhat necessary, because there are few of that capacity.

16. He must have a special care of five things, if

he would not have his crown to be but to him *infelix felicitas*.

First, that *simulata sanctitas* be not in the church, for that is *duplex iniquitas*.

Secondly, that *inutilis æquitas* set not in the chancery; for that is *incepta misericordia*.

Thirdly, that *utilis iniquitas* keep not the exchequer; for that is *crudelle latrocinium*.

Fourthly, that *fidelia temeritas* be not his general; for that will bring but *seram penitentiam*.

Fifthly, that *infidelis prudentia* be not his secretary; for that is *anguis sub viridi herba*.

To conclude: as he is of the greatest power, so he is subject to the greatest cares, made the servant of his people, or else he were without a calling at all.

He, then, that honoreth him not is next an atheist wanting the fear of God in his heart.

ON DEATH.

1. I HAVE often thought upon death, and I find it the least of all evils. All that which is past is as a dream; and he that hopes or depends upon time coming, dreams waking. So much of our life as we have discovered is already dead; and all those hours which we share, even from the breasts of our mothers, until we return to our grandmother the earth, are part of our dying days, whereof even this is one, and those that succeed are of the same nature, for we die daily; and as others have given place to us, so we must in the end give way to others.

2. Physicians in the name of death include all sorrow, anguish, disease, calamity, or whatsoever can fall in the life of man, either grievous or unwelcome. But these things are familiar unto us, and we suffer them every hour; therefore we die daily, and I am older since I affirmed it.

3. I know many wise men that fear to die; for the change is bitter, and flesh would refuse to prove it: besides, the expectation brings terror, and that exceeds the evil. But I do not believe that any man fears to be dead, but only the stroke of death; and such are my hopes, that if heaven be pleased, and nature renew but my lease for twenty-one years more, without asking longer days, I shall be strong enough to acknowledge without mourning, that I was begotten mortal. Virtue walks not in the highway, though she go per alta; this is strength and the blood to virtue, to contain things that be desired, and to neglect that which is feared.

4. Why should man be in love with his fetters, though of gold? Art thou drowned in security? Then I say thou art perfectly dead. For though thou movest, yet thy soul is buried within thee, and thy good angel either forsakes his guard or sleeps. There is nothing under heaven, saving a true friend (who cannot be counted within the number of movables), unto which my heart doth lean. And this dear freedom hath begotten me this peace, that I mourn not for that end which must be, nor spend one wish to have one minute added to the uncertain date of my years. It was no mean apprehension of Lucian, who says of Menippus, that in his travels through hell, he knew not the kings of the earth from the other men but only by their louder cryings and tears, which were fostered in them through the remorseful memory of the good days they had seen, and the fruitful havings which they so unwillingly left behind them: he that was well seated, looked back at his portion, and was loth to forsake his farm; and others, either minding marriages, pleasures, profit or preferment, desired to be excused from death's banquet: they had made an appointment with earth, looking at the blessings, not

the hand that enlarged them, forgetting how unclothedly they came hither, or with what naked ornaments they were arrayed.

5. But were we servants of the precept given, and observers of the heathens' rule, *memento mori*, and not become benighted with this seeming felicity, we should enjoy it as men prepared to lose, and not wind up our thoughts upon so perishing a fortune: he that is not slackly strong (as the servants of pleasure), how can he be found unready to quit the veil and false visage of his perfection? The soul having shaken off her flesh, doth then set up for herself, and contemning things that are under, shows what finger hath enforced her; for the souls of idiots are of the same piece with those of statesmen, but now and then nature is at a fault, and this good guest of ours takes soil in an imperfect body, and so is slackened from showing her wonders, like an excellent musician, which cannot utter himself upon a defective instrument.

6. But see how I am awerved, and lose my course, touching at the soul that doth least hold action with death, who hath the surest property in this frail act; his style is the end of all flesh, and the beginning of incorruption.

This ruler of monuments leads men for the most part out of this world with their heels forward, in token that he is contrary to life, which being obtained, sends men headlong into this wretched theatre, where being arrived, their first language is that of mourning. Nor in my own thoughts, can I compare men more fitly to anything than to the Indian fig-tree, which, being ripened to his full height, is said to decline his branches down to the earth, whereof she conceives again, and they become roots in their own stock.

So man, having derived his being from the earth, first lives the life of a tree, drawing his nourishment as a plant, and made ripe for death, he tends downwards, and is sowed again in his mother the earth, where he perisheth not, but expects a quickening.

7. So we see death exempts not a man from being, but only presents an alteration; yet there are some men (I think) that stand otherwise persuaded. Death finds not a worse friend than an alderman, to whose door I never knew him welcome; but he is an importunate guest, and will not be said nay.

And though they themselves shall affirm that they are not within, yet the answer will not be taken; and that which heightens their fear is, that they know they are in danger to forfeit their flesh, but are not wise of the payment-day, which sickly uncertainty is the occasion that (for the most part) they step out of this world unfurnished for their general account, and being all unprovided, desire yet to hold their gravity, preparing their souls to answer in scarlet.

Thus I gather, that death is unagreeable to most citizens, because they commonly die intestate; this being a rule, that when their will is made, they think themselves nearer a grave than before: now they, out of the wisdoms of thousands, think to scare destiny, from which there is no appeal, by not making a will, or to live longer by protestation of their unwillingness to die. They are for the most part well made in this world (accounting their treasure by legions, as men do devils): their fortune looks toward them, and they are willing to anchor at it, and desire (if it be possible) to put the evil day far off from them, and to adjourn their ungrateful and killing period.

No, these are not the men which have bespoken death, or whose looks are assured to entertain a thought of him.

8. Death arrives gracious only to such as sit in darkness, or lie heavy burthened with grief and irons; to the poor Christian, that sits bound in the galley; to despairful widows, pensive prisoners, and deposed kings; to them whose fortune runs back, and whose

spirits mutiny: unto such death is a redeemer, and the grave a place for retiredness and rest.

These wait upon the shore of death, and waft unto him to draw near, wishing above all others to see his star, that they might be led to his place; wooing the remorseless sisters to wind down the watch of their life, and to break them off before the hour.

9. But death is a doleful messenger to a usurer, and fate untimely cuts their thread; for it is never mentioned by him, but when rumors of war, and civil tumults put him in mind thereof.

And when many hands are armed, and the peace of a city in disorder, and the foot of the common soldiers sounds an alarm on his stairs, then perhaps such a one (broken in thoughts of his moneys abroad, and cursing the monuments of coin which are in his house) can be content to think of death, and (being hasty of perdition) will perhaps hang himself, lest his throat should be cut; provided that he may do it in his study, surrounded with wealth, to which his eye sends a faint and languishing salute, even upon the turning off; remembering always, that he have time and liberty, by writing, to depute himself as his own heir.

For that is a great peace to his end, and reconciles him wonderfully upon the point.

10. Herein we all dally with ourselves, and are without proof of necessity. I am not of those, that dare promise to pine away myself in vain glory, and I hold such to be but feat boldness, and them that dare commit it, to be vain. Yet for my part, I think nature should do me great wrong, if I should be so long in dying, as I was in being born.

To speak truth, no man knows the lists of his own patience; nor can divine how able he shall be in his sufferings, till the storm come (the perfectest virtue being tried in action): but I would (out of a care to do the best business well) ever keep a guard, and stand upon keeping faith and a good conscience.

11. And if wishes might find place, I would die together, and not my mind often, and my body once; that is, I would prepare for the messengers of death, sickness and affliction, and not wait long, or be attempted by the violence of pain.

Herein I do not profess myself a Stoic, to hold grief no evil, but opinion, and a thing indifferent.

But I consent with Cæsar, that the suddenest passage is easiest, and there is nothing more awakens our resolve and readiness to die than the quieted conscience, strengthened with opinion, that we shall be well spoken of upon earth by those that are just, and of the family of virtue; the opposite whereof is a fury to man, and makes even life unsweet.

Therefore, what is more heavy than evil fame deserved? Or likewise, who can see worse days, than he that yet living doth follow at the funerals of his own reputation?

I have laid up many hopes, that I am privileged from that kind of mourning, and could wish the like peace to all those with whom I wage love.

12. I might say much of the commodities that death can sell a man; but briefly, death is a friend of ours; and he that is not ready to entertain him, is not at home. Whilst I am, my ambition is not to fore-flow the tide; I have but so to make my interest of it as I may account for it; I would wish nothing but what might better my days, nor desire any greater place than the front of good opinion. I make not love to the continuance of days, but to the goodness of them; nor wish to die, but refer myself to my hour, which the great dispenser of all things hath appointed me; yet as I am frail, and suffered for the first fault, were it given me to choose, I should not be earnest to see the evening of my age; that extremity of itself being a disease, and a mere return into infancy: so that if perpetuity of life might be given me, I should think

what the Greek poet said, "Such an age is a mortal evil." And since I must needs be dead, I require it may not be done before mine enemies, that I be not stript before I be cold; but before my friends. The night was even now: but that name is lost; it is not

now late, but early. Mine eyes begin to discharge their watch, and compound with this fleshly weakness for a time of perpetual rest; and I shall presently be as happy for a few hours, as I had died the first hour I was born.

THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.

A SERIES OF MYTHOLOGICAL FABLES.*

PREFACE.

THE earliest antiquity lies buried in silence and oblivion, excepting the remains we have of it in sacred writ. This silence was succeeded by poetical fables and these, at length, by the writings we now enjoy; so that the concealed and secret learning of the ancients seems separated from the history and knowledge of the following ages by a veil, or partition-wall of fables, interposing between the things that are lost and those that remain.^b

Many may imagine that I am here entering upon a work of fancy, or amusement, and design to use a poetical liberty, in explaining poetical fables. It is true, fables in general are composed of ductile matter, that may be drawn into great variety by a witty talent or an inventive genius, and be delivered of plausible meanings which they never contained. But this procedure has already been carried to excess; and great numbers, to procure the sanction of antiquity to their own notions and inventions, have miserably wrested and abused the fables of the ancients.

Nor is this only a late or unfrequent practice, but of ancient date, and common even to this day. Thus Chrysippus, like an interpreter of dreams, attributed the opinions of the Stoics to the poets of old; and the chemists, at present, more childishly apply the poetical transformations to their experiments of the furnace. And though I have well weighed and considered all this, and thoroughly seen into the levity which the mind indulges for allegories and allusions, yet I cannot but retain a high value for the ancient mythology. And, certainly, it were very injudicious to suffer the fondness and licentiousness of a few to detract from the honor of allegory and parable in general. This would be rash, and almost profane; for, since religion delights in such shadows and disguises, to abolish them were, in a manner, to prohibit all intercourse betwixt things divine and human.

Upon deliberate consideration, my judgment is, that a concealed instruction and allegory was originally intended in many of the ancient fables. This opinion

may, in some respect, be owing to the veneration I have for antiquity, but more to observing that some fables discover a great and evident similitude, relation, and connection with the thing they signify, as well in the structure of the fable as in the propriety of the names whereby the persons or actors are characterized; insomuch, that no one could positively deny a sense and meaning to be from the first intended, and purposely shadowed out in them. For who can hear that Fame, after the giants were destroyed, sprung up as their posthumous sister, and not apply it to the clamor of parties and the seditious rumors which commonly fly about for a time upon the quelling of insurrections? Or who can read how the giant Typhon cut out and carried away Jupiter's sinews—which Mercury afterwards stole and again restored to Jupiter—and not presently observe that this allegory denotes strong and powerful rebellions, which cut away from kings their sinews, both of money and authority; and that the way to have them restored is by lenity, affability, and prudent edicts, which soon reconcile, and as it were steal upon the affections of the subject? Or who, upon hearing that memorable expedition of the gods against the giants, when the braying of Silenus's ass greatly contributed in putting the giants to flight, does not clearly conceive that this directly points at the monstrous enterprises of rebellious subjects, which are frequently frustrated and disappointed by vain fears and empty rumors?

Again, the conformity and purport of the names is frequently manifest and self-evident. Thus Metis, the wife of Jupiter, plainly signifies counsel; Typhon, swelling; Pan, universality; Nemesis, revenge, &c. Nor is it a wonder, if sometimes a piece of history or other things are introduced, by way of ornament; or if the times of the action are confounded; or if part of one fable be tacked to another; or if the allegory be new turned; for all this must necessarily happen as the fables were the inventions of men who lived in different ages and had different views; some of them being ancient, others more modern; some having an eye to natural philosophy, and others to morality or civil policy.

It may pass for a farther indication of a concealed and secret meaning, that some of these fables are so absurd and idle in their narration as to show and proclaim an allegory, even afar off. A fable that carries probability with it may be supposed invented for pleasure, or in imitation of history; but those that could never be conceived or related in this way must surely have a different use. For example, what a monstrous fiction is this, that Jupiter should take Metis to wife, and as soon as he found her pregnant

* Most of these fables are contained in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and *Fasts*, and are fully explained in Bohn's *Classical Library* translation.

^b Varro distributes the ages of the world into three periods; viz., the unknown, the fabulous, and the historical. Of the former we have no accounts but in Scripture; for the second we must consult the ancient poets, such as Hesiod, Homer, or those who wrote still earlier, and then again come back to Ovid, who, in his *metamorphoses*, seems, in imitation perhaps of some ancient Greek poet, to have intended a complete collection, or a kind of continued and connected history of the fabulous age, especially with regard to changes, revolutions, or transformations.

eat her up, whereby he also conceived, and out of his head brought forth Pallas armed. Certainly no mortal could, but for the sake of the moral it couches, invent such an absurd dream as this, so much out of the road of thought!

But the argument of most weight with me is this, that many of these fables by no means appear to have been invented by the persons who relate and divulge them, whether Homer, Hesiod, or others; for if I were assured they first flowed from those later times and authors that transmit them to us, I should never expect anything singularly great or noble from such an origin. But whoever attentively considers the thing, will find that these fables are delivered down and related by those writers, not as matters then first invented and proposed, but as things received and embraced in earlier ages. Besides, as they are differently related by writers nearly of the same ages, it is easily perceived that the relators drew from the common stock of ancient tradition, and varied but in point of embellishment, which is their own. And this principally raises my esteem of these fables, which I receive, not as the product of the age, or invention of the poets, but as sacred relics, gentle whispers, and the breath of better times, that from the traditions of more ancient nations came, at length, into the flutes and trumpets of the Greeks. But if any one shall, notwithstanding this, contend that allegories are always adventitious, or imposed upon ancient fables, and no way native or genuinely contained in them, we might here leave him undisturbed in that gravity of judgment he affects (though we cannot help accounting it somewhat dull and phlegmatic), and if it were worth the trouble, proceed to another kind of argument.

Men have proposed to answer two different and contrary ends by the use of parable; for parables serve as well to instruct or illustrate as to wrap up and envelop, so that though, for the present, we drop the concealed use, and suppose the ancient fables to be vague, undeterminate things, formed for amusement, still the other use must remain, and can never be given up. And every man, of any learning, must readily allow that this method of instructing is grave, sober, or exceedingly useful, and sometimes necessary in the sciences, as it opens an easy and familiar passage to the human understanding, in all new discoveries that are abstruse and out of the road of vulgar opinions. Hence, in the first ages, when such inventions and conclusions of the human reason as are now trite and common were new and little known, all things abounded with fables, parables, similes, comparisons, and allusions, which were not intended to conceal, but to inform and teach, whilst the minds of men continued rude and unpractised in matters of subtilty and speculation, or even impatient, and in a manner incapable of receiving such things as did not directly fall under and strike the senses. For as hieroglyphics were in use before writing, so were parables in use before arguments. And even to this day, if any man would let new light in upon the human understanding, and conquer prejudice, without raising contests, animosities, opposition, or disturbance, he must still go in the same path, and have recourse to the like method of allegory, metaphor, and allusion.

To conclude, the knowledge of the early ages was either great or happy; great, if they by design made this use of trope and figure; happy, if, whilst they had other views, they afforded matter and occasion to such noble contemplations. Let either be the case, our pains, perhaps, will not be misemployed, whether we illustrate antiquity or things themselves.

The like indeed has been attempted by others; but

to speak ingenuously, their great and voluminous labors have almost destroyed the energy, the efficacy and grace of the thing, whilst, being unskilled in nature, and their learning no more than that of common-place, they have applied the sense of the parables to certain general and vulgar matters, without reaching to their real purport, genuine interpretation, and full depth. For myself, therefore, I expect to appear new in these common things, because, leaving untouched such as are sufficiently plain and open, I shall drive only at those that are either deep or rich.

I.—CASSANDRA, OR DIVINATION.

EXPLAINED OF TOO FREE AND UNSEASONABLE ADVICE.

THE Poets relate, that Apollo, falling in love with Cassandra, was still deluded and put off by her, yet fed with hopes, till she had got from him the gift of prophecy; and having now obtained her end, she flatly rejected his suit. Apollo, unable to recall his rash gift, yet enraged to be outwitted by a girl, annexed this penalty to it, that though she should always prophecy true, she should never be believed; whence her divinations were always slighted, even when she again and again predicted the ruin of her country.

EXPLANATION.—This fable seems invented to express the insignificance of unseasonable advice. For they who are conceited, stubborn, or intractable, and listen not to the instructions of Apollo, the god of harmony, so as to learn and observe the modulations and measures of affairs, the sharps and flats of discourse, the difference between judicious and vulgar ears, and the proper times of speech and silence, let them be ever so intelligent, and ever so frank of their advice, or their counsels ever so good and just, yet all their endeavors, either of persuasion or force, are of little significance, and rather hasten the ruin of those they advise. But, at last, when the calamitous event has made the sufferers feel the effect of their neglect, they too late reverence their advisers, as deep, foreseeing, and faithful prophets.

Of this we have a remarkable instance in Cato of Utica, who discovered afar off, and long foretold, the approaching ruin of his country, both in the first conspiracy, and as it was prosecuted in the civil war between Caesar and Pompey, yet did no good the while, but rather hurt the commonwealth, and hurried on its destruction, which Cicero wisely observed in these words: "Cato, indeed, judges excellently, but prejudices the state; for he speaks as in the commonwealth of Plato, and not as in the dregs of Romulus."

II.—TYPHON, OR A REBEL.

EXPLAINED OF REBELLION.

THE fable runs, that Juno, enraged at Jupiter's bringing forth Pallas without her assistance, incessantly solicited all the gods and goddesses, that she might produce without Jupiter: and having by violence and importunity obtained the grant, she struck the earth, and thence immediately sprung up Typhon, a huge and dreadful monster, whom she committed to the nursing of a serpent. As soon as he was grown up, this monster waged war on Jupiter, and taking him prisoner in the battle, carried him away on his shoulders, into a remote and obscure quarter:

and there cutting out the sinews of his hands and feet, he bore them off, leaving Jupiter behind miserably maimed and mangled.

But Mercury afterwards stole these sinews from Typhon, and restored them to Jupiter. Hence, recovering his strength, Jupiter again pursues the monster; first wounds him with a stroke of his thunder, when serpents arose from the blood of the wound: and now the monster being dismayed, and taking to flight, Jupiter next darted Mount *Ætna* upon him, and crushed him with the weight.

EXPLANATION.—This fable seems designed to express the various fates of kings, and the turns that rebellions sometimes take, in kingdoms. For princes may be justly esteemed married to their states, as Jupiter to Juno: but it sometimes happens, that, being depraved by long wielding of the sceptre, and growing tyrannical, they would engross all to themselves; and slighting the counsel of their senators and nobles, conceive by themselves; that is, govern according to their own arbitrary will and pleasure. This inflames the people, and makes them endeavor to create and set up some head of their own. Such designs are generally set on foot by the secret motion and instigation of the peers and nobles, under whose connivance the common sort are prepared for rising: whence proceeds a swell in the state, which is appositely denoted by the nursing of Typhon. This growing posture of affairs is fed by the natural depravity, and malignant dispositions of the vulgar, which to kings is an envenomed serpent. And now the disaffected, uniting their force, at length break out into open rebellion, which, producing infinite mischiefs, both to prince and people, is represented by the horrid and multiplied deformity of Typhon, with his hundred heads, denoting the divided power; his flaming mouths, denoting fire and devastation; his girdles of snakes, denoting sieges and destruction; his iron hands, slaughter and cruelty; his eagle's talons, rapine and plunder; his plumed body, perpetual rumors, contradictory accounts, etc. And sometimes these rebellions grow so high, that kings are obliged, as if carried on the backs of the rebels, to quit the throne, and retire to some remote and obscure part of their dominions, with the loss of their sinews, both of money and majesty.

But if now they prudently bear this reverse of fortune, they may, in a short time, by the assistance of Mercury, recover their sinews again; that is, by becoming moderate and affable; reconciling the minds and affections of the people to them, by gracious speeches, and prudent proclamations, which will win over the subject cheerfully to afford new aids and supplies, and add fresh vigor to authority. But prudent and wary princes here seldom incline to try fortune by a war, yet do their utmost, by some grand exploit, to crush the reputation of the rebels: and if the attempt succeeds, the rebels, conscious of the wound received, and distrustful of their cause, first betake themselves to broken and empty threats, like the hissings of serpents; and next, when matters are grown desperate, to flight. And now, when they thus begin to shrink, it is safe and reasonable for kings to pursue them with their forces, and the whole strength of the kingdom; thus effectually quashing and suppressing them, as it were by the weight of a mountain.

III.—THE CYCLOPS, OR THE MINISTERS. OF TERROR.

EXPLAINED OF BASE COURT OFFICERS

It is related that the Cyclops, for their savageness and cruelty, were by Jupiter first thrown into *Tartarus*, and there condemned to perpetual imprison-

ment: but that afterwards, *Tellus* persuaded Jupiter it would be for his service to release them, and employ them in forging thunderbolts. This he accordingly did; and they, with unwearied pains and diligence, hammered out his bolts, and other instruments of terror, with a frightful and continual din of the anvil.

It happened long after, that Jupiter was displeased with *Æsculapius*, the son of *Apollo*, for having, by the art of medicine, restored a dead man to life: but concealing his indignation, because the action in itself was pious and illustrious, he secretly incensed the Cyclops against him, who, without remorse, presently slew him with their thunderbolts: in revenge whereof, *Apollo*, with Jupiter's connivance, shot them all dead with his arrows.

EXPLANATION.—This fable seems to point at the behavior of princes, who, having cruel, bloody, and oppressive ministers, first punish and displace them; but afterwards, by the advice of *Tellus*, that is, some earthly-minded and ignoble person, employ them again, to serve a turn, when there is occasion for cruelty in execution, or severity in exaction: but these ministers being base in their nature, whet by their former disgrace, and well aware of what is expected from them, use double diligence in their office; till, proceeding unwarily, and over-eager to gain favor, they sometimes, from the private nods, and ambiguous orders of their prince, perform some odious or execrable action: When princes, to decline the envy themselves, and knowing they shall never want such tools at their back, drop them, and give them up to the friends and followers of the injured person; thus exposing them, as sacrifices to revenge and popular odium: whence with great applause, acclamations, and good wishes to the prince these miscreants at last meet with their desert.

IV.—NARCISSUS, OR SELF-LOVE.

NARCISSUS is said to have been extremely beautiful and comely, but intolerably proud and disdainful; so that, pleased with himself, and scorning the world, he lead a solitary life in the woods; hunting only with a few followers, who were his professed admirers, amongst whom the nymph *Echo* was his constant attendant. In this method of life it was once his fate to approach a clear fountain, where he laid himself down to rest, in the noonday heat; when, beholding his image in the water, he fell into such a rapture and admiration of himself, that he could by no means be got away, but remained continually fixed and gazing, till at length he was turned into a flower, of his own name, which appears early in the spring, and is consecrated to the infernal deities, *Pluto*, *Proserpine*, and the *Furies*.

EXPLANATION.—This fable seems to paint the behavior and fortune of those, who, for their beauty, or other endowments, wherewith nature (without any industry of their own) has graced and adorned them, are extravagantly fond of themselves: for men of such a disposition generally affect retirement, and absence from public affairs; as a life of business must necessarily subject them to many neglects and contempts, which might disturb and ruffle their minds: whence such persons commonly lead a solitary, private, and shadowy life; see little company, and those only such as highly admire and reverence them; or, like an echo, assent to all they say.

And they who are depraved, and rendered still fonder of themselves by this custom, grow strangely indolent, inactive, and perfectly stupid. The *Narcissus*, a spring flower, is an elegant emblem of this

lump, which at first flourishes, and is talked of, but when ripe, frustrates the expectation conceived of it. And that this flower should be sacred to the infernal powers, carries out the allusion still farther; because men of this humor are perfectly useless in all respects: for whatever yields no fruit, but passes, and is no more, like the way of a ship in the sea, was by the ancients consecrated to the infernal shades and powers.

V.—THE RIVER STYX, OR LEAGUES.

EXPLAINED OF NECESSITY, IN THE OATHS OR SOLEMN LEAGUES OF PRINCES.

THE only solemn oath, by which the gods irrevocably obliged themselves, is a well-known thing, and makes a part of many ancient fables. To this oath they did not invoke any celestial divinity, or divine tribute, but only called to witness the river Styx; rich, with many meanders, surrounds the infernal court of Dis. For this form alone, and none but this, was held inviolable and obligatory: and the punishment of falsifying it, was that dreaded one of being excluded, for a certain number of years, the table of the gods.

EXPLANATION.—This fable seems invented to show the nature of the compacts and confederacies of princes; which, though ever so solemnly and religiously sworn to, prove but little the more binding for: so that oaths in this case seem used, rather for esteem, reputation, and ceremony, than for fidelity, security, and effectuating. And though these oaths are strengthened with the bonds of affinity, which are the links and ties of nature, and again, by mutual services and good offices, yet we see all this will generally give way to ambition, convenience, and the lust of power: the rather, because it is easy for princes, under various specious pretences, to defend, disguise, and conceal their ambitious desires, and sincerity; having no judge to call them to account. Here is, however, one true and proper confirmation of their faith, though no celestial divinity; but that celestial divinity of princes, Necessity; or, the danger of estate; and the securing of advantage.

This necessity is elegantly represented by Styx, the fatal river, that can never be crossed back. And this city it was, which Iphicrates the Athenian invoked in making a league: and because he roundly and openly avows what most others studiously conceal, it may be proper to give his own words. Observing that the Lacedæmonians were inventing and proposing a variety of securities, sanctions, and bonds of alliance, he interrupted them thus: "There may indeed, my friends, be one bond and means of security between us; and that is, for you to demonstrate you have delivered into our hands, such things as that if you had the greatest desire to hurt us you could not be able." Therefore, if the power of lending be taken away, or if by a breach of compact, there be danger of destruction or diminution to the state or tribute, then it is that covenants will be stiffened, and confirmed, as it were by the Stygian river, whilst there remains an impending danger of being prohibited and excluded the banquet of the gods; by which expression the ancients denoted the rights and prerogatives, the affluence and the felicity, of empire and dominion.

VI.—PAN, OR NATURE.

EXPLAINED OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE ancients have, with great exactness, delineated several nature under the person of Pan. They are his origin doubtful; some asserting him the son

• Homer's Hymn to Pan.

of Mercury, and others the common offspring of all Penelope's suitors. The latter supposition doubtless occasioned some later rivals to entitle this ancient fable Penelope; a thing frequently practised when the earlier relations are applied to more modern characters and persons, though sometimes with great absurdity and ignorance, as in the present case; for Pan was one of the ancientest gods, and long before the time of Ulysses; besides, Penelope was venerated by antiquity for her maternal chastity. A third sort will have him the issue of Jupiter and Hybris, that is, Reproach. But whatever his origin was, the Destinies are allowed his sisters.

He is described by antiquity, with pyramidal horns reaching up to heaven, a rough and shaggy body, a very long beard, of a biform figure, human above, half brute below, ending in goat's feet. His arms, or ensigns of power, are, a pipe in his left hand, composed of seven reeds; in his right a crook; and he wore for his mantle a leopard's skin.

His attributes and titles were the god of hunters, shepherds, and all the rural inhabitants; president of the mountains; and, after Mercury, the next messenger of the gods. He was also held the leader and ruler of the Nymphs, who continually danced and frisked about him, attended with the Satyrs and their elders, the Sileni. He had also the power of striking terrors, especially such as were vain and superstitious; whence they came to be called panic terrors.^a

Few actions are recorded of him, only a principal one is, that he challenged Cupid at wrestling, and was worsted. He also caught the giant Typhon in a net, and held him fast. They relate farther of him, that when Ceres, growing disconsolate for the rape of Proserpine, hid herself, and all the gods took the utmost pains to find her, by going out different ways for that purpose, Pan only had the good fortune to meet her, as he was hunting, and discovered her to the rest. He likewise had the assurance to rival Apollo in music; and in the judgment of Midas was preferred; but the judge had, though with great privacy and secrecy, a pair of ass's ears fastened on him for his sentence.^c

There is very little said of his amours; which may seem strange among such a multitude of gods, so profusely amorous. He is only reported to have been very fond of Echo, who was also esteemed his wife; and one nymph more, called Syrinx, with the love of whom Cupid inflamed him for his insolent challenge; so he is reported once to have solicited the moon to accompany him apart into the deep woods.

Lastly, Pan had no descendant, which also is a wonder, when the male gods were so extremely prolific; only he was the reputed father of a servant-girl called Lambe, who used to divert strangers with her ridiculous prattling stories.

This fable is perhaps the noblest of all antiquity, and pregnant with the mysteries and secrets of nature. Pan, as the name imports, represents the universe, about whose origin there are two opinions, viz., that it either sprang from Mercury, that is, the divine word, according to the Scriptures and philosophical divines, or from the confused seeds of things. For they who allow only one beginning of all things, either ascribe it to God; or, if they suppose a material beginning, acknowledge it to be various in its powers; so that the whole dispute comes to these points; viz., either that nature proceeds from Mercury, or from Penelope and all her suitors.^d

The third origin of Pan seems borrowed by the Greeks from the Hebrew mysteries, either by means

^a Cicero, Epistle to Atticus, 5.

^c Ovid, Metamorphoses, b. 11.

^d This refers to the confused mixture of things, as sung by Virgil:—

"Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta

of the Egyptians or otherwise; for it relates to the state of the world, not in its first creation, but as made subject to death and corruption after the fall; and in this state it was and remains, the offspring of God and Sin, or Jupiter and Reproach. And therefore these three several accounts of Pan's birth may seem true, if duly distinguished in respect of things and times. For this Pan, or the universal nature of things, which we view and contemplate, had its origin from the divine Word and confused matter, first created by God himself, with the subsequent introduction of sin, and consequently corruption.

The Destinies, or the natures and fates of things, are justly made Pan's sisters, as the chain of natural causes links together the rise, duration, and corruption; the exaltation, degeneration, and workings; the processes, the effects, and changes, of all that can any way happen to things.

Horns are given him, broad at the roots, but narrow and sharp at the top, because the nature of all things seems pyramidal; for individuals are infinite, but being collected into a variety of species, they rise up into kinds, and these again ascend, and are contracted into generals, till at length nature may seem collected to a point. And no wonder if Pan's horns reach to the heavens, since the sublimities of nature, or abstract ideas, reach in a manner to things divine; for there is a short and ready passage from metaphysics to natural theology.

Pan's body, or the body of nature, is, with great propriety and elegance, painted shaggy and hairy, as representing the rays of things; for rays are as the hair, or fleece of nature, and more or less worn by all bodies. This evidently appears in vision, and in all effects or operations at a distance; for whatever operates thus may be properly said to emit rays.* But particularly the beard of Pan is exceeding long, because the rays of the celestial bodies penetrate, and act to a prodigious distance, and have descended into the interior of the earth so far as to change its surface; and the sun himself, when clouded on its upper part, appears to the eye bearded.

Again, the body of nature is justly described biform, because of the difference between its superior and inferior parts, as the former, for their beauty, regularity of motion, and influence over the earth, may be properly represented by the human figure, and the latter, because of their disorder, irregularity, and subjection to the celestial bodies, are by the brutal. This biform figure also represents the participation of one species with another, for there appear to be no simple natures; but all participate or consist of two: thus man has somewhat of the brute, the brute somewhat of the plant, the plant somewhat of the mineral; so that all natural bodies have really two faces, or consist of a superior and an inferior species.

There lies a curious allegory in the making of Pan goat-footed, on account of the motion of ascent which the terrestrial bodies have towards the air and heavens; for the goat is a clambering creature, that delights in climbing up rocks and precipices; and in the same manner the matters destined to this lower globe strongly affect to rise upwards, as appears from the clouds and meteors.

*Semina terrarumque animæque marisque fulscent;
Et liquidi simul ignis; ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.*

—Ecl. vi. 31.

* This is always supposed to be the case in vision, the mathematical demonstrations in optics proceeding invariably upon the assumption of this phenomenon.

Pan's arms, or the ensigns he bears in his hands, are of two kinds—the one an emblem of harmony, the other of empire. His pipe, composed of seven reeds, plainly denotes the consent and harmony, or the concords and discords of things, produced by the motion of the seven planets. His crook also contains a fine representation of the ways of nature, which are partly straight and partly crooked; thus the staff, having an extraordinary bend towards the top, denotes that the works of Divine Providence are generally brought about by remote means, or in a circuit, as if somewhat else were intended rather than the effect produced, as in the sending of Joseph into Egypt, etc. So likewise in human government, they who sit at the helm, manage and wind the people more successfully by pretext and oblique courses, than they could by such as are direct and straight; so that, in effect all sceptres are crooked at the top.

Pan's mantle, or clothing, is with great ingenuity made of a leopard's skin, because of the spots it has; for in like manner the heavens are sprinkled with stars, the sea with islands, the earth with flowers, and almost each particular thing is variegated, or wears a mottled coat.

The office of Pan could not be more lively expressed than by making him the god of hunters; for every natural action, every motion and process, is no other than a chase: thus arts and sciences hunt out their works, and human schemes and counsels their several ends; and all living creatures either hunt out their ailment, pursue their prey, or seek their pleasures, and this in a skilful and sagacious manner.[†] He is also styled the god of the rural inhabitants, because men in this situation live more according to nature than they do in cities and courts, where nature is so corrupted with effeminate arts, that the saying of the poet may be verified—

—*pars minima est ipsa puella suis*

He is likewise particularly styled President of the Mountains, because in mountains and lofty places the nature of things lies more open and exposed to the eye and the understanding.

In his being called the messenger of the gods, next after Mercury, lies a divine allegory, as next after the Word of God, the image of the world is the herald of the Divine power and wisdom, according to the expression of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."[‡]

Pan is delighted with the company of the Nymphs; that is, the souls of all living creatures are the delight of the world; and he is properly called their governor, because each of them follows his own nature as a leader, and all dance about their own respective rings, with infinite variety and never-ceasing motion. And with these continually join the Satyrs Sileni; that is, youth and age: for all things have a kind of young, cheerful, and dancing time; and again their time of slowness, tottering, and creeping. And whoever, in a true light, considers the motions and endeavors of both these ages, like another Democritus, will perhaps find them as odd and strange as the gesticulations and antic motions of the Satyrs and Sileni.

The power he had of striking terrors contains a very sensible doctrine; for nature has implanted fear in all living creatures; as well to keep them from risking their lives, as to guard against injuries and violence; and yet this nature or passion keeps not its

† "*Torva leena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam:
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.*"

Virgil, Ecl. ii. 66.

‡ Ovid, Rem. Amor. v. 343. Mart. Epist.

§ Psalm xix. 1.

bounds, but with just and profitable fears always mixes such as are vain and senseless; so that all things, if we could see their insides, would appear full of panic terrors. Thus mankind, particularly the vulgar, labor under a high degree of superstition, which is nothing more than a panic-dread that principally reigns in unsettled and troublesome times.

The presumption of Pan in challenging Cupid to the conflict, denotes that matter has an appetite and tendency to a dissolution of the world, and falling back to its first chaos again, unless this depravity and inclination were restrained and subdued by a more powerful concord and agreement of things, properly expressed by Love or Cupid; it is therefore well for mankind, and the state of all things, that Pan was thrown and conquered in the struggle.

His catching and detaining Typhon in the net receives a similar explanation; for whatever vast and unusual swells, which the word typhon signifies, may sometimes be raised in nature, as in the sea, the clouds, the earth, or the like, yet nature catches, entangles, and holds all such outrages and insurrections in her inextricable net, wove as it were of adamant.

That part of the fable which attributes the discovery of lost Ceres to Pan whilst he was hunting—a happiness denied the other gods, though they diligently and expressly sought her—contains an exceedingly just and prudent admonition; viz, that we are not to expect the discovery of things useful in common life, as that of corn, denoted by Ceres, from abstract philosophies, as if these were the gods of the first order,—no, not though we used our utmost endeavors this way,—but only from Pan, that is, a sagacious experience and general knowledge of nature, which is often found, even by accident, to stumble upon such discoveries whilst the pursuit was directed another way.

The event of his contending with Apollo in music affords us a useful instruction, that may help to humble the human reason and judgment, which is too apt to boast and glory in itself. There seems to be two kinds of harmony—the one of Divine Providence, the other of human reason; but the government of the world, the administration of its affairs, and the more secret Divine judgments, sound harsh and dissonant to human ears or human judgment; and though this ignorance be justly rewarded with asses ears, yet they are put on and worn, not openly, but with great secrecy; nor is the deformity of the thing seen or observed by the vulgar.

We must not find it strange if no amours are related of Pan besides his marriage with Echo; for nature enjoys itself, and in itself all other things. He that loves desires enjoyment, but in profusion there is no room for desire; and therefore Pan, remaining content with himself, has no passion unless it be for discourse, which is well shadowed out by Echo or talk, or when it is more accurate, by Syrinx or writing. But Echo makes a most excellent wife for Pan, as being no other than genuine philosophy, which faithfully repeats his words, or only transcribes exactly as nature dictates; thus representing the true image and reflection of the world without adding a tittle.

It tends also to the support and perfection of Pan or nature to be without offspring; for the world generates in its parts, and not in the way of a whole, as wanting a body external to itself wherewith to generate.

Lastly, for the supposed or spurious prattling daughter of Pan, it is an excellent addition to the fable, and aptly represents the talkative philosophies that have at all times been stirring, and filled the world with idle tales, being ever barren, empty, and

servile, though sometimes indeed diverting and entertaining, and sometimes again troublesome and importunate.

VII.—PERSEUS,* OR WAR.

EXPLAINED OF THE PREPARATION AND CONDUCT NECESSARY TO WAR.

“THE fable relates, that Perseus was despatched from the east by Pallas, to cut off Medusa’s head, who had committed great ravage upon the people of the west; for this Medusa was so dire a monster as to turn into stone all those who but looked upon her. She was a Gorgon, and the only mortal one of the three, the other two being invulnerable. Perseus, therefore, preparing himself for this grand enterprise had presents made him from three of the gods: Mercury gave him wings for his heels; Pluto, a helmet; and Pallas, a shield and a mirror. But though he was, now so well equipped, he posted not directly to Medusa, but first turned aside to the Grea, who were half-sisters to the Gorgons. These Grea were gray-headed, and like old women from their birth, having among them all three but one eye, and one tooth, which, as they had occasion to go out, they each wore by turns, and laid them down again upon coming back. This eye and this tooth they lent to Perseus, who now judging himself sufficiently furnished, he, without farther stop, flies swiftly away to Medusa, and finds her asleep. But not venturing his eyes, for fear she should wake, he turned his head aside, and viewed her in Pallas’s mirror; and thus directing his stroke, cut off her head; when immediately, from the gushing blood, there darted Pegasus, winged. Perseus now inserted Medusa’s head into Pallas’s shield, which thence retained the faculty of astonishing and benumbing all who looked on it.”

This fable seems invented to show the prudent method of choosing, undertaking, and conducting a war; and, accordingly, lays down three useful precepts about it, as if they were the precepts of Pallas.

(1.) The first is, that no prince should be over-solicitous to subdue a neighboring nation; for the method of enlarging an empire is very different from that of increasing an estate. Regard is justly had to contiguity, or adjacency, in private lands and possessions; but in the extending of empire, the occasion, the facility, and advantage of a war, are to be regarded instead of vicinity. It is certain that the Romans, at the time they stretched but little beyond Liguria to the west, had by their arms subdued the provinces as far as Mount Taurus to the east. And thus Perseus readily undertook a very long expedition, even from the east to the extremities of the west.

The second precept is, that the cause of the war be just and honorable; for this adds alacrity both to the soldiers, and the people who find the supplies; procures aids, alliances, and numerous other conveniences. Now there is no cause of war more just and laudable, than the suppressing [of] tyranny, by which a people are dispirited, benumbed, or left without life and vigor, as at the sight of Medusa.

Lastly, it is prudently added, that as there were three of the Gorgons, who represent war, Perseus singled her out for his expedition that was mortal; which affords this precept, that such kind of wars should be chose as may be brought to a conclusion, without pursuing vast and infinite hopes.

Again, Perseus’s setting-out is extremely well adapted to his undertaking, and in a manner commands success; he received despatch from Mercury,

* Syrinx signifying a reed, or the ancient pan.

Orig. & Rem. b. iv.

secrecy from Pluto, and foresight from Pallas. It also contains an excellent allegory, that the wings given him by Mercury were for his heels, not for his shoulders; because expedition is not so much required in the first preparations for war, as in the subsequent matters, that administer to the first; for there is no error more frequent in war, than, after brisk preparations, to halt for subsidiary forces and effective supplies.

The allegory of Pluto's helmet, rendering men invisible and secret, is sufficiently evident of itself; but the mystery of the shield and the mirror lies deeper, and denotes, that not only a prudent caution must be had to defend, like the shield, but also such an address and penetration as may discover the strength, the motions, the counsels, and designs of the enemy; like the mirror of Pallas.

But though Perseus may now seem extremely well prepared, there still remains the most important thing of all; before he enters upon the war he must of necessity consult the Grææ. These Grææ are treasons; half, but degenerate sisters of the Gorgons; who are representatives of wars: for wars are generous and noble; but treasons base and vile. The Grææ are elegantly described as hoary-headed, and like old women from their birth; on account of the perpetual cares, fears, and trepidations attending traitors. Their force, also, before it breaks out into open revolt, consists either in an eye or a tooth; for all faction, alienated from a state, is both watchful and biting; and this eye and tooth are, as it were, common to all the disaffected; because whatever they learn and know is transmitted from one to another, as by the hands of faction. And for the tooth, they all bite with the same; and clamor with one throat; so that each of them singly expresses the multitude.

These Grææ, therefore, must be prevailed upon by Perseus to lend him their eye and their tooth; the eye to give him indications, and make discoveries; the tooth for sowing rumors, raising envy, and stirring up the minds of the people. And when all these things are thus disposed and prepared, then follows the action of the war.

He finds Medusa asleep; for whoever undertakes a war with prudence, generally falls upon the enemy unprepared, and nearly in a state of security; and here is the occasion for Pallas's mirror: for it is common enough, before the danger presents itself to see exactly into the state and posture of the enemy; but the principal use of the glass is, in the very instant of danger, to discover the manner thereof, and prevent consternation; which is the thing intended by Perseus's turning his head aside, and viewing the enemy in the glass.^b

Two effects here follow the conquest: 1. The darting forth of Pegasus; which evidently denotes fame, that flies abroad, proclaiming the victory far and near. 2. The bearing of Medusa's head in the shield, which is the greatest possible defense and safeguard; for one grand and memorable enterprise, happily accomplished, bridges all the motions and attempts of the enemy, stupifies disaffection, and quells commotion.

VIII.—ENDYMION, OR A FAVORITE.

EXPLAINED OF COURT FAVORITES.

THE goddess Luna is said to have fallen in love with the shepherd Endymion, and to have carried on her amours with him in a new and singular manner; it being her custom, whilst he lay reposing in

^b Thus it is the excellence of a general early to discover what turn the battle is likely to take, and looking prudently behind, as well as before, to pursue a victory so as not to be unprovided for a retreat.

his native cave, under Mount Latmus, to descend frequently from her sphere, enjoy his company whilst he slept, and then go up to heaven again. And all this while, Endymion's fortune was no way prejudiced by his inactive and sleepy life, the goddess causing his flocks to thrive, and grow so exceeding numerous, that none of the other shepherds could compare with him.

EXPLANATION.—This fable seems to describe the tempers and dispositions of princes, who, being thoughtful and suspicious, do not easily admit to their privacies such men as are prying, curious, and vigilant, or, as it were, sleepless; but rather such as are of an easy, obliging nature, and indulge them in their pleasures, without seeking anything farther; but seeming ignorant, insensible, or, as it were, lulled asleep before them.^a Princes usually treat such persons familiarly; and, quitting their throne like Luna, think they may with safety unbosom to them. This temper was very remarkable in Tiberius, a prince exceeding difficult to please, and who had no favorites but those that perfectly understood his way, and, at the same time, obstinately dissembled their knowledge, almost to a degree of stupidity.

The cave is not improperly mentioned in the fable; it being a common thing for the favorites of a prince to have their pleasant retreats, wither to invite him, by way of relaxation, though without prejudice to their own fortunes; these favorites usually making a good provision for themselves.

For though their prince should not, perhaps, promote them to dignities, yet, out of real affection, and not only for convenience, they generally feel the enriching influence of his bounty.

IX.—THE SISTER OF THE GIANTS, OR FAME.

EXPLANATION OF PUBLIC DETRACTION.

THE poets relate, that the giants, produced from the earth, made war upon Jupiter, and the other gods, but were repulsed and conquered by thunder; whereat the earth, provoked, brought forth Fame, the youngest sister of the giants, in revenge for the death of her sons.

EXPLANATION.—The meaning of the fable seems to be this: the earth denotes the nature of the vulgar, who are always swelling, and rising against their rulers, and endeavoring at changes. This disposition getting a fit opportunity, breeds rebels and traitors who, with impetuous rage, threaten and contrive the overthrow and destruction of princes.

And when brought under and subdued, the same vile and restless nature of the people, impatient of a peace, produces rumors, detractions, slanders, libels, etc., to blacken those in authority; so that rebellious actions and seditious rumors differ not in origin and stock, but only as it were in sex; treasons and rebellions being the brothers, and scandal or detraction the sister.

^a It may be remembered that the Athenian peasant voted for the banishment of Aristides, because he was called the Just. Shakespeare forcibly expresses the same thought:—

"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleep-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look:
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

If Bacon had completed his intended work upon "Sympathy and Antipathy," the constant hatred evinced by ignorance of intellectual superiority, originating sometimes in the painful feeling of inferiority, sometimes in the fear of worldly injury, would not have escaped his notice.—Ed.

X.—ACTEON AND PENTHEUS, OR A CURIOUS MAN.

EXPLAINED OF CURIOSITY, OR PRYING INTO THE SECRETS OF PRINCES AND DIVINE MYSTERIES.

THE ancients afford us two examples for suppressing the impertinent curiosity of mankind, in diving into secrets, and imprudently longing and endeavoring to discover them. The one of these is in the person of Acteon, and the other in that of Pentheus. Acteon, undesignedly chancing to see Diana naked, was turned into a stag, and torn to pieces by his own hounds. And Pentheus, desiring to pry into the hidden mysteries of Bacchus's sacrifice, and climbing a tree for that purpose, was struck with a phrensy. This phrensy of Pentheus caused him to see things double, particularly the sun, and his own city Thebes, so that running homewards, and immediately espying another Thebes, he runs towards that; and thus continues incessantly tending first to the one, and then to the other, without coming at either.

EXPLANATION.—The first of these fables may relate to the secrets of princes, and the second to divine mysteries. For they who are not intimate with a prince, yet against his will have a knowledge of his secrets, inevitably incur his displeasure; and therefore, being aware that they are singled out, and all opportunities watched against them, they lead the life of a stag, full of fears and suspicions. It likewise frequently happens that their servants and domestics accuse them, and plot their overthrow, in order to procure favor with the prince; for whenever the king manifests his displeasure, the person it falls upon must expect his servants to betray him, and worry him down, as Acteon was worried by his own dogs.

The punishment of Pentheus is of another kind; for they who, unmindful of their mortal state, rashly aspire to divine mysteries, by climbing the height of nature and philosophy, here represented by climbing a tree,—their fate is perpetual inconstancy, perplexity, and instability of judgment. For as there is one light of nature, and another light that is divine, they see, as it were, two suns. And as the actions of life, and the determinations of the will, depend upon the understanding, they are distracted as much in opinion as in will; and therefore judge very inconsistently, or contradictorily; and see, as it were, Thebes double: for Thebes being the refuge and habitation of Pentheus, here denotes the ends of actions: whence they know not what course to take, but remaining undetermined and unresolved in their views and designs, they are merely driven about, by every sudden gust and impulse of the mind.

XI.—ORPHEUS, OR PHILOSOPHY.

EXPLAINED OF NATURAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

INTRODUCTION.—The fable of Orpheus, though trite and common, has never been well interpreted, and seems to hold out a picture of universal philosophy; for to this sense may be easily transferred what is said of his being a wonderful and perfectly divine person, skilled in all kinds of harmony, subduing and drawing all things after him by sweet and gentle methods and modulations. For the labors of Orpheus exceed the labors of Hercules, both in power and dignity, as the works of knowledge exceed the works of strength.

FABLE.—Orpheus having his beloved wife snatched from him by sudden death, resolved upon descending to the infernal regions, to try if, by the power of his harp, he could reobtain her. And, in effect, he so

appeased and soothed the infernal powers by the melody and sweetness of his harp and voice, that they indulged him the liberty of taking her back, on condition that she should follow him behind, and he not turn to look upon her till they came into open day; but he, through the impatience of his care and affection, and thinking himself almost past danger, at length looked behind him, whereby the condition was violated, and she again precipitated to Pluto's regions. From this time Orpheus grew pensive and sad, a hater of the sex, and went into solitude, where, by the same sweetness of his harp and voice, he first drew the wild beasts of all sorts about him; so that, forgetting their natures, they were neither actuated by revenge, cruelty, lust, hunger, or the desire of prey, but stood gazing about him, in a tame and gentle manner, listening attentively to his music. Nay, so great was the power and efficacy of his harmony, that it even caused the trees and stones to remove, and place themselves in a regular manner about him. When he had for a time, and with great admiration, continued to do this, at length the Thracian women, raised by the instigation of Bacchus, first blew a deep and hoarse-sounding horn, in such an outrageous manner, that it quite drowned the music of Orpheus. And thus the power which, as the link of their society, held all things in order, being dissolved, disturbance reigned anew; each creature returned to its own nature, and pursued and preyed upon its fellow, as before. The rocks and woods also started back to their former places; and even Orpheus himself was at last torn to pieces by these female furies, and his limbs scattered all over the desert. But, in sorrow and revenge for his death, the river Helicon, sacred to the Muses, hid its waters under ground, and rose again in other places.

EXPLANATION.—The fable receives this explanation. The music of Orpheus is of two kinds; one that appeases the infernal powers, and the other that draws together the wild beasts and trees. The former properly relates to natural, and the latter to moral philosophy, or civil society. The reinstatement and restoration of corruptible things is the noblest work of natural philosophy; and, in a less degree, the preservation of bodies in their own state, or a prevention of their dissolution and corruption. And if this be possible, it can certainly be effected no other way than by proper and exquisite attemperations of nature; as it were by the harmony and fine touching of the harp. But as this is a thing of exceeding great difficulty, the end is seldom obtained; and that, probably, for no reason more than a curious and unseasonable impatience and solicitude.

And, therefore, philosophy, being almost unequal to the task, has cause to grow sad, and hence betakes itself to human affairs, insinuating into men's minds the love of virtue, equity, and peace, by means of eloquence and persuasion; thus forming men into societies; bringing them under laws and regulations; and making them forget their unbridled passions and affectations, so long as they hearken to precepts and submit to discipline. And thus they soon after build themselves habitations, form cities, cultivate lands, plant orchards, gardens, etc. So that they may not improperly be said to remove and call the trees and stones together.

And this regard to civil affairs is justly and regularly placed after diligent trial made for restoring the mortal body; the attempt being frustrated in the end—because the unavoidable necessity of death, thus evidently laid before mankind, animates them to seek a kind of eternity by works of perpetuity, character, and fame.

It is also prudently added, that Orpheus was afterwards averse to women and wedlock, because the

indulgence of a married state, and the natural affections which men have for their children, often prevent them from entering upon any grand, noble, or meritorious enterprise for the public good; as thinking it sufficient to obtain immortality by their descendants, without endeavoring at great actions.

And even the works of knowledge, though the most excellent among human things, have their periods; for after kingdoms and commonwealths have flourished for a time, disturbances, seditions, and wars, often arise, in the din whereof, first the laws are silent, and not heard; and then men return to their own depraved natures—whence cultivated lands and cities soon become desolate and waste. And if this disorder continues, learning and philosophy is infallibly torn to pieces; so that only some scattered fragments thereof can afterwards be found up and down, in a few places, like planks after a shipwreck. And barbarous times succeeding, the river Helicon dips under-ground; that is, letters are buried, till things having undergone their due course of changes, learning rises again, and show its head, though seldom in the same place, but in some other nation.*

XII.—CÆLUM, OR BEGINNINGS.

EXPLAINED OF THE CREATION OR ORIGIN OF ALL THINGS.

THE poets relate, that Cælum was the most ancient of all the gods; that his parts of generation were cut off by his son Saturn; that Saturn had a numerous offspring, but devoured all his sons, as soon as they were born; that Jupiter at length escaped the common fate; and when grown up, drove his father Saturn into Tartarus; usurped the kingdom; cut off his father's genitals, with the same knife wherewith Saturn had dismembered Cælum, and throwing them into the sea, thence sprung Venus.

Before Jupiter was well established in his empire, two memorable wars were made upon him: the first by the Titans, in subduing of whom, Sol, the only one of the Titans who favored Jupiter, performed him singular service; the second by the giants, who being destroyed and subdued by the thunder and arms of Jupiter, he now reigned secure.

EXPLANATION.—This fable appears to be an enigmatical account of the origin of all things, not greatly differing from the philosophy afterwards embraced by Democritus, who expressly asserts the eternity of matter, but denies the eternity of the world; thereby approaching to the truth of sacred writ, which makes chaos, or uninformed matter, to exist before the six days' works.

The meaning of the fable seems to be this: Cælum denotes the concave space, or vaulted roof that incloses all matter, and Saturn the matter itself, which cuts off all power of generation from his father; as one and the same quantity of matter remains invariable in nature, without addition or diminution. But the agitations and struggling motions of matter, first produced certain imperfect and ill-joined compositions of things, as it were so many first rudiments, or essays of worlds; till, in process of time, there arose a fabric capable of preserving its form and structure. Whence the first age was shadowed out by the reign of Saturn; who, on account of the

frequent dissolutions, and short durations of things, was said to devour his children. And the second age was denoted by the reign of Jupiter; who thrust, or drove those frequent and transitory changes into Tartarus—a place expressive of disorder. This place seems to be the middle space, between the lower heavens and the internal parts of the earth, wherein disorder, imperfection, mutation, mortality, destruction, and corruption, are principally found.

Venus was not born during the former generation of things, under the reign of Saturn; for whilst discord and jar had the upper hand of concord and uniformity in the matter of the universe, a change of the entire structure was necessary. And in this manner things were generated and destroyed, before Saturn was dismembered. But when this manner of generation ceased, there immediately followed another, brought about by Venus, or a perfect and established harmony of things; whereby changes were wrought in the parts, whilst the universal fabric remained entire and undisturbed. Saturn, however, is said to be thrust out and dethroned, not killed, and become extinct; because, agreeably to the opinion of Democritus, the world might relapse into its old confusion and disorder, which Lucretius hoped would not happen in his time.*

But now, when the world was compact, and held together by its own bulk and energy, yet there was no rest from the beginning; for first, there followed considerable motions and disturbances in the celestial regions, though so regulated and moderated by the power of the Sun, prevailing over the heavenly bodies, as to continue the world in its state. Afterwards there followed the like in the lower parts, by inundations, storms, winds, general earthquakes etc., which, however, being subdued and kept under, there ensued a more peaceable and lasting harmony, and consent of things.

It may be said of this fable, that it includes philosophy; and again, that philosophy includes the fable; for we know, by faith, that, all these things are but the oracle of sense, long since ceased and decayed; but the matter and fabric of the world being justly attributed to a creator.

XIII.—PROTEUS, OR MATTER.

EXPLAINED OF MATTER AND ITS CHANGES.

PROTEUS, according to the poets, was Neptune's herdsman; an old man, and a most extraordinary prophet, who understood things past and present, as well as future; so that besides the business of divination, he was the revealer and interpreter of all antiquity; and secrets of every kind. He lived in a vast cave, where his custom was to tell over his herd of sea-calves at noon, and then to sleep. Whoever consulted him, had no other way of obtaining an answer but by binding him with manacles and fetters; when he, endeavoring to free himself, would change into all kinds of shapes and miraculous forms; as of fire, water, wild beasts, etc.; till at length he resumed his own shape again.

EXPLANATION.—This fable seems to point at the secrets of nature, and the states of matter. For the person of Proteus denotes matter, the oldest of all things, after God himself; that resides, as in a cave, under the vast concavity of the heavens. He is represented as the servant of Neptune, because the various operations and modifications of matter are principally wrought in a fluid state. The herd, or

* Thus we see that Orpheus denotes learning; Eurydice, things, or the subject of learning; Bacchus, and the Thracian women, men's ungoverned passions and appetites, etc. And in the same manner all the ancient fables might be familiarly illustrated, and brought down to the capacities of children.

* "Quod procul a nobis flectat Fortuna gubernans; Et ratio potius quam res persuadeat ipsa."

* Proteus properly signifies primary, oldest, or first.

flock of Proteus, seems to be no other than the several kinds of animals, plants, and minerals, in which matter appears to diffuse and spend itself; so that after having formed these several species, and as it were finished its task, it seems to sleep and repose, without otherwise attempting to produce any new ones. And this is the moral of Proteus's counting his herd, then going to sleep.

This is said to be done at noon, not in the morning or evening; by which is meant the time best fitted and disposed for the production of species, from a matter duly prepared, and made ready beforehand, and now lying in a middle state, between its first rudiments and decline; which, we learn from sacred history, was the case at the time of the creation; when, by the efficacy of the divine command, matter directly came together, without any transformation or intermediate changes, which it affects; instantly obeyed the order, and appeared in the form of creatures.

And thus far the fable reaches of Proteus, and his flock, at liberty and unrestrained. For the universe, with the common structures and fabrics of the creatures, is the face of matter, not under constraint, or as the flock wrought upon and tortured by human means. But if any skillful minister of nature shall apply force to matter, and by design torture and vex it, in order to its annihilation, it, on the contrary, being brought under this necessity, changes and transforms itself into a strange variety of shapes and appearances; for nothing but the power of the Creator can annihilate, or truly destroy it; so that at length, running through the whole circle of transformations, and completing its period, it in some degree restores itself, if the force be continued. And that method of binding, torturing, or detaining, will prove the most effectual and expeditious, which makes use of manacles and fetters; that is, lays hold and works upon matter in the extreme degrees.

The addition in the fable that makes Proteus a prophet, who had the knowledge of things past, present, and future, excellently agrees with the nature of matter; as he who knows the properties, the changes, and the processes of matter, must of necessity understand the effects and sum of what it does, has done, or can do, though his knowledge extends not to all the parts and particulars thereof.

XIV.—MEMNON, OR A YOUTH TOO FORWARD.

EXPLAINED OF THE FATAL PRECIPITANCY OF YOUTH.

THE poets made Memnon the son of Aurora, and brought him to the Trojan war in beautiful armor, and finished with popular praise; where, thirsting after farther glory, and rashly hurrying on to the greatest enterprises, he engages the bravest warrior of all the Greeks, Achilles, and falls by his hand in single combat. Jupiter, in commiseration of his death, sent birds to grace his funeral, that perpetually chanted certain mournful and bewailing dirges. It is also reported, that the rays of the rising sun, striking his statue, used to give a lamenting sound.

EXPLANATION.—This fable regards the unfortunate end of those promising youths, who, like sons of the morning, elate with empty hopes and glittering outsides, attempt things beyond their strength: challenge the bravest heroes; provoke them to the combat; and proving unequal, die in their high attempts.

The death of such youths seldom fails to meet with infinite pity; as no mortal calamity is more moving and afflicting, than to see the flower of virtue

cropped before its time. Nay, the prime of life enjoyed to the full, or even to a degree of envy, does not assuage or moderate the grief occasioned by the untimely death of such hopeful youths; but lamentations and bewailings fly, like mournful birds, about their tombs, for a long while after; especially upon all fresh occasions, new commotions, and the beginning of great actions, the passionate desire of them is renewed, as by the sun's morning rays.

XV.—TYTHONUS, OR SATIETY.

EXPLAINED OF PREDOMINANT PASSIONS.

IT is elegantly fabled by Tythonus, that being exceedingly beloved by Aurora, she petitioned Jupiter that he might prove immortal, thereby to secure herself the everlasting enjoyment of his company; but through female inadvertence she forgot to add, that he might never grow old; so that, though he proved immortal, he became miserably worn and consumed with age, inasmuch that Jupiter, out of pity, at length transformed him to a grasshopper.

EXPLANATION.—This fable seems to contain an ingenious description of pleasure; which at first, as it were in the morning of the day, is so welcome, that men pray to have it everlasting, but forget that satiety and weariness of it will, like old age, overtake them, though they think not of it; so that at length, when their appetite for pleasurable actions is gone, their desires and affections often continue; whence we commonly find that aged persons delight themselves with the discourse and remembrance of the things agreeable to them in their better days. This is very remarkable in men of a loose, and men of a military life; the former whereof are always talking over their amours, and the latter the exploits of their youth; like grasshoppers, that show their vigor only by their chirping.

XVI.—JUNO'S SUITOR, OR BASENESS.

EXPLAINED OF SUBMISSION AND ABJECTION.

THE poets tell us, that Jupiter, to carry on his love-intrigues, assumed many different shapes; as of a bull, an eagle, a swan, a golden shower, etc.; but when he attempted Juno, he turned himself into the most ignoble and ridiculous creature,—even that of a wretched, wet, weather-beaten, affrighted, trembling, and half-starved cuckoo.

EXPLANATION.—This is a wise fable, and drawn from the very entrails of morality. The moral is, that men should not be conceited of themselves, and imagine that a discovery of their excellencies will always render them acceptable; for this can only succeed according to the nature and manners of the person they court or solicit; who, if he be a man not of the same gifts and endowments, but altogether of a haughty and contemptuous behavior, here represented by the person of Juno, they must entirely drop the character that carries the least show of worth, or gracefulness; if they proceed upon any other footing, it is downright folly; nor is it sufficient to act the deformity of obsequiousness, unless they really change themselves, and become abject and contemptible in their persons.

XVII.—CUPID, OR AN ATOM.

EXPLAINED OF THE CORPUSCULAR PHILOSOPHY.

THE particulars related by the poets of Cupid, or Love, do not properly agree to the same person; yet they differ only so far, that if the confusion of per-

sons be rejected, the correspondence may hold. They say, that Love was the most ancient of all the gods, and existed before everything else, except Chaos, which is held coeval therewith. But for Chaos, the ancients never paid divine honors, nor gave the title of a god thereto. Love is represented absolutely without progenitor, excepting only that he is said to have proceeded from the egg of Nox; but that himself begot the gods, and all things else, on Chaos. His attributes are four; viz., 1. perpetual infancy; 2. blindness; 3. nakedness; and 4. archery.

There was also another Cupid, or Love, the youngest son of the gods, born of Venus; and upon him the attributes of the elder are transferred, with some degree of correspondence.

EXPLANATION.—This fable points at, and enters, the cradle of nature. Love seems to be the appetite, or incentive, of the primitive matter; or to speak more distinctly, the natural motion, or moving principle, of the original corpuscles, or atoms; this being the most ancient and only power that made and wrought all things out of matter. It is absolutely without parent, that is, without cause; for causes are as parents to effects; but this power or efficacy could have no natural cause; for, excepting God, nothing was before it; and therefore it could have no efficient in nature. And as nothing is more inward with nature, it can neither be a genus nor a form; and therefore, whatever it is, it must be somewhat positive, though inexpressible. And if it were possible to conceive its modus and process, yet it could not be known from its cause, as being, next to God, the cause of causes, and itself without a cause. And perhaps we are not to hope that the modus of it should fall, or be comprehended, under human inquiry. Whence it is properly feigned to be the egg of Nox, or laid in the dark.

The divine philosopher declares, that "God has made everything beautiful in its season; and has given over the world to our disputes and inquiries: but that man cannot find out the work which God has wrought, from its beginning up to its end." Thus the summary or collective law of nature, or the principle of love, impressed by God upon the original particles of all things, so as to make them attack each other and come together, by the repetition and multiplication whereof all the variety in the universe is produced, can scarce possibly find full admittance into the thoughts of men, though some faint notion may be had thereof. The Greek philosophy is subtle, and busied in discovering the material principles of things, but negligent and languid in discovering the principles of motion, in which the energy and efficacy of every operation consists. And here the Greek philosophers seem perfectly blind and childish; for the opinion of the Peripatetics, as to the stimulus of matter, by privation, is little more than words, or rather sound than signification. And they who refer it to God, though they do well therein, yet they do it by a start, and not by proper degrees of assent; for doubtless there is one summary, or capital law, in which nature meets, subordinate to God, viz., the law mentioned in the passage above quoted from Solomon; or the work which God has wrought from its beginning up to its end.

Democritus, who farther considered this subject, having first supposed an atom, or corpuscle, of some dimension or figure, attributed thereto an appetite, desire, or first motion simply, and another comparatively, imagining that all things properly tended to the center of the world; those containing more matter falling faster to the center, and thereby removing, and in the shock driving away, such as held less. But this is a slender conceit, and regards too few particulars; for neither the revolutions of the celestial bodies

nor the contractions and expansions of things, can be reduced to this principle. And for the opinion of Epicurus, as to the declination and fortuitous agitation of atoms, this only brings the matter back again to a trifle, and wraps it up in ignorance and night.

Cupid is elegantly drawn a perpetual child; for compounds are larger things, and have their periods of age; but the first seeds or atoms of bodies are small, and remain in a perpetual infant state.

He is again justly represented naked; as all compounds may properly be said to be dressed and clothed, or to assume a personage; whence nothing remains truly naked, but the original particles of things.

The blindness of Cupid, contains a deep allegory; for this same Cupid, Love, or appetite of the world, seems to have very little foresight, but directs his steps and motions conformably to what he finds next him, as blind men do when they feel out their way; which renders the divine and overruling Providence and foresight the more surprising; as by a certain steady law, it brings such a beautiful order and regularity of things out of what seems extremely casual, void of design, and, as it were, really blind.

The last attribute of Cupid is archery, viz., a virtue or power operating at a distance; for everything that operates at a distance, may seem, as it were, to dart, or shoot with arrows. And whoever allows of atoms and vacuity, necessarily supposes that the virtue of atoms operates at a distance; for without this operation, no motion could be excited, on account of the vacuum interposing, but all things would remain sluggish and unmoved.

As to the other Cupid, he is properly said to be the youngest sons of the gods, as his power could not take place before the formation of species, or particular bodies. The description given us of him transfers the allegory to morality, though he still retains some resemblance with the ancient Cupid; for as Venus universally excites the affection of association, and the desire of procreation, her son Cupid applies the affection to individuals; so that the general disposition proceeds from Venus, but the more close sympathy from Cupid. The former depends upon a near approximation of causes, but the latter upon deeper, more necessitating and uncontrollable principles, as if they proceeded from the ancient Cupid, on whom all exquisite sympathies depend.

XVIII.—DIOMED, OR ZEAL.

EXPLAINED OF PERSECUTION, OR ZEAL FOR RELIGION.

DIOMED acquired great glory and honor at the Trojan war, and was highly favored by Pallas, who encouraged and excited him by no means to spare Venus, if he should casually meet her in fight. He followed the advice with too much eagerness and intrepidity, and accordingly wounded that goddess in her hand. This presumptuous action remained unpunished for a time, and when the war was ended he returned with great glory and renown to his own country, where, finding himself embroiled with domestic affairs, he retired into Italy. Here also at first he was well received and nobly entertained by King Daunus, who, besides other gifts and honors, erected statues for him over all his dominions. But upon the first calamity that afflicted the people after the stranger's arrival, Daunus immediately reflected that he entertained a devoted person in his palace, an enemy to the gods, and one who had sacrilegiously wounded a goddess with his sword, whom it was impious but to touch. To expiate, therefore, his country's guilt, he, without regard to the laws of hospi-

talities, which were less regarded by him than the laws of religion, directly slew his guest, and commanded his statues and all his honors to be razed and abolished. Nor was it safe for others to commiserate or bewail so cruel a destiny; but even his companions in arms, whilst they lamented the death of their leader, and filled all places with their complaints, were turned into a kind of swans, which are said, at the approach of their own death, to chant sweet melancholy dirges.

EXPLANATION.—This fable intimates an extraordinary and almost singular thing, for no hero besides Diomed is recorded to have wounded any of the gods. Doubtless we have here described the nature and feat of a man who professedly makes any divine worship or sect of religion, though in itself vain and light, the only scope of his actions, and resolves to propagate it by fire and sword. For although the bloody dissensions and differences about religion were unknown to the ancients, yet so copious and diffusive was their knowledge, that what they knew not by experience they comprehended in thought and representation. Those, therefore, who endeavor to reform or establish any sect of religion, though vain, corrupt, and infamous (which is here denoted under the person of Venus), not by the force of reason, learning, sanctity of manners, the weight of arguments, and examples, but would spread or extirpate it by persecution, pains, penalties, tortures, fire and sword, may perhaps be instigated hereto by Pallas, that is, by a certain rigid, prudential consideration, and a severity of judgment, by the vigor and efficacy whereof they see thoroughly into the fallacies and fictions of the delusions of this kind; and through aversion to depravity and a well-meant zeal, these men usually for a time acquire great fame and glory, and are by the vulgar, to whom no moderate measures can be acceptable, extolled and almost adored, as the only patrons and protectors of truth and religion, men of any other disposition seeming, in comparison with these, to be lukewarm, mean-spirited, and cowardly. This fame and felicity, however, seldom endures to the end; but all violence, unless it escapes the reverses and changes of things by untimely death, is commonly unprosperous in the issue; and if a change of affairs happens, and that sect of religion which was persecuted and oppressed gains strength and rises again, then the zeal and warm endeavors of this sort of men are condemned, their very name becomes odious, and all their honors terminate in disgrace.

As to the point that Diomed should be slain by his hospitable entertainer, this denotes that religious dissensions may cause treachery, bloody animosities, and deceit, even between the nearest friends.

That complaining or bewailing should not, in so enormous a case, be permitted to friends affected by the catastrophe without punishment, includes this prudent admonition, that almost in all kinds of wickedness and depravity men have still room left for commiseration, so that they who hate the crime may yet pity the person and bewail his calamity, from a principle of humanity and good nature; and to forbid the overflows and intercourses of pity upon such occasions were the extremest of evils; yet in the cause of religion and impiety the very commiserations of men are noted and suspected. On the other hand, the lamentations and complainings of the followers and attendants of Diomed, that is, of men of the same sect or persuasion, are usually very sweet, agreeable, and moving, like the dying notes of swans, or the birds of Diomed. This also is a noble and remarkable part of the allegory, denoting that the last words of those who suffer for the sake of religion strongly affect and sway men's minds, and leaves lasting impression upon the sense and memory.

XIX.—DÆDALUS, OR MECHANICAL SKILL.

EXPLAINED OF ARTS AND ARTISTS IN KINGDOMS AND STATES.

THE ancients have left us a description of mechanical skill, industry, and curious arts converted to ill uses, in the person of Dædalus, a most ingenious but execrable artist. This Dædalus was banished for the murder of his brother artist and rival, yet found a kind reception in his banishment from the kings and states where he came. He raised many incomparable edifices to the honor of the gods, and invented many new contrivances for the beautifying and ennobling of cities and public places, but still he was most famous for wicked inventions. Among the rest, by his abominable industry and destructive genius, he assisted in the fatal and infamous production of the monster Minotaur, that devourer of promising youths. And then, to cover one mischief with another, and provide for the security of this monster, he invented and built a labyrinth; a work infamous for its end and design, but admirable and prodigious for art and workmanship. After this, that he might not only be celebrated for wicked inventions, but be sought after, as well for prevention, as for instruments of mischief, he formed that ingenious device of his clue, which led directly through all the windings of the labyrinth. This Dædalus was persecuted by Minos with the utmost severity, diligence, and inquiry; but he always found refuge and means of escaping. Lastly, endeavoring to teach his son Icarus the art of flying, the novice, trusting too much to his wings, fell from his towering flight, and was drowned in the sea.

EXPLANATION.—The sense of the fable runs thus. It first denotes envy, which is continually upon the watch, and strangely prevails among excellent artificers; for no kind of people are observed to be more implacably and destructively envious to one another than these.

In the next place, it observes an impolitic and improvident kind of punishment inflicted upon Dædalus,—that of banishment; for good workmen are gladly received everywhere, so that banishment to an excellent artificer is scarce any punishment at all; whereas other conditions of life cannot easily flourish from home. For the admiration of artists is propagated and increased among foreigners and strangers; it being a principle in the minds of men to slight and despise the mechanical operators of their own nation.

The succeeding part of the fable is plain, concerning the use of mechanical arts, whereto human life stands greatly indebted, as receiving from this treasury numerous particulars for the service of religion, the ornament of civil society, and the whole provision and apparatus of life; but then the same magazine supplies instruments of lust, cruelty, and death. For, not to mention the arts of luxury and debauchery, we plainly see how far the business of exquisite poisons, guns, engines of war, and such kind of destructive inventions, exceeds the cruelty and barbarity of the Minotaur himself.

The addition of the labyrinth contains a beautiful allegory, representing the nature of mechanic arts in general; for all ingenious and accurate mechanical inventions may be conceived as a labyrinth, which, by reason of their subtlety, intricacy, crossing, and interfering with one another, and the apparent resemblances they have among themselves, scarce any power of the judgment can unravel and distinguish; so that they are only to be understood and traced by the clue of experience.

It is no less prudently added, that he who invented the windings of the labyrinth, should also show the use and management of the clue; for mechanical arts have an ambiguous or double use, and serve as well to produce as to prevent mischief and destruc-

tion; so that their virtue almost destroys or unwinds itself.

Unlawful arts, and indeed frequently arts themselves, are persecuted by Minos, that is, by laws, which prohibit and forbid their use among the people; but notwithstanding this, they are hid, concealed, retained, and everywhere find reception and sculking-places; a thing well observed by Tacitus of the astrologers and fortune-tellers of his time. "These," says he, "are a kind of men that will always be prohibited, and yet will always be retained in our city."

But lastly, all unlawful and vain arts, of what kind soever, lose their reputation in tract of time; grow contemptible and perish, through their over-confidence, like Icarus; being commonly unable to perform what they boasted. And to say the truth, such arts are better suppressed by their own vain pretensions, than checked or restrained by the bridle of laws.*

XX.—ERICTHONIUS, OR IMPOSTURE.

EXPLAINED OF THE IMPROPER USE OF FORCE IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE poets feign that Vulcan attempted the chastity of Minerva, and impatient of refusal had recourse to force; the consequence of which was the birth of Ericthonius, whose body from the middle upwards was comely and well-proportioned, but his thighs and legs small, shrunk, and deformed, like an eel. Conscious of this defect, he became the inventor of chariots, so as to show the graceful, but conceal the deformed part of his body.

EXPLANATION.—This strange fable seems to carry this meaning. Art is here represented under the person of Vulcan, by reason of the various uses it makes of fire; and nature under the person of Minerva, by reason of the industry employed in her works. Art, therefore, whenever it offers violence to nature in order to conquer, subdue, and bend her to its purpose, by tortures and force of all kinds, seldom obtains the end proposed; yet upon great struggle and application, there proceed certain imperfect births, or lame abortive works, specious in appearance, but weak and unstable in use; which are, nevertheless, with great pomp and deceitful appearances, triumphantly carried about, and shown by impostors. A procedure very familiar, and remarkable in chemical productions, and new mechanical inventions; especially when the inventors rather hug their errors than improve upon them, and go on struggling with nature, not courting her.

XXI.—DEUCALION, OR RESTITUTION.

EXPLAINED OF A USEFUL HINT IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE poets tell us, that the inhabitants of the old world being totally destroyed by the universal deluge, excepting Deucalion and Pyrrha, these two, desiring with zealous and fervent devotion to restore mankind, received this oracle for answer, that "they should succeed by throwing their mother's bones behind them." This at first cast them into great sorrow and despair, because, as all things were levelled by the deluge, it was in vain to seek their mother's tomb; but at length they understood the expression of the oracle to signify the stones

* Bacon nowhere speaks with such freedom and perspicuity as under the pretext of explaining these ancient fables; for which reason they deserve to be the more read by such as desire to understand the rest of his works.

of the earth, which is esteemed the mother of all things.

EXPLANATION.—This fable seems to reveal a secret of nature, and correct an error familiar to the mind; for men's ignorance leads them to expect the renovation or restoration of things from their corruption and remains, as the phoenix is said to be restored out of its ashes; which is a very improper procedure, because such kind of materials have finished their course, and are become absolutely unfit to supply the first rudiments of the same things again; whence in cases of renovation, recourse should be had to more common principles.

XXII.—NEMESIS, OR THE VICISSITUDE OF THINGS.

EXPLAINED OF THE REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

NEMESIS is represented as a goddess venerated by all, but feared by the powerful and the fortunate. She is said to be the daughter of Nox and Oceanus. She is drawn with wings, and a crown; a javelin of ash in her right hand; a glass containing Ethiopians in her left; and riding upon a stag.

EXPLANATION.—The fable receives this explanation. The word Nemesis manifestly signifies revenge, or retribution; for the office of this goddess consisted in interposing, like the Roman tribunes, with an "I forbid it," in all courses of constant and perpetual felicity, so as not only to chastise haughtiness, but also to repay even innocent and moderate happiness with adversity; as if it were decreed, that none of human race should be admitted to the banquet of the gods, but for sport. And, indeed, to read over that chapter of Pliny wherein he has collected the miseries and misfortunes of Augustus Cæsar, whom of all mankind one would judge most fortunate,—as he had a certain art of using and enjoying prosperity, with a mind no way tumid, light, effeminate, confused, or melancholic,—one cannot but think this a very great and powerful goddess, who could bring such a victim to her altar.*

The parents of this goddess were Oceanus and Nox; that is, the fluctuating change of things, and the obscure and secret divine decrees. The changes of things are aptly represented by the Ocean, on account of its perpetual ebbing and flowing; and secret providence is justly expressed by Night. Even the heathens have observed this secret Nemesis of the night, or the difference betwixt divine and human judgment.^b

Wings are given to Nemesis, because of the sudden and unforeseen changes of things; for, from the earliest account of time, it has been common for great and prudent men to fall by the dangers they most despised. Thus Cicero, when admonished by Brutus of the infidelity and rancour of Octavia, coolly wrote back, "I cannot, however, but be obliged to you, Brutus, as I ought, for informing me, though of such a trifle."^c

Nemesis also has her crown, by reason of the invidious and malignant nature of the vulgar, who generally rejoice, triumph, and crown her, at the fall of the fortunate and the powerful. And for the javelin in her right hand, it has regard to those whom she has actually struck and transfixed. But whoever escapes her stroke, or feels not actual calamity or misfortune, she affrights with a black and dismal

* As she also brought the author himself.

^b "—— cadit Ripheus, justissimus unus, Qui fuit ex Teucris, et servatissimus æqui Ditis alter visum."—Æneid, lib. ii.

^c Te autem mi Brutus sicut debes, amo, quod istud quicquid est nugarum me scire voluisti.

sight in her left hand; for doubtless, mortals on the highest pinnacle of felicity have a prospect of death, diseases, calamities, perfidious friends, undermining enemies, reverses of fortune, etc., represented by the Ethiopians in her glass. Thus Virgil, with great elegance, describing the battle of Actium, says of Cleopatra, that, "she did not yet perceive the two asps behind her,"¹ but soon after, which way soever she turned, she saw whole troops of Ethiopians still before her.

Lastly, it is significantly added, that Nemesis rides upon a stag, which is a very long-lived creature; for though perhaps some, by an untimely death in youth, may prevent or escape this goddess, yet they who enjoy a long flow of happiness and power, doubtless become subject to her at length, and are brought to yield.

XXIII.—ACHELOUS, OR BATTLE.

EXPLAINED OF WAR BY INVASION.

THE ancients relate, that Hercules and Achelous being rivals in the courtship of Deianira, the matter was contested by single combat; when Achelous having transformed himself, as he had power to do, into various shapes, by way of trial; at length, in the form of a fierce wild bull, prepares himself for the fight; but Hercules still retains his human shape, engages sharply with him, and in the issue broke off one of the bull's horns; and now Achelous, in great pain and fright, to redeem his horn, presents Hercules with the cornucopia.

EXPLANATION.—This fable relates to military expeditions and preparations; for the preparation of war on the defensive side, here denoted by Achelous, appears in various shapes, whilst the invading side has but one simple form, consisting either in an army, or perhaps a fleet. But the country that expects the invasion is employed infinite ways, in fortifying towns, blockading passes, rivers, and ports, raising soldiers, disposing garrisons, building and breaking down bridges, procuring aids, securing provisions, arms, ammunition, etc. So that there appears a new face of things every day; and at length, when the country is sufficiently fortified and prepared, it represents to the life the form and threats of a fierce fighting bull.

On the other side, the invader presses on to the fight, fearing to be distressed in an enemy's country. And if after the battle he remains master of the field, and has now broke, as it were, the horn of his enemy, the besieged, of course, retire inglorious, affrighted, and dismayed, to their stronghold, there endeavoring to secure themselves, and repair their strength; leaving, at the same time, their country a prey to the conqueror, which is well expressed by the Amalthean horn, or cornucopia.

XXIV.—DIONYSUS, OR BACCHUS.

EXPLAINED OF THE PASSIONS.

THE fable runs, that Semele, Jupiter's mistress, having bound him by an inviolable oath to grant her an unknown request, desired he would embrace her in the same form and manner he used to embrace Juno; and the promise being irrevocable, she was burnt to death with lightning in the performance. The embryo, however, was sewed up, and carried in Jupiter's thigh till the complete time of its birth; but the burthen thus rendering the father lame, and causing him pain, the child was thence called Dionysus.

¹ "Regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina sistro;
Necdum etiam geminos a tergo respicit angues."

Æn. viii. 696.

² Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, b. iii. iv. and vi.; and *Fæsti*, iii. 787.

sus. When born, he was committed, for some years, to be nursed by Proserpina; and when grown up, appeared with so effeminate a face, that his sex seemed somewhat doubtful. He also died, and was buried for a time, but afterwards revived. When a youth, he first introduced the cultivation and dressing of vines, the method of preparing wine, and taught the use thereof; whence becoming famous, he subdued the world, even to the utmost bounds of the Indies. He rode in a chariot drawn by tigers. There danced about him certain deformed demons called Cobali, etc. The Muses also joined in his train. He married Ariadne, who was deserted by Theseus. The ivy was sacred to him. He was also held the inventor and institutor of religious rites and ceremonies, but such as were wild, frantic, and full of corruption and cruelty. He had also the power of striking men with frenzies. Pentheus and Orpheus were torn to pieces by the frantic women at his orgies; the first for climbing a tree to behold their outrageous ceremonies, and the other for the music of his harp. But the acts of this god are much entangled and confounded with those of Jupiter.

EXPLANATION.—This fable seems to contain a little system of morality, so that there is scarce any better invention in all ethica. Under the history of Bacchus is drawn the nature of unlawful desire or affection, and disorder; for the appetite and thirst of apparent good is the mother of all unlawful desire, though ever so destructive, and all unlawful desires are conceived in unlawful wishes or requests, rashly indulged or granted before they are well understood or considered, and when the affection begins to grow warm, the mother of it (the nature of good) is destroyed and burnt up by the heat. And whilst an unlawful desire lies in the embryo, or unripened in the mind, which is its father, and here represented by Jupiter, it is cherished and concealed, especially in the inferior part of the mind, corresponding to the thigh of the body, where pain twitches and depresses the mind so far as to render its resolutions and actions imperfect and lame. And even after this child of the mind is confirmed, and gains strength by consent and habit, and comes forth into action it must still be nursed by Proserpina for a time; that is, it skulks and hides its head in a clandestine manner, as it were under ground, till at length, when the checks of shame and fear are removed, and the requisite boldness acquired, it either assumes the pretext of some virtue, or openly despises infamy. And it is justly observed, that every vehement passion appears of a doubtful sex, as having the strength of a man at first, but at last the impotence of a woman. It is also excellently added, that Bacchus died and rose again; for the affections sometimes seem to die and be no more; but there is no trusting them, even though they were buried, being always apt and ready to rise again whenever the occasion or object offers.

That Bacchus should be the inventor of wine carries a fine allegory with it; for every affection is cunning and subtle in discovering a proper matter to nourish and feed it; and of all things known to mortals, wine is the most powerful and effectual for exciting and inflaming passions of all kinds, being indeed like a common fuel to all.

It is again with great elegance observed of Bacchus that he subdued provinces, and undertook endless expeditions, for the affections never rest satisfied with what they enjoy, but with an endless and insatiable appetite thirst after something further. And tigers are prettily feigned to draw the chariot; for as soon as any affection shall, from going on foot, be advanced to ride, it triumphs over reason, and exerts its cruelty, fierceness, and strength against all that oppose it.

It is also humorously imagined, that ridiculous

demons dance and frisk about this chariot; for every passion produces indecent, disorderly, interchangeable, and deformed motions in the eyes, countenance, and gesture, so that the person under the impulse, whether of anger, insult, love, etc., though to himself he may seem grand, lofty, or obliging, yet in the eyes of others appears mean, contemptible, or ridiculous.

The Muses also are found in the train of Bacchus, for there is scarce any passion without its art, science, or doctrine to court and flatter it; but in this respect the indulgence of men of genius has greatly detracted from the majesty of the Muses, who ought to be the leaders and conductors of human life, and not the handmaids of the passions.

The allegory of Bacchus falling in love with a cast mistress, is extremely noble; for it is certain that the affections always court and covet what has been rejected upon experience. And all those who by serving and indulging their passions immensely raise the value of enjoyment, should know, that whatever they covet and pursue, whether riches, pleasure, glory, learning, or anything else, they only pursue those things that have been forsaken and cast off with contempt by great numbers in all ages, after possession and experience.

Nor is it without a mystery that the ivy was sacred to Bacchus, and this for two reasons: first, because ivy is an evergreen, or flourishes in the winter; and secondly, because it winds and creeps about so many things, as trees, walls, and buildings, and raises itself above them. As to the first, every passion grows fresh, strong, and vigorous by opposition and prohibition, as it were by a kind of contrast or antiperistasis, like the ivy in the winter. And for the second, the predominant passion of the mind throws itself, like the ivy, round all human actions, entwines all our resolutions, and perpetually adheres to, and mixes itself among, or even overtops them.

And no wonder that superstitious rites and ceremonies are attributed to Bacchus, when almost every ungovernable passion grows wanton and luxuriant in corrupt religions; nor again, that fury and frenzy should be sent and dealt out by him, because every passion is a short frenzy, and if it be vehement, lasting, and take deep root, it terminates in madness. And hence the allegory of Pentheus and Orpheus being torn to pieces is evident; for every headstrong passion is extremely bitter, severe, inveterate, and revengeful upon all curious inquiry, wholesome admonition, free counsel and persuasion.

Lastly, the confusion between the persons of Jupiter and Bacchus will justly admit of an allegory, because noble and meritorious actions may sometimes proceed from virtue, sound reason, and magnanimity, and sometimes again from a concealed passion and secret desire of ill, however they may be extolled and praised, inasmuch that it is not easy to distinguish betwixt the acts of Bacchus and the acts of Jupiter.

XXV.—ATALANTA AND HIPPOMENES, OR GAIN.

EXPLAINED OF THE CONTEST BETWIXT ART AND NATURE.

ATALANTA, who was exceeding fleet, contended with Hippomenes in the course, on condition that if Hippomenes won, he should espouse her, or forfeit his life if he lost. The match was very unequal, for Atalanta had conquered numbers, to their destruction. Hippomenes, therefore, had recourse to stratagem. He procured three golden apples, and purposely carried them with him: they started; Atalanta outstripped him soon; then Hippomenes bowled one of his apples before her, across the course, in

order not only to make her stoop, but to draw her out of the path. She, prompted by female curiosity, and the beauty of the golden fruit, starts from the course to take up the apple. Hippomenes, in the mean time, holds on his way, and steps before her; but she, by her natural swiftness, soon fetches up her lost ground, and leaves him again behind. Hippomenes, however, by rightly timing his second and third throw, at length won the race, not by his swiftness, but his cunning.

EXPLANATION.—This fable seems to contain a noble allegory of the contest betwixt art and nature. For art, here denoted by Atalanta, is much swifter, or more expeditious in its operations than nature, when all obstacles and impediments are removed, and sooner arrives at its end. This appears almost in every instance. Thus fruit comes slowly from the kernel, but soon by inoculation or incision; clay, left to itself, is a long time in acquiring a stony hardness, but is presently burnt by fire into brick. So again in human life, nature is a long while in alleviating and abolishing the remembrance of pain, and assuaging the troubles of the mind; but moral philosophy, which is the art of living, performs it presently. Yet this prerogative and singular efficacy of art is stopped and retarded to the infinite detriment of human life, by certain golden apples; for there is no one science or art that constantly holds on its true and proper course to the end, but they are all continually stopping short, forsaking the track, and turning aside to profit and convenience, exactly like Atalanta.* Whence it is no wonder that art gets not the victory over nature, nor, according to the condition of the contest, brings her under subjection; but, on the contrary, remains subject to her, as a wife to a husband.†

XXVI.—PROMETHEUS, OR THE STATE OF MAN.

EXPLAINED OF AN OVER-RULING PROVIDENCE, AND OF HUMAN NATURE.

THE ancients relate that man was the work of Prometheus, and formed of clay; only the artificer mixed in with the mass, particles taken from different animals. And being desirous to improve his workmanship, and endow, as well as create, the human race, he stole up to heaven with a bundle of birch-rods, and kindling them at the chariot of the Sun, thence brought down fire to the earth for the service of men.

They add, that for this meritorious act Prometheus was repayed with ingratitude by mankind, so that, forming a conspiracy, they arraigned both him and his invention before Jupiter. But the matter was otherwise received than they imagined; for the accusation proved extremely grateful to Jupiter and the gods, inasmuch that, delighted with the action, they not only indulged mankind the use of fire, but moreover conferred upon them a most acceptable and desirable present, viz., perpetual youth.

But men, foolishly overjoyed heretofore, laid this present of the gods upon an ass, who, in returning back with it, being extremely thirsty, strayed to a fountain. The serpent, who was guardian thereof,

* "Declinat cursus, aurumque volubile tollit."

† The author, in all his physical works, proceeds upon this foundation, that it is possible, and practicable, for art to obtain the victory over nature; that is, for human industry and power to procure, by the means of proper knowledge, such things as are necessary to render life as happy and commodious as its mortal state will allow. For instance, that it is possible to lengthen the present period of human life; bring the winds under command; and every way extend and enlarge the dominion or empire of man over the works of nature.

would not suffer him to drink, but upon condition of receiving the burden he carried, whatever it should be. The silly ass complied, and thus the perpetual renewal of youth was, for a drop of water, transferred from men to the race of serpents.

Prometheus, not desisting from his unwarrantable practices, though now reconciled to mankind, after they were thus tricked of their present, but still continuing inveterate against Jupiter, had the boldness to attempt deceit, even in a sacrifice, and is said to have once offered up two bulls to Jupiter, but so as in the hide of one of them to wrap all the flesh and fat of both, and stuffing out the other hide only with bones; then in a religious and devout manner, gave Jupiter his choice of the two. Jupiter, detesting this sly fraud and hypocrisy, but having thus an opportunity of punishing the offender, purposely chose the mock bull.

And now giving way to revenge, but finding he could not chastise the insolence of Prometheus without afflicting the human race (in the production whereof Prometheus had strangely and insufferably prided himself), he commanded Vulcan to form a beautiful and graceful woman, to whom every god presented a certain gift, whence she was called Pandora.^a They put into her hands an elegant box, containing all sorts of miseries and misfortunes; but Hope was placed at the bottom of it. With this box she first goes to Prometheus, to try if she could prevail upon him to receive and open it; but he, being upon his guard, warily refused the offer. Upon this refusal, she comes to his brother Epimetheus, a man of a very different temper, who rashly and inconsiderately opens the box. When finding all kinds of miseries and misfortunes issued out of it, he grew wise too late, and with great hurry and struggle endeavored to clap the cover on again; but with all his endeavor could scarce keep in Hope, which lay at the bottom.

Lastly, Jupiter arraigned Prometheus of many heinous crimes: as that he formerly stole fire from heaven; that he contemptuously and deceitfully mocked him by a sacrifice of bones; that he despised his present,^b adding withal a new crime, that he attempted to ravish Pallas: for all which, he was sentenced to be bound in chains, and doomed to perpetual torments. Accordingly, by Jupiter's command, he was brought to Mount Caucasus, and there fastened to a pillar, so firmly that he could no way stir. A vulture or eagle stood by him, which in the daytime gnawed and consumed his liver; but in the night the wasted parts were supplied again; whence matter for his pain was never wanting.

They relate, however, that his punishment had an end; for Hercules sailing the ocean, in a cup, or pitcher, presented him by the Sun, came at length to Caucasus, shot the eagle with his arrows, and set Prometheus free. In certain nations, also, there were instituted particular games of the torch, to the honor of Prometheus, in which they who ran for the prize carried lighted torches; and as any one of these torches happened to go out, the bearer withdrew himself, and gave way to the next: and that person was allowed to win the prize who first brought in his lighted torch to the goal.

EXPLANATION.—This fable contains and enforces many just and serious considerations; some whereof have been long since well observed, but some again remain perfectly untouched. Prometheus clearly and expressly signifies Providence; for of all the things in nature, the formation and endowment of man was singled out by the ancients, and esteemed

the peculiar work of Providence. The reason hereof seems, 1. That the nature of man includes a mind and understanding, which is the seat of Providence. 2. That it is harsh and incredible to suppose reason and mind should be raised, and drawn out of senseless and irrational principles; whence it becomes almost inevitable, that providence is implanted in the human mind in conformity with, and by the direction and the design of the greater over-ruling Providence. But, 3. The principal cause is this: that man seems to be the thing in which the whole world centers, with respect to final causes; so that if he were away, all other things would stray and fluctuate, without end or intention, or become perfectly disjointed, and out of frame; for all things are made subservient to man, and he receives use and benefit from them all. Thus the revolutions, places, and periods, of the celestial bodies, serve him for distinguishing times and seasons, and for dividing the world into different regions; the meteors afford him prognostications of the weather; the winds sail our ships, drive our mills, and move our machines; and the vegetables and animals of all kinds either afford us matter for houses and habitations, clothing, food, physic, or tend to ease, or delight, to support, or refresh us: so that everything in nature seems not made for itself, but for man.

And it is not without reason added, that the mass of matter whereof man was formed, should be mixed up with particles taken from different animals, and wrought in with the clay, because it is certain, that of all things in the universe, man is the most compounded and recombined body; so that the ancients not improperly styled him a Microcosm, or little world within himself. For although the chemists have absurdly, and too literally, wrested and perverted the elegance of the term microcosm, whilst they pretend to find all kind of mineral and vegetable matters, or something corresponding to them, in man, yet it remains firm and unshaken, that the human body is of all substances the most mixed and organical; whence it has surprising powers and faculties: for the powers of simple bodies are but few, though certain and quick; as being little broken, or weakened, and not counterbalanced by mixture: but excellence and quantity of energy reside in mixture and composition.

Man, however, in his first origin, seems to be a defenseless naked creature, slow in assisting himself, and standing in need of numerous things. Prometheus, therefore, hastened to the invention of fire, which supplies and administers to nearly all human uses and necessities, inasmuch that, if the soul may be called the form of forms, if the hand may be called the instrument of instruments, fire may, as properly, be called the assistant of assistants, or the helper of helps; for hence proceed numberless operations, hence all the mechanic arts, and hence infinite assistances are afforded to the sciences themselves.

The manner wherein Prometheus stole this fire is properly described from the nature of the thing; he being said to have done it by applying a rod of birch to the chariot of the Sun: for birch is used in striking and beating, which clearly denotes the generation of fire to be from the violent percussions and collisions of bodies; whereby the matters struck are subtilized, rarefied, put into motion, and so prepared to receive the heat of the celestial bodies; whence they, in a clandestine and secret manner, collect and snatch fire, as it were by stealth, from the chariot of the Sun.

The next is a remarkable part of the fable, which represents that men, instead of gratitude and thanks, fell into indignation and expostulation, accusing both Prometheus and his fire to Jupiter,—and yet the ac-

^a "All-gift."

^b Viz., that by Pandora.

cussation proved highly pleasing to Jupiter; so that he, for this reason, crowned these benefits of mankind with a new bounty. Here it may seem strange that the sin of ingratitude to a creator and benefactor, a sin so heinous as to include almost all others, should meet with approbation and reward. But the allegory has another view, and denotes, that the accusation and arraignment, both of human nature and human art among mankind, proceeds from a most noble and laudable temper of the mind, and tends to a very good purpose; whereas the contrary temper is odious to the gods, and unbeneficial in itself. For they who break into extravagant praises of human nature, and the arts in vogue, and who lay themselves out in admiring the things they already possess, and will needs have the sciences cultivated among them, to be thought absolutely perfect and complete, in the first place, show little regard to the divine nature, whilst they extol their own inventions almost as high as his perfection. In the next place, men of this temper are unserviceable and prejudicial in life, whilst they imagine themselves already got to the top of things, and there rest, without farther inquiry. On the contrary, they who arraign and accuse both nature and art, and are always full of complaints against them, not only preserve a more just and modest sense of mind, but are also perpetually stirred up to fresh industry and new discoveries. Is not, then, the ignorance and fatality of mankind to be extremely pitied, whilst they remain slaves to the arrogance of a few of their own fellows, and are dotingly fond of that scrap of Grecian knowledge, the Peripatetic philosophy; and this to such a degree, as not only to think all accusation or arraignment thereof useless, but even hold it suspect and dangerous? Certainly the procedure of Empedocles, though furious—but especially that of Democritus (who with great modesty complained that all things were abstruse; that we know nothing; that truth lies hid in deep pits; that falsehood is strangely joined and twisted along with truth, etc.)—is to be preferred before the confident, assuming, and dogmatical school of Aristotle. Mankind are, therefore, to be admonished, that the arraignment of nature and art is pleasing to the gods; and that a sharp and vehement accusation of Prometheus, though a creator, a founder, and a master, obtained new blessings and presents from the divine bounty, and proved more sound and serviceable than a diffusive harangue of praise and gratulation. And let men be assured, that the fond opinion that they have already acquired enough, is a principal reason why they have acquired so little.

That the perpetual flower of youth should be the present which mankind received as a reward for their accusation, carries this moral: that the ancients seem not to have despaired of discovering methods and remedies, for retarding old age, and prolonging the period of human life, but rather reckoned it among those things which, through sloth and want of diligent inquiry, perish and come to nothing, after having been once undertaken, than among such as are absolutely impossible, or placed beyond the reach of the human power. For they signify and intimate from the true use of fire, and the just and strenuous accusation and conviction of the errors of art, that the divine bounty is not wanting to men in such kind of presents, but that men indeed are wanting to themselves, and lay such an inestimable gift upon the back of a slow-paced ass; that is, upon the back of the heavy, dull, lingering thing, experience; from whose sluggish and tortoise-pace proceeds that ancient complaint of the shortness of life, and the slow advancement of arts. And certainly it may well seem, that the two faculties of reasoning and experience are not hitherto properly joined and coupled together,

but to be still new gifts of the gods, separately laid, the one upon [the back of] a light bird, or abstract philosophy, and the other upon an ass, or slow-paced practice and trial. And yet good hopes might be conceived of this ass, if it were not for his thirst and the accidents of the way. For we judge, that if any one would constantly proceed, by a certain law and method, in the road of experience, and not by the way thirst after such experiments as make for profit or ostentation, nor exchange his burden, or quit the original design for the sake of these, he might be an useful bearer of a new and accumulated divine bounty to mankind.

That this gift of perpetual youth should pass from men to serpents, seems added by way of ornament, and illustration to the fable; perhaps intimating, at the same time, the shame it is for men, that they, with their fire, and numerous arts, cannot procure to themselves those things which nature has bestowed upon many other creatures.

The sudden reconciliation of Prometheus to mankind, after being disappointed of their hopes, contains a prudent and useful admonition. It points out the levity and temerity of men in new experiments, when, not presently succeeding, or answering to expectation, they precipitantly quit their new undertakings, hurry back to their old ones, and grow reconciled thereto.

After the fable has described the state of man, with regard to arts and intellectual matters, it passes on to religion; for after the inventing and settling of arts, follows the establishment of divine worship, which hypocrisy presently enters into and corrupts. So that by the two sacrifices we have elegantly painted the person of a man truly religious, and of a hypocrite. One of these sacrifices contained the fat, or the portion of God, used for burning and incensing; thereby denoting affection and zeal, offered up to his glory. It likewise contained the bowels, which are expressive of charity, along with the good and useful flesh. But the other contained nothing more than dry bones, which nevertheless stuffed out the hide, as to make it resemble a fair, beautiful, and magnificent sacrifice; hereby finely denoting the external and empty rites and barren ceremonies, wherewith men burden and stuff out the divine worship,—things rather intended for show and ostentation than conducing to piety: Nor are mankind simply content with this mock-worship of God, but also impose and father it upon him, as if he had chosen and ordained it. Certainly the prophet, in the person of God, has a fine expostulation, as to this matter of choice—"Is this the fasting which I have chosen, that a man should afflict his soul for a day, and bow down his head like a bulrush?"

After thus touching the state of religion, the fable next turns to manners, and the conditions of human life. And though it be a very common, yet is it a just interpretation, that Pandora denotes the pleasures and licentiousness which the cultivation and luxury of the arts of civil life introduce, as it were, by the instrumental efficacy of fire; whence the works of the voluptuary arts are properly attributed to Vulcan, the God of Fire. And hence infinite miseries and calamities have proceeded to the minds, the bodies, and the fortunes of men, together with a late repentance; and this not only in each man's particular, but also in kingdoms and states; for wars, and tumults, and tyrannies, have all arisen from this same fountain, or box of Pandora.

It is worth observing, how beautifully and elegantly the fable has drawn two reigning characters in human life, and given two examples, or tabernacles of them, under the persons of Prometheus and Epimetheus. The followers of Epimetheus are improvi-

dent, see not far before them, and prefer such things as are agreeable for the present; whence they are oppressed with numerous straits, difficulties, and calamities, with which they almost continually struggle; but in the mean time gratify their own temper, and, for want of a better knowledge of things, feed their minds with many vain hopes; and as with so many pleasing dreams, delight themselves, and sweeten the miseries of life.

But the followers of Prometheus are the prudent, wary men, that look into futurity, and cautiously guard against, prevent, and undermine many calamities and misfortunes. But this watchful, provident temper, is attended with a deprivation of numerous pleasures, and the loss of various delights, whilst such men debar themselves the use even of innocent things, and what is still worse, rack and torture themselves with cares, fears, and disquiets; being bound fast to the pillar of necessity, and tormented with numberless thoughts (which for their swiftness are well compared to an eagle), that continually wound, tear, and gnaw their liver or mind, unless, perhaps, they find some small remission by intervals, or as it were at nights; but then new anxieties, dreads, and fears, soon return again, as it were in the morning. And, therefore, very few men, of either temper, have secured to themselves the advantages of providence, and kept clear of disquiets, troubles, and misfortunes.

Nor indeed can any man obtain this end without the assistance of Hercules; that is, of such fortitude and constancy of mind as stands prepared against every event, and remains indifferent to every change; looking forward without being daunted, enjoying the good without disdain, and enduring the bad without impatience. And it must be observed, that even Prometheus had not the power to free himself, but owed his deliverance to another; for no natural inbred force and fortitude could prove equal to such a task. The power of releasing him came from the utmost confines of the ocean, and from the sun; that is, from Apollo, or knowledge; and again, from a due consideration of the uncertainty, instability, and fluctuating state of human life, which is aptly represented by sailing the ocean. Accordingly, Virgil has prudently joined these two together, accounting him happy who knows the cause of things, and has conquered all his fears, apprehensions, and superstitions.*

It is added, with great elegance, for supporting and confirming the human mind, that the great hero who thus delivered him sailed the ocean in a cup, or pitcher, to prevent fear, or complaint; as if, through the narrowness of our nature, or a too great fragility thereof, we were absolutely incapable of that fortitude and constancy to which Seneca finely alludes, when he says, "It is a noble thing, at once to participate in the frailty of man and the security of a god."

We have hitherto, that we might not break the connection of things, designedly omitted the last crime of Prometheus—that of attempting the chastity of Minerva—which heinous offence it doubtless was, that caused the punishment of having his liver gnawed by the vulture. The meaning seems to be this,—that when men are puffed up with arts and knowledge, they often try to subdue even the divine wisdom and bring it under the dominion of sense and reason, whence inevitably follows a perpetual and restless rending and tearing of the mind. A sober and humble distinction must, therefore, be made betwixt divine and human things, and betwixt the oracles of sense and faith, unless mankind had rather

* "Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Quique metus omnes et innoxia fama
rubeat pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari."—
Georg. li. 490.

choose an heretical religion, and a fictitious and romantic philosophy.^d

The last particular in the fable is the Games of the Torch, instituted to Prometheus, which again relates to arts and sciences, as well as the invention of fire, for the commemoration and celebration whereof these games were held. And here we have an extremely prudent admonition, directing us to expect the perfection of the sciences from succession, and not from the swiftness and abilities of any single person; for he who is fleetest and strongest in the course may perhaps be less fit to keep his torch a-light, since there is danger of its going out from too rapid as well as from too slow a motion.^e But this kind of contest, with the torch, seems to have been long dropped and neglected; the sciences appearing to have flourished principally in their first authors, as Aristotle, Galen, Euclid, Ptolemy, etc.; whilst their successors have done very little, or scarce made any attempts. But it were highly to be wished that these games might be renewed, to the honor of Prometheus, or human nature, and that they might excite contest, emulation, and laudable endeavors, and the design meet with such success as not to hang tottering, tremulous, and hazarded, upon the torch of any single person. Mankind, therefore, should be admonished to rouse themselves, and try and exert their own strength and chance, and not place all their dependence upon a few men, whose abilities and capacities, perhaps, are not greater than their own.

These are the particulars which appear to us shadowed out by this trite and vulgar fable, though without denying that there may be contained in it several intimations that have a surprising correspondence with the Christian mysteries. In particular, the voyage of Hercules, made in a pitcher, to release Prometheus, bears an allusion to the word of God, coming in the frail vessel of the flesh to redeem mankind. But we indulge ourselves no such liberties as these, for fear of using strange fire at the altar of the Lord.

XXVII.—ICARUS AND SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS, OR THE MIDDLE WAY.

EXPLAINED OF MEDIOCRITY IN NATURAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

MEDIOCRITY, or the holding a middle course, has been highly extolled in morality, but little in matters of science, though no less useful and proper here; whilst in politics it is held suspected, and ought to be employed with judgment. The ancients described mediocrity in manners by the course prescribed to Icarus; and in matters of the understanding by the steering betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, on account of the great difficulty and danger in passing those straits.

Icarus, being to fly across the sea, was ordered by his father neither to soar too high nor fly too low, for, as his wings were fastened together with wax, there was danger of its melting by the sun's heat in too high a flight, and of its becoming less tenacious by the moisture if he kept too near the vapor of the sea. But he, with a juvenile confidence, soared aloft, and fell down headlong.

^d *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, sec. xxviii. and suppl. xv.

^e An allusion which, in Plato's writings, is applied to the rapid succession of generations, through which the continuity of human life is maintained from age to age; and which are perpetually transferring from hand to hand the concerns and duties of this fleeting scene.

Γενόμενοι τε καὶ ἐκτρέφοντες παῖδας, καθάπερ λαμπάδα τὸν βίον παραδιδόντες ἄλλους ἐξ ἄλλων. Plato, Leg. b. vi. Lucretius also has the same metaphor:—

"Et quasi cursores vitali lampada tradunt."

EXPLANATION.—The fable is vulgar, and easily interpreted; for the path of virtue lies straight between excess on the one side, and defect on the other. And no wonder that excess should prove the bane of Icarus, exulting in juvenile strength and vigor; for excess is the natural vice of youth, as defect is that of old age; and if a man must perish by either, Icarus chose the better of the two; for all defects are justly esteemed more depraved than excesses. There is some magnanimity in excess, that, like a bird, claims kindred with the heavens; but defect is a reptile, that basely crawls upon the earth. It was excellently said by Heraclitus, "A dry light makes the best soul; for if the soul contracts moisture from the earth, it perfectly degenerates and sinks. On the other hand moderation must be observed, to prevent this fine light from burning, by its too great subtilty and dryness. But these observations are common.

In matters of the understanding, it requires great skill and a particular felicity to steer clear of Scylla and Charybdis. If the ship strikes upon Scylla, it is dashed in pieces against the rocks; if upon Charybdis, it is swallowed outright. This allegory is pregnant with matter; but we shall only observe the force of it lies here, that a mean be observed in every doctrine and science, and in the rules and axioms thereof, between the rocks of distinctions and the whirlpools of universalities; for these two are the bane and shipwreck of fine geniuses and arts.

XXVIII.—SPHINX, OR SCIENCE.

EXPLAINED OF THE SCIENCES.

THEY relate that Sphinx was a monster, variously formed, having the face and voice of a virgin, the wings of a bird, and the talons of a griffin. She resided on the top of a mountain near the city Thebes, and also beset the highways. Her manner was to lie in ambush and seize the travellers, and having them in her power, to propose to them certain dark and perplexed riddles, which it was thought she received from the Muses, and if her wretched captives could not solve and interpret these riddles, she with great cruelty fell upon them, in their hesitation and confusion, and tore them to pieces. This plague having reigned a long time, the Thebans at length offered their kingdom to the man who could interpret her riddles, there being no other way to subdue her. Œdipus, a penetrating and prudent man, though lame in his feet, excited by so great a reward, accepted the condition, and with a good assurance of mind, cheerfully presented himself before the monster, who directly asked him, "what creature that was, which being born four-footed, afterwards became two-footed, then three-footed, and lastly four-footed again?" Œdipus, with presence of mind replied it was man, who, upon his first birth and infant state, crawled upon all fours in endeavoring to walk; but not long after went upright upon his two natural feet; again, in old age walked three-footed, with a stick; and at last, growing decrepit, lay four-footed confined to his bed; and having by this exact solution obtained the victory, he slew the monster, and laying the carcass upon an ass, led her away in triumph; and upon this he was, according to the agreement, made king of Thebes.

EXPLANATION.—This is an elegant, instructive fable, and seems invented to represent science, especially as joined with practice. For science, may without absurdity, be called a monster, being strangely gazed at and admired by the ignorant and unskilful. Her figure and form is various, by reason of the vast variety of subjects that science considers; her voice

and countenance are represented female, by reason of her gay appearance and volubility of speech; wings are added, because the sciences and their inventions run and fly about in a moment, for knowledge, like light communicated from one torch to another, is presently caught and copiously diffused; sharp and hooked talons are elegantly attributed to her, because the axioms and arguments of science enter the mind, lay hold of it, fix it down, and keep it from moving or slipping away. This the sacred philosopher observed, when he said, "The words of the wise are like goads or nails driven far in." Again, all science seems placed on high, as it were on the tops of mountains that are hard to climb; for science is justly imagined a sublime and lofty thing, looking down upon ignorance from an eminence, and at the same time taking an extensive view on all sides, as is usual on the tops of mountains. Science is said to beset the highways, because through all the journey and peregrination of human life there is matter and occasion offered of contemplation.

Sphinx is said to propose various difficult questions and riddles to men, which she received from the Muses; and these questions, so long as they remain with the Muses, may very well be unaccompanied with severity, for while there is no other end of contemplation and inquiry but that of knowledge alone, the understanding is not oppressed, or driven to straits and difficulties, but expatiates and ranges at large, and even receives a degree of pleasure from doubt and variety; but after the Muses have given over their riddles to Sphinx, that is, to practice, which urges and impels to action, choice, and determination, then it is that they become torturing, severe, and trying, and, unless solved and interpreted, strangely perplex and harass the human mind, rend it every way, and perfectly tear it to pieces. All the riddles of Sphinx, therefore, have two conditions annexed, viz., dilaceration to those who do not solve them, and empire to those that do. For he who understands the thing proposed obtains his end, and every artifices rules over his work.^b

Sphinx has no more than two kinds of riddles, one relating to the nature of things, the other to the nature of man; and correspondent to these, the prizes of the solution are two kinds of empire,—the empire over nature, and the empire over man. For the true and ultimate end of natural philosophy is dominion over natural things, natural bodies, remedies, machines, and numberless other particulars, though the schools, contented with what spontaneously offers, and swollen with their own discourses, neglect, and in a manner despise, both things and works.

But the riddle proposed to Œdipus, the solution whereof acquired him the Theban kingdom, regarded the nature of man; for he who has thoroughly looked into and examined human nature, may in a manner command his own fortune, and seems born to acquire dominion and rule. Accordingly, Virgil properly makes the arts of government to be the arts of the Romans.^c It was, therefore, extremely opposite in Augustus Cæsar to use the image of Sphinx in his signet, whether this happened by accident or by design; for he of all men was deeply versed in politics, and through the course of his life very happily solved abundance of new riddles with regard to the nature of man; and unless he had done this with great dexterity and ready address, he would frequently have

^a Eccles. xii. 11.

^b This is what the author so frequently inculcates in the *Novum Organum*, viz., that knowledge and power are reciprocal; so that to improve in knowledge is to improve in the power of commanding nature, by introducing new arts, and producing works and effects.

^c "Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento: Hæc tibi erunt artes."—Æn. vi. 861.

been involved in imminent danger, if not destruction. It is with the utmost elegance added in the fable, that when Sphinx was conquered, her carcass was laid upon an ass; for there is nothing so subtle and abstruse, but after being once made plain, intelligible, and common, it may be received by the slowest capacity.

We must not omit that Sphinx was conquered by a lame man, and impotent in his feet; for men usually make too much haste to the solution of Sphinx's riddles; whence it happens, that she prevailing, their minds are rather racked and torn by disputes, than invested with command by works and effects.

XXIX.—PROSERPINE, OR SPIRIT.

EXPLAINED OF THE SPIRIT INCLUDED IN NATURAL BODIES.

THEY tell us, Pluto having, upon that memorable division of empire among the gods, received the infernal regions for his share, despaired of winning any one of the goddesses in marriage by an obsequious courtship, and therefore through necessity resolved upon a rape. Having watched his opportunity, he suddenly seized upon Proserpine, a most beautiful virgin, the daughter of Ceres, as she was gathering narcissus flowers in the meads of Sicily, and hurrying her to his chariot, carried her with him to the subterranean regions, where she was treated with the highest reverence, and styled the Lady of Dis. But Ceres missing her only daughter, whom she extremely loved, grew pensive and anxious beyond measure, and taking a lighted torch in her hand, wandered the world over in quest of her daughter,—but all to no purpose, till, suspecting she might be carried to the infernal regions, she, with great lamentation and abundance of tears, importuned Jupiter to restore her; and with much ado prevailed so far as to recover and bring her away, if she had tasted nothing there. This proved a hard condition upon the mother, for Proserpine was found, to have eaten three kernels of a pomegranate. Ceres, however, desisted not, but fell to her entreaties and lamentations afresh, insomuch that at last it was indulged her that Proserpine should divide the year betwixt her husband and her mother, and live six months with the one and as many with the other. After this, Theseus and Perithus, with uncommon audacity, attempted to force Proserpine away from Pluto's bed, but happening to grow tired in their journey, and resting themselves upon a stone in the realms below, they could never rise from it again, but remain sitting there for ever. Proserpine, therefore, still continued queen of the lower regions, in honor of whom there was also added this grand privilege, that though it had never been permitted any one to return after having once descended thither, a particular exception was made, that he who brought a golden bough as a present to Proserpine, might on that condition descend and return. This was an only bough that grew in a large dark grove, not from a tree of its own, but like the mistletoe, from another, and when plucked away a fresh one always shot up in its stead.

EXPLANATION.—This fable seems to regard natural philosophy, and searches deep into that rich and fruitful virtue and supply in subterraneous bodies, from whence all the things upon the earth's surface spring, and into which they again relapse and return. By Proserpine the ancients denoted that ethereal spirit shut up and detained within the earth, here represented by Pluto,—the spirit being separated from the superior globe, according to the expression of the poet.* This spirit is conceived as ravished, or

* "Sive recens tellus, seductaque nuper ab alta
Æthere, cognati retinebat semina cœli."—Mentam l. 80.

snatched up by the earth, because it can no way be detained, when it has time and opportunity to fly off, but is only wrought together and fixed by sudden intermixture and comminution, in the same manner as if one should endeavor to mix air with water, which cannot otherwise be done than by a quick and rapid agitation, that joins them together in froth whilst the air is thus caught up by the water. And it is elegantly added, that Proserpine was ravished whilst she gathered narcissus flowers, which have their name from numbedness or stupefaction; for the spirit we speak of is in the fittest disposition to be embraced by terrestrial matter when it begins to coagulate, or grow torpid as it were.

It is an honor justly attributed to Proserpine, and not to any other wife of the gods, that of being the lady or mistress of her husband, because this spirit performs all its operations in the subterranean regions, whilst Pluto, or the earth, remains stupid, or as it were ignorant of them.

The æther, or the efficacy of the heavenly bodies, denoted by Ceres, endeavors with infinite diligence to force out this spirit, and restore it to its pristine state. And by the torch in the hand of Ceres, or the æther, is doubtless meant the sun, which disperses light over the whole globe of the earth, and if the thing were possible, must have the greatest share in recovering Proserpine, of reinstating the subterranean spirit. Yet Proserpine still continues and dwells below, after the manner excellently described in the condition betwixt Jupiter and Ceres. For first, it is certain that there are two ways of detaining the spirit, in solid and terrestrial matter,—the one by condensation or obstruction, which is mere violence and imprisonment; the other by administering a proper aliment, which is spontaneous and free. For after the included spirit begins to feed and nourish itself, it is not in a hurry to fly off, but remains as it were fixed in its own earth. And this is the moral of Proserpine's tasting the pomegranate; and were it not for this she must long ago have been carried up by Ceres, who with her torch wandered the world over, and so the earth have been left without its spirit. For though the spirit in metals and minerals may perhaps be, after a particular manner, wrought in by the solidity of the mass, yet the spirit of vegetables and animals has open passages to escape at, unless it be willingly detained, in the way of sipping and tasting them.

The second article of agreement, that of Proserpine's remaining six months with her mother and six with her husband, is an elegant description of the division of the year; for the spirit diffused through the earth lives above-ground in the vegetable world during the summer months, but in the winter returns under-ground again.

The attempt of Theseus and Perithous to bring Proserpine away, denotes that the more subtle spirits, which descend in many bodies to the earth, may frequently be unable to drink in, unite with themselves, and carry off the subterraneous spirit, but on the contrary be coagulated by it, and rise no more, so as to increase the inhabitants and add to the dominion of Proserpine.^b

The alchemists will be apt to fall in with our interpretation of the golden bough, whether we will or no, because they promise golden mountains, and the restoration of natural bodies from their stone, as from the gates of Pluto: but we are well assured that their theory has no just foundation, and suspect they have

^b Many philosophers have certain speculations to this purpose. Sir Isaac Newton, in particular, suspects that the earth receives its vivifying spirit from the comets. And the philosophical chemists and astrologers have spun the thought into many fantastical distinctions and varieties. See Newton, Princip. lib. iii. p. 473, etc.

no very encouraging or practical proofs of its soundness. Leaving, therefore, their conceits to themselves, we shall freely declare our own sentiments upon this last part of the fable. We are certain, from numerous figures and expressions of the ancients, that they judged the conversation, and in some degree the renovation, of natural bodies to be no desperate or impossible thing, but rather abstruse and out of the common road than wholly impracticable. And this seems to be their opinion in the present case, as they have placed this bough among an infinite number of shrubs, in a spacious and thick wood. They supposed it of gold, because gold is the emblem of duration. They feigned it adventitious, not native, because such an effect is to be expected from art, and not from any medicine or any simple or mere natural way of working.

XXX.—METIS, OR COUNSEL.

EXPLAINED OF PRINCES AND THEIR COUNCIL.

THE ancient poets relate that Jupiter took Metis to wife, whose name plainly denotes counsel, and that he, perceiving that she was pregnant by him, would by no means wait the time of her delivery, but directly devoured her; whence himself also became pregnant, and was delivered in a wonderful manner; for he from his head or brain brought forth Pallas armed.

EXPLANATION.—This fable, which in its literal sense appears monstrously absurd, seems to contain a state secret, and shows with what art kings usually carry themselves towards their council, in order to preserve their own authority and majesty not only inviolate, but so as to have it magnified and heightened among the people. For kings commonly link themselves as it were in a nuptial bond to their council, and deliberate and communicate with them after a prudent and laudable custom upon matters of the greatest importance, at the same time justly conceiving this no diminution of their majesty; but when the matter once ripens to a decree or order, which is a kind of birth, the king then suffers the council to go on no further, lest the act should seem to depend upon their pleasure. Now, therefore, the king usually assumes to himself whatever was wrought, elaborated, or formed, as it were, in the womb of the council (unless it be a matter of an invidious nature which he is sure to put from him), so that the decree and the execution shall seem to flow from himself. And as this decree or execution proceeds with prudence and power, so as to imply necessity, it is elegantly wrapt up under the figure of Pallas armed.

Nor are kings content to have this seem the effect of their own authority, free will, and uncontrollable choice, unless they also take the whole honor to themselves, and make the people imagine that all good and wholesome decrees proceed entirely from their own head, that is, their own sole prudence and judgment.

XXXI.—THE SIRENS, OR PLEASURES.

EXPLAINED OF MEN'S PASSION FOR PLEASURES.

INTRODUCTION.—The fable of the Sirens is, in a vulgar sense, justly enough explained of the pernicious incentives to pleasure; but the ancient mythology seems to us like a vintage ill-pressed and trod; for though something has been drawn from it, yet all the more excellent parts remain behind in the grapes that are untouched.

This policy strikingly characterized the conduct of Louis XIV., who placed his generals under a particular injunction, to advertise him of the success of any siege likely to be crowned with an immediate triumph, that he might attend in person and appear to take the town by a *coup de main*.

FABLE.—The Sirens are said to be the daughters of Achelous and Terpsichore, one of the Muses. In their early days they had wings, but lost them upon being conquered by the Muses, with whom they rashly contended; and with the feathers of these wings the Muses made themselves crowns, so that from this time the Muses wore wings on their heads, excepting only the mother to the Sirens.

These Sirens resided in certain pleasant islands, and when, from their watch-tower, they saw any ship approaching, they first detained the sailors by their music, then, enticing them to shore, destroyed them.

Their singing was not of one and the same kind, but they adapted their tunes exactly to the nature of each person, in order to captivate and secure him. And so destructive had they been, that these islands of the Sirens appeared, to a very great distance, white with the bones of their unburied captives.

Two different remedies were invented to protect persons against them, the one by Ulysses, the other by Orpheus. Ulysses commanded his associates to stop their ears close with wax; and he, determining to make the trial, and yet avoid the danger, ordered himself to be tied fast to a mast of the ship, giving strict charge not to be unbound, even though himself should entreat it; but Orpheus, without any binding at all, escaped the danger, by loudly chanting to his harp the praises of the gods, whereby he drowned the voices of the Sirens.

EXPLANATION.—This fable is of the moral kind and appears no less elegant than easy to interpret. For pleasures proceed from plenty and affluence, attended with activity or exultation of the mind. Anciently their first incentives were quick, and seized upon men as if they had been winged, but learning and philosophy afterwards prevailing, had at least the power to lay the mind under some restraint, and make it consider the issue of things, and thus deprived pleasures of their wings.

This conquest redounded greatly to the honor and ornament of the Muses; for after it appeared, by the example of a few, that philosophy could introduce a contempt of pleasures, it immediately seemed to be a sublime thing that could raise and elevate the soul, fixed in a manner down to the earth, and thus render men's thoughts, which reside in the head, winged as it were, or sublime.

Only the mother of the Sirens was not thus plumed on the head, which doubtless denotes superficial learning, invented and used for delight and levity; an eminent example whereof we have in Petronius, who, after receiving sentence of death, still continued his gay frothy humor, and, as Tacitus observes, used his learning to solace or divert himself, and instead of such discourses as give firmness and constancy of mind, read nothing but loose poems and verses. Such learning as this seems to pluck the crowns again from the Muses' heads, and restore them to the Sirens.

The Sirens are said to inhabit certain islands, because pleasures generally seek retirement, and often shun society. And for their songs, with the manifold artifice and destructiveness thereof, this is too obvious and common to need explanation. But that particular of the bones stretching like white cliffs along the shores, and appearing afar off, contains a more subtle allegory, and denotes that the examples of others

* The one denoted by the river Achelous, and the other by Terpsichore, the muse that invented the cithara and delighted in dancing.

b "Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus;
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius estimemus assis."—Catull. Eleg. v.

And again—
"Jura senes norint, et quod sit fasque nefasque
Inquirant tristes; legumque examina servant."

—Metam. ix. 589.

calamity and misfortunes, though ever so manifest and apparent, have yet but little force to deter the corrupt nature of man from pleasures.

The allegory of the remedies against the Sirens is not difficult, but very wise and noble: it proposes, in effect, three remedies, as well against subtle as violent mischiefs, two drawn from philosophy and one from religion.

The first means of escaping is to resist the earliest temptation in the beginning, and diligently avoid and cut off all occasions that may solicit or sway the mind; and this is well represented by shutting up the ears, a kind of remedy to be necessarily used with mean and vulgar minds, such as the retinue of Ulysses.

But nobler spirits may converse, even in the midst of pleasures, if the mind be well guarded with constancy and resolution. And thus some delight to make a severe trial of their own virtue, and thoroughly acquaint themselves with the folly and mad-

ness of pleasures, without complying or being wholly given up to them; which is what Solomon professes of himself when he closes the account of all the numerous pleasures he gave a loose to, with this expression, "But wisdom still continued with me." Such heroes in virtue may, therefore, remain unmoved by the greatest incentives to pleasure, and stop themselves on the very precipice of danger; if, according to the example of Ulysses, they turn a deaf ear to pernicious counsel, and the flatteries of their friends and companions, which have the greatest power to shake and unsettle the mind.

But the most excellent remedy, in every temptation, is that of Orpheus, who, by loudly chanting and resounding the praises of the gods, confounded the voices, and kept himself from hearing the music of the Sirens for divine contemplations exceed the pleasures of sense, not only in power but also in sweetness.

ORNAMENTA RATIONALIA:

OR

ELEGANT SENTENCES.

ALEATOR, quanto in arte est melior, tanto est nequior—A gamester, the greater master he is in his art, the worse man he is.

Arcum, intensio frangit; animum, remissio—Much bending breaks the bow; much unbending, the mind.

Bis vincit, qui se vincit in victorio—He conquers twice, who restrains himself in victory.

Cum vitia prosint, peccat qui recte facit—If vices were profitable, the virtuous man would be the sinner.

Bene dormit, qui non sentit quod male dormiat—He sleeps well, who is not conscious that he sleeps ill.

Deliberare utilia, mora est tutissima—To deliberate about useful things is the safest delay.

Dolor decrescit, ubi quo crescat non habet—The flood of grief decreaseth, when it can swell no higher.

Etiā innocentes cogit mentiri dolor—Pain makes even the innocent man a liar.

Etiā celeritas in desiderio, mora est—In desire, swiftness itself is delay.

Etiā capillus unus habet umbram suam—Even a single hair casts a shadow.

Fidem qui perdit, quo se servat in reliquum?—He that has lost his faith, what staff has he left?

Formosa facies muta commendatio est—A beautiful face is a silent commendation.

Fortuna nimium quem fovet, stultum facit—Fortune makes him fool, whom she makes her darling.

Fortuna obesse nulli contenta est semel—Fortune is not content to do a man one ill turn.

Facit gratum fortuna, quem nemo videt—The fortune which nobody sees makes a man happy and unenvied.

Heu! quam miserum est ab illo lœdi, de quo non possis queri—O! what a miserable thing it is to be injured by those of whom we cannot complain.

Homo toties moritur quoties amittit suos—A man dies as often as he loses his friends.

Hæredis fletus sub persona risus est—The tears of an heir are laughter under a mask.

Jucundum nihil est, nisi quod reficit varietas—Nothing is pleasant which is not spiced with variety.

Invidiam ferre, aut fortis, aux felix potest—He may be envied, who is either courageous or happy.

In malis sperare bonum, nisi innocens, nemo potest—In adversity, only the virtuous can entertain hope.

In vindicando, criminosa est celeritas—In revenge, haste is criminal.

In calamitoso risus etiam injuria est—In misfortune, even to smile is to offend.

Improbe Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit—He accuseth Neptune unjustly, who incurs shipwreck a second time.

Multis nimatur, qui uni facit injuriam—He that injures one, threatens many.

Mora omnis ingrata est, sed facit sapientiam—All delay is unpleasant, but we are the wiser for it.

Mori est felix antequam mortem invocet—Happy he who dies ere he calls on death.

Malus ubi bonum se simulat, tunc est pessimus—A bad man is worse when he pretends to be a saint.

Magno cum periculo custoditur, quod multis placet—Lock and key will scarce keep that secure which pleases everybody.

Male vivunt qui se semper victuros putant—They live ill, who think to live for ever.

Male secum agit æger, medicum qui hæredem facit—That sick man does ill for himself, who makes his physician his heir.

Multos timere debet, quem multi timent—He of whom many are afraid, ought himself to fear many.

Nulla tam bona est fortuna, de qua nil possis querere—There's no fortune so good, but it has its alloy.

Pars beneficii est quod petitur, si bene neges—That is half granted which is denied graciously.

Timidus vocat se cautum, parcum sordidus—The coward calls himself a cautious man; and the miser says, he is frugal.

O vita! misero longa, felici brevis—O life! an age to the miserable, a moment to the happy.

The following are sentences extracted from the writings of Lord Bacon:—

It is a strange desire which men have, to seek power and lose liberty.

Children increase the cares of life: but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

Round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it debaseth it.

Death openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more a man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out.

He that studieth revenge, keepeth his own wounds green.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished; but the good things which belong to adversity are to be admired.

He that cannot see well, let him go softly.

If a man be thought secret, it inviteth discovery; as the more close air sucketh in the more open.

Keep your authority wholly from your children, not so your purse.

Men of noble birth are noted to be envious towards new men when they rise. For the distance is altered; and it is like a deceit of the eye, that when others come on, they think themselves go back.

As in nature things move more violently to their place, and calmly in their place: so virtue in ambition is violent; in authority, settled and calm.

Boldness in civil business, is like pronounciation in the orator of Demosthenes; the first, second, and third thing.

Boldness is blind: whereof 'tis ill in counsel, but good in execution. For in counsel it is good to see dangers, in execution not to see them, except they be very great.

Without good nature, man is but a better kind of vermin.

God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it.

The great atheists indeed are hypocrites, who are always handling holy things, but without feeling, so as they must need be cauterized in the end.

The master of superstition is the people. And in all superstition, wise men follow fools.

In removing superstitions, care should be had, that (as it fareth in ill purgings) the good be not taken away with the bad; which commonly is done, when the people is the physician.

He that goeth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel.

It is a miserable state of mind (and yet it is commonly the case of kings) to have few things to desire, and many to fear.

Depression of the nobility may make a king more absolute, but less safe.

All precepts concerning kings are, in effect, comprehended in these remembrances: Remember thou

art a man; remember thou art God's vicegerent. The one bridleth their power, and the other their will.

Things will have their first or second agitation. If they be not tossed upon the arguments of counsel, they will be tossed upon the waves of fortune.

The true composition of a counsellor, is rather to be skilled in his master's business than his nature; for then he is like to advise him, and not to feed his humor.

Fortune sometimes turneth the handle of the bottle, which is easy to be taken hold of; and after the belly, which is hard to grasp.

Generally it is good to commit the beginning of all great actions to Argus with an hundred eyes; and the ends of them to Briareus with an hundred hands; first to watch and then to speed.

There is a great difference betwixt a cunning man and a wise man. There be that can pack the cards, who yet can't play well; they are good in canvasses and factions, and yet otherwise mean men.

Extreme self-lovers will set a man's house on fire, though it were but to roast their eggs.

New things, like strangers, are more admired and less favored.

It were good that men, in their innovations, would follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived.

They that reverence too much old time, are but a scorn to the new.

The Spaniards and Spartans have been noted to be of small despatch. *Mi venga la muerte de Spagna*—Let my death come from Spain; for then it will be sure to be long a-coming.

You had better take for business a man somewhat absurd, than over-formal.

Those who want friends to whom to open their griefs, are cannibals of their own hearts.

Number itself importeth not much in armies, where the people are of weak courage; for (as Virgil says) it never troubles a wolf how many the sheep be.

Let states, that aim at greatness, take heed how their nobility and gentry multiply too fast. In coppice woods, if you leave your staddles too thick, you shall never have clean underwood, but shrubs and bushes.

A civil war is like the heat of a fever; but a foreign war is like the heat of exercise, and serveth to keep the body in health.

Suspicious among thoughts are like bats among birds, they ever fly by twilight.

Base natures, if they find themselves once suspected, will never be true.

Men ought to find the difference between saltiness and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

Men seem neither well to understand their riches, nor their strength; of the former they believe greater things than they should and of the latter much less. And from hence fatal pillars have bounded the progress of learning.

Riches are the baggage of virtue; they cannot be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march.

Great riches have sold more men than ever they have bought out.

He that defers his charity till he is dead, is (if a

man weighs it rightly) rather liberal of another man's, than of his own.

Ambition is like choler; if he can move, it makes men active; if it be stopped, it becomes adust, and makes men melancholy.

To take a soldier without ambition, is to pull off his spurs.

Some ambitious men seem as screens to princes in matters of danger and envy. For no man will take such parts, except he be like the seel'd dove, that mounts and mounts, because he cannot see about him.

Princes and states should choose such ministers as are more sensible of duty than rising; and should discern a busy nature from a willing mind.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

If a man look sharp and attentively, he shall see fortune; for though she be blind, she is not invisible.

Usury bringeth the treasure of the realm or state into a few hands: for the usurer being at certainties, and the others at uncertainties; at the end of the game most of the money will be in the box.

Beauty is best in a body that hath rather dignity of presence, than beauty of aspect. The beautiful prove accomplished, but not of great spirit; and staid, for the most part, rather behavior than virtue.

The best part of beauty, is that which a picture cannot express.

He who builds a fair house upon an ill seat, commits himself to prison.

If you would work on any man, you must either know his nature and fashions, and so lead him; or his ends, and so persuade him, or his weaknesses and disadvantages, and so awe him: or those that have interested in him, and so govern him.

Costly followers (among whom we may reckon those who are importunate in suits) are not to be liked; lest while a man maketh his train longer, he maketh his wings shorter.

Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid.

Seneca saith well, that anger is like rain, that breaks itself upon that it falls.

Excusations, cessions, modesty itself well governed, are but arts of ostentation.

High treason is not written in ice; that when the body relenteth, the impression should go away.

The best governments are always subject to be like the fairest crystals, when every icicle or grain is seen, which in a fouler stone is never perceived.

In great place ask counsel of both times: of the ancient time what is best, and of the latter time what is fittest.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance, of adversity fortitude, which in morals is the more heroic virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity the blessing of the New which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor.

SHORT NOTES FOR CIVIL CONVERSATION.

To deceive men's expectations generally (with caution,) argueth a staid mind, and unexpected constancy; viz., in matters of fear, anger, sudden joy or grief, and all things which may affect or alter the mind in public or sudden accidents, or such like.

It is necessary to use a steadfast countenance, not waving with action, as in moving the head or hand too much, which sheweth a fantastical light and fickle operation of the spirit, and consequently like mind as gesture: only it is sufficient, with leisure, to use a modest action in either.

In all kinds of speech, either pleasant, grave, severe, or ordinary, it is convenient to speak leisurely, and rather drawingly, than hastily; because hasty speech confounds the memory, and oftentimes (besides unseemliness) drives a man either to a nonplus or unseemly stammering, harping upon that which should follow; whereas a slow speech confirmeth the memory, addeth a conceit of wisdom to the hearers, besides a seemliness of speech and countenance.

To desire in discourse to hold all arguments, is ridiculous, wanting true judgment; for in all things no man can be exquisite.

To have common-places to discourse, and to want variety, is both tedious to the hearers, and shows a shallowness of conceit; therefore it is good to vary, and suit speeches with the present occasions; and to have a moderation in all our speeches, especially in jesting of religion, state, great persons, weighty and important business, poverty, or anything deserving pity.

To use many circumstances, ere you come to matter, is wearisome: and to use none at all, is but blunt.

Bashfulness is a great hinderance to a man, both of uttering his conceit, and understanding what is propounded unto him; wherefore, it is good to press himself forwards with discretion, both in speech, and company of the better sort.

Usus promptos facit.

THE END.

LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

DEDICATION TO THE ENGLISH NATION.

I dedicate to you a collection of letters, written by one of yourselves, for the common benefit of us all. They would never have grown to this size without your continued encouragement and applause. To me they originally owe nothing but a healthy, sanguine constitution. Under your care they have thriven: to you they are indebted for whatsoever strength or beauty they possess. When kings and ministers are forgotten, when the force and direction of personal satire is no longer understood, and when measures are only felt in their remotest consequences; this book will, I believe, be found to contain principles worthy to be transmitted to posterity. When you leave the unimpaired hereditary freehold to your children, you do but half your duty. Both liberty and property are precarious, unless the possessors have sense and spirit enough to defend them. This is not the language of vanity. If I am a vain man, my gratification lies within a narrow circle. I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me.

If an honest, and, I may truly affirm, a laborious zeal for the public service, has given me any weight in your esteem, let me exhort and conjure you, never to suffer an invasion of your political constitution, however minute the instance may appear, to pass by, without a determined persevering resistance. One precedent creates another. They soon accumulate, and constitute law. What yesterday was fact, to-day is doctrine. Examples are supposed to justify the most dangerous measures: and where they do not suit exactly, the defect is supplied by analogy. Be assured, that the laws, which protect us in our civil rights, grow out of the constitution, and they must fall or flourish with it. This is not the cause of faction, or of party, or of any individual, but the common interest of every man in Britain. Although the king should continue to support his present system of Government, the period is not very distant at which you will have the means of redress in your own power; it may be nearer, perhaps, than any of us expect; and I would warn you to be prepared for it. The king may possibly be advised to dissolve the present parliament a year or two before it expires of course, and precipitate a new election, in hopes of taking the nation by surprise. If such a measure be in agitation, this very caution may defeat or prevent it.

I can not doubt that you will unanimously assert the freedom of election, and vindicate your exclusive right to choose your representatives. But other questions have been started, on which your determination should be equally clear and unanimous. Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman; and that the right of juries to return a general verdict, in all cases whatsoever, is an essential part of our constitution, not to be controlled or limited by the judges, nor in any shape questionable by the legislature. The power of king, lords, and commons, is not an arbitrary power: they are the trustees, not the owners, of the estate. The fee-simple is in us: they cannot alienate, they cannot waste. When we say that the legislature is supreme, we mean, that it is the highest power known to the constitution: that it is the highest, in comparison with the other subordinate powers, established by the laws. In this sense, the word supreme is relative, not absolute. The power of the legislature is limited, not only by the general rules or natural justice, and the welfare of the community, but by the forms and principles of our particular constitution. If this doctrine be not true, we must admit that kings, lords, and commons, have no rule to direct their resolutions, but merely their own will and pleasure: they might unite the legislative and executive power in the same hands, and dissolve the constitution by an act of parliament. But I am persuaded you will not leave it to the choice of seven hundred persons, notoriously corrupted by the crown, whether seven millions of their equals shall be free men

or slaves. The certainty of forfeiting their own rights, when they sacrifice those of the nation, is no check to a brutal, degenerate mind. Without insisting upon the extravagant concession made to Harry the Eighth, there are instances, in the history of other countries, of a formal, deliberate surrender of the public liberty into the hands of the sovereign. If England does not share the same fate, it is because we have better resources than in the virtue of either house of parliament.

I said, that the liberty of the press is the palladium of your rights, and that the right of the juries to return a general verdict, is part of your constitution. To preserve the whole system, you must correct your legislature. With regard to any influence of the constituent over the conduct of the representative, there is little difference between a seat in parliament for seven years and a seat for life. The prospect of your resentment is too remote; and, although the last session of a septennial parliament be usually employed in courting the favor of the people; consider, that at this rate, your representatives have six years for offense, and but one for atonement. A death-bed repentance seldom reaches to restitution. If you reflect, that in the changes of administration which have marked and disgraced the present reign, although your warmest patriots have, in their turn, been invested with the lawful and unlawful authority of the crown, and though other reliefs or improvements have been held forth to the people, yet that no one man in office has ever promoted or encouraged a bill for shortening the duration of parliaments, but that (whoever was minister) the opposition to this measure, ever since the septennial act passed, has been constant and uniform on the part of government—you cannot but conclude, without the possibility of a doubt, that long parliaments are the foundation of the undue influence of the crown. This influence answers every purpose of arbitrary power to the crown, with an expense and oppression to the people, which would be unnecessary in an arbitrary government. The best of our ministers find it the easiest and most compendious mode of conducting the king's affairs; and all ministers have a general interest in adhering to a system, which, of itself, is sufficient to support them in office, without any assistance from personal virtue, popularity, labor, abilities, or experience. It promises every gratification to avarice and ambition, and secures impunity. These are truths unquestionable; if they make no impression, it is because they are too vulgar and notorious. But the inattention or indifference of the nation has continued too long. You are roused at last to a sense of your danger: the remedy will soon be in your power. If Junius lives, you shall often be reminded of it. If, when the opportunity presents itself, you neglect to do your duty to yourselves and to posterity, to God and to your country, I shall have one consolation left, in common with the meanest and basest of mankind: Civil liberty may still last the life of JUNIUS.

* The positive denial of an arbitrary power being vested in the legislature, is not, in fact, a new doctrine. When the earl of Lindsay, in the year 1675, brought in a bill into the house of lords, "To prevent the dangers which might arise from persons disaffected to government," by which an oath and penalty was to be imposed upon the members of both houses; it was affirmed, in a protest, signed by twenty-three lay peers, (my lords the bishops were not accustomed to protest.) "That the privilege of sitting and voting in parliament was an honor they had by birth, and a right so inherent in them, and inseparable from them, that nothing could take it away, but what, by the law of the land, must withal take away their lives, and corrupt their blood." These noble peers, whose names are a reproach to their posterity, have, in this instance, solemnly denied the power of parliament to alter the constitution. Under a particular proposition, they have asserted a general truth, in which every man in England is concerned.

PREFACE.

The encouragement given to a multitude of spurious, mangled publications of the "Letters of Junius," persuades me, that a complete edition, corrected and improved by the author, will be favorably received. The printer will readily acquit me of any view to my own profit. I undertake this troublesome task merely to serve a man who has deserved well of me and of the public; and who, on my account, has been exposed to an expensive, tyrannical prosecution. For these reasons, I give to Mr. Henry Sampson Woodfall, and to him alone, my right, interest, and property, in these letters, as fully and completely, to all intents and purposes, as an author can possibly convey his property in his own works to another.

This edition contains all the letters of Junius, Philo Junius, and of Sir William Draper and Mr. Horne to Junius, with their respective dates, and according to the order in which they appeared in the Public Advertiser. The auxiliary part of Philo Junius was indispensably necessary to defend or explain particular passages in Junius, in answer to plausible objections; but the subordinate character is never guilty of the indecorum of praising his principal. The fraud was innocent, and I always intended to explain it. The notes will be found not only useful but necessary. References to facts not generally known or allusions to the current report or opinion of the day, are, in a little time, unintelligible: yet the reader will not find himself overloaded with explanations: I was not born to be a commentator, even upon my own works.

It remains to say a few words upon the liberty of the press. The daring spirit by which these letters are supposed to be distinguished, seems to require that something serious should be said in their defense. I am no lawyer by profession, nor do I pretend to be more deeply read than every English gentleman should be, in the laws of his country. If, therefore, the principles I maintain are truly constitutional, I shall not think myself answered, though I should be convicted of a mistake in terms, or misapplying the language of the law. I speak to the plain understanding of the people, and appeal to their honest, liberal construction of me.

Good men, to whom alone I address myself, appear to me to consult their piety as little as their judgment and experience, when they admit the great and essential advantages accruing to society from the freedom of the press, yet indulge themselves in peevish or passionate exclamations against the abuses of it. Betraying an unreasonable expectation of benefits, pure and entire from any human institution, they, in effect, arraign the goodness of Providence, and confess that they are dissatisfied with the common lot of humanity. In the present instance, they really create to their own minds, or greatly exaggerate the evil they complain of. The laws of England provide as effectually as any human laws can do for the protection of the subject, in his reputation, as well as in his person and property. If the characters of private men are insulted or injured, a double remedy is opened to them by action and indictment: if, through indolence, false shame, or indifference, they will not appeal to the laws of their country, they fail in their duty to society, and are unjust to themselves: if, from an unwarrantable distrust of the integrity of juries, they would wish to obtain justice by any mode of proceeding more summary than a trial by their peers, I do not scruple to affirm, that they are in effect, greater enemies to themselves than to the libeller they prosecute.

With regard to strictures upon the characters of men in office, and the measures of government, the case is a little different. A considerable latitude must be allowed in the discussion of public affairs, or the liberty of the press will be of no benefit to society. As the indulgence of private malice and personal slander should be checked and restrained by every legal means, so a constant examination into the characters and conduct of ministers and magistrates should be equally promoted and encouraged. They who conceive that our newspapers are no restraint upon bad men, or impediment to the execution of bad measures, know nothing of this country. In that state of abandoned servility and prostitution, to which the undue influence of the crown has reduced the other branches of the legislature, our ministers and magistrates have, in reality, little punishment to fear, and few difficulties to contend with beyond the censure of the press, and the spirit of resistance which it excites among the people. While this censorial power is maintained, (to speak in the words

of a most ingenious foreigner) both minister and magistrate are compelled in almost every instance to choose between his duty and his reputation. A dilemma of this kind perpetually before him, will not, indeed, work a miracle on his heart, but it will assuredly operate, in some degree, upon his conduct. At all events, these are not times to admit of any relaxation in the little discipline we have left.

But it is alleged, that the licentiousness of the press is carried beyond all bounds of decency and truth; that our excellent ministers are continually exposed to the public hatred or derision; that in prosecutions for libels of government, juries are partial to the popular side: and that in the most flagrant cases, a verdict cannot be obtained for the king. If the premises were admitted, I should deny the conclusion. It is not true that the temper of the times has in general an undue influence over the conduct of juries: on the contrary, many signal instances may be produced of verdicts returned for the king, when the inclinations of the people led strongly to an undistinguished opposition to government. Witness the cases of Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Almon. In the late prosecution of the printers of my address to a great personage, the juries were never fairly dealt with. Lord chief justice Mansfield, conscious that the paper in question contained no treasonable or libellous matter, and that the severest parts of it, however painful to the king or offensive to his servants, were strictly true, would fain have restricted the jury to the finding of special facts, which, as to guilty or not guilty, were merely indifferent. This particular motive, combined with his general purpose to contrast the power of juries, will account for the charge he delivered in Woodfall's trial. He told the jury in so many words, that they had nothing to determine, except the fact of printing and publishing, and whether or no the blanks or inuendoes were properly filled up in the information; but that whether the defendant had committed a crime or not, was no matter of consideration to twelve men, who yet, upon their oaths, were to pronounce their peer guilty or not guilty. When we hear such nonsense delivered from the bench, and find it supported by a labored train of sophistry, which a plain understanding is unable to follow, and which an unlearned jury, however it may shock their reason, cannot be supposed qualified to refute, can it be wondered that they should return a verdict perplexed, absurd, or imperfect? Lord Mansfield has not yet explained to the world, why he accepted of a verdict which the court afterwards set aside as illegal; and which, as it took no notice of the inuendoes, did not even correspond with his own charge. If he had known his own duty, he should have sent the jury back. I speak advisedly, and am well assured, that no lawyer of character, in Westminster-hall, will contradict me. To show the falsehood of lord Mansfield's doctrine, it is not necessary to enter into the merits of the paper which produced the trial. If every line of it were treason, his charge to the jury would still be false, absurd, illegal, and unconstitutional. If I stated the merits of my letter to the king, I should imitate lord Mansfield, and travel* out of the record. When law and reason speak plainly, we do not want authority to direct our understandings. Yet, for the honor of the profession, I am content to oppose one lawyer to another; especially when it happens that the king's attorney-general has virtually disclaimed the doctrine by which the chief justice meant to ensure success to the prosecution. The opinion of the plaintiff's counsel (however it may otherwise be insignificant) is weighty in the scale of the defendant. My lord

*The following quotation from a speech delivered by lord Chatham, on the 11th of December, 1770, is taken with exactness. The reader will find it curious in itself, and very fit to be inserted here. "My lords, the verdict given in Woodfall's trial was, 'guilty of printing and publishing only;' upon which two motions were made in court; one, in arrest of judgment, by the defendant's counsel, grounded upon the ambiguity of the verdict; the other, by the counsel for the crown, for a rule upon the defendant, to show cause why the verdict should not be entered up according to the legal import of the words. On both motions a rule was granted; and soon after the matter was argued before the court of king's bench. The noble judge, when he delivered the opinion of the court upon the verdict, went regularly through the whole of the proceedings at Nisi Prius, as well the evidence that had been

chief justice de Grey, who filed the information *ex officio*, is directly with me. If he had concurred in lord Mansfield's doctrine, the trial must have been a very short one. The facts were either admitted by Woodfall's counsel, or easily proved to the satisfaction of the jury: but Mr. de Grey, far from thinking he should acquit himself of his duty, by barely proving the facts, entered largely, and I confess, not without ability, into the demerits of the paper, which he called a seditious libel. He dwelt but lightly upon those points which (according to lord Mansfield) were the only matter of consideration to the jury. The criminal intent, the libellous matter, the pernicious tendency of the paper itself, were the topics on which he principally insisted, and of which, for more than an hour, he tortured his faculties to convince the jury. If he agreed in opinion with lord Mansfield, his discourse was impertinent ridiculous and unreasonable. But understanding the law as I do, what he said was at least consistent, and to the purpose.

If any honest man should still be inclined to leave the construction of libels to the court, I would entreat him to consider what a dreadful complication of hardships he imposes upon his fellow subjects. In the first place, the prosecution commences by information of an officer of the crown, not by the regular constitutional mode of indictment before a grand jury. As the fact is usually admitted, or, in general can easily be proved, the office of the petty jury is nugatory: the court then judges of the nature and extent of the offense, and determines, arbitrarily, the quantum of the punishment, from a small fine to a heavy one, to repeated whipping, to pillory, and unlimited imprisonment. Cutting off ears and noses might still be inflicted by a resolute judge: but I will be candid enough to suppose that penalties, so apparently shocking to humanity, would not be hazarded in these times. In all other criminal prosecutions the jury decides upon the fact and the crime in one word, and the court pronounces a certain sentence which is the sentence of the law, not of the judge. If lord Mansfield's doctrine be received, the jury must either find a verdict of acquittal, contrary to evidence, which, I can conceive, might be done by very conscientious men, rather than trust a fellow-creature to lord Mansfield's mercy: or they must leave to the court two offices, never but in this instance united, of finding guilty, and awarding punishment.

"But," says this honest lord chief justice, "if the paper be not criminal, the defendant (though found guilty by his peers) is in no danger, for he may move the court in arrest of judgment." True, my good lord; but who is to determine upon the motion? Is not the court still to decide, whether judgment shall be entered up or not? and is not the defendant this way as effectually deprived of judgment by his peers, as if he were tried in a court of civil law, or in the chambers of the inquisition? It is you, my lord, who then try the crime, not the jury. As to the probable effect of the motion in arrest of judgment, I shall only observe, that no reasonable man would be so eager to possess himself of the invidious power of inflicting punishment, if he were not predetermined to make use of it.

Again, we are told that judge and jury have a distinct office; that the jury is to find the fact, and the judge to deliver the law. "De jure respondent iudices, de facto jurati." The dictum is true, though not in the sense given to it by lord Mansfield. The jury are undoubtedly to determine the fact; that is, whether the defendant did or did not commit the crime charged against him. The judge pronounces the sentence annexed by law to that fact so found; and if, in the course of the trial, any question of law arises, both the counsel and the jury must, of necessity, appeal to the judge, and leave it to his decision. An exception, or plea in bar, may be allowed by the court; but, when issue is joined, and the jury have received their charge, it is not possible, in the nature of things, for them to separate the law from the fact, unless they think proper to return a special verdict.

It has also been alleged, that, although a common jury given, as his own charge to the jury. This proceeding would have been very proper, had a motion been made on either side for a new trial: because either a verdict given contrary to evidence, or an improper charge by the judge at Nisi Prius, is held to be a sufficient ground for granting a new trial. But when a motion is made in arrest of judgment, or for establishing the verdict, by entering it up according to the legal import of the words, it must be on the ground of something appearing on the face of the record; and the court, in considering whether the verdict shall be established or not, are so confined to the record, that they cannot take any notice of anything that does not appear on the face of it; in the legal phrase, they cannot travel out of the record. The noble judge did travel out of the record; and I affirm, that his discourse was irregular, extrajudicial, and unprecedented. His apparent motive for doing what he knew to be wrong, was that he might have an opportunity of telling the public extrajudicially, that the other three judges concurred in the doctrine laid down in his charge.

are sufficient to determine a plain matter of fact, they are not qualified to comprehend the meaning, or to judge of the tendency of a seditious libel. In answer to this objection (which, if well founded, would prove nothing as to the strict right of returning a general verdict) I might safely deny the truth of this assertion. Englishmen, of that rank from which juries are usually taken, are not so illiterate as (to serve a particular purpose) they are now represented: or, admitting the fact, let a special jury be summoned in all cases of difficulty and importance, and the objection is removed. But the truth is, that if a paper, supposed to be a libel upon government, be so obscurely worded, that twelve common men cannot possibly see the seditious meaning and tendency of it, it is in effect no libel. It cannot inflame the minds of the people, nor alienate their affections from government; for they no more understand what it means, than if it were published in a language unknown to them.

Upon the whole matter, it appears, to my understanding, clear, beyond a doubt, that if, in any future prosecution for a seditious libel, the jury should bring in a verdict of acquittal, not warranted by the evidence, it will be owing to the false and absurd doctrines laid down by lord Mansfield. Disgusted at the odious artifices made use of by the judge to mislead and perplex them, guarded against his sophistry, and convinced of the falsehood of his assertions, they may, perhaps, determine to thwart his detestable purpose, and defeat him at any rate. To him at least, they will do substantial justice. Whereas, if the whole charge laid in the information be fairly and honestly submitted to the jury, there is no reason whatsoever to presume that twelve men, upon their oaths, will not decide impartially between the king and the defendant. The numerous instances, in our state trials, of verdicts recovered for the king, sufficiently refute the false and scandalous imputations thrown, by the abettors of lord Mansfield, upon the integrity of juries. But, even admitting the supposition, that, in times of universal discontent, arising from the notorious mal-administration of public affairs, a seditious writer should escape punishment, it makes nothing against my general argument. If juries are fallible, to what other tribunal shall we appeal? If juries cannot safely be trusted, shall we unite the offices of judge and jury, so wisely divided by the constitution, and trust implicitly to lord Mansfield? Are the judges of the court of king's bench more likely to be unbiased and impartial than twelve yeomen, burgesses, or gentlemen, taken indifferently from the country at large? Or, in short, shall there be no decision, until we have instituted a tribunal from which no possible abuse or inconvenience whatsoever can arise? If I am not grossly mistaken, these questions carry a decisive answer along with them.

Having cleared the freedom of the press from a restraint equally unnecessary and illegal, I return to the use which has been made of it in the present publication.

National reflections, I confess, are not justified in theory, nor upon any general principles. To know how well they are deserved, and how justly they have been applied, we must have the evidence of facts before us. We must be conversant with the Scots in private life, and observe their principles of acting to us and to each other; the characteristic prudence, the selfish nationality, the indefatigable smile, the persevering assiduity, the everlasting profession of a discreet and moderate resentment. If the instance were not too important for an experiment, it might not be amiss to confide a little in their integrity. Without any abstract reasoning upon causes and effects, we shall soon be convinced, by experience, that the Scots, transplanted from their own country, are always a distinct and separate body from the people who receive them. In other settlements, they only love themselves: in England they cordially love themselves, and as cordially hate their neighbors. For the remainder of their good qualities I must appeal to the reader's observation, unless he will accept of my lord Barrington's authority in a letter to the late lord Malcombe, published by Mr. Lee: he expresses himself with a truth and accuracy not very common in his lordship's lucubrations. "And Cockburn, like most of his countrymen, is as subject to those above him, as he is insolent to those below him." I am far from meaning to impeach the articles of the union. If the true spirit of those articles were religiously adhered to, we should not see such a multitude of Scotch commoners in the lower house, as representatives of English boroughs, while not a single Scotch borough is ever represented by an Englishman: we should not see English peerages given to Scotch ladies, or to the elder sons of Scotch peers, and the number of sixteen doubled and trebled by a scandalous evasion of the act of union. If it should ever be thought advisable to dissolve an act, the violation or observance of which is invariably directed by the advantage and interest of the Scots, I shall say very sincerely, with Sir Edward Coke, "When poor England stood alone, and had not the access of another kingdom, and yet had more and

as potent enemies as it now hath, yet the king of England prevailed."

Some opinion may now be expected from me, upon a point of equal delicacy to the writer, and hazard to the printer. When the character of the chief magistrate is in question, more must be understood than may be safely expressed. If it be really a part of our constitution, and not a mere dictum of the law, that the king can do no wrong, it is not the only instance, in the wisest of human institutions, where theory is at variance with practice. That the sovereign of this country is not amenable to any form of trial known to the laws, is unquestionable: but exemption from punishment is a singular privilege annexed to the royal character, and no way excludes the possibility of deserving it. How long, and to what extent, a king of England may be protected by the forms, when he violates the spirit of the constitution, deserves to be considered. A mistake in this matter proved fatal to Charles and his son. For my own part, far from thinking that the king can do no wrong, far from suffering myself to be deterred or imposed upon by the language of forms, in opposition to the substantial evidence of truth; if it were my misfortune to live under the inauspicious reign of a prince, whose whole life was employed in one base, contemptible struggle with the free spirit of his people, or in the detestable endeavor to corrupt their moral principles, I would not scruple to declare to him, "Sir, you alone are the author of the greatest wrong to your subjects and to yourself. Instead of reigning in the hearts of your people, instead of commanding their lives and fortunes through the medium of their affections; has not the strength of the crown, whether influence or prerogative, been uniformly exerted, for eleven years together, to support a narrow, pitiful system of government which defeats itself, and answers no one purpose of real power, profit, or personal satisfaction to you? With the greatest unappropriated revenue of any prince in Europe, have we not seen you reduced to such vile and sordid distresses, as would have conducted any other man to a prison? With a great military, and the greatest naval power in the known world, have not foreign nations repeatedly insulted you with impunity? Is it not notorious that the vast revenues, extorted from the labor and industry of your subjects, and given you to do honor to yourself and to the nation, are dissipated in corrupting their representatives? Are you a prince of the house of Hanover, and do you exclude all the leading Whig families from your councils? Do you profess to govern according to law, and is it consistent with that profession to impart your confidence and affection to those men only who, though now, perhaps, detached from the desperate cause of the pretender, are marked in this country by an hereditary attachment to high and arbitrary principles of government? Are you so infatuated as to take the sense of your people from the representation of ministers, or from the shouts of a mob, notoriously hired to surround

your coach, or stationed at a theatre? And if you are, in reality, that public man, that king, that magistrate, which these questions suppose you to be, is it any answer to your people, to say, that among your domestics you are good-humored, that to one lady you are faithful, that to your children you are indulgent? Sir, the man who addresses you in these terms, is your best friend: he would willingly hazard his life in defense of your title to the crown; and, if power be your object, will still show you how possible it is for a king of England, by the noblest means, to be the most absolute prince in Europe. You have no enemies, sir, but those who persuade you to aim at power without right, and who think it flattery to tell you, that the character of king dissolves the natural relation between guilt and punishment."

I cannot conceive that there is a heart so callous, or an understanding so depraved, as to attend to a discourse of this nature, and not to feel the force of it. But where is the man, among those who have access to the closet, resolute and honest enough to deliver it? The liberty of the press is our only resource: it will command an audience when every honest man in the kingdom is excluded. This glorious privilege may be a security to the king as well as a resource to his people. Had there been no star-chamber, there would have been no rebellion against Charles the First. The constant censure and admonition of the press would have corrected his conduct, prevented a civil war, and saved him from an ignominious death. I am no friend to the doctrine of precedents, exclusive of right; though lawyers often tell us, that whatever has been once done may lawfully be done again. I shall conclude this preface with a quotation, applicable to the subject, from a foreign writer,* whose Essay on the English Constitution I beg leave to recommend to the public, as a performance deep, solid, and ingenious.

"In short, whoever considers what it is that constitutes the moving principle of what we call great affairs, and the invincible sensibility of man to the opinion of his fellow-creatures, will not hesitate to affirm, that if it were possible for the liberty of the press to exist in a despotic government, and (what is not less difficult) for it to exist without changing the constitution, this liberty of the press would alone form a counterpoise to the power of the prince. If, for example, in an empire of the East, a sanctuary could be found, which, rendered respectable by the ancient religion of the people, might ensure safety to those who should bring thither their observations of any kind; and that, from thence printed papers should issue, which, under a certain seal, might be equally respected, and which, in their daily appearance, should examine and freely discuss the conduct of the cadis, the bashaws, the vizir, the divan, and the sultan himself; that would introduce immediately some degree of liberty."

* Monsieur de Lolme.

LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

[LETTER I.]

ADDRESSED TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR, January 21, 1769.

The submission of a free people to the executive authority of government, is no more than a compliance with laws which they themselves have enacted. While the national honor is firmly maintained abroad, and while justice is impartially administered at home, the obedience of the subject will be voluntary, cheerful, and, I might almost say, unlimited. A generous nation is grateful even for the preservation of its rights, and willingly extends the respect due to the office of a good prince into an affection for his person. Loyalty, in the heart and understanding of an Englishman, is a rational attachment to the guardian of the laws. Prejudices and passion have sometimes carried it to a criminal length, and, whatever forgers may imagine, we know that Englishmen have erred as much in a mistaken zeal for particular persons and families, as they ever did in defense of what they thought most dear and interesting to themselves.

It naturally fills us with resentment, to see such a temper insulted and abused. In reading the history of a free people, whose rights have been invaded, we are interested in their cause. Our own feelings tell us how long they ought to have submitted, and at what moment it would have been treachery to themselves not to have resisted. How much warmer will be our resentment, if experience should bring the fatal example home to ourselves!

The situation of this country is alarming enough to rouse the attention of every man who pretends to a concern for the public welfare. Appearances justify suspicion; and when the safety of a nation is at stake, suspicion is a just ground of inquiry. Let us enter into it with candor and decency. Respect is due to the station of ministers; and, if a resolution must at last be taken, there is none so likely to be supported with firmness, as that which has been adopted with moderation.

The ruin or prosperity of a state depends so much upon the administration of its government, that, to be acquainted with the merit of a ministry, we need only observe the condition of the people. If we see them obedient to the laws, prosperous in their industry, united at home, and respected abroad, we may reasonably presume that their affairs are conducted by men of experience, abilities, and virtue. If, on the contrary, we see an universal spirit of distrust and dissatisfaction, a rapid decay of trade, dissensions in all parts of the empire, and a total loss of respect in the eyes of foreign powers, we may pronounce, without hesitation, that the government of that country is weak, distracted, and corrupt. The multitude, in all countries, are patient to a certain point. Ill usage may rouse their indignation, and carry them into excesses; but the original fault is in government. Perhaps there never was an instance of a change in the circumstances and temper of a whole nation so sudden and extraordinary as that which the misconduct of ministers has, within these few years, produced in Great Britain. When our gracious

sovereign ascended the throne, we were a flourishing and a contented people. If the personal virtues of a king could have insured the happiness of his subjects, the scene could not have altered so entirely as it has done. The idea of uniting all parties, of trying all characters, and distributing the offices of state by rotation, was gracious and benevolent to an extreme, though it has not yet produced the many salutary effects which were intended by it. To say nothing of the wisdom of such a plan, it undoubtedly arose from an unbounded goodness of heart, in which folly had no share. It was not a capricious partiality to new faces; it was not a natural turn for low intrigue; nor was it the treacherous amusement of double and triple negotiations. No, sir, it arose from a continued anxiety, in the purest of all possible hearts, for the general welfare. Unfortunately for us, the event has not been answerable to the design. After a rapid succession of changes, we are reduced to that state which hardly any change can mend. Yet there is no extremity of distress, which, of itself, ought to reduce a great nation to despair. It is not the disorder, but the physician: it is not a casual concurrence of calamitous circumstances; it is the pernicious hand of government which alone can make a whole people desperate.

Without much political sagacity, or any extraordinary depth of observation, we need only mark how the principal departments of the state are bestowed, and look no farther for the true cause of every mischief that befalls us.

The finances * of a nation, sinking under its debts and expenses, are committed to a young nobleman, already ruined by play. Introduced to act under the auspices of lord Chatham, and left at the head of affairs by that nobleman's retreat, he became minister by accident: but deserting the principles and professions which gave him a moment's popularity, we see him from every honorable engagement to the public, an apostate by design. As for business, the world yet knows nothing of his talents or resolution; unless a wayward, wavering inconsistency be a mark of genius, and caprice a demonstration of spirit. It may be said, perhaps that it is his grace's province, as surely it is his passion, rather to distribute than to save the public money; and that while lord North is chancellor of the exchequer, the first lord of the treasury may be as thoughtless and extravagant as he pleases. I hope, however, he will not rely too much on the fertility of lord North's genius for finance: his lordship is yet to give us the first proof of his abilities. It may be candid to suppose that he has hitherto voluntarily concealed his talents; intending, perhaps, to astonish the world, when we least expect it, with a knowledge of trade, a choice of expedients, and a depth of resources, equal to the necessities, and

* The duke of Grafton took the office of secretary of state, with an engagement to support the marquis of Rockingham's administration. He resigned, however, in a little time, under pretense that he could not act without lord Chatham, nor bear to see Mr. Wilkes abandoned; but that under lord Chatham, he would act in any office. This was the signal of lord Rockingham's dismissal. When lord Chatham came in, the duke got possession of the treasury. Reader, mark the consequence!

far beyond the hopes of his country. He must now exert the whole power of his capacity, if he would wish us to forget, that, since he has been in office, no plan has been formed, no system adhered to, nor any one important measure adopted for the relief of public credit. If his plan for the service of the current year be not irrevocably fixed on, let me warn him to think seriously of consequences, before he ventures to increase the public debt. Outraged and oppressed as we are, this nation will not bear, after a six years' peace, to see new millions borrowed, without an eventual diminution of debt, or reduction of interest. The attempt might rouse a spirit of resentment which might reach beyond the sacrifice of a minister. As to the debt upon the civil list, the people of England expect that it will not be paid without a strict inquiry how it was incurred. If it must be paid by parliament, let me advise the chancellor of the exchequer to think of some better expedient than a lottery. To support an expensive war, or in circumstances of absolute necessity, a lottery may, perhaps, be allowable; but, besides that it is at all times the very worst way of raising money upon the people, I think it ill becomes the royal dignity to have the debts of a king provided for, like the repairs of a country bridge, or a decayed hospital. The management of the king's affairs in the house of commons, cannot be more disgraced than it has been. A leading minister* repeatedly called down for absolute ignorance, ridiculous motions ridiculously withdrawn, deliberate plans disconcerted, and a week's preparation of graceful oratory lost in a moment, give us some, though not adequate ideas, of lord North's parliamentary abilities and influence. Yet, before he had the misfortune of being chancellor of the exchequer, he was neither an object of derision to his enemies, nor of melancholy pity to his friends.

A series of inconsistent measures has alienated the colonies from their duty as subjects, and from their natural affection to their common country. When Mr. Grenville was placed at the head of the treasury, he felt the impossibility of Great Britain's supporting such an establishment, as her former successes had made indispensable, and at the same time of giving any sensible relief to foreign trade, and to the weight of the public debt. He thought it equitable, that those parts of the empire which had benefited most by the expenses of the war, should contribute something to the expenses of the peace, and he had no doubt of the constitutional right vested in parliament to raise the contribution. But, unfortunately for his country, Mr. Grenville was at any rate to be distressed, because he was minister; and Mr. Pitt† and lord Camden were to be the patrons of America, because they were in opposition. Their declamation gave spirit and argument to the colonies; and while, perhaps, they meant no more than the ruin of a minister, they, in effect, divided one half of the empire from the other.

Under one administration the stamp-act is made; under the second it is repealed; under the third, in spite of all experience, a new mode of taxing the colonies is invented, and a question revived which ought to have been buried in oblivion. In these circumstances a new office is established for the business of the plantations, and the earl of Hillsborough called forth, at a most critical season, to govern America. The choice, at least, announced to us a man of superior capacity and knowledge. Whether he be so or not, let his despatches, as far as they

have appeared, let his measures, as far as they have operated, determine for him. In the former we have seen strong assertions without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censures without dignity or moderation; but neither correctness in the composition, nor judgment in the design. As for his measures, let it be remembered, that he was called upon to conciliate and unite; and that, when he entered into office, the most refractory of the colonies were still disposed to proceed by the constitutional methods of petition, and remonstrance. Since that period they have been driven into excesses little short of rebellion. Petitions have been hindered from reaching the throne; and the continuance of one of the principal assemblies rested upon an arbitrary condition,* which, considering the temper they were in, it was impossible they should comply with; and which would have availed nothing as to the general question, if it had been complied with. So violent, and, I believe, I may call it, so unconstitutional, an exertion of the prerogative, to say nothing of the weak, injudicious terms in which it was conveyed, gives us as humble an opinion of his lordship's capacity, as it does of his temper and moderation. While we are at peace with other nations, our military force may, perhaps, be spared to support the earl of Hillsborough's measures in America. Whenever that force shall be necessarily withdrawn or diminished, the dismissal of such a minister will neither console us for his imprudence, nor remove the settled resentment of a people, who, complaining of an act of the legislature, are outraged by an unwarrantable stretch of prerogative; and, supporting their claims by argument, are insulted with declamation.

Drawing lots would be a prudent and reasonable method of appointing the officers of state, compared to a late disposition of the secretary's office. Lord Rochford was acquainted with the affairs and temper of the southern courts; lord Weymouth was equally qualified for either department:‡ by what unaccountable caprice has it happened, that the latter, who pretends to no experience whatsoever, is removed to the most important of the two departments; and the former, by preference, placed in an office where his experience can be of no use to him? Lord Weymouth had distinguished himself, in his first employment, by a spirited, if not judicious conduct. He had animated the civil magistrate beyond the tone of civil authority, and had directed the operations of the army to more than military execution. Recovered from the errors of his youth, from the distraction of play, and the bewitching smiles of Burgundy, behold him exerting the whole strength of his clear, unclouded faculties in the service of the crown. It was not the heat of midnight excesses, nor ignorance of the laws, nor the furious spirit of the house of Bedford; no, sir, when this respectable minister interposed his authority between the magistrate and the people, and signed the mandate, on which for aught he knew, the lives of thousands depended, he did it from the deliberate motion of his heart, supported by the best of his judgment.

It has lately been a fashion to pay a compliment to the bravery and generosity of the commander-in-chief,§ at the expense of his understanding. They

* That they should retract one of their resolutions, and erase the entry of it.

† It was pretended that the earl of Rochford, while ambassador in France, had quarrelled with the duke of Choiseul; and that, therefore, he was appointed to the northern department, out of compliment to the French minister.

‡ The late lord Granby.

* This happened frequently to poor lord North.

‡ Yet Junius has been called the partisan of lord Chatham.

who love him least make no question of his courage, while his friends dwell chiefly on the facility of his disposition. Admitting him to be as brave as a total absence of all feeling and reflection can make him, let us see what sort of merit he derives from the remainder of his character. If it be generosity to accumulate, in his own person and family, a number of lucrative employments; to provide, at the public expense, for every creature that bears the name of Manners; and, neglecting the merit and services of the rest of the army, to heap promotions upon his favorites and dependents; the present commander-in-chief is the most generous man alive. Nature has been sparing of her gifts to this noble lord; but where birth and fortune are united, we expect the noble pride and independence of a man of spirit, not the servile humiliating complaisance of a courtier. As to the goodness of his heart, if a proof of it be taken from the facility of never refusing, what conclusion shall we draw from the indecency of never performing? And if the discipline of the army be in any degree preserved, what thanks are due to a man, whose cares, notoriously confined to filling up vacancies, have degraded the office of commander-in-chief, into a broker of commissions?

With respect to the navy, I shall only say, that this country is so highly indebted to Sir Edward Hawke, that no expense should be spared to secure to him an honorable and affluent retreat.

The pure and impartial administration of justice is, perhaps, the firmest bond to secure a cheerful submission of the people, and to engage their affections to government. It is not sufficient that questions of private right or wrong are justly decided, nor that judges are superior to the vileness of pecuniary corruption. Jefferies himself, when the court had no interest, was an upright judge. A court of justice may be subject to another sort of bias, more important and pernicious, as it reaches beyond the interest of individuals, and affects the whole community. A judge, under the influence of government, may be honest enough in the decision of private causes, yet a traitor to the public. When a victim is marked out by the ministry, this judge will offer himself to perform the sacrifice: he will not scruple to prostitute his dignity, and betray the sanctity of his office, whenever an arbitrary point is to be carried for government, or the resentment of a court to be gratified.

These principles and proceedings, odious and contemptible as they are, in effect are no less injudicious. A wise and generous people are roused by every appearance of oppressive, unconstitutional measures, whether those measures are supported only by the power of government, or masked under the forms of a court of justice. Prudence and self-preservation will oblige the most moderate dispositions to make common cause even with a man whose conduct they censure, if they see him persecuted in a way which the real spirit of the laws will not justify. The facts on which these remarks are founded are too notorious to require an application.

This, sir, is the detail. In one view behold a nation overwhelmed with debt; her revenues wasted, her trade declining; the affections of her colonies alienated; the duty of the magistrate transferred to the soldiery; a gallant army, which never fought unwillingly but against their fellow subjects, mouldering away for want of the direction of a man of common abilities and spirit; and in the last instance, the administration of justice become odious and suspected to the whole body of the people. This deplorable scene admits of but one addition; that we are governed by counsels from which a reasonable man can expect no remedy but poison: no relief but death.

If, by the immediate interposition of Providence, it

were possible for us to escape a crisis so full of terror and despair, posterity will not believe the history of the present times. They will either conclude that our distresses were imaginary, or that we had the good fortune to be governed by men of acknowledged integrity and wisdom: they will not believe it possible, that their ancestors could have survived or recovered from so desperate a condition, while a duke of Grafton was prime minister, a lord North chancellor of the exchequer; a Weymouth and a Hillsborough secretaries of state; a Granby commander-in-chief; and a Mansfield chief criminal judge of the kingdom.

JUNIUS.

LETTER II.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

January 26, 1789.

The kingdom swarms with such numbers of felonious robbers of private character and virtue, that no honest or good man is safe; especially as these cowardly, base assassins, stab in the dark, without having the courage to sign their real names to their malevolent and wicked productions. A writer, who signs himself Junius, in the Public Advertiser of the 21st instant, opens the deplorable situation of his country in a very affecting manner. With a pompous parade of his candor and decency, he tells us that we see dissensions in all parts of the empire, an universal spirit of distrust and dissatisfaction, and a total loss of respect towards us in the eyes of foreign powers. But this writer, with all his boasted candor, has not told us the real cause of the evils he so pathetically enumerates. I shall take the liberty to explain the cause for him. Junius, and such writers as himself, occasion all the mischief complained of, by falsely and maliciously traducing the best characters in the kingdom: for when our deluded people at home, and foreigners abroad, read the poisonous and inflammatory libels that are daily published with impunity, to vilify those who are any way distinguished by their good qualities and eminent virtues; when they find no notice taken of, or reply given to these slanderous tongues or pens, their conclusion is, that both the ministers and the nation have been fairly described, and they act accordingly. I think it, therefore, the duty of every good citizen to stand forth, and endeavor to undeceive the public, when the vilest arts are made use of to defame and blacken the brightest characters among us. An eminent author affirms it to be almost as criminal to hear a worthy man traduced, without attempting his justification, as to be the author of the calumny against him. For my own part, I think it a sort of misprision of treason against society. No man, therefore, who knows lord Granby, can possibly hear so good and great a character most vilely abused, without a warm and just indignation against this Junius, this high-priest of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, who has endeavored to sacrifice our beloved commander-in-chief at the altars of his horrid deities. Nor is the injury done to his lordship alone, but to the whole nation, which may too soon feel the contempt, and consequently the attacks, of our late enemies, if they can be induced to believe that the person on whom the safety of these kingdoms so much depends, is unequal to his high station, and destitute of those qualities which form a good general. One would have thought that his lordship's services in the cause of his country, from the battle of Culloden to his most glorious conclusion of the late war, might have entitled him to common respect and decency at least; but this uncandid, indecent

writer, has gone so far as to turn one of the most amiable men of the age into a stupid, unfeeling, and senseless being; possessed, indeed, of a personal courage, but void of those essential qualities which distinguish the commander from the common soldier.

A very long, uninterrupted, impartial, (I will add, a most disinterested) friendship with lord Granby, gives me the right to affirm, that all Junius's assertions are false and scandalous. Lord Granby's courage, though of the brightest and most ardent kind, is among the lowest of his numerous good qualities: he was formed to excel in war, by nature's liberality to his mind as well as person. Educated and instructed by his most noble father, and a most spirited as well as excellent scholar, the present bishop of Bangor, he was trained to the nicest sense of honor, and to the truest and noblest sort of pride, that of never doing or suffering a mean action. A sincere love and attachment to his king and country, and to their glory, first impelled him to the field, where he never gained ought but honor. He impaired, through his bounty, his own fortune; for his bounty, which this writer would in vain depreciate, is founded upon the noblest of the human affections; it flows from a heart melting to goodness; from the most refined humanity. Can a man, who is described as unfeeling and void of reflection, be constantly employed in seeking proper objects, on whom to exercise those glorious virtues of compassion and generosity? The distressed officer, the soldier, the widow, the orphan, and a long list besides, know that vanity has no share in his frequent donations; he gives, because he feels their distresses. Nor has he ever been rapacious with one hand, to be bountiful with the other. Yet this uncandid Junius would insinuate, that the dignity of the commander-in-chief is depraved into the base office of a commission-broker; that is, lord Granby bargains for the sale of commissions; for it must have this meaning, if it has any at all. But where is the man living who can justly charge his lordship with such mean practices? Why does not Junius produce him? Junius knows that he has no other means of wounding this hero, than from some missile weapon, shot from an obscure corner. He seeks, as all such defamatory writers do,

— spargere voces
In vulgum ambigua,

to raise suspicion in the minds of the people. But I hope that my countrymen will be no longer imposed upon by artful and designing men, or by wretches, who, bankrupts in business, in fame, and in fortune, mean nothing more than to involve this country in the same common ruin with themselves. Hence it is, that they are constantly aiming their dark, and too often fatal, weapons against those who stand forth as the bulwark of our national safety. Lord Granby was too conspicuous a mark not to be their object. He is next attacked for being unfaithful to his promises and engagements. Where are Junius's proofs? Although I could give some instances where a breach of promise would be a virtue, especially in the case of those who would pervert the open unsuspecting moments of convivial mirth into sly insidious applications for preferment or party systems; and would endeavor to surprise a good man, who cannot bear to see any one leave him dissatisfied into unguarded promises. Lord Granby's attention to his own family and relations is called selfish. Had he not attended to them, when fair and just opportunities presented themselves, I should have thought him unfeeling, and void of reflection indeed. How are any man's friends or relations to be provided for, but from the influence and protection of the patron? It is unfair to suppose that lord Granby's friends have not as much merit as the

friends of any other great man. If he is generous at the public expense, as Junius invidiously calls it, the public is at no more expense for his lordship's friends, than it would be if any other set of men possessed those offices. The charge is ridiculous.

The last charge against lord Granby is of a most serious and alarming nature indeed. Junius asserts, that the army is mouldering away, for want of the direction of a man of common abilities and spirit. The present condition of the army gives the directest lie to his assertions. It was never upon a more respectable footing with regard to discipline and all the essentials that can form good soldiers. Lord Ligonier delivered a firm and noble palladium of our safeties into lord Granby's hands, who has kept it in the same good order in which he received it. The strictest care has been taken to fill up the vacant commissions with such gentlemen as have the glory of their ancestors to support, as well as their own; and are doubly bound to the cause of their king and country, from motives of private property, as well as public spirit. The adjutant-general, who has the immediate care of the troops after lord Granby, is an officer that would do great honor to any service in Europe, for his correct arrangements, good sense and discernment upon all occasions, and for a punctuality and precision which give the most entire satisfaction to all who are obliged to consult him. The reviewing generals, who inspect the army twice a year, have been selected with the greatest care, and have answered the important trust reposed in them in the most laudable manner. Their reports of the condition of the army are much more to be credited than those of Junius whom I do advise to atone for his shameful aspersions, by asking pardon of lord Granby and the whole kingdom, whom he has offended by his abominable scandals. In short, to turn Junius's own battery against him, I must assert in his own words, "that he has given strong assertions without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censures without dignity or moderation."

WILLIAM DRAPER.

LETTER III.

TO SIR WILLIAM DRAPER, KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

SIR,

February 7, 1793.

Your defense of lord Granby does honor to the goodness of your heart. You feel as you ought to do, for the reputation of your friend, and you express yourself in the warmest language of your passions. In any other cause, I doubt not you would have cautiously weighed the consequences of committing your name to the licentious discourses and malignant opinions of the world: but here, I presume, you thought it would be a breach of friendship, to lose one moment in consulting your understanding; as if an appeal to the public were no more than a military *coup de main*, where a brave man has no rules to follow but the dictates of his courage. Touched with your generosity, I freely forgive the excesses into which it has led you; and, far from resenting those terms of reproach, which, considering that you are an advocate for decorum, you have heaped upon me rather too liberally, I placed them to the account of an honest unreflecting indignation, in which your cooler judgment and natural politeness had no concern. I approve of the spirit with which you have given your name to the public; and, if it were a proof of any thing but spirit, I should have thought myself bound to follow your example. I should have hoped that even my name might carry some authority with it, if I had not seen how very little weight or considera-

tion a printed paper receives, even from the respectable signature of sir William Draper.

You begin with a general assertion, that writers, such as I am, are the real cause of all the public evils we complain of. And do you really think, sir William, that the licentious pen of a political writer is able to produce such important effects? A little calm reflection might have shown you, that national calamities do not arise from the description, but from the real character and conduct of ministers. To have supported your assertion, you should have proved, that the present ministry are unquestionably the *best and brightest* characters of the kingdom; and that, if the affections of the colonies have been alienated, if Corsica has been shamefully abandoned, if commerce languishes, if public credit is threatened with a new debt, and your own Manilla ransom most dishonorably given up, it has all been owing to the malice of political writers, who will not suffer the best and brightest characters (meaning still the present ministry) to take a single right step for the honor or interest of the nation. But it seems you were a little tender of coming to particulars. Your conscience insinuated to you that it would be prudent to leave the characters of Grafton, North, Hillsborough, Weymouth, and Mansfield, to shift for themselves; and truly, sir William, the part you *have* undertaken is at least as much as you are equal to.

Without disputing lord Granby's courage, we are yet to learn in what articles of military knowledge nature has been so very liberal to his mind. If you have served with him, you ought to have pointed out some instances of able disposition and well-concerted enterprise, which might fairly be attributed to his capacity as a general. It is you, sir William, who make your friends appear awkward and ridiculous, by giving him a laced suit of tawdry qualifications, which nature never intended him to wear.

You say, he has acquired nothing but honor in the field? Is the ordnance nothing? Are the Blues nothing? Is the command of the army, with all the patronage annexed to it, nothing? Where he got all these *nothings* I know not; but you, at least, ought to have told us where he deserved them.

As to his bounty, compassion, &c., it would have been but little to the purpose, though you had proved all that you have asserted. I meddle with nothing but his character as commander-in-chief; and, though I acquit him of the baseness of selling commissions, I still assert, that his military cares have never extended beyond the disposal of vacancies; and I am justified by the complaints of the whole army, when I say, that, in this distribution, he consults nothing but parliamentary interest, or the gratification of his immediate dependents. As to his servile submission to the reigning ministry, let me ask, whether he did not desert the cause of the whole army, when he suffered sir Jeffery Amherst to be sacrificed, and what share he had in recalling that officer to the service? Did he not betray the just interest of the army in permitting lord Percy to have a regiment? And does he not, at this moment, give up all character and dignity as a gentleman, in receding from his own repeated declarations in favor of Mr. Wilkes?

In the next two articles, I think, we are agreed. You candidly admit, that he often makes such promises as it is a virtue in him to violate, and that no man is more assiduous to provide for his relations at the public expense. I did not urge the last as an absolute vice in his disposition, but to prove that a *careless, disinterested spirit* is no part of his character: and as to the other, I desire it may be remembered, that I never descended to the indecency of inquiring into his *conceivial hours*. It is you, sir William Draper,

who have taken pains to represent your friend in the character of a drunken landlord, who deals out his promises as liberally as his liquor, and will suffer no man to leave his table either sorrowful or sober. None but an intimate friend, who must frequently have seen him in these unhappy, disgraceful moments, could have described him so well.

The last charge, of the neglect of the army, is indeed the most material of all. I am sorry to tell you, sir William, that in this article, your first fact is false: and as there is nothing more painful to me than to give a direct contradiction to a gentleman of your appearance, I could wish, that, in your future publications, you would pay a greater attention to the truth of your premises, before you suffer your genius to hurry you to a conclusion. Lord Ligonier *did not* deliver the army (which you, in classical language, are pleased to call a *palladium*) into lord Granby's hands. It was taken from him, much against his inclination, some two or three years before lord Granby was commander-in-chief. As to the state of the army, I should be glad to know where you have received your intelligence. Was it in the rooms at Bath, or at your retreat at Clifton? The reports of reviewing generals comprehend only a few regiments in England, which, as they are immediately under the royal inspection, are perhaps in some tolerable order. But do you know any thing of the troops in the West Indies, the Mediterranean, and North America; to say nothing of a whole army absolutely ruined in Ireland? Inquire a little into facts, sir William, before you publish your next panegyric upon lord Granby; and, believe me, you will find there is a fault at headquarters, which even the acknowledged care and abilities of the adjutant-general cannot correct.

Permit me now, sir William, to address myself personally to you, by way of thanks for the honor of your correspondence. You are by no means undeserving of notice; and it may be of consequence, even to lord Granby, to have it determined, whether or no the man, who has praised him so lavishly, be himself deserving of praise. When you returned to Europe, you zealously undertook the cause of that gallant army, by whose bravery at Manilla your own fortune had been established. You complained, you threatened, you even appealed to the public in print. By what accident did it happen, that, in the midst of all this bustle, and all these clamors for justice to your injured troops, the name of the Manilla ransom was suddenly buried in a profound, and, since that time, an uninterrupted silence? Did the ministry suggest any motives to you, strong enough to tempt a man of honor to desert and betray the cause of his fellow soldiers? Was it that blushing ribbon which is now the perpetual ornament of your person? Or was it that regiment which you afterwards (a thing unprecedented among soldiers) sold to Colonel Gisborne? Or was it that government, the full pay of which you are contented to hold, with the half-pay of an Irish colonel? And do you now, after a retreat not very like that of Scipio, presume to intrude yourself, unthought of, uncalled for, upon the patience of the public? Are your flatteries of the commander-in-chief, directed to another regiment, which you may again dispose of on the same honorable terms? We know your prudence, sir William; and I should besorry to stop your preferment.

JUNIUS.

LETTER IV.

TO JUNIUS.

SIR,

February 17, 1769.

I received Junius's favor last night: he is determined to keep his advantage by the help of his mask: it is an excellent protection: it has saved many a

man from an untimely end. But whenever he will be honest enough to lay it aside, avow himself, and produce the face which has so long lurked behind it, the world will be able to judge of his motives for writing such infamous invectives. His real name will discover his freedom and independency, or his servility to a faction. Disappointed ambition, resentment for defeated hopes, and desire of revenge, assume but too often the appearance of public spirit: but, be his designs wicked or charitable, Junius should learn, that it is possible to condemn measures without a barbarous and criminal outrage against men. Junius delights to mangle carcasses with a hatchet; his language and instrument have a great connection with Claremarket, and, to do him justice, he handles his weapon most admirably. One would imagine he had been taught to throw it by the savages of America. It is, therefore, high time for me to step in once more to shield my friend from this merciless weapon, although I may be wounded in the attempt. But I must first ask Junius by what forced analogy and construction, the moments of convivial mirth are made to signify indecency, a violation of engagements, a drunken landlord, and a desire that every one in company should be drunk likewise? He must have culled all the flowers of St. Giles's and Billingsgate to have produced such a piece of oratory. Here the hatchet descends with tenfold vengeance: but, alas! it hurts no one but its master! For Junius must not think to put words into my mouth, that seem too foul even for his own.

My friend's political engagements I know not; so cannot pretend to explain them, or assert their consistency. I know not whether Junius be considerable enough to belong to any party. If he should be so, can he affirm that he has always adhered to one set of men and measures? Is he sure that he has never sided with those whom he was first hired to abuse? Has he never abused those he was hired to praise? To say the truth, most men's politics sit much too loosely about them. But as my friend's military character was the chief object that engaged me in this controversy, to that I shall return.

Junius asks, what instances my friend has given of his military skill and capacity as a general? When and where he gained his honor? When he deserved his emoluments? The united voice of the army which served under him, the glorious testimony of prince Ferdinand, and of vanquished enemies, all Germany will tell him. Junius repeats the complaints of the army against parliamentary influence. I love the army too well not to wish that such influence were less. Let Junius point out the time when it has not prevailed. It was of the least force in the time of that great man, the late duke of Cumberland, who, as a prince of the blood, was able, as well as willing to stem a torrent which would have overborne any private subject. In time of war, this influence is small. In peace, when discontent and faction have the surest means to operate, especially in this country, and when, from a scarcity of public spirit, the wheels of government are rarely moved but by the power and force of obligations, its weight is always too great. Yet, if this influence, at present, has done no greater harm than the placing earl Percy at the head of a regiment, I do not think that either the rights or best interests of the army are sacrificed and betrayed, or the nation undone. Let me ask Junius, if he knows any one nobleman in the army who has had a regiment by seniority? I feel myself happy in seeing young noblemen of illustrious name and great property come amongst us. They are an additional security to the kingdom from foreign or domestic slavery. Junius needs not be told, that, should the time ever come when this nation is to be

defended only by those who have nothing more to lose than their arms and their pay, its danger will be great indeed. A happy mixture of men of quality with soldiers of fortune is always to be wished for. But the main point is still to be contended for: I mean the discipline and condition of the army; and I must still maintain, though contradicted by Junius, that it was never upon a more respectable footing, as to all the essentials that can form good soldiers, than it is at present. Junius is forced to allow, that our army at home may be in some tolerable order; yet, how kindly does he invite our late enemies to the invasion of Ireland, by assuring them that the army in that kingdom is totally ruined! (The colonels of that army are much obliged to him.) I have too great an opinion of the military talents of the lieutenant, and of all their diligence and capacity, to believe it. If, from some strange unaccountable fatality, the people of that kingdom cannot be induced to consult their own security, by such an effectual augmentation as may enable the troops there to act with power and energy, is the commander-in-chief here to blame? Or, is he to blame, because the troops in the Mediterranean, in the West India, in America, labor under great difficulties from the scarcity of men, which is but too visible all over these kingdoms? Many of our forces are in climates unfavorable to British constitutions; their loss is in proportion. Britain must recruit all these regiments from her own emaciated bosom; or, more precariously, by Catholics from Ireland. We are likewise subject to the fatal drains to the East Indies, to Senegal, and the alarming emigrations of our people to other countries. Such depopulation can only be repaired by a long peace, or by some sensible bill of naturalization.

I must now take the liberty of addressing Junius on my own account. He is pleased to tell me that he addresses himself to me *personally*: I shall be glad to see him. It is his *impersonality* that I complain of, and his invisible attacks: for his dagger in the air is only to be regarded, because one cannot see the hand which holds it; but, had it not wounded other people more deeply than myself, I should not have obtruded myself at all on the patience of the public.

Mark how plain a tale shall put him down, and transmute the blush of my ribbon into his own cheeks. Junius tells me, that at my return, I zealously undertook the cause of the gallant army, by whose bravery at Manilla my own fortunes were established; that I complained, that I even appealed to the public. I did so; I glory in having done so, as I had an undoubted right to vindicate my own character, attacked by a Spanish memorial, and to assert the rights of my brave companions. I glory, likewise, that I have never taken up my pen but to vindicate the injured. Junius asks, by what accident did it happen, that, in the midst of all this bustle, and all the clamors for justice to the injured troops, the Manilla ransom was suddenly buried in a profound and, since that time, an uninterrupted silence? I will explain the cause to the public. The several ministers who have been employed since that time have been very desirous to do justice, from two most laudable motives: a strong inclination to assist injured bravery, and to acquire a well-deserved popularity to themselves. Their efforts have been in vain. Some were ingenuous enough to own, that they could not think of involving this distressed nation in another war for our private concerns. In short, our rights, for the present, are sacrificed to national convenience; and I must confess, that although I may lose five-and-twenty thousand pounds by their acquiescence to this breach of faith in the Spaniards, I think they are in the right to temporize,

considering the critical situation of this country, convulsed in every part, by poison infused by anonymous, wicked, and incendiary writers. Lord Shelburne will do me the justice to own, that in September last, I waited upon him with a joint memorial from the admiral, sir S. Cornish, and myself, in behalf of our injured companions. His lordship was as frank upon the occasion as other secretaries had been before him. He did not deceive us, by giving any immediate hopes of relief.

Junius would basely insinuate, that my silence may have been purchased by my government, by my *blushing* ribbon, by my regiment, by the sale of that regiment, and by half-pay as an Irish colonel.

His majesty was pleased to give me my government for my service at Madras. I had my first regiment in 1757. Upon my return from Manilla, his majesty, by lord Egremont, informed me, that I should have the first vacant red ribbon, as a reward for many services in an enterprise which I had planned as well as executed. The duke of Bedford and Mr. Grenville confirmed these assurances, many months before the Spaniards had protested the ransom bills. To accommodate lord Clive, then going upon a most important service to Bengal, I waived my claim to the vacancy which then happened. As there was no other vacancy until the duke of Grafton and lord Rockingham were joint ministers; I was then honored with the order; and it is surely no small honor to me, that, in such a succession of ministers, they were all pleased to think that I had deserved it; in my favor they were all united. Upon the reduction of the 79th regiment, which had served so gloriously in the East Indies, his majesty, unsolicited by me, gave me the 16th of foot as an equivalent. My motives for retiring, afterwards, are foreign to the purpose: let it suffice, that his majesty was pleased to approve of them: they are such as no man can think indecent, who knows the shocks that repeated vicissitudes of heat and cold, of dangerous and sickly climates, will give to the best constitutions, in a pretty long course of service. I resigned my regiment to colonel Gisborne, a very good officer, for his half-pay, and 200*l.* Irish annuity: so that, according to Junius, I have been bribed to say nothing more of the Manilla ransom, and to sacrifice those brave men, by the strange avarice of accepting 380*l.* per annum, and giving up 800*l.* If this be bribery, it is not the bribery of these times. As to my flattery, those who know me will judge of it. By the asperity of Junius's style, I cannot, indeed, call him a flatterer, unless he be as a cynic or a mastiff: if he wags his tail, he will still growl, and long to bite. The public will now judge of the credit that ought to be given to Junius's writings, from the falsities that he has insinuated with respect to myself.

WILLIAM DRAPER.

LETTER V.

TO SIR WILLIAM DRAPER, KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

SIR,

February 21, 1769.

I should justly be suspected of acting upon motives of more than common enmity to lord Granby, if I continued to give you fresh materials or occasion for writing in his defense. Individuals who hate, and the public who despise, have read *your* letters, sir William, with infinitely more satisfaction than mine. Unfortunately for him, his reputation, like that unhappy country to which you refer me for his last military achievements, has suffered more by his friends than his enemies. In mercy to him, let us drop the subject. For my own part, I willingly leave it to the

public to determine, whether your vindication of your friend has been as able and judicious as it was certainly well intended: and you, I think, may be satisfied with the warm acknowledgments he already owes you, for making him the principal figure in a piece, in which, but for your amicable assistance, he might have passed without particular notice or distinction.

In justice to your friends, let your future labors be confined to the care of your own reputation. Your declaration, that you are happy in seeing young noblemen *come among* us, is liable to two objections. With respect to lord Percy, it means nothing; for he was already in the army. He was aid-de-camp to the king, and had the rank of colonel. A regiment, therefore, could not make him a more military man, though it made him richer; and probably at the expense of some brave, deserving, friendless officer. The other concerns yourself. After selling the companions of your victory in one instance, and after selling your profession in the other, by what authority do you presume to call yourself a soldier? The plain evidence of facts is superior to all declarations. Before you were appointed to the 16th regiment, your complaints were a distress to government: from that moment you were silent. The conclusion is inevitable. You insinuate to us, that your ill state of health obliged you to quit the service. The retirement necessary to repair a broken constitution would have been as good a reason for not accepting, as for resigning, the command of a regiment. There is certainly an error of the press, or an affected obscurity in that paragraph, where you speak of your bargain with colonel Gisborne. Instead of attempting to answer what I do not really understand, permit me to explain to the public what I really know. In exchange for your regiment, you accepted of a colonel's half-pay, (at least 220*l.* a year) and an annuity of 200*l.* for your own and lady Draper's life jointly. And is this the losing bargain, which you would represent to us, as if you had given up an income of 800*l.* a year for 380*l.*? Was it decent, was it honorable, in a man who pretends to love the army, and calls himself a soldier, to make a traffic of the royal favor, and turn the highest honor of an active profession into a sordid provision for himself and his family? It were unworthy of me to press you farther. The contempt with which the whole army heard of the manner of your retreat, assures me, that, as your conduct was not justified by precedent, it will never be thought an example for imitation.

The last and most important question remains. When you receive your half-pay, do you or do you not, take a solemn oath, or sign a declaration upon honor, to the following effect? *That you do not actually hold any place of profit: civil or military, under his majesty.* The charge which the question plainly conveys against you, is of so shocking a complexion, that I sincerely wish you may be able to answer it well; not merely for the color of your reputation, but for your own inward peace of mind.

JUNIUS.

LETTER VI.

TO JUNIUS.

SIR,

February, 27, 1769.

I have a very short answer for Junius's important question. I do not either take an oath, or declare upon my honor, that I hold no place of profit civil or military, when I receive the half-pay as an Irish colonel: my most gracious sovereign gives it me as a pension: he was pleased to think I deserved it. The annuity of 200*l.* Irish, and the equivalent for the half-pay, together produce no more than 380*l.* per

annum, clear of fees and perquisites of office. I receive 167*l*. from my government of Yarmouth. Total 547*l*. per annum. My conscience is much at ease in these particulars: my friends need not blush for me.

Junius makes much and frequent use of interrogations: they are arms that may be easily turned against himself. I could, by malicious interrogation, disturb the peace of the most virtuous man in the kingdom. I could take the decalogue, and say to one man, Did you never steal? To the next, Did you never commit murder? And to Junius himself, who is putting my life and conduct to the rack, Did you never "bear false witness against thy neighbor?" Junius must easily see, that, unless he affirms to the contrary, in his real name, some people, who may be as ignorant of him as I am, will be apt to suspect him of having deviated a little from the truth: therefore let Junius ask no more questions. You bite against a file: Cease, viper!

W. D.

LETTER VII.

TO SIR WILLIAM DRAPER, KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

SIR,

March 8, 1790.

An academical education has given you an unlimited command over the most beautiful figures or speech. Masks, hatchets, racks, and vipers, dance through your letters in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion. These are the gloomy companions of a disturbed imagination; the melancholy madness of poetry, without the inspiration. I will not contend with you in point of composition: you are a scholar, sir William; and if I am truly informed, you write Latin with almost as much purity as English. Suffer me then (for I am a plain unlettered man) to continue that style of interrogation which suits my capacity, and to which, considering the readiness of your answers you ought to have no objection. Even Mr. Bingley* promises to answer, if put to the torture.

Do you then really think, that, if I were to ask a *most virtuous man*, whether he ever committed theft or murder, it would disturb his peace of mind? Such a question might, perhaps, discompose the gravity of his muscles, but I believe it would little affect the tranquillity of his conscience. Examine your own breast, sir William, and you will discover that reproaches and inquiries have no power to afflict

*This man, being committed by the court of king's bench for contempt, voluntarily made oath that he would never answer interrogatories unless he should be put to the torture.

either the man of unblemished integrity or the abandoned profligate. It is the middle compound character which alone is vulnerable; the man who, without firmness enough to avoid a dishonorable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it.

I thank you for the hint of the decalogue, and shall take an opportunity of applying it to some of your most virtuous friends in both houses of parliament.

You seem to have dropped the affair of your regiment; so let it rest. When you are appointed to another, I dare say you will not sell it either for a gross sum, or for an annuity upon lives.

I am truly glad (for really, sir William, I am not your enemy, nor did I begin this contest with you) that you have been able to clear yourself of a crime, though at the expense of the highest indiscretion. You say that your half-pay was given you by way of pension. I will not dwell upon the singularity of uniting in your own person two sorts of provision, which, in their own nature, and in all military and parliamentary views, are incompatible, but I call upon you to justify that declaration, wherein you

charge your sovereign with having done an act in your favor notoriously against law. The half-pay, both in Ireland and England, is appropriated by parliament; and if it be given to persons who, like you, are legally incapable of holding it, it is a breach of law. It would have been more decent in you to have called this dishonorable transaction by its true name; a *job*, to accommodate two persons, by particular interest and management at the castle.—What sense must government have, had of your services, when the rewards they have given you are only a disgrace to you!

And now, sir William, I shall take my leave of you forever. Motives very different from any apprehension of your resentment make it impossible you should ever know me. In truth, you have some reason to hold yourself indebted to me. From the lessons I have given you, you may collect a profitable instruction for your future life. They will either teach you so to regulate your future conduct, as to be able to set the most malicious inquiries at defiance; or, if that be a lost hope, they will teach you prudence enough not to attract the public attention to a character, which will only pass without censure, when it passes without observation.*

JUNIUS.

LETTER VIII.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD,

March 18, 1790.

Before you were placed at the head of affairs, it had been a maxim of the English government, not unwillingly admitted by the people, that every ungracious or severe exertion of the prerogative should be placed to the account of the minister; but, that whenever an act of grace or benevolence was to be performed, the whole merit of it should be attributed to the sovereign himself.* It was a wise doctrine, my lord, and equally advantageous to the king and his subjects; for while it preserved that suspicious attention with which the people ought always to examine the conduct of ministers, it tended, at the same time, rather to increase than diminish their attachment to the person of their sovereign. If there be not a fatality attending every measure you are concerned in, by what treachery, or by what excess of folly has it happened, that those ungracious acts which have distinguished your administration, and which I doubt not, were entirely your own, should carry with them a strong appearance of personal in-

* It has been said, I believe truly, that it was signified to sir William Draper, as the request of lord Granby, that he should desist from writing in his lordship's defense. Sir William Draper certainly drew Junius forward to say more of lord Granby's character than he originally intended. He was reduced to the dilemma, of either being totally silenced, or of supporting his first letter. Whether sir William had a right to reduce him to this dilemma, or to call upon him for his name, after a voluntary attack on his side, are questions submitted to the candor of the public. The death of lord Granby was lamented by Junius. He undoubtedly owed some compensations to the public, and seemed determined to acquit himself of them. In private life, he was unquestionably that good man, who, for the interest of his country, ought to have been a great one. *Bonum virum facile dixeris! magnam libenter.* I speak of him now without partiality: I never spoke of him with resentment. His mistakes, in public conduct, did not arise either from want of sentiment, or want of judgment; but, in general, from the difficulty of saying no to the bad people who surrounded him.

As for the rest, the friends of lord Granby should remember, that he himself thought proper to condemn, retract, and disavow, by a most solemn declaration, in the house of commons, that very system of political conduct which Junius has held forth to the disapprobation of the public.

*Les rois ne sont reserves que les graces. Ils renvoient les condamnations vers leurs officiers.—Montesquieu.

terest, and even of personal enmity, in a quarter where no such interest or enmity can be supposed to exist, without the highest injustice, and the highest dishonor? On the other hand, by what judicious management have you contrived it, that the only act of mercy to which you ever advised your sovereign, far from adding to the lustre of a character truly gracious and benevolent, should be received with universal disapprobation and disgust? I shall consider it as a ministerial measure, because it is an odious one, and as your measure, my lord duke, because you are the minister.

As long as the trial of this chairman was depending, it was natural enough that government should give him every possible encouragement and support. The honorable service for which he was hired, and the spirit with which he performed it, made common cause between your grace and him. The minister, who, by secret corruption, invades the freedom of elections, and the ruffian, who, by open violence destroys that freedom, are embarked in the same bottom; they have the same interests, and mutually feel for each other. To do justice to your grace's humanity, you felt for M'Quirk as you ought to do; and if you had been contented to assist him indirectly, without a notorious denial of justice, or openly insulting the sense of the nation, you might have satisfied every duty of political friendship, without committing the honor of your sovereign, or hazarding the reputation of his government. But when this unhappy man had been solemnly tried, convicted, and condemned; when it appeared that he had been frequently employed in the same services, and that no excuse for him could be drawn either from the innocence of his former life, or the simplicity of his character; was it not hazarding too much, to interpose the strength of the prerogative between this felon and the justice of his country? You ought to have known that an example of this sort was never so necessary as at present; and certainly you must have known, that the lot could not have fallen upon a more guilty object. What system of government is

* *Whitehall, March 11, 1769.* His majesty has been graciously pleased to extend his royal mercy to Edward M'Quirk, found guilty of the murder of George Clarke, as appears by his royal warrant, to the tenor following:

GEORGE R.

Whereas a doubt has arisen in our royal breast concerning the evidence of the death of George Clarke, from the representations of William Broomfield, esq., surgeon, and Solomon Starling, apothecary: both of whom, as has been represented to us, attended the deceased before his death, and expressed their opinions that he did not die of the blow he received at Brentford: and whereas it appears to us that neither of the said persons were produced as witnesses upon the trial, though the said Solomon Starling had been examined before the coroner; and the only person called to prove that the death of the said George Clarke was occasioned by the said blow, was John Foot, surgeon, who never saw the deceased till after his death: we thought fit thereupon to refer the said representations, together with the report of the recorder of our city of London of the evidence given by Richard and William Beale and the said John Foot, on the trial of Edward Quirk, otherwise called Edward Kirk, otherwise called Edward M'Quirk, for the murder of the said Clarke, to the master, wardens, and the rest of the court of examiners of the surgeons' company, commanding them likewise to take such farther examination of the said persons, so representing, and of said John Foot, as they might think necessary, together with the premises above-mentioned, to form and report to us their opinion. "Whether it did or did not appear to them that the said George Clarke died in consequence of the blow he received in the riot at Brentford on the 8th of December last." And the said court of examiners of the surgeons' company having thereupon reported to us their opinion, "That it did not appear to them that he did:" we have thought proper to extend our royal mercy to him the said Edward Quirk, otherwise Edward Kirk, otherwise called Edward M'Quirk, and to grant him our free pardon for the murder of the said George Clarke, of which he has been found guilty. Our will and pleasure, therefore, is, That the said Edward Quirk, otherwise called Edward

this? You are perpetually complaining of the riotous disposition of the lower class of people; yet when the laws have given you the means of making an example, in every sense unexceptionable, and by far the most likely to awe the multitude, you pardon the offense, and are not ashamed to give the sanction of government to the riots you complain of, and even to future murders. You are partial, perhaps, to the military mode of execution; and had rather see a score of these wretches butchered, by the guards, than one of them suffer death by regular course of law. How does it happen, my lord, that, in your hands, even the mercy of the prerogative is cruelty and oppression to the subject?

The measure, it seems, was so extraordinary, that you thought it necessary to give some reasons for it to the public. Let them be fairly examined.

1. You say, that *Messrs. Broomfield and Starling were not examined at M'Quirk's trial.* I will tell your grace why they were not. They must have been examined upon oath; and it was foreseen, that their evidence would either not benefit, or might be prejudicial, to the prisoner. Otherwise, is it conceivable that his counsel should neglect to call in such material evidence?

2. You say, that *Mr. Foot did not see the deceased until after his death.* A surgeon, my lord, must know very little of his profession, if, upon examining a wound or a contusion, he cannot determine whether it was mortal or not. While the party is alive, a surgeon will be cautious of pronouncing; whereas, by the death of the patient, he is enabled to consider both cause and effect in one view, and to speak with a certainty confirmed by experience.

3. Yet we are to thank your grace for the establishment of a new tribunal. Your *inquisito post mortem*, is unknown to the laws of England, and does honor to your invention. The only material objection to it is, that if Mr. Foot's evidence was insufficient, because he did not examine the wound till after the death of the party, much less can a negative opinion, given by gentlemen who never saw the body of Mr. Clarke either before or after his decease, authorize you to supercede the verdict of a jury, and the sentence of the law.

Now, my lord, let me ask you, Has it never occurred to your grace, while you were withdrawing this desperate wretch from that justice which the laws had awarded, and which the whole people of England demanded against him, that there is another man, who is the favorite of his country, whose pardon would have been accepted with gratitude, whose pardon would have healed all our divisions? Have you quite forgotten that this man was once your grace's friend? Or, is it to murderers only that you will extend the mercy of the crown?

These are questions you will not answer, nor is it necessary. The character of your private life, and the uniform tenor of your public conduct, is an answer to them all.

JUNIUS.

Kirk, otherwise called Edward M'Quirk, be inserted for the said murder, in our first and next general pardon that shall come out for the poor convicts of Newgate, without any condition whatsoever; and that, in the meantime, you take bail for his appearance, in order to plead our said pardon. And for so doing this shall be your warrant.

Given at our court at St. James's, the tenth day of March, 1769, in the ninth year of our reign.

By his majesty's command.
To our trusty and well-beloved James Eyre, esq., recorder of our city of London, the sheriffs of our said city and county of Middlesex, and all others whom it may concern.

ROCHFORD.

LETTER IX.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD,

April 10, 1769.

I have so good an opinion of your grace's discernment, that when the author of the vindication of your conduct assures us that he writes from his own mere motion, without the least authority from your grace, I should be ready enough to believe him, but for one fatal mark, which seems to be fixed upon every measure in which either your personal or political character is concerned. Your first attempt to support sir William Proctor ended in the election of Mr. Wilkes; the second insured success to Mr. Glynn. The extraordinary step you took to make sir James Lowther lord paramount of Cumberland has ruined his interest in that country for ever: the house list of directors was cursed with the concurrence of government; and even the miserable Dingley * could not escape the misfortune of your grace's protection. With this uniform experience before us, we are authorized to suspect, that when a pretended vindication of your principles and conduct, in reality, contains the bitterest reflections upon both, it could not have been written without your immediate direction and assistance. The author, indeed, calls God to witness for him, with all the sincerity, and in the very terms of an Irish evidence, *to the best of his knowledge and belief*. My lord, you should not encourage these appeals to Heaven. The pious prince, from whom you are supposed to descend, made such frequent use of them in his public declarations, that, at last, the people also found it necessary to appeal to Heaven in their turn. Your administration has driven us into circumstances of equal distress: beware, at least, how you remind us of the remedy.

You have already much to answer for. You have provoked this unhappy gentleman to play the fool once more in public life, in spite of his years and infirmities; and to show us, that, as you yourself are a singular instance of youth without spirit, the man who defends you is a no less remarkable example of age without the benefit of experience. To follow such a writer minutely, would, like his own periods, be labor without end. The subject too has been already discussed, and is sufficiently understood. I cannot help observing, however, that when the pardon of M'Quirk was the principal charge against you, it would have been but a decent compliment to your grace's understanding, to have defended you upon your own principles. What credit does a man deserve, who tells us plainly, that the facts set forth in the king's proclamation were not the true motives on which the pardon was granted? and that he wishes that those chirurgical reports, which first gave occasion to certain doubts in the royal breast, had not been laid before his majesty? You see, my lord, that even your friends cannot defend your actions, without changing your principles; nor justify a deliberate measure of government without contradicting the main assertion on which it was founded.

The conviction of M'Quirk had reduced you to a dilemma in which it was hardly possible for you to reconcile your political interest with your duty. You were obliged either to abandon an active, useful partisan, or to protect a felon from public justice. With your usual spirit you preferred your interest to every other consideration; and, with your usual judgment, you founded your determination upon the only mo-

tives which should not have been given to the public.

I have frequently censured Mr. Wilkes's conduct, yet your advocate reproaches me with having devoted myself to the service of sedition. Your grace can best inform us for which of Mr. Wilkes's good qualities you first honored him with your friendship, or how long it was before you discovered those bad ones in him, at which, it seems, your delicacy was offended. Remember, my lord, that you continued your connection with Mr. Wilkes, long after he had been convicted of those crimes which you have since taken pains to represent in the blackest colors of blasphemy and treason. How unlucky is it, that the first instance you have given us of a scrupulous regard to decorum, is united with a breach of a moral obligation! For my own part, my lord, I am proud to affirm, that if I had been weak enough to form such a friendship, I would never have been base enough to betray it. But let Mr. Wilkes's character be what it may, this, at least is certain; that circumstanced as he is, with regard to the public, even his vices plead for him. The people of England have too much discernment to suffer your grace to take advantage of the failings of a private character, to establish a precedent by which the public liberty is affected, and which you may hereafter, with equal ease and satisfaction, employ to the ruin of the best men in the kingdom. Content yourself, my lord, with the many advantages which the unsullied purity of your own character has given you over your unhappy deserted friend. Avail yourself of all the unforgiving piety of the court you live in, and bless God that "you are not as other men are; extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican." In a heart void of feeling, the laws of honor and good faith may be violated with impunity, and there you may safely indulge your genius. But the laws of England shall not be violated, even by your holy zeal to oppress a sinner; and, though you have succeeded in making him a tool, you shall not make him the victim of your ambition.

JUNIUS

LETTER X.

TO MR. EDWARD WESTON.

SIR,

April 21, 1769.

I said you were an old man without the benefit of experience. It seems you are also a volunteer, with the stipend of twenty commissions; and at a period when all prospects are at an end, you are still looking forward to rewards which you cannot enjoy. No man is better acquainted with the bounty of government than you are;

— Ton impudence,
Temeraire vieillard, aura sa recompense.

But I will not descend to an altercation either with the impotence of your age, or the peevishness of your diseases. Your pamphlet, ingenious as it is, has been so little read, that the public cannot know how far you have the right to give me the lie, without the following citation of your own words:

Page 6th. '1. That he is persuaded that the motives which he (Mr. Weston) has alleged, must appear fully sufficient with or without the opinions of the surgeons.

'2. That those very motives must have been the foundation on which the earl of Rochford thought proper, etc.

'3. That he cannot but regret, that the earl of Rochford seems to have thought proper to lay the chirurgical reports before the king, in preference to all the other sufficient motives,' etc.

* This unfortunate person had been persuaded by the duke of Grafton to set up for Middlesex, his grace being determined to seat him in the house of commons, if he had but a single vote. It happened, unluckily, that he could not prevail upon any one freeholder to put him in nomination.

Let the public determine whether this be defending government on their principles or your own.

The style and language you have adopted are, I confess, not ill-suited to the elegance of your own manners, or to the dignity of the cause you have undertaken. Every common dauber writes rascal and villain under his pictures, because the pictures themselves have neither character nor resemblance. But the works of a master require no index; his features and coloring are taken from nature; the impression they make is immediate and uniform; nor is it possible to mistake his characters, whether they represent the treachery of a minister, or the abused simplicity of a

JUNIUS.

LETTER XI.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD,

April 24, 1789.

The system you seem to have adopted when lord Chatham unexpectedly left you at the head of affairs, gave us no promise of that uncommon exertion of vigor which has since illustrated your character, and distinguished your administration. Far from discovering a spirit bold enough to invade the first rights of the people, and the first principles of the constitution, you were scrupulous of exercising even those powers with which the executive branch of the legislature is legally invested. We have not yet forgotten how long Mr. Wilkes was suffered to appear at large, nor how long he was at liberty to canvass for the city and county, with all the terrors of an outlawry hanging over him. Our gracious sovereign has not yet forgotten the extraordinary care you took of his dignity, and of the safety of his person, when, at a crisis which courtiers affected to call alarming, you left the metropolis exposed, for two nights together, to every species of riot and disorder. The security of the royal residence from insult was then sufficiently provided for in Mr. Conway's firmness, and lord Weymouth's discretion; while the prime minister of Great Britain, in a rural retirement, and in the arms of faded beauty, had lost all memory of his sovereign, his country, and himself. In these instances you might have acted with vigor, for you would have had the sanction of the laws to support you: the friends of government might have defended you without shame; and moderate men, who wish well to the peace and good order of society, might have had a pretence for applauding your conduct. But these, it seems, were not occasions worthy of your grace's interposition. You reserved the proofs of your intrepid spirit for trials of greater hazard and importance; and now, as if the most disgraceful relaxation of the executive authority had given you a claim of credit to indulge in excesses still more dangerous, you seem determined to compensate amply for your former negligence, and to balance the non-execution of the laws with a breach of the constitution. From one extreme you suddenly start to the other, without leaving, between the weakness and the fury of the passions, one moment's interval for the firmness of the understanding.

These observations, general as they are, might easily be extended into a faithful history of your grace's administration, and perhaps may be the employment of a future hour. But the business of the present moment will not suffer me to look back to a series of events, which cease to be interesting or important, because they are succeeded by a measure so singularly daring, that it excites all our attention, and engrosses all our resentment.

Your patronage of Mr. Luttrell has been crowned with success. With this precedent before you, with the principles on which it was established, and with

a future house of commons, perhaps less virtuous than the present, every county in England, under the auspices of the treasury, may be represented as completely as the county of Middlesex. Posterity will be indebted to your grace for not contenting yourself with a temporary expedient, but entailing upon them the immediate blessings of your administration. Boroughs were already too much at the mercy of government. Counties could neither be purchased nor intimidated. But their solemn determined election may be rejected; and the man they detest may be appointed by another choice to represent them in parliament. Yet it is admitted, that the sheriffs obeyed the laws, and performed their duty.* The return they made must have been legal and valid, or undoubtedly they would have been censured for making it. With every good-natured allowance for your grace's youth and inexperience, there are some things which you cannot but know. You cannot but know, that the right of the freeholders to adhere to their choice (even supposing it improperly exerted) was as clear and indisputable as that of the house of commons to exclude one of their own members. Nor is it possible for you not to see the wide distance there is between the negative power of rejecting one man, and the positive power of appointing another. The right of expulsion, in the most favorable sense, is no more than the custom of parliament. The right of election is the very essence of the constitution. To violate that right, and much more to transfer it to any other set of men, is a step leading immediately to the dissolution of all government. So far forth as it operates, it constitutes a house of commons which *does not* represent the people. A house of commons so formed would involve a contradiction, and the grossest confusion of ideas: but there are some ministers, my lord, whose views can only be answered by reconciling absurdities, and making the same proposition, which is false and absurd in argument, true in fact.

This measure, my lord, is, however, attended with one consequence favorable to the people, which I am persuaded you did not foresee.† While the contest lay between the ministry and Mr. Wilkes, his situation and private character gave you advantages over him, which common candor, if not the memory of your former friendship, should have forbidden you to make use of. To religious men you had an opportunity of exaggerating the irregularities of his past life; to moderate men you held forth the pernicious consequences of faction. Men who, with this character, looked no farther than to the object before them, were not dissatisfied at seeing Mr. Wilkes excluded from parliament. You have now taken care to shift the question; or rather, you have created a new one, in which Mr. Wilkes is no more concerned than any other English gentleman. You have united this country against you on one grand constitutional point, on the decision of which our existence, as a free people, absolutely depends. You have asserted, not in words, but in fact, that the representation in parliament does not depend upon the choice of the freeholders. If such a case can possibly happen once it may happen frequently; it may happen always: and if three hundred votes, by any mode of reasoning whatever, can prevail against twelve hundred, the same reasoning would equally have given Mr. Luttrell his seat with ten votes, or even with one. The consequences of this attack upon the constitution are too plain and palpable, not to alarm the dullest

* Sir Fletcher Norton, when it was proposed to punish the sheriffs, declared in the house of commons, that they, in returning Mr. Wilkes, had done no more than their duty.

† The reader is desired to mark this prophecy.

apprehension. I trust you will find that the people of England are neither deficient in spirit or understanding; though you have treated them as if they had neither sense to feel or spirit to resent. We have reason to thank God and our ancestors, that there never yet was a minister in this country who could stand the issue of such a conflict; and, with every prejudice in favor of your intentions, I see no such abilities in your grace, as should enable you to succeed in an enterprise, in which the ablest and basest of your predecessors have found their destruction. You may continue to deceive your gracious master with false representations of the temper and condition of his subjects: you may command a venal vote, because it is the common established appendage of your office: but never hope that the freeholders will make a tame surrender of their rights; or, that an English army will join with you in overturning the liberties of their country. They know, that their first duty, as citizens, is paramount to all subsequent engagements: nor will they prefer the discipline, or even the honors of their profession, to those sacred original rights which belonged to them before they were soldiers, and which they claim and possess as the birth-right of Englishmen.

Return, my lord, before it be too late, to that easy insipid system which you first set out with. Take back your mistress.* The name of friend may be fatal to her, for it leads to treachery and persecution. Indulge the people. Attend Newmarket. Mr. Luttrell may again vacate his seat; and Mr. Wilkes, if not persecuted, will soon be forgotten. To be weak and inactive is safer than to be daring and criminal; and wide is the distance between a riot of the populace and a convulsion of the whole kingdom. You may live to make the experiment, but no honest man can wish you should survive it.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XII.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD,

May 30, 1769.

If the measures in which you have been most successful had been supported by any tolerable appearance of arguments, I should have thought my time not ill employed in continuing to examine your conduct as a minister, and stating it fairly to the public. But when I see questions of the highest national importance carried as they have been, and the first principles of the constitution openly violated, without argument or decency, I confess I give up the cause in despair. The meanness of your predecessors had abilities sufficient to give a color to their measures. If they invaded the rights of the people, they did not dare to offer a direct insult to their understanding; and in former times, the most venal parliaments, made it a condition, in their bargain with the minister, that he should furnish them with some plausible pretences for selling their country and themselves. You have had the merit of introducing a more compendious system of government and logic. You neither address yourself to the passions nor the understanding, but simply to the touch. You apply yourself immediately to the feelings of your friends; who, contrary to the forms of parliament, never enter heartily into a debate until they have divided.

Relinquishing, therefore, all idle views of amendment to your grace, or of benefit to the public, let

* The duke, about this time, had separated himself from Anne Parsons: but proposed to continue united with her on some platonic terms of friendship, which she rejected with contempt. His baseness to this woman is beyond description or belief.

me be permitted to consider your character and conduct, merely as a subject of curious speculation. There is something in both which distinguishes you not only from all other ministers, but all other men. It is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake. It is not that your indolence and your activity have been equally misapplied, but that the first uniform principle, or if I may call it, the genius of your life, should have carried you through every possible change and contradiction of conduct, without the momentary impatience or color of a virtue; and that the wildest spirit of inconsistency should never once have betrayed you into a wise or honorable action. This, I own, gives an air of singularity to your fortune, as well as to your disposition. Let us look back, together, to the scene, in which a mind like yours will find nothing to repent of. Let us try, my lord, how well you have supported the various relations in which you stood to your sovereign, your country, your friends, and yourself. Give us, if it be possible, some excuse to posterity and to ourselves, for submitting to your administration. If not the abilities of a great minister, if not the integrity of a patriot, or the fidelity of a friend, show us, at least, the firmness of a man. For the sake of your mistress, the lover shall be spared. I will not lead her into public, as you have done; nor will I insult the memory of departed beauty. Her sex, which alone made her amiable in your eyes, makes her respectable in mine.

The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue even to their legitimate posterity; and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character, by which a family may be as clearly distinguished, as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles the First lived and died a hypocrite. Charles the Second was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gayety, you live like Charles the Second, without being an amiable companion; and, for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.

You had already taken your degrees with credit, in those schools in which the English nobility are formed to virtue, when you were introduced to lord Chatham's protection.* From Newmarket, White's, and the opposition, he gave you to the world with an air of popularity, which young men usually act out with, and seldom preserve: grave and plausible enough to be thought fit for business; too young for treachery; and, in short, a patriot of no unpromising expectations. Lord Chatham was the earliest object of your political wonder and attachment; yet you deserted him, upon the first hopes that offered of an equal share of power with lord Rockingham. When the late duke of Cumberland's first negotiation failed, and when the favorite was pushed to the last extremity, you saved him, by joining with an administration, in which lord Chatham had refused to engage. Still, however, he was your friend: and you are yet to explain to the world, why you consented to act without him: or why, after uniting with lord

* To understand these passages, the reader is referred to a noted pamphlet, called 'The History of the Minority.'

Rockingham, you deserted and betrayed him. You complained that no measures were taken to satisfy your patron; and that your friend, Mr. Wilkes, who had suffered so much for the party, had been abandoned to his fate. They have since contributed, not a little, to your present plenitude of power; yet, I think, lord Chatham has less reason than ever to be satisfied: and, as for Mr. Wilkes, it is, perhaps, the greatest misfortune of his life, that you should have so many compensations to make in the closet for your former friendship with him. Your gracious master understands your character, and makes you a persecutor because you have been a friend.

Lord Chatham formed his last administration upon principles which you certainly concurred in, or you could never have been placed at the head of the treasury. By deserting those principles, or by acting in direct contradiction to them, in which he found you were secretly supported in the closet, you soon forced him to leave you to yourself, and to withdraw his name from an administration which had been formed on the credit of it. You had then a prospect of friendships better suited to your genius, and more likely to fix your disposition. Marriage is the point on which every rake is stationary at last: and truly my lord, you may well be weary of the circuit you have taken; for you have now fairly travelled through every sign in the political zodiac, from the scorpion, in which you stung lord Chatham, to the hopes of a virgin* in the house of Bloomsbury. One would think that you had had sufficient experience of the frailty of nuptial engagements, or, at least, that such a friendship as the duke of Bedford's might have been secured to you by the auspicious marriage of your late duchess† with his nephew. But ties of this tender nature cannot be drawn too close; and it may possibly be a part of the duke of Bedford's ambition, after making her an honest woman, to work a miracle of the same sort upon your grace. This worthy nobleman has long dealt in virtue: there has been a large consumption of it in his own family; and, in the way of traffic, I dare say, he has bought and sold more than half the representative integrity of the nation.

In a political view, this union is not imprudent. The favor of princes is a perishable commodity. You have now a strength sufficient to command the closet, and if it be necessary to betray one friendship more, you may set even lord Bute at defiance. Mr. Stewart M'Kenzie may possibly remember what use the duke of Bedford usually makes of his power; and our gracious sovereign, I doubt not, rejoices at this first appearance of union among his servants. His late majesty, under the happy influence of a family connection between his ministers, was relieved from cares of the government. A more active prince may, perhaps, observe with suspicion by what degrees an artful serpent grows upon his master, from the first unlimited professions of duty and attachment, to the painful representation of the necessity of the royal service, and soon in regular progression, to the humble insolence of dictating in all the obsequious forms of peremptory submission. The interval is carefully employed in forming connections, creating interests, collecting a party, and laying the foundation of double marriages; until the deluded prince, who thought he had found a creature prostituted to his service, and insignificant enough to be always dependent upon his pleasure, finds him, at last, too strong to be commanded, and too formidable to be removed.

* His grace had lately married miss Wrottesley, niece of the good Gertrude, duchess of Bedford.

† Miss Liddel, after her divorce from the duke, married lord Upper Ossory.

Your grace's public conduct, as a minister, is but the counterpart of your private history; the same inconsistency, the same contradictions. In America we trace you, from the first opposition to the stamp act, on principles of convenience, to Mr. Pitt's surrender of the right; then forward to lord Rockingham's surrender of the fact; then back again to lord Rockingham's declaration of the right; then forward to taxation with Mr. Townshend; and, in the last instance, from the gentle Conway's undetermined discretion, to blood and compulsion with the duke of Bedford: yet, if we may believe the simplicity of lord North's eloquence, at the opening of the next session, you are once more to be the patron of America. Is this the wisdom of a great minister, or is it the ominous vibration of a pendulum? Had you no opinion of your own, my lord? Or was it the gratification of betraying every party with which you have been united, and of deserting every political principle in which you had concurred?

Your enemies may turn their eyes without regret from this admirable system of provincial government. They will find gratification enough in the survey of your domestic and foreign policy.

If, instead of disowning lord Shelburne, the British had interposed with dignity and firmness, you know, my lord, that Corsica would never have been invaded. The French saw the weakness of a distracted ministry, and were justified in treating you with contempt. They would probably have yielded, in the first instance, rather than hazard a rupture with this country; but being once engaged, they cannot retreat without dishonor. Common sense foresees consequences which have escaped your grace's penetration. Either we suffer the French to make an acquisition, the importance of which you have probably no conception of; or we oppose them by an underhand management, which only disgraces us in the eyes of Europe, without answering any purpose of policy or prudence. From secret, indirect assistance, a transition to some more open, decisive measures, becomes unavoidable: till, at last, we find ourselves principal in the war, and are obliged to hazard everything for an object, which might have originally been obtained without expense or danger. I am not versed in the politics of the north; but this, I believe, is certain; that half the money you have distributed to carry the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes, or even your secretary's share in the last subscription, would have kept the Turks at your devotion. Was it economy my lord? or did the coy resistance you have constantly met with in the British senate make you despair of corrupting the divan? Your friends, indeed, have the first claim upon your bounty: but if 500*l.* a year can be spared in a pension to Sir John Moore, it would not have disgraced you to have allowed something to the secret service of the public.

You will say, perhaps, that the situation of affairs at home demanded and engrossed the whole of your attention. Here, I confess, you have been active. An amiable, accomplished prince, ascends the throne under the happiest of all auspices, the acclamations and united affections of his subjects. The first measures of his reign, and even the odium of a favorite, were not able to shake their attachment. Your services, my lord, have been more successful. Since you were permitted to take the lead, we have seen the natural effects of a system of government at once both odious and contemptible. We have seen the laws sometimes scandalously relaxed, sometimes violently stretched beyond their tone. We have seen the person of the sovereign insulted; and, in profound peace, and with an undisputed title, the fidelity of his subjects brought by his own servants into pub-

lie question.* Without abilities, resolution, or interest, you have done more than lord Bute could accomplish, with all Scotland at his heels.

Your grace, little anxious, perhaps, either for present or future reputation, will not desire to be handed down in these colors to posterity. You have reason to flatter yourself, that the memory of your administration will survive, even the forms of a constitution which our ancestors vainly hoped would be immortal; and, as for your personal character, I will not, for the honor of human nature, suppose that you can wish to have it remembered. The condition of the present times is desperate indeed; but there is a debt due to those who come after us; and it is the historian's office to punish, though he cannot correct. I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter; and as your conduct comprehends everything that a wise or honest minister should avoid, I mean to make you a negative instruction to your successors forever.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XIII.

ADDRESSED TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

June 12, 1789.

The duke of Grafton's friends, not finding it convenient to enter into a contest with *Junius*, are now reduced to the last melancholy resource of defeated argument, the flat general charge of scurrility and falsehood. As for his style, I shall leave it to the critics. The truth of his facts is of more importance to the public. They are of such a nature, that I think a bare contradiction will have no weight with any man who judges for himself. Let us take them in the order in which they appear in his last letter.

1. Have not the first rights of the people, and the first principles of the constitution, been openly invaded, and the very name of an election made ridiculous, by the arbitrary appointment of Mr. Luttrell?

2. Did not the duke of Grafton frequently lead his mistress into public, and even place her at the head of his table, as if he had pulled down an ancient temple of Venus, and could bury all decency and shame under the ruins? Is this the man who dares to talk of Mr. Wilkes's morals?

3. Is not the character of his presumptive ancestors as strongly marked in him, as if he had descended from them in a direct legitimate line? The idea of his death is only prophetic; and what is prophecy but a narrative preceding the fact?

4. Was not lord Chatham the first who raised him to the rank and post of a minister, and the first whom he abandoned?

5. Did he not join with lord Rockingham, and betray him?

6. Was he not the bosom friend of Mr. Wilkes, whom he now pursues to destruction?

7. Did he not take his degrees with credit at Newmarket, White's, and the opposition?

8. After deserting lord Chatham's principles, and sacrificing his friendship, is he not now closely united with a set of men, who, though they have occasionally joined with all parties, have, in every different situation, and at all times, been equally and constantly detested by this country?

9. Has not sir John Moore a pension of five hundred pounds a year? This may probably be an acquittance of favors upon the turf: but is it possible

* The wise duke, about this time, exerted all the influence of the government to procure addresses to satisfy the king of the fidelity of his subjects. They came in very thick from Scotland; but, after the appearance of this letter, we heard no more of them.

for a minister to offer a grosser outrage to a nation which has so very lately cleared away the beggary of the civil list, at the expense of more than half a million?

10. Is there any one mode of thinking or acting with respect to America, which the duke of Grafton has not successively adopted and abandoned?

11. Is there not a singular mark of shame set upon this man, who has so little delicacy and feeling, as to submit to the opprobrium of marrying a new relation of one who had debauched his wife? In the name of decency, how are these amiable cousins to meet at their uncle's table? It will be a scene in *Edipus*, without the distress. Is it wealth, or wit, or beauty? Or is the amorous youth in love?

The rest is notorious. That Corsica has been sacrificed to the French; that, in some instances, the laws have been scandalously relaxed, and, in others, dangerously violated; and that the king's subjects have been called upon to assure him of their fidelity, in spite of the measures of his servants.

A writer, who builds his arguments upon facts such as these, is not easily to be confuted. He is not to be answered by general assertions or general reproaches. He may want eloquence to amuse and persuade; but, speaking truth, he must always convince.

PHILO JUNIUS.

LETTER XIV.

ADDRESSED TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

June 22, 1789.

The name of *Old Noll* is destined to be the ruin of the house of Stuart. There is an ominous fatality in it, which even the spurious descendants of the family cannot escape. Oliver Cromwell had the merit of conducting Charles the First to the block. Your correspondent, *Old Noll*, appears to have the same design upon the duke of Grafton. His arguments consist better with the title he has assumed, than with the principles he professes: for though he pretends to be an advocate for the duke, he takes care to give us the best reason why this patron should regularly follow the fate of his presumptive ancestor. Through the whole course of the duke of Grafton's life, I see a strange endeavor to unite contradictions which cannot be reconciled. He marries, to be divorced; he keeps a mistress, to remind him of conjugal endearments; and he chooses such friends as it is a virtue in him to desert. If it were possible for the genius of that accomplished president, who pronounced sentence upon Charles the First, to be revived in some modern sycophant,* his grace, I doubt not, would by sympathy discover him among the dregs of mankind, and take him for a guide in those paths which naturally conduct a minister to the scaffold.

The assertion that two-thirds of the nation approve of the acceptance of Mr. Luttrell (for even *Old Noll* is too modest to call it an election) can neither be maintained nor confuted by argument. It is a point of fact, on which every English gentleman will determine for himself. As to lawyers, their profession is supported by the indiscriminate defense of right and wrong; and I confess I have not that opinion of their knowledge or integrity, to think it necessary that they should decide for me upon a plain constitutional question. With respect to the appointment of Mr. Luttrell, the chancellor has never yet given any authentic opinion. Sir Fletcher Norton is, indeed, an honest, a very honest man; and the attorney-general is *ex officio* the guardian of liberty; to take care, I presume, that it shall never break out into a

* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the name of *Bradshaw*.

criminal excess. Doctor Blackstone is solicitor to the queen. The doctor recollected that he had a place to preserve, though he forgot that he had a reputation to lose. We have now the good fortune to understand the doctor's principles as well as writings. For the defense of truth, of law, and reason, the doctor's book may be safely consulted; but whoever wishes to cheat a neighbor of his estate, or to rob a country of its rights, need make no scruple of consulting the doctor himself.

The example of the English nobility may, for aught I know, sufficiently justify the duke of Grafton, when he indulges his genius in all the fashionable excesses of the age; yet, considering his rank and station, I think it would do him more honor to be able to deny the fact, than to defend it by such authority. But if vice itself could be excused, there is yet a certain display of it, a certain outrage to decency, and violation of public decorum, which, for the benefit of society, should never be forgiven. It is not that he kept a mistress at home, but that he constantly attended her abroad. It is not the private indulgence, but the public insult, of which I complain. The name of Miss Parsons would hardly have been known, if the first lord of the treasury had not led her in triumph through the opera-house, even in the presence of the queen. When we see a man act in this manner, we may admit the shameless depravity of his heart; but what are we to think of his understanding?

His grace, it seems, is now to be a regular, domestic man; and, as an omen of the future delicacy and correctness of his conduct, he marries a first cousin of the man who had fixed that mark and title of infamy upon him, which, at the same moment, makes a husband unhappy and ridiculous. The ties of consanguinity may possibly preserve him from the same fate a second time; and as to the distress of meeting, I take for granted, the venerable uncle of these common cousins has settled the etiquette in such a manner, that, if a mistake should happen, it may reach no further than from *madame ma femme* to *madame ma cousine*.

The duke of Grafton has always some excellent reasons for deserting his friends: the age and incapacity of lord Chatham, the debility of lord Rockingham, or the infamy of Mr. Wilkes. There was a time, indeed, when he did not appear to be quite as well acquainted, or so violently offended, with the infirmities of his friends: but now I confess they are not ill exchanged for the youthful, vigorous virtue of the duke of Bedford; the firmness of general Conway; the blunt, or, if I may call it, the awkward integrity of Mr. Rigby; and the spotless morality of lord Sandwich.

If a late pension to a broken gambler* be an act worthy of commendation, the duke of Grafton's connections will furnish him with many opportunities of doing praiseworthy actions; and as he himself bears so part of the expense, the generosity of distributing the public money for the support of virtuous families in distress, will be an unquestionable proof of his grace's humanity.

As to public affairs, *Old Noll* is a little tender of descending to particulars. He does not deny that Corsica has been sacrificed to France; and he confesses that, with regard to America, his patron's measures have been subject to some variation: but when he promises wonders of stability and firmness for the future. These are mysteries, of which we must not pretend to judge by experience; and, truly, I fear we shall perish in the desert, before we arrive at the land of promise. In the regular course of things, the period of the duke of Grafton's ministerial manhood should now be approaching. The imbecility of his infant state was committed to lord

Chatham. Charles Townshend took care of his education at that ambiguous age, which lies between the follies of political childhood and the vices of puberty. The empire of the passions soon succeeded. His earliest principles and connections were of course forgotten or despised. The company he has lately kept has been of no service to his morals; and, in the conduct of public affairs, we see the character of his time of life strongly distinguished. An obstinate, ungovernable self-sufficiency plainly points out to us that state of imperfect maturity at which the graceful levity of youth is lost, and the solidity of experience not yet acquired. It is possible the young man may, in time, grow wiser, and reform; but if I understand his disposition, it is not of such corrigible stuff that we should hope for any amendment in him, before he has accomplished the destruction of his country. Like other rakes, he may, perhaps, live to see his error, but not until he has ruined his estate.

PHILO JUNIUS.

LETTER XV.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON

MY LORD,

July 8, 1769.

If nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you, perhaps, the most formidable minister that ever was employed, under a limited monarch, to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment, form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition, if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence, that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind, which counteracts the most favorite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity. But truly, my lord, the execution has been as gross as the design. By one decisive step you have defeated all the arts of writing. You have fairly confounded the intrigues of opposition, and silenced the clamors of faction. A dark, ambiguous system might require and furnish the materials of ingenious illustration; and, in doubtful measures, the virulent exaggeration of party must be employed to rouse and engage the passions of the people. You have now brought the merits of your administration to an issue, on which every Englishman, of the narrowest capacity, may determine for himself: it is not an alarm to the passion, but a calm appeal to the judgment of the people, upon their own most essential interests. A more experienced minister would not have hazarded a direct invasion of the first principles of the constitution, before he had made some progress in subduing the spirit of the people. With such a cause as yours, my lord, it is not sufficient that you have the court at your devotion, unless you can find means to corrupt or intimidate the jury. The collective body of the people form that jury, and from their decision there is but one appeal.

Whether you have talents to support you at a crisis of such difficulty and danger, should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have, perhaps, mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been re-

*Sir John Moore.

ceived as synonymous terms, that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villian fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. You have now carried things too far to retreat. You have plainly declared to the people what they are to expect from the continuance of your administration. It is time for your grace to consider what you also may expect in return from their spirit and their resentment.

Since the accession of our most gracious sovereign to the throne, we have seen a system of government which may well be called a reign of experiments. Parties of all denominations have been employed and dismissed. The advice of the ablest men in this country has been repeatedly called for, and rejected; and when the royal displeasure has been signified to a minister, the marks of it have usually been proportioned to his abilities and integrity. The spirit of the *favorite* had some apparent influence upon every administration: and every set of ministers preserved an appearance of duration as long as they submitted to that influence. But there were certain services to be performed for the favorite's security, or to gratify his resentments, which your predecessors in office had the wisdom or the virtue not to undertake. The moment this refractory spirit was discovered, their disgrace was determined. Lord Chatham, Mr. Grenville, and lord Rockingham, have successively had the honor to be dismissed for preferring their duty as servants of the public to those compliances which were expected from their station. A submissive administration was at last gradually collected from the deserters of all parties, interests, and connections; and nothing remained but to find a leader for these gallant, well-disciplined troops. Stand forth, my lord; for thou art the man. Lord Bute found no resource of dependence or security in the proud, imposing superiority of lord Chatham's abilities; the shrewd, inflexible judgment of Mr. Grenville; nor in the mild but determined integrity of lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these properties; and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry, before he happily arrived at the *caput mortuum* of vitriol in your grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state; but, brought into action, you become vitriol again. Such are the extremes of alternate indolence or fury, which have governed your whole administration. Your circumstances, with regard to the people, soon becoming desperate, like other honest servants, you determined to involve the best of masters in the same difficulties with yourself. We owe it to your grace's well-directed labors, that your sovereign has been persuaded to doubt of the affections of his subjects, and the people to suspect the virtues of their sovereign, at a time when both were unquestionable. You have degraded the royal dignity into a base and dishonorable competition with Mr. Wilkes: nor had you abilities to carry even the last contemptible triumph over a private man, without the grossest violation of the fundamental laws of the constitution and rights of the people. But these are rights, my lord, which you can no more annihilate, than you can the soil to which they are annexed. The question no longer turns upon points of national honor and security abroad, or on the degrees of expedience and propriety of measures at home. It was not inconsistent that you should abandon the cause of liberty in another country, which you had persecuted in your own: and, in the common arts of domestic corruption, we miss

no part of sir Robert Walpole's system, except his abilities. In this humble, imitative line, you might long have proceeded safe and contemptible. You might probably never have risen to the dignity of being hated, and even have been despised with moderation. But it seems you meant to be distinguished; and, to a mind like yours, there was no other road to fame but by the destruction of a noble fabric, which you thought had been too long the admiration of mankind. The use you have made of the military force, introduced an alarming change in the mode of executing the laws. The arbitrary appointment of Mr. Luttrell invades the fountain of the laws themselves, as it manifestly transfers the right of legislation from those whom the people have chosen, to those whom they have rejected. With a succession of such appointments, we may soon see a house of commons collected, in the choice of which the other towns and counties of England will have as little share as the devoted county of Middlesex.

Yet I trust your grace will find that the people of this country are neither to be intimidated by violent measures, nor deceived by refinements. When they see Mr. Luttrell seated in the house of commons, by mere dint of power, and in direct opposition to the choice of a whole county, they will not listen to those subtleties by which every arbitrary exertion of authority is explained into the law and privilege of parliament. It requires no persuasion of argument, but simply the evidence of the senses, to convince them, that, to transfer the right of election from the collective to the representative body of the people, contradicts all those ideas of a house of commons which they have received from their forefathers, and which they had already, though vainly, perhaps, delivered to their children. The principles on which this violent measure has been defended have added scorn to injury, and forced us to feel that we are not only oppressed, but insulted.

With what force, my lord, with what protection, are you prepared to meet the united detestation of the people of England? The city of London has given a generous example to the kingdom, in what manner a king of this country ought to be addressed: and I fancy, my lord, it is not yet in your courage to stand between your sovereign and the address of his subjects. The injuries you have done this country are such as demand not only redress, but vengeance. In vain shall you look for protection to that venal vote which you have already paid for: another must be purchased; and, to save a minister, the house of commons must declare themselves not only independent of their constituents, but the determined enemies of the constitution. Consider, my lord, whether this be an extremity to which their fears will permit them to advance: or, if their protection should fail you, how far you are authorized to rely upon the sincerity of those smiles, which a pious court lavishes without reluctance upon a libertine by profession. It is not, indeed, the least of the thousand contradictions which attend you, that a man, marked to the world by the grossest violation of all ceremony and decorum, should be the first servant of a court, in which prayers are morality, and kneeling is religion.

Trust not too far to appearances, by which your predecessors have been deceived, though they have not been injured. Even the best of princes may at last discover, that this is a contention in which every thing may be lost, but nothing can be gained: and, as you became minister by accident, *venia*, adopted without choice, trusted without confidence and continued without favor, be assured, that whenever an occasion presses, you will be discarded without even the forms of regret. You will then have

reason to be thankful, if you are permitted to retire to that seat of learning, which, in contemplation of the system of your life, the comparative purity of your manners with those of their high steward, and a thousand other recommending circumstances, has chosen you to encourage the growing virtue of their youth, and to preside over their education. Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that earned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and, what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the university will no longer distress your modesty, by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dullness of declamation will be silent; and even the venal muse, though happiest in action, will forget your virtues. Yet, for the benefit of the succeeding age, I could wish that your retreat might be deferred until your morals shall happily be ripened to that maturity of corruption, at which the worst examples cease to be contagious.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR, July 19, 1760.

A great deal of useless argument might have been saved in the political contest which has arisen from the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes, and the subsequent appointment of Mr. Luttrell. If the question had been once stated with precision, to the satisfaction of each party, and clearly understood by them both. But in this, as in almost every other dispute, usually happens that much time is lost in referring to a multitude of cases and precedents, which prove nothing to the purpose; or in maintaining propositions, which are either not disputed, or, whether they be admitted or denied, are entirely indifferent as to the matter in debate; until at last, the mind, perplexed and confounded with the endless subtleties of controversy, loses sight of the main question, and never arrives at truth. Both parties in the dispute are apt enough to practise these dishonest artifices. The man who is conscious of the weakness of his cause is interested in concealing it; and, on the other side, it is not uncommon to see a good cause mangled by advocates, who do not know the real strength of it.

I should be glad to know, for instance, to what purpose, in the present case, so many precedents have been produced, to prove that the house of commons have a right to expel one of their own members; that it belongs to them to judge of the validity of elections; or that the law of parliament is part of the law of the land? After all these propositions are admitted, Mr. Luttrell's right to his seat will continue to be just as disputable as it was before. Let one of them be at present in agitation. Let it be admitted that the house of commons were authorized to expel Mr. Wilkes, that they are the proper court to judge of elections, and that the law of parliament is binding upon the people; still it remains to be inquired, whether the house, by their resolution in favor of Mr. Luttrell, have, or have not, truly declared that law. To facilitate this inquiry, I would have the question cleared of all foreign or indifferent matter. The following state of it will probably be thought a fair one by both parties; and then I

imagine there is no gentleman in this country who will not be capable of forming a judicious and true opinion upon it. I take the question to be strictly this; "Whether or no it be the known, established law of parliament, that the expulsion of a member of the house of commons, of itself creates in him such an incapacity to be re-elected, that, at a subsequent election, any votes given to him are null and void; and that any other candidate, who, except the person expelled, has the greatest number of votes, ought to be the sitting member."

To prove that the affirmative is the law of parliament, I apprehend it is not sufficient for the present house of commons to declare it to be so. We may shut our eyes, indeed, to the dangerous consequences of suffering one branch of the legislature to declare new laws without argument or example; and it may, perhaps, be prudent enough to submit to authority; but a mere assertion will never convince, much less will it be thought reasonable to prove the right by the fact itself. The ministry have not yet pretended to such a tyranny over our minds. To support the affirmative fairly, it will either be necessary to produce some statute, in which that positive provision shall have been made, that specific disability clearly created, and the consequences of it declared; or, if there be no such statute, the custom of parliament must then be referred to; and some case or cases, strictly in point, must be produced, with the decision of the court upon them; for I readily admit, that the custom of parliament, once clearly proved, is equally binding with the common and statute law.

The consideration of what may be reasonable or unreasonable, makes no part of this question. We are inquiring what the law is, not what it ought to be. Reason may be applied to show the impropriety or expediency of a law; but we must have either statute or precedent to prove the existence of it. At the same time, I do not mean to admit that the late resolution of the house of commons is defensible on general principles of reason, any more than in law. This is not the hinge on which the debate turns.

Supposing, therefore, that I have laid down an accurate state of the question, I will venture to affirm, 1st, That there is no statute existing, by which that specific disability which we speak of is created. If there be, let it be produced. The argument will then be at an end.

2dly, That there is no precedent, in all the proceedings of the house of commons, which comes entirely home to the present case, viz: "Where an expelled member has been returned again, and another candidate, with an inferior number of votes, has been declared the sitting member." If there be such a precedent, let it be given to us plainly; and I am sure it will have more weight than all the cunning arguments which have been drawn from inferences and probabilities.

The ministry, in that laborious pamphlet, which, I presume, contains the whole strength of the party, have declared, "That Mr. Walpole's was the first and only instance in which the electors of any county or borough had returned a person expelled to serve in the same parliament." It is not possible to conceive a case more exactly in point. Mr. Walpole was expelled; and, having a majority of votes at the next election, was returned again. The friends of Mr. Taylor, a candidate set up by the ministry, petitioned the house that he might be the sitting member. Thus far the circumstances tally exactly, except that our house of commons saved Mr. Luttrell the trouble of petitioning. The point of law, however, was the

* The reader will observe, that these admissions are made, not as of truths unquestionable, but for the sake of argument, and in order to bring the real question to issue.

* Precedents, in opposition to principles, have little weight with *Junius*; but he thought it necessary to meet the ministry upon their own ground.

same. It came regularly before the house, and it was their business to determine upon it. They did determine upon it; for they declared Mr. Taylor *not duly elected*. If it be said, that they meant this resolution as matter of favor and indulgence to the borough, which had retorted Mr. Walpole upon them, in order that the burgesses, knowing what the law was, might correct their error, I answer,

I. That it is a strange way of arguing, to oppose a supposition, which no man can prove, to a fact which proves itself.

II. That if this were the intention of the house of commons, it must have defeated itself. The burgesses of Lynn could never have known their error, much less could they have corrected it by any instruction they received from the proceedings of the house of commons. They might, perhaps, have foreseen, that if they returned Mr. Walpole again, he would again be rejected; but they never could infer, from a resolution by which the candidate with the fewest votes was declared *not duly elected*, that, at a future election, and in similar circumstances, the house of commons would reverse their resolution, and receive the same candidate as duly elected, whom they had before rejected.

This, indeed, would have been a most extraordinary way of declaring the law of parliament, and what, I presume, no man, whose understanding is not at cross purposes with itself, could possibly understand.

If, in a case of this importance, I thought myself at liberty to argue from suppositions rather than from facts, I think the probability, in this instance, is directly the reverse of what the ministry affirm; and that it is much more likely that the house of commons, at that time, would rather have strained a point in favor of Mr. Taylor, than that they would have violated the law of parliament, and robbed Mr. Taylor of a right legally vested in him, to gratify a refractory borough, which, in defiance of them, had returned a person branded with the strongest mark of the displeasure of the house.

But really, sir, this way of talking (for I cannot call it argument) is a mockery of the common understanding of the nation, too gross to be endured. Our dearest interests are at stake. An attempt has been made, not merely to rob a single country of its rights, but, by inevitable consequence, to alter the constitution of the house of commons. This fatal attempt has succeeded, and stands as a precedent recorded for ever. If the ministry are unable to defend their cause by fair argument, founded on facts, let them spare us, at least, the mortification of being amused and deluded, like children. I believe there is yet a spirit of resistance in this country, which will not submit to be oppressed; but I am sure there is a fund of good sense in this country, which cannot be deceived.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

August 1, 1769.

It will not be necessary for Junius to take the trouble of answering your correspondent G. A. or the quotation from a speech without doors, published in your paper of the 28th of last month. The speech appeared before Junius's letter; and, as the author seems to consider the great proposition on which all his argument depends, viz., *that Mr. Wilkes was under that known legal incapacity of which Junius speaks*, as a point granted, his speech is in no shape an answer to Junius, for this is the very question in debate.

As to G. A. I observe, first that if he did not admit

Junius's state of the question, he should have shown the fallacy of it, or given us a more exact one; secondly, that, considering the many hours and days which the ministry and their advocates have wasted in public debate, in compiling large quartos, and collecting innumerable precedents, expressly to prove that the late proceedings of the house of commons are warranted by the law, custom, and practice of parliament, it is rather an extraordinary supposition to be made by one of their own party, even for the sake of argument, *that no such statute, no such custom of parliament, no such case in point, can be produced*. G. A. may, however, make the supposition with safety. It contains nothing but literally the fact; except that there is a case exactly in point, with a decision of the house diametrically opposite to that which the present house of commons came to in favor of Mr. Luttrell.

The ministry now begin to be ashamed of the weakness of their cause; and, as it usually happens with falsehood, are driven to the necessity of shifting their ground, and changing their whole defense. At first we were told, that nothing could be clearer than that the proceedings of the house of commons were justified by the known law and uniform custom of parliament. But now, it seems, if there be no law, the house of commons have a right to make one; and if there be no precedent, they have a right to create the first: for this, I presume, is the amount of the question proposed to Junius. If your correspondent had been at all versed in the law of parliament, or generally in the laws of this country, he would have seen that this defense is as weak and false as the former.

The privileges of either house of parliament, it is true, are indefinite: that is, they have not been described or laid down in any one code or declaration whatsoever; but, whenever a question of privilege has arisen, it has invariably been disputed or maintained upon the footing of precedents alone.* In the course of the proceedings upon the Aylesbury election, the house of lords resolved, "That neither house of parliament had any power, by any vote or declaration, to create to themselves any new privilege, that was not warranted by the known laws and customs of parliament." And to this rule, the house of commons, though otherwise they had acted in a very arbitrary manner, gave their assent; for they affirmed that they had guided themselves by it in asserting their privileges. Now, sir, if this be true, with respect to matters of privilege, in which the house of commons, individually, and as a body, are principally concerned, how much more strongly will it hold against any pretended power in that house to create or declare a new law, by which not only the rights of the house over their own member and those of the member himself, are included, but also those of a third and separate party; I mean the freeholders of the kingdom! To do justice to the ministry, they have not yet pretended that any one, or any two, of the three estates, have power to make a new law, without the concurrence of the third. They know, that a man who maintains such a doctrine, is liable, by statute, to the heaviest penalties. They do not acknowledge that the house of commons have assumed a new privilege, or declared a new law. On the contrary, they affirm that their proceedings have been strictly conformable to, and founded upon, the ancient law and custom of parliament. Thus, therefore, the question returns to the point at which Junius had fixed it, viz. *Whether or no this be the law of parliament?* If it be not, the house of com-

* This is still meeting the ministry upon their own ground; for, in truth, no precedents will support either natural injustice, or violation of positive rights.

mons had no legal authority to establish the precedent; and the precedent itself is a mere fact, without any proof of right whatsoever.

Your correspondent concludes with a question of the simplest nature: *Must a thing be wrong because it has never been done before?* No. But, admitting it were proper to be done, that alone does not convey an authority to do it. As to the present case, I hope I shall never see the time, when not only a single person, but a whole county, and, in effect, the entire collective body of the people, may again be robbed of their birth-right by a vote of the house of commons. But if, for reasons which I am unable to comprehend, it be necessary to trust that house with a power so exorbitant and so unconstitutional, at least let it be given them by an act of the legislature.

PHILO JUNIUS.

LETTER XVIII.

TO SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, SOLICITOR GENERAL TO
HER MAJESTY.

SIR,

July 29, 1780.

I shall make you no apology for considering a certain pamphlet, in which your late conduct is defended, as written by yourself. The personal interest, the personal resentments, and, above all, that wounded spirit, unaccustomed to reproach, and, I hope, not frequently conscious of deserving it, are signals which betray the author to us as plainly as if your name were in the title page. You appeal to the public in defense of your reputation. We hold it, sir, that an injury offered to an individual is interesting to society. On this principle, the people of England made common cause with Mr. Wilkes. On this principle, if you are injured they will join in your resentment. I shall not follow you through the insipid form of a third person, but address myself to you directly.

You seem to think the channel of a pamphlet more respectable, and better suited to the dignity of your cause, than that of a newspaper. Be it so. Yet, if newspapers are scurrilous, you must confess they are impartial. They give us, without any apparent preference, the wit and argument of the ministry, as well as the abusive dullness of the opposition. The scales are equally poised. It is not the printer's fault if the greater weight inclines the balance.

Your pamphlet, then, is divided into an attack upon Mr. Grenville's character, and a defense of your own. It would have been more consistent, perhaps, with your professed intention, to have confined yourself to the last. But anger has some claim to indulgence, and railing is usually a relief to the mind. I hope you have found benefit from the experiment. It is not my design to enter into a formal vindication of Mr. Grenville upon his own principles. I have neither the honor of being personally known to him, nor do I pretend to be completely master of all the facts. I need not run the risk of doing an injustice to his opinions, or to his conduct, when your pamphlet alone carries, upon the face of it, a full vindication of both.

Your first reflection is, that Mr. Grenville* was, of all men, the person who should not have complained of inconsistency with regard to Mr. Wilkes. This, sir, is either an unmeaning sneer, a peevish expression of resentment; or, if it means anything, you plainly beg the question; for whether his parliamentary conduct, with regard to Mr. Wilkes, has or has not been inconsistent remains yet to be proved.

But it seems he received upon the spot a sufficient chastisement for exercising so *unfairly* his talents of misrepresentation. You are a lawyer, sir, and know better than I do upon what particular occasions a talent for misrepresentation may be *fairly* exerted; but to punish a man a second time, when he has been once sufficiently chastised, is rather too severe. It is not in the laws of England; it is not in your own Commentaries; nor is it yet, I believe, in the new law you have revealed to the house of commons. I hope this doctrine has no existence but in your own heart. After all, sir, if you had consulted that sober discretion which you seem to oppose with triumph to the honest jollity of a tavern, it might have occurred to you, that, although you could have succeeded in fixing a charge of inconsistency upon Mr. Grenville, it would not have tended in any shape to exculpate yourself.

Your next insinuation, that sir William Meredith had hastily adopted the false glosses of his new ally, is of the same sort with the first. It conveys a sneer, as little worthy of the gravity of your character, as it is useless to your defense. It is of little moment to the public to inquire by whom the charge was conceived, or by whom it was adopted. The only question we ask is, whether or not it be true? The remainder of your reflections upon Mr. Grenville's conduct destroy themselves. He could not possibly come prepared to traduce your integrity to the house; he could not foresee that you would even speak upon the question; much less could he foresee that you would maintain a direct contradiction of that doctrine which you had solemnly, disinterestedly, and, upon the soberest reflection, delivered to the public. He came armed, indeed, with what he thought a respectable authority, to support what he was convinced was the cause of truth; and, I doubt not, he intended to give you, in the course of the debate, an honorable and public testimony of his esteem. Thinking highly of his abilities, I cannot, however, allow him the gift of divination. As to what you are pleased to call a plan, coolly formed, to impose upon the house of commons, and his producing it, without provocation, at midnight, I consider it as the language of pique and invective, therefore unworthy of regard. But, sir, I am sensible I have followed your example too long, and wandered from the point.

The quotation from your Commentaries is matter of record: it can neither be altered by your friends, nor misrepresented by your enemies: and I am willing to take your own word for what you have said in the house of commons. If there be a real difference between what you have written, and what you have spoken, you confess that your book ought to be the standard. Now, sir, if words mean any thing, I apprehend, that when a long enumeration of disqualifications (whether by statute or the custom of parliament) concludes with these general comprehensive words, "but subject to these restrictions and disqualifications, every subject of the realm is eligible of common right,"—a reader, of plain understanding, must of course rest satisfied that no species of disqualification whatsoever had been omitted. The known character of the author, and the apparent accuracy with which the whole work is compiled, would confirm him in his opinion: nor could he possibly form any other judgment, without looking upon your Commentaries in the same light in which you consider those penal laws, which, though not repealed, are fallen into disuse, and are now, in effect, *a snare to the unwary*.*

* Mr. Grenville had quoted a passage from the doctor's excellent Commentaries, which directly contradicted the doctrine maintained by the Doctor in the house of commons.

* If, in stating the law upon any point, a judge deliberately affirms that he has included every case, and it should appear that he has purposely omitted a material case, he does, in effect, lay a snare for the unwary.

You tell us, indeed, that it was not part of your plan to specify any temporary incapacity; and that you could not, without a spirit of prophecy, have specified the disability of a private individual subsequent to the period at which you wrote. What your plan was I know not; but what it should have been, in order to complete the work you have given us, is by no means difficult to determine. The incapacity, which you call temporary, may continue seven years; and though you might not have foreseen the particular case of Mr. Wilkes, you might, and should, have foreseen the possibility of such a case, and told us how far the house of commons were authorized to proceed in it by the law and custom of parliament. The freeholders of Middlesex would then have known what they had to trust to, and would never have returned Mr. Wilkes, when colonel Luttrell was a candidate against him. They would have chosen some indifferent person, rather than submit to be represented by the object of their contempt and detestation.

Your attempt to distinguish between disabilities which affect whole classes of men, and those which affect individuals only, is really unworthy of your understanding. Your Commentaries had taught me, that, although the instance in which a penal law is exerted, be particular, the laws themselves are general: they are made for the benefit and instruction of the public, though the penalty falls only upon an individual. You cannot but know, sir, that what was Mr. Wilkes's case yesterday may be yours or mine to-morrow, and that, consequently, the common right of every subject of the realm is invaded by it. Professing, therefore, to treat of the constitution of the house of commons, and of the laws and customs relative to that constitution, you certainly were guilty of a most unpardonable omission, in taking no notice of a right and privilege of the house more extraordinary and more arbitrary than all the others they possess put together. If the expulsion of a member, not under any legal disability, of itself creates in him an incapacity to be elected, I see a ready way marked out, by which the majority may, at any time, remove the honestest and ablest men who happen to be in opposition to them. To say that they will not make this extravagant use of their power would be a language unfit for a man so learned in the laws as you are. By your doctrine, sir, they have the power: and laws, you know, are intended to guard against what men may do, not to trust to what they will do.

Upon the whole, sir, the charge against you is of a plain, simple nature; it appears even upon the face of your own pamphlet. On the contrary, your justification of yourself is full of subtlety and refinement, and in some places not very intelligible. If I were personally your enemy, I should dwell with a malignant pleasure upon those great and useful qualifications which you certainly possess, and by which you have once acquired, though they could not preserve to you the respect and esteem of your country; I should enumerate the honors you have lost, and the virtues you have disgraced; but, having no private resentments to gratify, I think it sufficient to have given my opinion of your public conduct, leaving the punishment it deserves to your closet and to yourself

JUNIUS.

LETTER XIX.

ADDRESSED TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER
SIR,

August 14, 1769.

A correspondent of the St. James's Evening Post first wilfully misunderstands Junius, then censures

him for a bad reasoner. Junius does not say that it was incumbent upon doctor Blackstone to foresee and state the crimes for which Mr. Wilkes was expelled. If, by a spirit of prophecy, he had even done so, it would have been nothing to the purpose. The question is, not for what particular offenses a person may be expelled, but, generally, whether by the law of parliament expulsion alone creates a disqualification. If the affirmative be the law of parliament, doctor Blackstone might and should have told us so. The question is not confined to this or that particular person, but forms one great general branch of disqualification, too important in itself, and too extensive in its consequences, to be omitted in an accurate work expressly treating of the law of parliament.

The truth of the matter is evidently this: doctor Blackstone, while he was speaking in the house of commons, never once thought of his Commentaries, until the contradiction was unexpectedly urged, and stared him in the face. Instead of defending himself upon the spot, he sunk under the charge in an agony of confusion and despair. It was well known that there was a pause of some minutes in the house, from a general expectation that the doctor would say something in his own defense; but it seems his faculties were too much overpowered to think of those subtleties and refinements which have since occurred to him. It was then Mr. Grenville received that severe chastisement which the doctor mentions with so much triumph: *I wish the honorable gentleman, instead of shaking his head, would shake a good argument out of it.* If to the elegance, novelty, and bitterness of this ingenious sarcasm, we add the natural melody of the amiable sir Fletcher Norton's pipe, we shall not be surprised that Mr. Grenville was unable to make him any reply.

As to the doctor, I would recommend it to him to be quiet. If not, he may, perhaps, hear again from Junius himself.

PHILO JUNIUS.

Postscript to a pamphlet entitled *An Answer to a Question stated*; supposed to be written by Dr. Blackstone, solicitor to the queen, in answer to Junius's letter.

Since these papers were sent to the press, a writer, in the public papers, who subscribes himself Junius, has made a feint of bringing this question to a short issue. Though the foregoing observations contain, in my opinion at least, a full refutation of all that this writer has offered, I shall, however, bestow a very few words upon him. It will cost me very little trouble to unravel and expose the sophistry of his argument.

"I take the question," says he, "to be strictly this: Whether or no it be the known established law of parliament, that the expulsion of a member of the house of commons, of itself, creates in him such an incapacity to be re-elected, that, at a subsequent election, any votes given to him are null and void; and that any other candidate, who, except the person expelled has the greatest number of votes, ought to be the sitting member."

Waiving, for the present, any objection I may have to this state of the question, I shall venture to meet our champion upon his own ground; and attempt to support the affirmative of it, in one of the two ways by which he says it can be alone fairly supported. "If there be no statute," says he, "in which the specific disability is clearly created, etc. (and we acknowledge there is none) the custom of parliament must then be referred to; and some case, or cases, strictly in point, must be produced, with the decision of the court upon them." Now I assert that this has

been done. Mr. Walpole's case is strictly in point, to prove that expulsion creates absolute incapacity of being re-elected. This was the clear decision of the house upon it; and was a full declaration that incapacity was the necessary consequence of expulsion. The law was as clearly and firmly fixed by this resolution, and is as binding in every subsequent case of expulsion, as if it had been declared by an express statute that a "member, expelled by a resolution of the house of commons, shall be deemed incapable of being re-elected." What ever doubt, then, there might have been of the law, before Mr. Walpole's case, with respect to the full operation of a vote of expulsion, there can be none now. The decision of the house, upon this case, is strictly in point, to prove that expulsion creates absolute incapacity in law or being re-elected.

But incapacity in law, in this instance, must have the same operation and effect with incapacity in law in every other instance. Now, incapacity of being re-elected implies, in its very terms, that any votes given to the incapable person, at a subsequent election, are null and void. This is its necessary operation, or it has no operation at all: it is *vox et præterea nihil*. We can no more be called upon to prove this proposition, than we can to prove that a dead man is not alive, or that twice two are four. When the terms are understood, the proposition is self-evident.

Lastly, it is, in all cases of election, the known and established law of the land, grounded upon the clearest principles of reason and common sense, that if the votes given to one candidate are null and void, they cannot be opposed to the votes given to another candidate; they cannot affect the votes of such candidate at all. As they have, on the one hand, no positive quality to add or establish, so have they, on the other hand, no negative one to subtract or destroy. They are, in a word, a mere nonentity. Such was the determination of the house of commons in the Malden and Bedford election; cases strictly in point to the present question, as far as they are meant to be in point; and to say that they are not in point in all circumstances, in those particularly which are independent of the proposition which they are quoted to prove, is to say no more than that Malden is not Middlesex, nor serjeant Comyns Mr. Wilkes.

Let us see then how our proof stands. Expulsion creates incapacity, incapacity annihilates any votes given to the incapable person; the votes given to the qualified candidate stand, upon their own bottom, firm and untouched, and can alone have effect. This, one would think, would be sufficient. But we are stopped short, and told that none of our precedents come home to the present case, and are challenged to produce "a precedent in all the proceedings of the house of commons that does come home to it, viz.: *where an expelled member has been returned again, and another candidate, with an inferior number of votes, has been declared the sitting member.*"

Instead of a precedent, I will beg leave to put a case, which, I fancy, will be quite as decisive to the present point. Suppose another Sacheverell (and every party must have its Sacheverell) should, at some future election, take it into his head to offer himself a candidate for the county of Middlesex. He is opposed by a candidate whose coat is of a different color, but, however, of a very good color. The divine has an indisputable majority; nay, the poor layman is absolutely distanced. The sheriff, after having had his conscience well informed by the reverend casuist, returns him, as he supposes, duly elected. The whole house is in an uproar at the apprehension of so strange an appearance amongst them. A motion, however, is at length made, that the person was incapable of being elected; that his election, therefore, is

null and void; and that his competitor ought to have been returned. No, says a great orator, first show me your law for this proceeding. Either produce me a statute, in which the specific disability of a clergyman is created; or produce me a precedent, *where a clergyman has been returned, and another candidate, with an inferior number of votes, has been declared the sitting member.* No such statute, no such precedent, to be found. What answer then is to be given to this demand? The very same answer which I will give to that of Junius. That there is more than one precedent in the proceedings of the house, "where an incapable person has been returned, and another candidate, with an inferior number of votes, has been declared the sitting member; and that this is the known and established law, in all cases of incapacity, from whatever cause it may arise."

I shall now, therefore, beg leave to make a slight amendment to Junius's state of the question, the affirmative of which will then stand thus:

"It is the known and established law of parliament, that the expulsion of any member of the house of commons creates in him an incapacity of being re-elected; that any votes given to him at a subsequent election are, in consequence of such incapacity, null and void; and that any other candidate, who, except the person rendered incapable, has the greatest number of votes, ought to be the sitting member."

But our business is not yet quite finished. Mr. Walpole's case must have a re-hearing. "It is not possible," says the writer, "to conceive a case more exactly in point. Mr. Walpole was expelled, and, having a majority of votes at the next election, was returned again. The friends of Mr. Taylor, a candidate set up by the ministry, petitioned the house that he might be the sitting member. Thus far the circumstances tally exactly, except that our house of commons saved Mr. Luttrell the trouble of petitioning. The point of law, however, was the same. It came regularly before the house, and it was their business to determine upon it. They did determine it; for they declared Mr. Taylor *not duly elected.*"

Instead of examining the justness of this representation, I shall beg leave to oppose against it my own view of this case, in as plain a manner and as few words as I am able.

It was the known and established law of parliament, when the charge against Mr. Walpole came before the house of commons, that they had power to expel, to disable, and to render incapable for offenses. In virtue of this power they expelled him.

Had they, in the very vote of expulsion, adjudged him, in terms, to be incapable of being re-elected, there must have been at once an end with him. But though the right of the house, both to expel and adjudge him incapable, was clear and indubitable, it does not appear to me that the full operation and effect of a vote of expulsion singly was so. The law in this case had never been expressly declared; there had been no event to call up such a declaration. I trouble not myself with the grammatical meaning of the word expulsion; I regard only its legal meaning. This was not, as I think, precisely fixed. The house thought proper to fix it, and explicitly to declare the full consequences of their former vote, before they suffered these consequences to take effect: and in this proceeding they acted upon the most liberal and solid principles of equity, justice, and law. What then did the burgesses of Lynn collect from the second vote? Their subsequent conduct will tell us: it will with certainty tell us that they considered it as decisive against Mr. Walpole. It will also, with equal certainty, tell us, that, upon a supposition that the law of election stood then as it does now, and that they knew it to stand thus, they inferred, "that,

at a future election, and in case of a similar return, the house would receive the same candidate, as duly elected, whom they had before rejected." They could infer nothing but this.

It is needless to repeat the circumstance of dissimilarity in the present case: it will be sufficient to observe, that, as the law of parliament, upon which the house of commons grounded every step of their proceedings, was clear beyond the reach of doubt, so neither could the freeholders of Middlesex be at a loss to foresee what must be the inevitable consequence of their proceedings in opposition to it; for, upon every return of Mr. Wilkes, the house made inquiry whether any votes were given to any other candidate.

But I could venture, for the experiment's sake, even to give this writer the utmost he asks; to allow the most perfect similarity throughout, in these two cases; to allow that the law of expulsion was quite as clear to the burgesses of Lynn as to the freeholders of Middlesex. It will, I am confident, avail his cause but little. It will only prove, that the law of election, at that time, was different from the present law. It will prove, that, in all cases of an incapable candidate returned, the law then was, that the whole election should be void. But now we know that this is not law. The cases of Malden and Belford were, as has been seen, determined upon other and more just principles; and these determinations are, I imagine, admitted on all sides to be law.

I would willingly draw a veil over the remaining part of this paper. It is astonishing, it is painful, to see men of parts and ability giving in to the most unworthy artifices, and descending so much below their true line of character. But, if they are not the dupes of their sophistry, (which is hardly to be conceived) let them consider that they are something much worse.

The dearest interests of this country are its laws and its constitution. Against every attack upon these, there will, I hope, be always found amongst us the firmest *spirit of resistance*, superior to the united efforts of faction and ambition: for ambition, though it does not always take the lead of faction, will be sure, in the end, to make the most fatal advantage of it, and draw it to its own purposes. But, I trust, our day of trial is yet far off; and there is a *fund of good sense in this country which cannot long be deceived* by the arts either of false reasoning or false patriotism.

LETTER XX.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

August 8, 1769.

The gentleman who has published an answer to Sir William Meredith's pamphlet, having honored me with a postscript of six quarto pages, which he modestly calls bestowing a very few words upon me, I cannot, in common politeness, refuse him a reply. The form and magnitude of a quarto imposes upon the mind; and men, who are unequal to the labor of discussing an intricate argument, or wish to avoid it, are willing enough to suppose that much has been proved, because much has been said. Mine, I confess, are humble labors: I do not presume to instruct the learned, but simply to inform the body of the people; and I prefer that channel of conveyance which is likely to spread farthest among them. The advocates of the ministry seem to me to write for fame, and to flatter themselves, that the size of their works will make them immortal. They pile up reluctant quarto upon solid folio, as if their labors, because they are gigantic, could contend with truth and heaven.

The writer of the volume in question meets me upon my own ground. He acknowledges there is no statute by which the specific disability we speak of is created; but he affirms, that the custom of parliament has been referred to, and that a case strictly in point has been produced with the decision of the court upon it. I thank him for coming so fairly to the point. He asserts, that the case of Mr. Walpole is strictly in point, to prove that expulsion creates an absolute incapacity of being re-elected; and for this purpose he refers generally to the first vote of the house upon that occasion, without venturing to recite the vote itself. The unfair, disingenuous artifice of adopting that part of a precedent which seems to suit his purpose, and omitting the remainder, deserves some pity, but cannot excite my resentment. He takes advantage eagerly of the first resolution, by which Mr. Walpole's incapacity is declared; but as to the two following, by which the candidate with the fewest votes was declared "not duly elected," and the election itself vacated, I dare say he would be well satisfied if they were for ever blotted out of the journals of the house of commons. In fair argument, no part of a precedent should be admitted, unless the whole of it be given to us together. The author has divided his precedent; for he knew, that, taken together, it produced a consequence directly the reverse of that which he endeavors to draw from a vote of expulsion. But what will this honest person say, if I take him at his word, and demonstrate to him, that the house of commons never meant to found Mr. Walpole's incapacity upon his expulsion only? What subterfuge will then remain?

Let it be remembered, that we are speaking of the intention of men who lived more than half a century ago; and that such intention can only be collected from their words and actions, as they are delivered to us upon record. To prove their designs by a supposition of what they would have done, opposed to what they actually did, is mere trifling and impertinence. The vote by which Mr. Walpole's incapacity was declared is thus expressed: "That Robert Walpole, esq., having been, this session of parliament, committed a prisoner to the Tower, and expelled this house for a breach of trust in the execution of his office, and notorious corruption, when secretary at war, and is incapable of being elected a member to serve in this present parliament." Now, sir, to my understanding, no proposition of this kind can be more evident, than that the house of commons, by this very vote, themselves understood, and meant to declare, that Mr. Walpole's incapacity arose from the crimes he had committed, not from the punishment the house annexed to them. The high breach of trust, the notorious corruption, are stated in the strongest terms. They do not tell us that he was incapable because he was expelled, but because he had been guilty of such offenses as justly rendered him unworthy of a seat in parliament. If they had intended to fix the disability upon his expulsion alone, the mention of his crimes in the same vote would have been highly improper. It could only perplex the minds of the electors, who, if they collected any thing from so confused a declaration of the law of parliament, must have concluded, that their representative had been declared incapable be-

* It is well worth remarking, that the compiler of a certain quarto, called *The Case of the last Election for the County of Middlesex considered*, has the impudence to recite this very vote in the following terms (vide page 11: "Resolved, that Robert Walpole, esq., having been this session of parliament expelled the house, and is incapable of being elected a member to serve in the present parliament." There cannot be a stronger positive proof of the treachery of the compiler, nor a stronger presumptive proof that he was convinced that the vote, if duly recited, would overturn his whole argument.

cause he was highly guilty, not because he had been punished. But, even admitting them to have understood it in the other sense, they must then, from the very terms of the vote, have united the idea of his being sent to the Tower with that of his expulsion; and considered his incapacity as the joint effect of both.*

I do not mean to give an opinion upon the justice of the proceedings of the house of commons with regard to Mr. Walpole; but certainly, if I admitted their censure to be well founded, I could no way avoid agreeing with them in the consequence they drew from it. I could never have a doubt, in law or reason, that a man convicted of a high breach of trust, and of a notorious corruption, in the execution

of a public office, was, and ought to be, incapable of sitting in the same parliament. Far from attempting to invalidate that vote, I should have wished that the incapacity declared by it could legally have been continued for ever.

Now, sir, observe how forcibly the argument returns. The house of commons, upon the face of their proceedings, had the strongest motives to declare Mr. Walpole incapable of being re-elected. They thought such a man unworthy to sit among them. To that point they proceeded, and no farther; for they respected the rights of the people, while they asserted their own. They did not infer, from Mr. Walpole's incapacity, that his opponent was duly elected; on the contrary, they declared Mr. Taylor "not duly elected," and the election itself void.

Such, however, is the precedent which my honest friend assures us is strictly in point, to prove, that expulsion of itself creates an incapacity of being elected. If it had been so, the present house of commons should at least have followed strictly the example before them, and should have stated to us, in the same vote, the crimes for which they expelled Mr. Wilkes: whereas they resolve simply, that, "having been expelled, he was and is incapable." In this proceeding, I am authorized to affirm, they have neither statute, nor custom, nor reason, nor one single precedent to support them. On the other side, there is, indeed, a precedent so strongly in point, that all the enchanted castles of ministerial magic fall before it. In the year 1698 (a period which the rankest Tory dares not except against) Mr. Wollaston was expelled, re-elected, and admitted to take his seat in the same parliament. The ministry have precluded themselves from all objections drawn from the cause of his expulsion; for they affirm absolutely, that expulsion, of itself, creates the disability. Now, sir, let sophistry evade, let falsehood assert, and impudence deny; here stands the precedent: a landmark to direct us through a troubled sea of controversy, conspicuous and unremoved.

I have dwelt the longer upon the discussion of this point, because, in my opinion, it comprehends the whole question. The rest is unworthy of notice. We are inquiring whether incapacity be, or be not, created by expulsion. In the cases of Bedford and Malden, the incapacity of the persons returned was matter of public notoriety, for it was created by act of parliament. But really, sir, my honest friend's suppositions are as unfavorable to him as his facts. He well knows that the clergy, besides that they are represented in common with their fellow subjects, have also a separate parliament of their own; that their incapacity to sit in the house of commons has been confirmed by repeated decisions of that house; and that the law of parliament, declared by those decisions, has been, for above two centuries, notorious and undisputed. The author is certainly at liberty to fancy cases, and make whatever comparisons he thinks proper: his suppositions still continue as distant from fact as his wild discourses are from solid argument.

The conclusion of his book is candid to an extreme. He offers to grant me all I desire. He thinks he may safely admit, that the case of Mr. Walpole makes directly against him; for it seems he has one grand solution in *petto* for all difficulties. "If (says turn the same person to parliament. But, in time, the precedent will gain strength; a future house of commons will have no such apprehensions; consequently, will not scruple to follow a precedent which they did not establish. The miser himself seldom lives to enjoy the fruit of his extortion, but his heir succeeds to him of course, and takes possession without censure. No man expects him to make restitution; and, no matter for his title, he lives quietly upon the estate.

PHILO JUNIUS.

* ADDRESSED TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR, May 22, 1771.

Very early in the debate upon the decision of the Middlesex election, it was observed by Junius, that the house of commons had not only exceeded their boasted precedent of the expulsion and subsequent incapacitation of Mr. Walpole, but that they had not even adhered to it strictly as far as it went. After convicting Mr. Dyson of giving a false quotation from the journals, and having explained the purpose which that contemptible fraud was intended to answer, he proceeds to state the vote itself by which Mr. Walpole's supposed incapacity was declared, viz., "Resolved, that Robert Walpole, esq., having been this session of parliament committed a prisoner to the Tower, and expelled this house for a high breach of trust in the execution of his office, and notorious corruption when secretary at war, was and is incapable of being elected a member to serve in this present parliament;" and then observes, that, from the terms of the vote, we have no right to annex the incapacitation to the *expulsion* only; for that, as the proposition stands, it must arise equally from the expulsion and the commitment to the Tower. I believe, sir, no man, who knows anything of dialectics, or who understands English, will dispute the truth and fairness of this construction. But Junius has a great authority to support him, which, to speak with the duke of Grafton, I accidentally met with this morning in the course of my reading. It contains an admonition, which cannot be repeated too often. Lord Sommers, in his excellent tract upon the Rights of the People, after reciting the votes of the convention of the 28th of January, 1689, viz.: "That king James the Second, having endeavored to subvert the constitution of this kingdom, by breaking the original contract between king and people, and, by the advice of Jesuits, and other wicked persons, having violated the fundamental laws, and having withdrawn himself, out of this kingdom, hath abdicated the government," etc.—makes this observation upon it: "The word *abdicated* relates to all the clauses foregoing, as well as to his deserting the kingdom, or else they would have been wholly in vain." And that there might be no pretence for confirming the *abdication* merely to the *withdrawing*, lord Sommers' father observes, *That king James, by refusing to govern us according to that law by which he held the crown, did implicitly renounce his title to it.*

Junius's construction of the vote against Mr. Walpole be now admitted (and, indeed, I cannot comprehend how it can honestly be disputed) the advocates of the house of commons must either give up their precedent entirely, or be reduced to the necessity of maintaining one of the grossest absurdities imaginable, viz.: "That a commitment to the Tower is a constituent part of, and contributes half at least to the incapacitation of the person who suffers it.

I need not make you any excuse for endeavoring to keep alive the attention of the public to the decision of the Middlesex election. The more I consider it, the more I am convinced, that, as a *fact*, it is indeed highly injurious to the rights of the people; but that, as a *precedent*, it is one of the most dangerous that ever was established against those who are to come after us. Yet, I am so far a moderate man, that I verily believe the majority of the house of commons, when they passed this dangerous vote, neither understood the question, or knew the consequence of what they were doing. Their motives were rather despicable than criminal, in the extreme. One effect they certainly did not foresee. They are now reduced to such a situation, that if a member of the present house of commons were to conduct himself ever so improperly, and, in reality, deserve to be sent back to his constituents with a mark of disgrace, they would not dare to expel him; because they know that the people, in order to try again the great question of right, or to thwart an odious house of commons, would probably overlook his immediate unworthiness, and re-

he) I were to allow all this, it will only prove that the law of election was different in queen Anne's time from what it is at present."

This, indeed, is more than I expected. The principle, I know, has been maintained in fact; but I never expected to see it so formally declared. What can he mean? Does he assume this language to satisfy the doubts of the people, or does he mean to rouse their indignation? Are the ministry daring enough to affirm, that the house of commons have a right to make and unmake the law of parliament, at their pleasure? Does the law of parliament, which we are often told is the law of the land, does the common right of every subject of the realm, depend upon an arbitrary, capricious vote of one branch of the legislature? The voice of truth and reason must be silent.

The ministry tell us plainly, that this is no longer a question of right, but of power and force alone. What was law yesterday is not law to-day: and now, it seems, we have no better rule to live by, than the temporary discretion and fluctuating integrity of the house of commons.

Professions of patriotism are become stale and ridiculous. For my own part, I claim no merit from endeavoring to do a service to my fellow-subjects. I have done it to the best of my understanding: and, without looking for the approbation of other men, my conscience is satisfied. What remains to be done, concerns the collective body of the people. They are now to determine for themselves, whether they will firmly and constitutionally assert their rights, or make an humble, slavish surrender of them at the feet of the ministry. To a generous mind there cannot be a doubt. We owe it to our ancestors, to preserve entire those rights which they have delivered to our care. We owe it to our posterity, not to suffer their dearest inheritance to be destroyed. But, if it were possible for us to be insensible of these sacred claims, there is yet an obligation binding upon ourselves, from which nothing can acquit us; a personal interest, which we cannot surrender. To alienate even our own rights, would be a crime as much more enormous than suicide, as a life of civil security and freedom is superior to a bare existence: and if life be the bounty of Heaven, we scornfully reject the noblest part of the gift, if we consent to surrender that certain rule of living, without which the condition of human nature is not only miserable but contemptible.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

August 22, 1769.

I must beg of you to print a few lines in explanation of some passages of my last letter, which, I see, have been misunderstood.

1. When I said that the house of commons never meant to found Mr. Walpole's incapacity on his expulsion only, I meant no more than to deny the general proposition, that expulsion alone creates the incapacity. If there be any thing ambiguous in the expression, I beg leave to explain it, by saying, that, in my opinion, expulsion neither creates nor in any part contributes to create the incapacity in question.

2. I carefully avoided entering into the merits of Mr. Walpole's case. I did not inquire whether the house of commons acted justly, or whether they truly declared the law of parliament. My remarks went only to their apparent meaning and intention, as it stands declared in their own resolution.

3. I never meant to affirm, that a commitment to the Tower created a disqualification. On the con-

trary, I considered that idea as an absurdity, into which the ministry must inevitably fall if they reasoned right upon their own principles.

The case of Mr. Wollaston speaks for itself. The ministry assert, that *expulsion alone* creates an absolute, complete incapacity to be re-elected to sit in the same parliament. This proposition they have uniformly maintained, without any condition or modification whatsoever. Mr. Wollaston was expelled, re-elected, and admitted to take his seat in the same parliament. I leave it to the public to determine, whether this be plain matter of fact, or mere nonsense or declamation.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XXII

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

September 4, 1769.

Argument against *Fact*; or, a new System of Political Logic, by which the ministry have demonstrated, to the satisfaction of their friends, that expulsion alone creates a complete incapacity to be re-elected, *alias*, That a subject of this realm may be robbed of his common right by a vote of the house of commons.

FIRST FACT

Mr. Wollaston, in 1698, was expelled, re-elected, and admitted to take his seat.

ARGUMENT.

As this cannot be conveniently reconciled with our general proposition, it may be necessary to shift our ground, and look back to the cause of Mr. Wollaston's expulsion. 'From thence it will appear clearly, that, "although he was expelled, he had not rendered himself a culprit, too ignominious to sit in parliament; and that, having resigned his employment, he was no longer incapacitated by law." *Vide Serious Considerations*, page 23. Or thus: "The house, somewhat inaccurately, used the word *expelled*; they should have called it a *motion*." *Vide Mungo's Case considered*, page 11. Or, in short, if these arguments should be thought insufficient, we may fairly deny the fact. For example: "I affirm that he was not re-elected. The same Mr. Wollaston, who was expelled, was not again elected. The same individual, if you please, walked into the house, and took his seat there; but the same person, in law, was not admitted a member of that parliament from which he had been discarded." *Vide Letter to Junius*, page 12.

SECOND FACT.

Mr. Walpole, having been committed to the Tower, and expelled, for a high breach of trust, and notorious corruption in a public office, was declared incapable, &c.

ARGUMENT.

From the terms of this vote, nothing can be more evident, than that the house of commons meant to fix the incapacity upon the punishment, and not upon the crime; but, lest it should appear in a different light to weak, uninformed persons, it may be advisable to gut the resolution, and give it to the public, with all possible solemnity, in the following terms, viz.: "Resolved, that Robert Walpole, esq., having been that session of parliament expelled the house, was and is incapable of being elected a member to serve in that present parliament." *Vide Mungo, on the Use of Quotations*, page 11.

N. B. The author of the answer to sir William Meredith seems to have made use of Mungo's quotation: for, in page 18, he assures us, "That the declaratory vote of the 17th of February, 1769, was, indeed, a literal copy of the resolution of the house in Mr. Walpole's case."

THIRD FACT.

His opponent, Mr. Taylor, having the smallest number of votes at the next election, was declared not duly elected.

ARGUMENT.

This fact we consider as directly in point, to prove, that Mr. Luttrell ought to be the sitting member, for the following reasons: "The burgesses of Lynn could draw no other inference from this resolution but this; that, at a future election, and in case of a similar return, the house would receive the same candidate as duly elected whom they had before rejected." *Vide Postscript to Junius*, page 37. Or thus: "This, their resolution, leaves no room to doubt what part they would have taken, if, upon a subsequent re-election of Mr. Walpole, there had been any other candidate in competition with him: for by their vote, they could have no other intention than to admit such other candidate." *Vide Mungo's Case considered*, page 39. Or, take it in this light: the burgesses of Lynn having, in defiance of the house, retorted upon them a person whom they had branded with the most ignominious marks of their displeasure, were thereby so well entitled to favor and indulgence, that the house could do no less than rob Mr. Taylor of a right legally vested in him, in order that the burgesses might be apprised of the law of parliament; which law the house took a very direct way of explaining to them, by resolving that the candidate with the fewest votes was not duly elected: "And was not this much more equitable, more in the spirit of that equal and substantial justice which is the end of all law, than if they had violently adhered to the strict maxims of law?" *Vide Serious Considerations*, pages 33 and 34. "And if the present house of commons had chosen to follow the spirit of this resolution, they would have received and established the candidate with the fewest votes." *Vide Answer to sir W. M.*, page 18.

Permit me now, sir, to show you, that the worthy Dr. Blackstone sometimes contradicts the ministry, as well as himself. The speech without doors asserts, page 9th, "That the legal effect of an incapacity, founded on a judicial determination of a competent court, is precisely the same as that of an incapacity created by an act of parliament." Now for the doctor. "The law, and the opinion of the judge, are not always convertible terms, or one and the same thing; since it sometimes may happen, that the judge may mistake the law." *Commentaries*, vol. i, p. 71.

The answer to sir W. M. asserts, page 23, "That the returning officer is not a judicial, but a purely ministerial officer. His return is no judicial act." At 'em again doctor. The sheriff, in his judicial capacity, is to hear and determine causes of forty shillings' value, and under, in his county court. He has also a judicial power in divers other civil cases. He is likewise to decide the elections of knights of the shire (subject to the control of the house of commons,) to judge of the qualification of voters, and to return such as he shall determine to be duly elected." *Vide Commentaries*, vol. i, p. 332.

What conclusion shall we draw from such facts, and such arguments, such contradictions? I cannot express my opinion of the present ministry more exactly than in the words of sir Richard Steele, "That we are governed by a set of drivellers, whose folly

takes away all dignity from distress, and makes even calamity ridiculous."

PHILO JUNIUS.

LETTER XXIII.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

MY LORD,

September 12, 1769.

You are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and, perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings my lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offense, where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or, possibly, they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation, when panegyric is exhausted.

You are, indeed, a very considerable man. The highest rank, a splendid fortune, and a name, glorious, till it was yours, were sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. From the first, you derive a constitutional claim to respect; from the second, a natural extensive authority; the last created a partial expectation of hereditary virtues. The use you have made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honorable to yourself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. We may trace it in the veneration of your country, the choice of your friends, and in the accomplishment of every sanguine hope which the public might have conceived from the illustrious name of Russell.

The eminence of your station gave you a commanding prospect of your duty. The road which led to honor was open to your view. You could not lose it by mistake, and you had no temptation to depart from it by design. Compare the natural dignity and importance of the highest peer of England: the noble independence which he might have maintained in parliament; and the real interest and respect which he might have acquired, not only in parliament, but through the whole kingdom: compare these glorious distinctions, with the ambition of holding a share in government, the emoluments of a place, the sale of a borough, or the purchase of a corporation; and though you may not regret the virtues which create respect, you may see with anguish how much real importance and authority you have lost. Consider the character of an independent, virtuous duke of Bedford; imagine what he might be in this country: then reflect one moment upon what you are. If it be possible for me to withdraw my attention from the fact, I will tell you in theory what such a man might be.

Conscious of his own weight and importance, his conduct in parliament would be directed by nothing but the constitutional duty of a peer. He would consider himself as a guardian of the laws. Willing to support the just measures of government, but determined to observe the conduct of a minister with suspicion, he would oppose the violence of faction with as much firmness as the encroachments of prerogative.

He would be as little capable of bargaining with the minister for places for himself or his dependents, as of descending to mix himself in the intrigues of opposition. Whenever an important question called for his opinion in parliament, he would be heard by the most profligate minister with deference and re-

spect. His authority would either sanction or disgrace the measures of government. The people would look up to him as to their protector; and a virtuous prince would have one honest man in his dominions, in whose integrity and judgment he might safely confide. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict* him with a domestic misfortune, he would submit to the stroke with feeling, but not without dignity. He would consider the people as his children, and receive a generous heartfelt consolation, in the sympathizing tears and blessings of his country.

Your grace may probably discover something more intelligible in the negative part of this illustrious character. The man I have described would never prostitute his dignity in parliament, by an indecent violence, either in opposing or defending a minister. He would not at one moment rancorously persecute, at another basely cringe to, the favorite of his sovereign. After outraging the royal dignity with peremptory conditions, little short of menace and hostility, he would never descend to the humility of soliciting an interview† with the favorite, and of offering to recover, at any price, the honor of his friendship. Though deceived, perhaps, in his youth, he would not, through the course of a long life, have invariably chosen his friends from among the most profligate of mankind. His own honor would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamblers, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to, the dishonest necessity of engaging in the interests and intrigues of his dependents; of supplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expense of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance, or such contempt, of the constitution, as openly to avow, in a court of justice, the purchase‡ and sale of a borough. He would not have thought it consistent with his rank in the state, or even with his personal importance, to be the little tyrant of a little corporation.* He would never have been insulted with virtues which he had labored to extinguish; nor suffered the disgrace of a mortifying defeat, which has made him ridiculous and contemptible even to the few by whom he was not detested. I reverence the afflictions of a good man; his sorrows are sacred. But how can we take part in the distresses of a man whom we can neither love or esteem: or feel for a calamity of which he himself is insensible? Where was the father's heart, when he could look for, or find, an immediate consolation for the loss of an only son, in consultations and bargains for a place at court, and even in the misery of balloting at the India House?

Admitting, then, that you have mistaken or deserted those honorable principles which ought to have directed your conduct; admitting that you have as little claim to private affection as to public esteem, let us see with what abilities, with what degree of

judgment, you have carried your own system into execution. A great man, in the success, and even in the magnitude, of his crimes, finds a rescue from contempt. Your grace is every way unfortunate. Yet I will not look back to those ridiculous scenes, by which, in your earlier days, you thought it an honor to be distinguished;‡ the recorded stripes, the public infamy, your own sufferings, or Mr. Rigby's fortune. These events undoubtedly left an impression, though not upon your mind. To such a mind, it may, perhaps, be a pleasure to reflect, that there is hardly a corner of any of his majesty's kingdoms, except France, in which, at one time or other, your valuable life has not been in danger. Amiable man! we see and acknowledge the protection of Providence, by which you have, so often escaped the personal detestation of your fellow subjects, and are still reserved for the public justice of your country.

Your history begins to be important at that auspicious period, at which you were deputed to represent the earl of Bute at the court of Versailles. It was an honorable office, and executed with the same spirit with which it was accepted. Your patrons wanted an ambassador who would submit to make concessions, without daring to insist upon any honorable condition for his sovereign. Their business required a man who had as little feeling for his own dignity, as for the welfare of his country; and they found him in the first rank of the nobility. Belleisle, Goree, Guadaloupe, St. Lucia, Martinique, The Fishery, and the Havana, are glorious monuments of your grace's talents for negotiation. My lord, we are too well acquainted with your pecuniary character, to think it possible that so many public sacrifices should have been made without some private compensations. Your conduct carries with it an internal evidence, beyond all the legal proofs of a court of justice. Even the callous pride of lord Egremont was alarmed.† He saw and felt his own dishonor in corresponding with you: and there certainly was a moment at which he meant to have resisted, had not a fatal lethargy prevailed over his faculties, and carried all sense and memory away with it.

I will not pretend to specify the secret terms on which you were invited to support‡ an administration which lord Bute pretended to leave in full possession of their ministerial authority, and perfectly masters of themselves. He was not of a temper to relinquish power, though he retired from employment. Stipulations were certainly made between your grace and him, and certainly violated. After two years' submission you thought you had collected strength enough to control his influence, and that it was your turn to be a tyrant, because you had been a slave. When you found yourself mistaken in your opinion of your gracious master's firmness, disappointment got the better of all your humble discretion, and carried you to an excess of outrage to his person, as distant from true spirit, as from all decency

* The duke had lately lost his only son by a fall from his horse.

† At this interview, which passed at the house of the late lord Eglington, lord Bute told the duke, that he was determined never to have any connection with a man who had so basely betrayed him.

‡ In an answer in chancery, in a suit against him to recover a large sum, paid him by a person whom he had undertaken to return to parliament for one of his grace's boroughs, he was compelled to repay the money.

* Of Bedford, where the tyrant was held in such contempt and detestation, that, in order to deliver themselves from him, they admitted a great number of strangers to the freedom. To make his defeat truly ridiculous, he tried his whole strength against Mr. Horne, and was beaten upon his own ground.

* Mr. Heston Humphrey, a country attorney, horse-whipped the duke, with equal justice, severity, and perseverance, on the course at Litchfield. Rigby and lord Trentham were also cudgelled in a most exemplary manner. This gave rise to the following story: "When the late king heard that sir Edward Hawke had given the French a *drubbing*, his majesty, who had never received that kind of chastisement, was pleased to ask lord Chesterfield the meaning of the word.—"Sir," says lord Chesterfield, "the meaning of the word—But here comes the duke of Bedford, who is better able to explain it to your majesty than I am."

† This man, notwithstanding his pride and Tory principles, had some English stuff in him. Upon an official letter he wrote to the duke of Bedford, the duke desired to be recalled, and it was with the utmost difficulty that lord Bute could appease him.

‡ Mr. Grenville, lord Halifax, and lord Egremont.

and respect.* After robbing him of the rights of a king, you would not permit him to preserve the honor of a gentleman. It was then lord Weymouth was nominated to Ireland, and despatched (we well remember with what indecent hurry) to plunder the treasury of the first fruits of an employment, which you well knew he was never to execute.†

This sudden declaration of war against the favorite, might have given you a momentary merit with the public, if it had either been adopted upon principle, or maintained with resolution. Without looking back to all your former servility, we need only observe your subsequent conduct, to see upon what motives you acted. Apparently united with Mr. Grenville, you waited until lord Rockingham's feeble administration should dissolve in its own weakness. The moment their dismissal was suspected, the moment you perceived that another system was adopted in the closet, you thought it no disgrace to return to your former dependence, and solicit once more the friendship of lord Bute. You begged an interview, at which he had spirit enough to treat you with contempt.

It would now be of little use to point out by what a train of weak, injudicious measures, it became necessary, or was thought so, to call you back to a share in the administration.‡ The friends, whom you did not in the last instance desert, were not of a character to add strength or credit to government: and, at that time, your alliance with the duke of Grafton, was, I presume, hardly foreseen. We must look for other stipulations to account for that sudden resolution of the closet, by which three of your dependents† (whose characters, I think, cannot be less respected than they are) were advanced to offices, through which you might again control the minister, and probably engross the whole direction of affairs.

The possession of absolute power is now once more within your reach. The measures you have taken to obtain and confirm it, are too gross to escape the eyes of a discerning, judicious prince. His palace is besieged; the lines of circumvallation are drawing round him; and, unless he finds a resource in his own activity, or in the attachment of the real friends of his family, the best of princes must submit to the confinement of a state prisoner, until your grace's death, or some less fortunate event, shall raise the siege. For the present, you may safely resume that style of insult and menace, which even a private gentleman cannot submit to hear without being contemptible. Mr. M'Kenzie's history is not yet forgotten; and you may find precedents enough of the mode in which an imperious subject may signify his pleasure to his sovereign. Where will this gracious monarch look for assistance, when the wretched Grafton could forget his obligations to his master, and desert him for a hollow alliance with such a man as the duke of Bedford!

Let us consider you, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness; let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified, in the fear as well as the hatred of the people; can age itself for-

get that you are now in the last act of life? Can gray hairs make folly venerable? And is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame, my lord! let it not be recorded of you, that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations, in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that, although you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility, after you have lost the vigor of the passions.

Your friends will ask, perhaps, Whither shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to Woburn, scorn and mockery await him. He must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision. At Plymouth, his destruction would be more than probable; at Exeter, inevitable. No honest Englishman will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery, to lord Bute. At every town he enters, he must change his liveries and name. Whichever way he flies, the *hue and cry* of the country pursues him.

In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt; his virtues better understood; or, at worst, they will not, for him alone, forget their hospitality. As well might *Verres* have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my lord; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people, plundered, insulted, and oppressed, as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

It is in vain, therefore, to shift the scene. You can no more fly from your enemies, than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger, and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends, with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed every thing that ought to be dear to a man of honor. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last; and that as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XXIV.

TO JUNIUS.

September 14, 1766.

SIR,

Having accidentally seen a republication of your letters, wherein you have been pleased to assert, that I had *sold* the companions of my success, I am again obliged to declare the said assertion to be a most infamous and malicious falsehood; and I again call upon you to stand forth, avow yourself, and prove the charge. If you can make it out to the satisfaction of any one man in the kingdom, I will be content to be thought the worst man in it; if you do not, what must the nation think of you? Party has nothing to do in this affair: you have made a personal attack upon my honor, defamed me by a most vile calumny, which might possibly have sunk into oblivion, had

* The ministry having endeavored to exclude the dowager out of the Regency Bill, the earl of Bute determined to dismiss them. Upon this, the duke of Bedford demanded an audience of the reproached him in plain terms with his duplicity, baseness, falsehood, treachery, and hypocrisy; repeatedly gave him the lie, and left him in convulsions.

† He received three thousand pounds for plate and equipage money.

‡ When earl Gower was appointed president of the council, the king, with his usual sincerity, assured him, that he had not had one happy moment since the duke of Bedford left him.

§ Lords Gower, Weymouth, and Sandwich.

not such uncommon pains been taken to renew and perpetuate this scandal, chiefly because it has been told in good language; for I give you full credit for your elegant diction, well-turned periods, and Attic wit: but wit is oftentimes false, though it may appear brilliant; which is exactly the case of your whole performance. But, sir, I am obliged, in the most serious manner, to accuse you of being guilty of falsities. You have said the thing that is not. To support your story, you have recourse to the following irresistible argument: "You sold the companions of your victory, because, when the 16th regiment was given to you, you were silent. The conclusion is inevitable." I believe that such deep and acute reasoning could only come from such an extraordinary writer as *Junius*. But, unfortunately for you, the premises, as well as the conclusion, are absolutely false. Many applications have been made to the ministry, on the subject of the Manilla ransom, since the time of my being colonel of that regiment. As I have for some years quitted London, I was obliged to have recourse to the honorable colonel Monson, and sir Samuel Cornish, to negotiate for me. In the last autumn, I personally delivered a memorial to the earl of Shelburne, at his seat in Wiltshire. As you have told us of your importance, that you are a person of rank and fortune, and above a common bribe, you may, in all probability, be not unknown to his lordship, who can satisfy you of the truth of what I say. But I shall now take the liberty, sir, to seize your battery, and turn it against yourself. If your puerile and tinsel logic could carry the least weight or conviction with it, how must you stand affected by the inevitable conclusion, as you are pleased to term it? According to *Junius*, silence is guilt. In many of the public papers, you have been called, in the most direct and offensive terms, a liar and a coward. When did you reply to these foul accusations? You have been quite silent, quite chaf-fallen: therefore, because you was silent, the nation has a right to pronounce you to be both a liar and a coward, from your own argument. But, sir, I will give you fair play; I will afford you an opportunity to wipe off the first appellation, by desiring the proofs of your charge against me. Produce them! to wipe off the last, produce yourself. People cannot bear any longer your lion's skin, and the despicable imposture of the old Roman name which you have affected. For the future, assume the name of some modern* bravo and dark assassin: let your appellation have some affinity to your practice. But if I must perish, *Junius*, let me perish in the face of day: be for once a generous and open enemy. I allow that Gothic appeals to cold iron, are no better proofs of a man's honesty and veracity, than hot iron and burning ploughshares are of female chastity; but a soldier's honor is as delicate as a woman's: it must not be suspected. You have dared to throw more than a suspicion upon mine: you cannot but know the consequences, which even the meekness of Christianity would pardon me for, after the injury you have done me.

WILLIAM DRAPER.

LETTER XXV.

Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.

TO SIR WILLIAM DRAPER, KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

SIR,

September 26, 1769.

After so long an interval, I did not expect to see the debate revived between us. My answer to your

* Was Brutus an ancient bravo and dark assassin? Or does Sir W. D. think it criminal to stab a tyrant to the heart?

last letter shall be short; for I write to you with reluctance, and I hope we shall now conclude our correspondence forever.

Had you been originally, and without provocation, attacked by an anonymous writer, you would have some right to demand his name. But in this case you are a volunteer. You engaged in it with the unpremeditated gallantry of a soldier. You were content to set your name in opposition to a man who would probably continue in concealment. You understood the terms upon which we were to correspond, and gave at least a tacit assent to them. After voluntarily attacking me, under the character of *Junius*, what possible right have you to know me under any other? Will you forgive me if I insinuate to you, that you foresaw some honor in the apparent spirit of coming forward in person, and that you were not quite indifferent to the display of your literary qualifications.

You cannot but know, that the republication of my letters was no more than a catch-penny contrivance of a printer, in which it was impossible I should be concerned, and for which I am no way answerable. At the same time, I wish you to understand, that if I do not take the trouble of reprinting these papers, it is not from any fear of giving offense to sir William Draper.

Your remarks upon a signature adopted merely for distinction, are unworthy of notice: but when you tell me I have submitted to be called a liar and a coward, I must ask you, in my turn, whether you seriously think it any way incumbent on me to take notice of the silly invectives of every simpleton who writes in a newspaper; and what opinion you would have conceived of my discretion, if I had suffered myself to be the dupe of so shallow an artifice?

Your appeal to the sword, though consistent enough with your late profession, will neither prove your innocence, nor clear you from suspicion. Your complaints with regard to the Manilla ransom, were, for a considerable time, a distress to government. You were appointed (greatly out of your turn) to the command of a regiment; and during that administration we heard no more of sir William Draper. The facts of which I speak may, indeed, be variously accounted for; but they are too notorious to be denied; and I think you might have learned, at the university, that a false conclusion is an error in argument, not a breach of veracity. Your solicitations, I doubt not, were renewed under another administration. Admitting the fact, I fear an indifferent person would only infer from it, that experience had made you acquainted with the benefits of complaining. Remember, sir, that you have yourself confessed, that, *considering the critical situation of this country, the ministry are in the right to temporize with Spain.* This confession reduces you to an unfortunate dilemma. By renewing your solicitations, you must either mean to force your country into a war at a most unseasonable juncture, or having no view or expectation of that kind, that you look for nothing but a private compensation to yourself.

As to me, it is by no means necessary that I should be exposed to the resentment of the worst and the most powerful men in this country, though I may be indifferent about yours. Though you would fight, there are others who would assassinate.

But, after all, sir, where is the injury? You assure me, that my logic is puerile and tinsel; that it carries not the least weight or conviction; that my premises are false, and my conclusions absurd. If this be a just description of me, how is it possible for such a writer to disturb your peace of mind, or to injure a character so well established as yours? Take care, sir William, how you indulge this unruly tem-

per, lest the world should suspect that conscience has some share in your resentments. You have more to fear from the treachery of your own passions, than from any malevolence of mine.

I believe, sir, you will never know me. A considerable time must certainly elapse before we are personally acquainted. You need not, however, regret the delay, or suffer an apprehension, that any length of time can restore you to the Christian meekness of your temper, and disappoint your present indignation. If I understand your character, there is in your own breast a repository, in which your resentments may be safely laid up for future occasions, and preserved without the hazard of diminution. The *odis in longum jacens, quæ reconderet, auctaque promeret*, I thought had only belonged to the worst character of antiquity. The text is in Tacitus: you know best where to look for the commentary.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XXVI.

A WORD AT PARTING TO JUNIUS.

*SIR,

October 7, 1769.

As you have not favored me with either of the explanations demanded of you, I can have nothing more to say to you upon my own account. Your mercy to me, or tenderness for yourself, has been very great. The public will judge of your motives. If your excess of modesty forbids you to produce either the proofs or yourself, I will excuse it. Take courage, I have not the temper of Tiberius, any more than the rank or power. You indeed, are a tyrant of another sort; and upon your political bed of torture, can excruciate any subject, from a first minister down to such a grub or butterfly as myself; like another detested tyrant of antiquity, can make the wretched sufferer fit the bed, if the bed will not fit the sufferer, by disjuncting or tearing the trembling limbs, until they are stretched to its extremity. But courage, constancy, and patience under torments, have sometimes caused the most hardened monsters a relent, and forgive the object of their cruelty. You, sir, are determined to try all that human nature can endure, until she expires; else, was it possible that you could be the author of that most inhuman letter to the duke of Bedford, I have read with astonishment and horror? Where, sir, where were the feelings of your own heart, when you could upbraid a most affectionate father with the loss of his only and most amiable son? Read over again those cruel lines of yours, and let them wring your very soul! Cannot political questions be discussed, without descending to the most odious personalities? Must you go wantonly out of your way to torment declining age, because the duke of Bedford may have quarrelled with those whose cause and politics you espouse? For shame! for shame! As you have

* *Measures and not men*, is the common cant of affected moderation: a base counterfeit language, fabricated by slaves, and made current among fools. Such gentle assurance is not fitted to the present degenerate state of society. What does it avail to expose the absurd confidence, or pernicious tendency, of measures, if the man who advises or executes, shall be suffered, not only to escape with impunity, but even to preserve his power, and insult us with the favor of his sovereign? I would recommend to the reader the whole of Mr. Pope's letter to Dr. Arbuthnot, dated July 26, 1734, from which the following is an extract: "To reform, and not to chastise, I am afraid, is impossible; and that the best precepts, as well as the best laws, would prove of small use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting, indeed, but it is fighting with shadows. My greatest comfort and encouragement to proceed has been to see, that those who have no shame, and no fear of any thing else, have appeared touched by my satires."

spoken daggers to him, you may justly dread the use of them against your own breast, did a want of courage, or of noble sentiments, stimulate him to such mean revenge. He is above it; he is brave. Do you fancy that your own base arts have infected our whole island? But your own reflections, your own conscience, must, and will, if you have any spark of humanity remaining, give him most ample vengeance. Not all the power of words with which you are so graced, will ever wash out, or even palliate, this foul blot in your character. I have not time, at present, to dissect your letter so minutely as I could wish; but I will be bold enough to say, that it is (as to reason and argument) the most extraordinary piece of *florid impotence* that was ever imposed upon the eyes and ears of the too credulous and deluded mob. It accuses the duke of Bedford of high treason. Upon what foundation? You tell us, "the duke's pecuniary character makes it more than probable, that he could not have made such sacrifices at the peace, without some private compensations. that his conduct carried with it an interior evidence, beyond all the legal proofs of a court of justice."

My academical education, sir, bids me tell you, that it is necessary to establish the truth of your first proposition, before you presume to draw inferences from it. First prove the avarice, before you make the rash, hasty, and most wicked conclusion. This father, Junius, whom you call avaricious, allowed that son eight thousand pounds a year. Upon his most unfortunate death, which your usual good-nature took care to remind him of, he greatly increased the jointure of the afflicted lady his widow. Is this avarice? Is this doing good by stealth? It is upon record.

If exact order, method, and true economy, as a master as of a family; if splendor, and just magnificence without wild waste and thoughtless extravagance, may constitute the character of an avaricious man, the duke is guilty. But, for a moment let us admit the ambassador may love money too much: what proof do you give that he has taken any to betray his country? Is it hearsay, or the evidence of letters, or ocular; or the evidence of those concerned in this black affair? Produce your authorities to the public. It is the most impudent kind of sorcery, to attempt to blind us with the smoke, without convincing us that the fire has existed. You first brand him with a vice that he is free from, to render him odious and suspected. Suspicion is the foul weapon with which you make all your chief attacks; with that you stab. But shall one of the first subjects of the realm be ruined in his fame, shall even his life be in constant danger, from a charge built upon such sandy foundations? Must his house be besieged by lawless ruffians, his journeys impeded, and even the asylum of an altar be insecure from assertions so base and false? Potent as he is, the duke is amenable to justice; if guilty, punishable. The parliament is the high and solemn tribunal for matters of such great moment; to that be they submitted. But I hope, also, that some notice will be taken of, and some punishment inflicted upon, false accusers; especially upon such, Junius, who are wilfully false. In any truth I will agree even with Junius; will agree with him that it is highly unbecoming the dignity of peers to tamper with boroughs. Aristocracy is as fatal as democracy. Our constitution admits of neither. It loves a king, lords, and commons, really chosen by the unbought suffrages of a free people. But if corruption only shifts hands, if the wealthy commoner gives the bribe instead of the potent peer, is the state better served by this exchange? Is the real emancipation of the borough effected, because new parchment bonds may possibly supersede the old? To

say the truth, wherever such practices prevail, they are equally criminal to, and destructive of, our freedom.

The rest of your declamation is scarce worth considering, except for the elegance of the language. Like Hamlet, in the play, you produce two pictures: you tell us, that one is not like the duke of Bedford; then you bring a most hideous caricature, and tell us of the resemblance; but *multum abuluit imago*.

All your long tedious accounts of the ministerial quarrels, and the intrigues of the cabinet, are reducible to a few short lines; and to convince you, sir, that I do not mean to flatter any minister, either past or present, these are my thoughts: they seem to have acted like lovers, or children; have* pouted, quarrelled, cried, kissed, and been friends again, as the objects of desire, the ministerial rattles have been put into their hands. But such proceedings are very unworthy of the gravity and dignity of a great nation. We do not want men of abilities, but we have wanted steadiness: we want unanimity; your letters, Junius, will not contribute thereto. You may one day expire by a flame of your own kindling. But it is my humble opinion, that lenity and moderation, pardon and oblivion, will disappoint the efforts of all the seditious in the land, and extinguish their wide-spreading fires. I have lived with this sentiment; with this I shall die.

WILLIAM DRAPER.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR, October 13, 1799.

If sir William Draper's bed be a bed of tortures, he has made it for himself. I shall never interrupt his repose. Having changed the subject, there are parts of his last letter not undeserving of a reply. Leaving his private character and conduct out of the question, I shall consider him merely in the capacity of an author, whose labors certainly do no discredit to a newspaper.

We say, in common discourse, that a man may be his own enemy; and the frequency of the fact makes the expression intelligible. But that a man should be the bitterest enemy of his friends, implies a contradiction of a peculiar nature. There is something in it, which cannot be conceived, without a confusion of ideas, nor expressed, without a solecism in language. Sir William Draper is still that fatal friend lord Granby found him. Yet, I am ready to do justice to his generosity; if, indeed, it be not something more than generous, to be the voluntary advocate of men, who think themselves injured by his assistance, and to consider nothing in the cause he adopts, but the difficulty of defending it. I thought, however, he had been better read in the history of the human heart, than to compare or confound the tortures of the body with those of the mind. He ought to have known, though, perhaps, it might not be his interest to confess, that no outward tyranny can reach the mind. If conscience plays the tyrant, it would be greatly for the benefit of the world that she were more arbitrary, and far less placable, than some men find her.

But it seems I have outraged the feelings of a father's heart. Am I, indeed, so injudicious? Does sir William Draper think I would have hazarded my credit with a generous nation, by so gross a violation of the laws of humanity? Does he think I am so little acquainted with the first and noblest characteristic of Englishmen? Or, how will he reconcile such folly with an understanding so full of artifice as

* Sir William gives us a pleasant account of men, who, in his opinion at least, are the best qualified to govern an empire.

mine? Had he been a father, he would have been but little offended with the severity of the reproach, for his mind would have been filled with the justice of it. He would have seen, that I did not insult the feelings of a father, but the father who felt nothing. He would have trusted to the evidence of his own paternal heart, and boldly denied the possibility of the fact, instead of defending it. Against whom, then, will his honest indignation be directed, when I assure him, that this whole town beheld the duke of Bedford's conduct, upon the death of his son, with horror and astonishment? Sir William Draper does himself but little honor in opposing the general sense of his country. The people are seldom wrong in their opinions; in their sentiments they are never mistaken. There may be a vanity, perhaps, in a singular way of thinking: but, when a man professes a want of those feelings which do honor to the multitude, he hazards something infinitely more important than the character of his understanding. After all, as sir William may possibly be in earnest in his anxiety for the duke of Bedford, I should be glad to relieve him from it. He may rest assured, this worthy nobleman laughs, with equal indifference, at my reproaches, and sir William's distress about him. But here let it stop. Even the duke of Bedford, insensible as he is, will consult the tranquillity of his life, in not provoking the moderation of my temper. If from the profoundest contempt, I should ever rise into anger, he should soon find, that all I have already said of him was lenity and compassion.

Out of a long catalogue, sir William Draper has confined himself to the refutation of two charges only. The rest he had not time to discuss; and, indeed, it would have been a laborious undertaking. To draw up a defense of such a series of enormities, would have required a life, at least, as long as that which has been uniformly employed in the practice of them. The public opinion of the duke of Bedford's extreme economy is, it seems, entirely without foundation. Though not very prodigal abroad, in his own family, at least, he is regular and magnificent. He pays his debts, abhors a beggar, and makes a handsome provision for his son. His charity has improved upon the proverb, and ended where it began. Admitting the whole force of this single instance of his domestic generosity, (wonderful, indeed, considering the narrowness of his fortune, and the little merit of his only son) the public may still, perhaps, be dissatisfied and demand some other less equivocal proofs of his munificence. Sir William Draper should have entered boldly into the detail of indigence relieved, of arts encouraged, of science patronised, men of learning protected, and works of genius rewarded. In short, had there been a single instance, besides Mr. Rigby,* of blushing merit, brought forward by the duke in the service of the public, it should not have been omitted.

I wish it were possible to establish my inference with the same certainty on which I believe the principle is founded. My conclusion, however, was not drawn from the principle alone. I am not so unjust as to reason from one crime to another: though I think that, of all the vices, avarice is most apt to taint and corrupt the heart. I combined the known temper of the man, with the extravagant concessions made by the ambassador; and though I doubt not sufficient care was taken to leave no document of any treasonable negotiation, I still maintain that the conduct of this

* This gentleman is supposed to have the same idea of blushing, that a man, blind from his birth, has of scarlet or sky blue.

† If sir W. D. will take the trouble of looking into *Torey's Memoirs*, he will see with what little ceremony a bribe may be offered to a duke, and with what little ceremony it was only not accepted.

LETTER XXIX.

ADDRESSED TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

October 19, 1799.

minister carries with it an internal and convincing evidence against him. Sir William Draper seems not to know the value or force of such a proof. He will not permit us to judge of the motives of men, by the manifest tendency of their actions, nor by the notorious character of their minds. He calls for papers and witnesses with triumphant security, as if nothing could be true but what could be proved in a court of justice. Yet a religious man might have remembered upon what foundation some truths, most interesting to mankind, have been received and established. If it were not for the internal evidence which the purest of religions carries with it, what would have become of his once well-quoted decalogue, and of the meekness of his Christianity?

The generous warmth of his resentment makes him confound the order of events. He forgets, that the insults and distresses which the duke of Bedford has suffered, and which sir William has lamented, with many delicate touches of the true pathetic, were only recorded in my letter to his grace, not occasioned by it. It was a simple, candid narrative of facts; though, for aught I know, it may carry with it something prophetic. His grace, undoubtedly, has received several ominous hints; and, I think, in certain circumstances, a wise man would do well to prepare himself, for the event.

But I have a charge of a heavier nature against sir William Draper. He tells us, that the duke of Bedford is amenable to justice; that parliament is a high and solemn tribunal; and that, if guilty, he may be punished by due course of law; and all this he says with as much gravity as if he believed every word of the matter. I hope, indeed, the day of impeachments will arrive before this nobleman escapes out of life; but to refer us to that mode of proceeding now, with such a ministry, and such a house of commons as the present, what is it, but an indecent mockery of the common sense of the nation? I think he might have contented himself with defending the greatest enemy, without insulting the distresses of his country.

His concluding declaration of his opinion, with respect to the present condition of affairs, is too loose and undetermined to be of any service to the public. How strange is it that this gentleman should dedicate so much time and argument to the defense of worthless or indifferent characters, while he gives but seven solitary lines to the only subject which can deserve his attention, or do credit to his abilities!

JUNIUS.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

October 19, 1799.

I very sincerely applaud the spirit with which a lady has paid the debt of gratitude to her benefactor. Though I think she has mistaken the point, she shows a virtue which makes her respectable. The question turned upon the personal generosity or avarice of a man, whose private fortune is immense. The proofs of his munificence must be drawn from the uses to which he has applied that fortune. I was not speaking of a lord lieutenant of Ireland, but of a rich English duke, whose wealth gave him the means of doing as much good in this country, as he derived from his power in another. I am far from wishing to lessen the merit of this single benevolent action; perhaps it is the more conspicuous, from standing alone. All I mean to say is, that it proves nothing in the present argument.

JUNIUS.

I am well assured that Junius will never descend to a dispute with such a writer as Modestus (whose letter appeared in the *Gazetteer* of Monday), especially as the dispute must be chiefly about words. Notwithstanding the partiality of the public, it does not appear that Junius values himself upon any superior skill in composition: and I hope his time will always be more usefully employed than in the trifling refinements of verbal criticism. Modestus, however, shall have no reason to triumph in the silence and moderation of Junius. If he knew as much of the propriety of language, as, I believe, he does of the facts in question, he would have been as cautious of attacking Junius upon his composition, as he seems to be of entering into the subject of it: yet, after all, the last is the only article of any importance to the public.

I do not wonder at the unremitted rancor with which the duke of Bedford and his adherents invariably speak of a nation, which we well know has been too much injured to be easily forgiven. But why must Junius be an Irishman? *The absurdity of his writings betrays him.* Waiving all consideration of the insult offered by Modestus to the declared judgment of the people (they may well bear this amongst the rest), let us follow the several instances, and try whether the charge be fairly supported.

1. Then, the leaving a man to enjoy such a repose as he can find upon a bed of torture, is severe indeed; perhaps too much so, when applied to such a trifle as sir William Draper; but there is nothing absurd either in the idea or expression. Modestus cannot distinguish between a sarcasm and a contradiction.

2. I affirm, with Junius, that it is the frequency of the fact which alone can make us comprehend how a man can be his own enemy. We should never arrive at the complex idea conveyed by those words, if we had only seen one or two instances of a man acting to his own prejudice. Offer the proposition to a child or a man unused to compound his ideas, and you will soon see how little either of them understand you. It is not a simple idea arising from a single fact, but a very complex idea arising from many facts, well observed, and accurately compared.

3. Modestus could not, without great affectation, mistake the meaning of Junius, when he speaks of a man, who is the bitterest enemy of his friends. He could not but know, that Junius spoke not of a false or hollow friendship, but a real intention to serve, and that intention producing the worst effects of enmity. Whether the description be strictly applicable to sir William Draper, is another question. Junius does not say, that it is more criminal for a man to be the enemy of his friends than his own; though he might have affirmed it with truth. In a moral light, a man may certainly take greater liberties with himself, than with another. To sacrifice ourselves merely, is a weakness we may indulge in, if we think proper, for we do it at our own hazard and expense; but, under the presence of friendship, to sport with the reputation, or sacrifice the honor, of another, is something worse than weakness; and if, in favor of the foolish intention, we do not call it a crime, we must allow, at least, that it arises from an overweening, busy, meddling impudence. Junius says only, and he says truly, that it is more extraordinary; that it involves a greater contradiction than the other; and, is it not a maxim received in life, that, in general, we can determine more wisely for others than for ourselves? The reason of it is so clear in argument, that it hardly wants the confirm-

ation of experience Sir William Draper, I confess, is an exception to the general rule, though not much to his credit.

4. If this gentleman will go back to his ethics, he may, perhaps, discover the truth of what Junius says, *That no outward tyranny can reach the mind*. The tortures of the body may be introduced, by way of ornament or illustration, to represent those of the mind; but, strictly, there is no similitude between them: they are totally different, both in their cause and operation. The wretch who suffers upon the rack is merely passive: but, when the mind is tortured, it is not at the command of any outward power; it is the sense of guilt which constitutes the punishment, and creates that torture, with which the guilty mind acts upon itself.

5. He misquotes what Junius says of conscience, and makes the sentence ridiculous, by making it his own.

So much for composition. Now for fact. Junius, it seems, has mistaken the duke of Bedford. His grace had all the proper feelings of a father, though he took care to suppress the appearance of them. Yet it was an occasion, one would think, on which he need not have been ashamed of his grief; on which less fortitude would have done him more honor. I can conceive, indeed, a benevolent motive for his endeavoring to assume an air of tranquillity in his own family; and I wish I could discover any thing, in the rest of his character, to justify my assigning that motive to his behavior. But is there no medium? Was it necessary to appear abroad, to ballot at the India-House, and make a public display, though it were only of an apparent insensibility? I know we are treading on tender ground; and Junius, I am convinced, does not wish to urge this question farther. Let the friends of the duke of Bedford observe that humble silence which becomes their situation. They should recollect, that there are still some facts in store at which human nature would shudder. I shall be understood by those whom it concerns, when I say, that these facts go farther than to the duke.*

It is not inconsistent to suppose, that a man may be quite indifferent about one part of a charge, yet severely stung with another; and though he feels no remorse, that he may wish to be revenged. The charge of insensibility carries a reproach, indeed, but no danger with it. Junius had said, *There are others who would assassinate*. Modestus, knowing his man, will not suffer the insinuation to be divided, but fixes it all upon the duke of Bedford.

Without determining upon what evidence Junius would choose to be condemned, I will venture to maintain, in opposition to Modestus, or to Mr. Rigby, (who is certainly not Modestus) or any of the Bloomsbury gang, that the evidence against the duke of Bedford is as strong as any presumptive evidence can be. It depends upon a combination of facts and reasoning, which require no confirmation from the anecdote of the duke of Marlborough. This anecdote was referred to, merely to show how ready a great man may be to receive a great bribe; and if

Modestus could read the original, he would see, that the expression *not only accepted*, was, probably, the only one in our language that exactly fitted the case. The bribe offered to the duke of Marlborough was not refused.

I cannot conclude without taking notice of this honest gentleman's learning, and wishing he had given us a little more of it. When he accidentally found himself so near speaking truth, it was rather unfair of him to leave out the *non potuisse refelli*. As it stands, the *pudet hæc opprobri* may be divided equally between Mr. Rigby and the duke of Bedford. Mr. Rigby, I take for granted, will assert his natural right to the modesty of the quotation, and leave all the opprobrium to his grace. PHILO JUNIUS.

LETTER XXX.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

October 17, 1790.

It is not wonderful that the great cause in which this country is engaged, should have roused and engrossed the whole attention of the people. I rather admire the generous spirit with which they feel and assert their interest in this important question, than blame them for their indifference about any other. When the constitution is openly invaded, when the first original right of the people, from which all laws derive their authority, is directly attacked, inferior grievances naturally lose their force, and are suffered to pass by without punishment or observation. The present ministry are as singularly marked by their fortune, as their crimes. Instead of atoning for their former conduct, by any wise or popular measure, they have found, in the enormity of one fact, a cover and defense for a series of measures, which must have been fatal to any other administration. I fear we are too remiss in observing the whole of their proceedings. Struck with the principal figure, we do not sufficiently mark in what manner the canvass is filled up. Yet surely it is not a less crime, nor less fatal in its consequences, to encourage a flagrant breach of the law, by a military force, than to make use of the forms of parliament to destroy the constitution.—The ministry seemed determined to give us a choice of difficulties, and, if possible, to perplex us with the multitude of their offenses. The expedient is worthy of the duke of Grafton. But though he has preserved a gradation and variety in his measures, we should remember that the principle is uniform. Dictated by the same spirit, they deserve the same attention. The following fact though of the most alarming nature, has not yet been clearly stated to the public; nor have the consequences of it been sufficiently understood.—Had I taken it up at an earlier period, I should have been accused of an uncandid, malignant precipitation, as if I watched for an unfair advantage against the ministry, and would not allow them a reasonable time to do their duty. They now stand without excuse. Instead of employing the leisure they have had, in a strict examination of the offense, and punishing the offenders, they seem to have considered that indulgence as a security to them; that, with a little time and management, the whole affair might be buried in silence, and utterly forgotten.

A major-general* of the army is arrested by the sheriff's officers for a considerable debt. He persuades them to conduct him to the Tilt-yard, in St. James's Park, under some pretence of business, which it imported him to settle before he was confined. He applies to a serjeant, not immediately on duty, to assist, with some of his companions, in favoring his escape.

* Within a fortnight after lord Tavistock's death, the venerable Gertrude had a rout at Bedford house. The good duke (who had only sixty thousand pounds a year) ordered an inventory to be taken of his son's wearing apparel, down to his slippers, sold them all, and put the money in his pocket. The amiable marchioness, shocked at such brutal, unfeeling avarice, gave the value of the clothes to the marquis's servant, out of her own purse. That incomparable woman did not long survive her husband. When she died, the duchess of Bedford treated her as the duke had treated his only son: she ordered every gown and trinket to be sold, and pocketed the money. These are the monsters whom sir William Draper comes forward to defend. May God protect me from doing any thing that may require such defense, or to deserve such friendship.

* Major-general Gansel.

He attempts it. A bustle ensues. The bailiffs claim their prisoner.

An officer of the guards,† not then on duty, takes part in the affair, applies to the lieutenant‡ commanding the Tilt-yard guard, and urges him to turn out his guard to relieve a general officer. The lieutenant declines interfering in person, but stands at a distance, and suffers the business to be done. The officer takes upon himself to order out the guard. In a moment they are in arms, quit their guard, march, rescue the general, and drive away the sheriff's officers, who, in vain, represent their right to the prisoner, and the nature of the arrest. The soldiers first conduct the general into the guard-room, then escort him to a place of safety, with bayonets fixed, and in all the forms of military triumph. I will not enlarge upon the various circumstances which attended this atrocious proceeding. The personal injury received by the officers of the law, in the execution of their duty, may, perhaps, be atoned for by some private compensation. I consider nothing but the wound which has been given to the law itself, to which no remedy has been applied, no satisfaction made. Neither is it my design to dwell upon the misconduct of the parties concerned, any farther than is necessary to show the behavior of the ministry in its true light. I would make every compassionate allowance for the infatuation of the prisoner, the false and criminal discretion of one officer, and the madness of another. I would leave the ignorant soldiers entirely out of the question. They are certainly the least guilty: though they are the only persons who have yet suffered, even in the appearance of punishment.* The fact itself, however atrocious, is not the principal point to be considered. It might have happened under a more regular government, and with guards better disciplined than ours. The main question is, In what manner have the ministry acted on this extraordinary occasion? A general officer calls upon the king's own guard, then actually on duty, to rescue him from the laws of his country: yet, at this moment, he is in a situation no worse than if he had not committed an offense equally enormous in a civil and military view. A lieutenant upon duty designedly quits his guard, and suffers it to be drawn out by another officer, for a purpose, which he well knew (as we may collect from an appearance of caution, which only makes his behavior the more criminal) to be in the highest degree illegal. Has this gentleman been called to a court martial to answer for his conduct? No. Has it been censured? No. Has it been in any shape inquired into? No. Another lieutenant, not upon duty, nor even in his regimentals, is daring enough to order out the king's guard, over which he had properly no command, and engages them in a violation of the laws of his country, perhaps the most singular and extravagant that ever was attempted. What punishment has he suffered? Literally none. Supposing he should be prosecuted at common law for the rescue; will that circumstance, from which the ministry can derive no merit, excuse or justify their suffering so flagrant a breach of military discipline to pass by unpunished and unnoticed? Are they aware of the outrage offered to their sovereign, when his own proper guard is ordered out to stop, by main force, the execution of his laws? What are we to conclude from so scandalous a neglect of their duty, but that they have other views, which can only be answered by securing the attachment of the guards? The minister would hardly be so cautious of offending them, if he did not mean, in due time, to call for their assistance.

With respect to the parties themselves, let it be observed, that these gentlemen are neither young officers, nor very young men. Had they belonged to the unfledged race of ensigns, who infest our streets, and dishonor our public places, it might, perhaps, be sufficient to send them back to that discipline from which their parents, judging lightly from the maturity of their vices, had removed them too soon. In this case, I am sorry to see, not so much the folly of youths, as the spirit of the corps, and the connivance of government. I do not question that there are many brave and worthy officers in the regiments of guards. But considering them as a corps, I fear, it will be found, that they are neither good soldiers nor good subjects. Far be it from me to insinuate the most distant reflection upon the army. On the contrary, I honor and esteem the profession; and, if these gentlemen were better soldiers, I am sure they would be better subjects. It is not that there is any internal vice or defect in the profession itself, as regulated in this country, but that it is the spirit of this particular corps to despise their profession: and that, while they vainly assume the lead of the army, they make it matter of impertinent comparison, and triumph over the bravest troops in the world (I mean our marching regiments) that they, indeed, stand upon higher ground, and are privileged to neglect the laborious forms of military discipline and duty. Without dwelling longer upon a most invidious subject, I shall leave it to military men, who have seen a service more active than the parade, to determine whether or no I speak truth.

How far this dangerous spirit has been encouraged by government, and to what pernicious purposes it may be applied hereafter, well deserves our most serious consideration. I know, indeed, that, when this affair happened, an affectation of alarm ran through the ministry. Something must be done to save appearances. The case was too flagrant to be passed by absolutely without notice. But how have they acted? Instead of ordering the officers concerned (and who, strictly speaking, are alone guilty) to be put under arrest, and brought to trial, they would have it understood, that they did their duty completely, in confining a serjeant and four private soldiers, until they should be demanded by the civil power: so that while the officers, who ordered or permitted the thing to be done, escaped without censure, the poor men, who obeyed these orders, who, in a military view, are no way responsible for what they did, and who for that reason, have been discharged by the civil magistrates, are the only objects whom the ministry have thought proper to expose to punishment. They did not venture to bring even these men to a court martial, because they knew their evidence would be fatal to some persons whom they were determined to protect; otherwise, I doubt not, the lives of these unhappy, friendless soldiers, would long since have been sacrificed without scruple, to the security of their guilty officers.

I have been accused of endeavoring to inflame the passions of the people. Let me now appeal to their understanding. If there be any tool of administration, daring enough to deny these facts, or shameless enough to defend the conduct of the ministry, let him come forward. I care not under what title he appears. He shall find me ready to maintain the truth of my narrative, and the justice of my observations upon it, at the hazard of my utmost credit with the public.

Under the most arbitrary governments, the common administration of justice is suffered to take its course. The subject, though robbed of his share in the legislature, is still protected by the laws. The political freedom of the English constitution was

† Lieutenant Dodd.

‡ Lieutenant Garth.

* A few of them were confined.

once the pride and honor of an Englishman. The civil equality of the laws preserved the property, and defended the safety of the subject. Are these glorious privileges the birthright of the people, or are we only tenants at the will of the ministry? But that I know there is a spirit of resistance in the hearts of my countrymen; that they value life, not by its conveniences, but by the independence and dignity of their condition; I should, at this moment, appeal only to their discretion. I should persuade them to banish from their minds all memory of what we were; I should tell them this is not a time to remember that we were Englishmen; and give it, as my last advice, to make some early agreement with the minister, that, since it has pleased him to rob us of those political rights, which once distinguished the inhabitants of a country where honor was happiness, he would leave us at least the humble, obedient security of citizens, and graciously condescend to protect us in our submission.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XXXI

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

November 14, 1769.

The variety of remarks which have been made upon the last letter of Junius, and my own opinion of the writer, who, whatever may be his faults, is certainly not a weak man, have induced me to examine, with some attention, the subject of that letter. I could not persuade myself, that, while he had plenty of important materials, he would have taken up a light or trifling occasion to attack the ministry; much less could I conceive, that it was his intention to ruin the officers concerned in the rescue of general Gansel, or to injure the general himself. These are little objects, and can no way contribute to the great purposes he seems to have in view, by addressing himself to the public. Without considering the ornamented style he has adopted, I determined to look farther into the matter, before I decided upon the merits of his letter. The first step I took was to inquire into the truth of the facts; for if these were either false or misrepresented, the most artful exertion of his understanding, in reasoning upon them, would only be a disgrace to him. Now, sir, I have found every circumstance stated by Junius to be literally true. General Gansel persuaded the bailiffs to conduct him to the parade, and certainly solicited a corporal, and other soldiers, to assist him in making his escape. Captain Dodd did certainly apply to captain Garth for the assistance of his guard. Captain Garth declined appearing himself, but stood aloof, while the other took upon him to order out the king's guard, and by main force rescued the general. It is also strictly true, that the general was escorted by a file of musqueteers to a place of security. These are facts, Mr. Woodfall, which I promise you no gentleman in the guards will deny. If all or any of them are false, why are they not contradicted by the parties themselves? However secure against military censure, they have yet a character to lose; and, surely, if they are innocent, it is not beneath them to pay some attention to the opinion of the public.

The force of Junius's observations upon these facts cannot be better marked, than by stating and refuting the objections which have been made to them. One writer says, "Admitting the officers have offended, they are punishable at common law; and will you have a British subject punished twice for the same offense?" I answer, that they have committed two offenses, both very enormous, and violated two laws. The rescue is one offense, the flagrant breach of discipline another; and hitherto it does not appear

that they have been punished, or even censured for either. Another gentleman lays much stress upon the calamity of the case; and, instead of disproving facts, appeals at once to the compassion of the public. This idea, as well as the insinuation, that, *depriving the parties of their commissions would be an injury to their creditors*, can only refer to general Gansel. The other officers are in no distress; therefore, have no claim to compassion: nor does it appear that their creditors, if they have any, are more likely to be satisfied by their continuing in the guards. But this sort of plea will not hold in any shape. Compassion to an offender, who has grossly violated the laws, is, in effect, a cruelty to the peaceable subject who has observed them: and even admitting the force of any alleviating circumstances, it is nevertheless true, that in this instance, the royal compassion has interposed too soon. The legal and proper mercy of a king of England may remit the punishment, but ought not to stop the trial.

Besides these particular objections, there has been a cry raised against Junius, for his malice and injustice in attacking the ministry upon an event which they could neither hinder nor foresee. This, I must affirm, is a false representation of his argument. He lays no stress upon the event itself, as a ground of accusation against the ministry; but dwells entirely upon their subsequent conduct. He does not say that they are answerable for the offense, but for the scandalous neglect of their duty, in suffering an offense so flagrant to pass by without notice or inquiry. Supposing them ever so regardless of what they owe to the public, and as indifferent about the opinion, as they are about the interests of their country, what answer, as officers of the crown, will they give to Junius, when he asks them, "Are they aware of the outrage offered to their sovereign, when his own proper guard is ordered out to stop, by main force, the execution of his laws?" And when we see a ministry giving such a strange, unaccountable protection to the officers of the guards, is it unfair to suspect that they have some secret and unwarrantable motives for their conduct? If they feel themselves injured by such a suspicion, why do they not immediately clear themselves from it by doing their duty? For the honor of the guards, I cannot help expressing another suspicion, that if the commanding officer had not received a secret injunction to the contrary, he would, in the ordinary course of his business, have applied for a court martial to try the two subalterns; the one for quitting his guard, the other for taking upon him the command of the guard, and employing it in the manner he did. I do not mean to enter into, or defend, the severity with which Junius treats the guards. On the contrary, I will suppose, for a moment, that they deserve a very different character. If this be true, in what light will they consider the conduct of the two subalterns, but as the general reproach and disgrace to the whole corps? And will they not wish to see them censured, in a military way, if it were only for the credit and discipline of the regiment?

Upon the whole, sir, the ministry seem to me to have taken a very improper advantage of the goodness of the public, whose humanity, they found, considered nothing in this affair but the distress of general Gansel. They would persuade us, that it was only a common rescue by a few disorderly soldiers, and not the formal, deliberate act of the king's guard, headed by an officer; and the public has fallen into the deception. I think, therefore, we are obliged to Junius for the care he has taken to inquire into the facts, and for the just commentary with which he has given them to the world. For my own part, I am as unwilling as any man to load the unfortunate;

but really, sir, the precedent with respect to the guards, is of a most important nature, and alarming enough (considering the consequences with which it may be attended) to deserve a parliamentary inquiry. When the guards are daring enough, not only to violate their own discipline, but publicly, and, with the most atrocious violence, to stop the execution of the laws, and when such extraordinary offenses pass with impunity, believe me, sir, the precedent strikes deep.

PHILO JUNIUS.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

November 15, 1769.

I admit the claim of a gentleman, who publishes in the Gazetteer under the name of Modestus. He has some right to expect an answer from me; though, I think, not so much from the merit or importance of his objections, as from my own voluntary engagement. I had a reason for not taking notice of him sooner, which, as he is a candid person, I believe, he will think sufficient. In my first letter, I took for granted, from the time which had elapsed, that there was no intention to censure, or even to try, the persons concerned in the rescue of general Gansel: but Modestus having since either affirmed, or strongly insinuated, that the offenders might still be brought to a legal trial, any attempt to prejudice the cause, or to prejudice the minds of a jury, or a court-martial, would be highly improper.

A man more hostile to the ministry than I am, would not so often remind them of their duty. If the duke of Grafton will not perform the duty of his station, why is he minister? I will not descend to a scurrilous altercation with any man; but this is a subject too important to be passed over with silent indifference. If the gentlemen, whose conduct is in question, are not brought to a trial, the duke of Grafton shall hear from me again.

The motives on which I am supposed to have taken up this cause, are of little importance, compared with the facts themselves, and the observations I have made upon them. Without a vain profession of integrity, which in these times might justly be suspected, I shall show myself, in effect, a friend to the interests of my countrymen; and leave it to them to determine, whether I am moved by a personal malevolence to three private gentlemen, or merely by a hope of perplexing the ministry; or whether I am animated, by a just and honorable purpose of obtaining a satisfaction to the laws of this country, equal, if possible, to the violation they have suffered.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD,

November 20, 1769.

Though my opinion of your grace's integrity was but little affected by the coyness with which you received Mr. Vaughan's proposals, I confess I give you some credit for your discretion. You had a fair opportunity of displaying a certain delicacy, of which you had not been suspected, and you were in the right to make use of it. By laying in a moderate stock of reputation, you undoubtedly meant to provide for the future necessities of your character, that, with an honorable resistance upon record, you might safely indulge your genius, and yield to a favorite inclination with security. But you have discovered your purposes too soon; and, instead of the modest reserve of virtue, have shown us the terma-

gant chastity of a prude, who gratifies her passions with distinction, and prosecutes one lover for a rape, while she solicits the lewd embraces of another.

Your cheek turns pale: for a guilty conscience tells you, you are undone. Come forward, thou virtuous minister, and tell the world by what interest Mr. Hine has been recommended to so extraordinary a mark of his master's favor; what was the price of the patent he has bought, and to what honorable purpose the purchase money has been applied. Nothing less than many thousands could pay colonel Burgoyne's expenses at Preston. Do you dare to prosecute such a creature as Vaughan, while you are basely setting up the royal patronage to auction? Do you dare to complain of an attack upon your own honor, while you are selling the favors of the crown, to raise a fund for corrupting the morals of the people? And do you think it is possible such enormities should escape without impeachment? It is, indeed, highly your interest to maintain the present house of commons. Having sold the nation to you in gross, they will undoubtedly protect you in the detail; for, while they patronise your crimes, they feel for their own.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD,

December 12, 1769.

I find with some surprise, that you are not supported as you deserve. Your most determined advocates have scruples about them which you are unacquainted with; and though there be nothing too hazardous for your grace to engage in, there are some things too infamous for the vilest prostitute of a newspaper to defend.* In what other manner shall we account for the profound, submissive silence which you and your friends have observed upon a charge which called immediately for the clearest refutation, and would have justified the severest measures of resentment? I did not attempt to blast your character by an indirect, ambiguous insinuation; but candidly stated to you a plain fact, which struck directly at the integrity of a privy counsellor, of a first commissioner of the treasury, and of a leading minister, who is supposed to enjoy the first share in his majesty's confidence.† In every one of these capacities I employed the most moderate terms to charge you with treachery to your sovereign, and breach of trust in your office. I accused you of having sold a patent place in the collection of the customs at Exeter to one Mr. Hine, who, unable or unwilling to deposit the whole purchase money himself, raised part of it by contribution, and has now a certain doctor Brooke quartered upon the salary for one hundred pounds a year. No sale by the candle was ever conducted with greater formality. I affirm, that the price at which the place was knocked down (and which, I have good reason to think, was not less than three thousand five hundred pounds) was, with your connivance and consent, paid to colonel Burgoyne, to reward him, I presume, for the decency of his deportment at Preston; or to reimburse him, perhaps, for the fine of one thousand pounds, which, for that very deportment, the court of king's bench thought proper to set upon him. It is not often that the chief justice and the prime min-

* From the publication of the preceding to this date, not one word was said in defense of the duke of Grafton. But vice and impudence soon recovered themselves, and the sale of the royal favor was openly avowed and defended. We acknowledge the pety of St James's, but what is become of its morality?

† And by the same means preserves it to this hour.

ister are so strangely at variance in their opinions of men and things.

I thank God, there is not in human nature a degree of impudence daring enough to deny the charge I have fixed upon you. Your courteous secretary,* your confidential architect, † are silent as the grave. Even Mr. Rigby's countenance fails him. He violates his second nature, and blushes whenever he speaks of you. Perhaps the noble colonel himself will relieve you. No man is more tender of his reputation. He is not only nice but perfectly sore, in everything that touches his honor. If any man, for example, were to accuse him of taking his stand at a gaming-table, and watching, with the soberest attention, for a fair opportunity of engaging a drunken young nobleman at piquet, he would, undoubtedly, consider it as an infamous aspersion upon his character, and resent it like a man of honor. Acquitting him, therefore, of drawing a regular and splendid subsistence from any unworthy practices, either in his own house, or elsewhere, let me ask your grace, for what military merits you have been pleased to reward him with military government? He had a regiment of dragoons, which, one would imagine, was at least an equivalent for any services he ever performed. Besides, he is but a young officer, considering his preferment; and, except in his activity at Preston, not very conspicuous in his profession. But it seems the sale of a civil employment was not sufficient; and military governments, which were intended for the support of worn-out veterans must be thrown in to the scale, to defray the extensive bribery of a contested election. Are these the steps you take to secure to your sovereign the attachment of his army? With what countenance dare you appear in the royal presence, branded as you are, with the infamy of a notorious breach of trust? With what countenance can you take at the treasury board, or in the council, when you feel that every circulating whisper is at your expense alone, and stabs you to the heart? Have you a single friend in parliament so shameless, so thoroughly abandoned, as to undertake your defense? You know, my lord, that there is not a man in either house, whose character, however flagitious, would not be ruined by mixing his reputation with yours; and does not your heart inform you that you are degraded below the condition of a man, when you are obliged to bear these insults with submission, and even to thank me for my moderation?

We are told, by the highest judicial authority, that Mr. Vaughan's‡ offer to purchase the reversion

* Tommy Bradshaw.

† Mr. Taylor. He and George Ross (the Scotch agent and worthy confidant of Lord Mansfield) managed the business.

‡ A little before the publication of this and the preceding letter, the duke of Grafton had commenced a prosecution against Mr. Samuel Vaughan, endeavoring to corrupt his integrity, by an offer of five thousand pounds for a patent place in Jamaica. A rule to show cause why an information should not be exhibited against Vaughan for certain misdemeanors, being granted by the court of king's bench, the matter was solemnly argued on the 27th of November, 1792, and by the unanimous opinion of the four judges, the rule was made absolute. The pleadings and speeches were accurately taken in short-hand, and published. The whole of lord Mansfield's speech, and particularly the following extracts from it, deserve the reader's attention: "A practice of the kind complained of here, is certainly dishonorable and scandalous. If a man, standing under the relation of an officer under the king, or of a person in whom the king puts confidence, or of a minister, takes money for the use of that confidence the king puts in him, he basely betrays the king; he basely betrays his trust. If the king sold the office, it would be acting contrary to the trust the constitution had reposed in him. The constitution does not intend the crown should sell those offices to raise a revenue out of them. Is it possible to hesitate, whether this would not be criminal in the duke of Grafton; contrary to his duty as a privy counsellor, contrary to his duty as

of a patent place in Jamaica (which he was otherwise sufficiently entitled to) amounts to a high misdemeanor. Be it so: and if he deserves it, let him be punished. But the learned judge might have had a fairer opportunity of displaying the powers of his eloquence. Having delivered himself, with so much energy, upon the criminal nature and dangerous consequences of any attempt to corrupt a man in your grace's station, what would he have said to the minister himself, to that very privy counsellor, to that first commissioner of the treasury, who does not wait for, but impatiently solicits, the touch of corruption; who employs the meanest of his creatures in these honorable services; and, forgetting the genius and fidelity of his secretary, descends to apply to his house builder for assistance?

This affair, my lord, will do infinite credit to government, if, to clear your character, you should think proper to bring it into the house of lords, or into the court of king's bench. But, my lord, you dare not do either.

JUNIOR.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

December 12, 1792.

When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive, at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger, at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived: let us suppose a gracious well-intentioned prince made sensible, at last, of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation: that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice, but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious speculation to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed; that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted; that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honorable affections to his king and his country; and that the great person whom he addresses, has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect.

Sir,—It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth, until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of

a minister, contrary to his duty as a subject? His advice should be free, according to his judgment. It is the duty of his office: he hath sworn to it." Notwithstanding all this, the duke of Grafton certainly sold a patent place to Mr. Hine, for three thousand five hundred pounds. If the house of commons had done their duty, and impeached the duke for this breach of trust, how woefully must poor honest Mansfield have been puzzled! His embarrassment would have afforded the most ridiculous scene that was ever exhibited. To save the judge from this perplexity, and the duke from impeachment, the prosecution against Vaughan was immediately dropped.

your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition.* We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects, on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, *That the king can do no wrong*, is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your majesty's condition, or that of the English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth, by removing every painful, offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing, but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, should distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king, and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared, and, I doubt not, a sincere resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words; and loyal to you, not only from principle, but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favorite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people, who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties; from ministers, favorites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life, in which you have consulted your own understanding.

When you affectedly renounced the name of Eng-

* The plan of the tutelage and future dominion over the heir apparent, laid many years ago, at Carlton-House, between the princess dowager and her favorite, the earl of Bute, was as gross and palpable as that which was concerted between Anne of Austria and cardinal Mazarine, to govern Louis the Fourteenth, and, in effect, to prolong his minority until the end of his lives. That prince had strong natural parts, and used frequently to blush for his own ignorance and want of education, which had been wilfully neglected by his mother and her minion. A little experience, however, soon showed him how shamefully he had been treated, and for what infamous purpose he had been kept in ignorance. Our great Edward, too, at an early period, had sense enough to understand the nature of the connection between his abandoned mother and the detested Mortimer. But, since that time, human nature, we may observe, is greatly altered for the better. Dowagers may be chaste, and minions may be honest. When it was proposed to settle the present king's household, as prince of Wales, it is well known that the earl of Bute was forced into it, in direct contradiction to the late king's inclination. That was the salient point from which all the mischiefs and disgraces of the present reign took life and motion. From that moment, lord Bute never suffered the prince of Wales to be an instant out of his sight. We need not look farther.

lishman, believe me, sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects, at the expense of another. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection: nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affections for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for every thing from their new-born zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance; but, hitherto, they have no claim to your favor. To honor them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects, who placed your family, and, in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it upon the throne, is a mistake too gross even for the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

To the same early influence we attribute it, that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne, the whole system of government was altered, not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown;† but it is not in this country, sir, that such men can be dishonored by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced. Without entering into a minutest discussion of the merits of the peace, we may observe, in the imprudent hurry with which the first overtures from France were accepted, in the conduct of the negotiation, and terms of the treaty, the strongest marks of that precipitate spirit of concession, with which a certain part of your subjects have been at all times ready to purchase a peace with the natural enemies of this country. On your part we are satisfied that every thing was honorable and sincere; and, if England was sold to France, we doubt not that your majesty was equally betrayed. The conditions of the peace were matter of grief and surprise to your subjects, but not the immediate cause of their present discontent.

Hitherto, sir, you have been sacrificed to the prejudices and passions of others. With what firmness will you bear the mention of your own?

A man not very honorably distinguished in the world, commences a formal attack upon your favorite, considering nothing but how he might best expose his person and principles to detestation, and the national character of his countrymen to contempt. The natives of that country, sir, are as much distinguished by a peculiar character, as by your majesty's favor. Like another chosen people, they have been conducted into the land of plenty, where they find themselves effectually marked, and divided from mankind. There is hardly a period at which the most irregular character may not be redeemed. The mistakes of one sex find a retreat in patriotism, those of the other in devotion. Mr. Wilkes brought with him into politics the same liberal sentiments by which his private conduct had been directed and seemed to think, that, as there are few excesses in which an English gentleman may not be permitted to indulge, the same latitude was allowed him in the choice of his political principles, and in the spirit of maintaining them. I mean to state, not entirely to defend, his conduct. In the earnestness of his zeal he suffered some unwarrantable insinuations to es-

* One of the first acts of the present reign was to dismiss Mr. Legge, because he had, some years before, refused to yield his interest in Hampshire to a Scotchman, recommended by lord Bute. This was the reason publicly assigned by his lordship.

cape him. He said more than moderate men could justify; but not enough to entitle him to the honor of your majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation, collected upon him, served only to illuminate, and could not consume. Animated by the favor of the people on the one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged, and create a maternal affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer. Is this a contention worthy of a king? Are you not sensible how much the meanness of the cause gives an air of ridicule to the serious difficulties into which you have been betrayed? The destruction of one man has been now, for many years, the sole object of your government; and, if there can be any thing still more disgraceful, we have seen for such an object the utmost influence of the executive power, and every ministerial artifice, exerted without success. Nor can you ever succeed, unless he should be imprudent enough to forfeit the protection of those laws to which you owe your crown; or unless your minister should persuade you to make it a question of force alone, and try the whole strength of government in opposition to the people. The lessons he has received from experience will probably guard him from such excess of folly; and, in your majesty's virtues, we find an unquestionable assurance, that no illegal violence will be attempted.

Far from suspecting you of so horrible a design, we would attribute the continued violation of the laws, and even this last enormous attack upon the vital principles of the constitution, to an ill advised, unworthy, personal resentment. From one false step you have been betrayed into another; and, as the cause was unworthy of you, your ministers were determined that the prudence of the execution should correspond with the wisdom and dignity of the design. They have reduced you to the necessity of choosing out of a variety of difficulties; to a situation so unhappy, that you can neither do wrong without ruin, or right without affliction. These worthy servants have undoubtedly given you many singular proofs of their abilities. Not contented with making Mr. Wilkes a man of importance, they have judiciously transferred the question from the rights and interests of one man to the most important rights and interests of the people; and forced your subjects, from wishing well to the cause of an individual, to unite with him in their own. Let them proceed as they have begun, and your majesty need not doubt that the catastrophe will do no dishonor to the conduct of the piece.

The circumstances to which you are reduced will not admit of a compromise with the English nation. Undecisive, qualifying measures will disgrace your government still more than open violence; and, without satisfying the people, will excite their contempt. They have two much understanding and spirit to accept of an indirect satisfaction for a direct injury. Nothing less than a repeal, as formal as the resolution itself, can heal the wound which has been given to the constitution, nor, will any thing less be accepted. I can readily believe, that there is an influence sufficient to recall that pernicious vote. The house of commons undoubtedly consider their duty to the crown as paramount to all other obligations. To us they are only indebted for an accidental existence, and have justly transferred their gratitude from their parents to their benefactors; from those who gave them

birth, to the minister, from whose benevolence they derive the comforts and pleasures of their political life; who has taken the tenderest care of their infancy, and relieves their necessities without offending their delicacy. But if it were possible for their integrity to be degraded to a condition so vile and abject, that, compared with it, the present estimation they stand in is a state of honor and respect; consider, sir, in what manner you will afterwards proceed. Can you conceive that the people of this country will long submit to be governed by so flexible a house of commons? It is not in the nature of human society that any form of government, in such circumstances, can long be preserved. In ours, the general contempt of the people is as fatal as their detestation. Such, I am persuaded, would be the necessary effect of any base concussion made by the present house of commons; and, as a qualifying measure would not be accepted, it remains for you to decide, whether you will, at any hazard, support a set of men who have reduced you to this unhappy dilemma, or whether you will gratify the united wishes of the whole people of England, by dissolving the parliament.

Taking it for granted, as I do very sincerely, that you have personally no design against the constitution, nor any view inconsistent with the good of your subjects, I think you cannot hesitate long upon the choice which it equally concerns your interests and your honor to adopt. On one side, you hazard the affection of all your English subjects; you relinquish every hope of repose to yourself, and you endanger the establishment of your family forever. All this you venture for no object whatsoever; or for such an object as it would be an affront to you to name. Men of sense will examine your conduct with suspicion; while those, who are incapable of comprehending to what degree they were injured, afflict you with clamors equally insolent and unmeaning. Supposing it possible that no fatal struggle should ensue, you determine, at once, to be unhappy, without the hope of a compensation, either from interest or ambition. If an English king be hated or despised, he *must* be unhappy: and this, perhaps, is the only political truth which he ought to be convinced of, without experiment. But, if the English people should no longer confine their resentment to a submissive representation of their wrongs; if, following the glorious example of their ancestors, they should no longer appeal to the creature of the constitution, but to that high Being who gave them the rights of humanity, whose gifts it were sacrilege to surrender, let me ask you, sir, upon what part of your subjects would you rely for assistance.

The people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed. In return, they give you every day fresh marks of their resentment. They despise the miserable governor* you have sent them, because he is the creature of lord Bute: nor is it from any natural confusion in their ideas, that they are so ready to confound the original of a king with the disgraceful representation of him.

The distance of the colonies would make it impossible for them to take an active concern in your affairs, if they were as well affected to your government as they once pretended to be to your person. They were ready enough to distinguish between you and your ministers. They complained of an act of the legislature, but traced the origin of it no higher than to the servants of the crown: they pleased themselves with the hope that their sovereign, if not favorable to their cause, at least was impartial. The

* Viscount Townsend, sent over on the plan of being resident governor. The history of his ridiculous administration shall not be lost to the public.

decisive personal part you took against them has effectually banished that first distinction from their minds.* They consider you as united with your servants against America; and know not how to distinguish the sovereign and a venal parliament on one side, from the real sentiments of the English people on the other. Looking forward to independence, they might possibly receive you for their king: but, if ever you retire to America, be assured they will give you such a covenant to digest, as the presbytery of Scotland would have been ashamed to offer to Charles the Second. They left their native land in search of freedom, and found it in a desert. Divided as they are into a thousand forms of policy and religion, there is one point in which they all agree: they equally detest the pageantry of a king, and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop.

It is not then from the alienated affections of Ireland or America that you can reasonably look for assistance; still less from the people of England, who are actually contending for their rights, and in this great question are parties against you. You are not, however, destitute of every appearance of support; you have all the Jacobites, Nonjurors, Roman Catholics, and Tories of this country, and all Scotland, without exception. Considering from what family you are descended the choice of your friends has been singularly directed; and truly, sir, if you had not lost the Whig interest of England, I should admire your dexterity in turning the hearts of your enemies. Is it possible for you to place any confidence in men, who, before they are faithful to you, must renounce every opinion, and betray every principle, both in church and state, which they inherit from their ancestors, and are confirmed in by their education? whose numbers are so inconsiderable, that they long since have been obliged to give up the principles and language which distinguish them as a party, and to fight under the banners of their enemies? Their zeal begins with hypocrisy, and must conclude in treachery. At first they deceive—at last they betray.

As to the Scotch, I must suppose your heart and understanding so biased, from your earliest infancy, in their favor, that nothing less than your own misfortunes can undeceive you. You will not accept of the uniform experience of your ancestors; and, when once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in his faith. A bigoted understanding can draw a proof of attachment to the house of Hanover, from a notorious zeal for the house of Stuart, and find an earnest of future loyalty in former rebellions. Appearances are, however, in their favor: so strongly, indeed, that one would think they had forgotten that you are their lawful king, and had mistaken you for a pretender to the crown. Let it be admitted, then, that the Scotch are as sincere in their present professions, as if you were, in reality, not an Englishman, but a Briton of the North. You would not be the first prince, of their native country, against whom they have rebelled, nor the first whom they have basely betrayed. Have you forgotten, sir, or has your favorite concealed from you, that part of our history, when the unhappy Charles (and he, too, had private virtues) fled from the open, avowed indignation of his English subjects, and surrendered himself at discretion

to the good faith of his own countrymen? Without looking for support in their affections as subjects, he applied only to their honor, as gentlemen, for protection. They received him, as they would your majesty, with bows, and smiles, and falsehood; and kept him, until they had settled their bargain with the English parliament; then basely sold their native king to the vengeance of his enemies. This, sir, was not the act of a few traitors, but the deliberate treachery of a Scotch parliament, representing the nation. A wise prince might draw from it two lessons of equal utility to himself. On one side, he might learn to dread the undisguised resentment of a generous people, who dare openly assert their rights, and who, in a just cause, are ready to meet their sovereign in the field. On the other side, he would be taught to apprehend something far more formidable; a fawning treachery, against which no prudence can guard, no courage can defend. The insidious smile upon the cheek would warn him of the canker in the heart.

From the uses to which one part of the army has been too frequently applied, you have some reason to expect that there are no services they would refuse. Here, too, we trace the partiality of your understanding. You take the sense of the army from the conduct of the guards, with the same justice with which you collect the sense of the people from the representations of the ministry. Your marching regiments, sir, will not make the guards their example, either as soldiers or subjects. They feel, and resent, as they ought to do, that invariable, undistinguishing favor with which the guards are treated;* while those gallant troops, by whom every hazardous, every laborious service is performed, are left to perish in garrisons abroad, or pine in quarters at home, neglected and forgotten. If they had no great sense, of the original duty they owe their country, their resentment would operate like patriotism, and leave your cause to be defended by those to whom you have lavished the rewards and honors of their profession. The Pretorian bands, enervated, and debauched as they were, had still strength enough to awe the Roman populace; but when the distant legions took the alarm, they marched to Rome, and gave away the empire.

On this side then, whichever way you turn your eyes, you see nothing but perplexity and distress. You may determine to support the very ministry who have reduced your affairs to this deplorable situation: you may shelter yourself under the forms of a parliament, and set the people at defiance; but be assured, sir, that such a resolution would be as imprudent as it would be odious. If it did not immediately shake your establishment, it would rob you of your peace of mind forever.

On the other, how different is the prospect! How easy, how safe and honorable is the path before you! The English nation declare they are grossly injured by their representatives, and solicit your majesty to exert your lawful prerogative, and give them an opportunity of recalling a trust, which they find has been scandalously abused. You are not to be told, that the power of the House of Commons is not original, but delegated to them for the welfare of the

* In the king's speech of November 8th, 1766, it was declared, "That the spirit of faction had broken out afresh in some of the colonies, and, in one of them, proceeded to acts of violence and resistance to the execution of the laws; that Boston was in a state of disobedience to all laws and government, and had proceeded to measures subversive of the constitution, and attended with circumstances that manifested a disposition to throw off their dependance on Great Britain."

* The number of commissioned officers in the guards are to the marching regiments as one to eleven: the number of regiments given to the guards, compared with those given to the line, is about three to one, at a moderate computation; consequently, the partiality in favor of the guards is as thirty-three to one. So much for the officers. The private men have fourpence a day to subsist on, and five hundred lashes if they desert. Under this punishment they frequently expire. With these encouragements, it is supposed, they may be depended upon, whenever a certain person thinks it necessary to butcher his fellow-subjects.

people, from whom they received it. A question of right arises between the constituent and representative body. By what authority shall it be decided? Will your majesty interfere in a question in which you have properly no immediate concern? It would be a step equally odious and unnecessary. Shall the lords be called upon to determine the rights and privileges of the Commons?—They cannot do it, without a flagrant breach of the constitution. Or will you refer it to the judges? They have often told your ancestors, that the law of Parliament is above them. What party then remains, but to leave it to the people to determine for themselves? They alone are injured; and, since there is no superior power to which the cause can be referred, they alone ought to determine.

I do not mean to perplex you with a tedious argument upon a subject already so discussed that inspiration could hardly throw a new light upon it. There are, however, two points of view in which it particularly imports your majesty to consider the late proceedings of the house of commons. By depriving a subject of his birthright they have attributed to their own vote an authority equal to an act of the whole legislature; and, though perhaps not with the same motives, have strictly followed the example of the long parliament, which first declared the regal office useless, and soon after, with as little ceremony, dissolved the house of lords. The same pretended power which robs an English subject of his birthright, may rob an English king of his crown. In another view, the resolution of the house of commons, apparently not so dangerous to your majesty, is still more alarming to your people. Not contented with divesting one man of his right, they have arbitrarily conveyed that right to another. They have set aside a return as illegal, without daring to censure those officers who were particularly apprized of Mr. Wilkes's incapacity, not only by the declaration of the house, but expressly by the writ directed to them, and who nevertheless returned him as duly elected. They have rejected the majority of votes, the only criterion by which our laws judge of the sense of the people; they have transferred the right of election from the collective to the representative body; and by these acts, taken separately or together, they have essentially altered the original constitution of the house of commons. Versed as your majesty undoubtedly is in the English history, it cannot easily escape you, how much it is your interest, as well as your duty, to prevent one of the three estates from encroaching upon the province of the other two, or assuming the authority of them all. When once they have departed from the great constitutional line by which all their proceedings should be directed, who will answer for their future moderation? Or what assurance will they give you, that when they have trampled upon their equals, they will submit to a superior? Your majesty may learn hereafter, how nearly the slave and tyrant are allied.

Some of your council, more candid than the rest, admit the abandoned profligacy of the present House of Commons, but oppose their dissolution, upon an opinion, I confess, not very unwarrantable, that their successors would be equally at the disposal of the treasury. I cannot persuade myself that the nation will have profited so little by experience. But, if that opinion were well founded, you might then gratify our wishes at an easy rate, and appease the present clamor against your government, without offering any material injury to the favorite cause of corruption.

You have still an honorable part to act. The affections of your subjects may still be recovered. But before you subdue their hearts, you must gain a

noble victory over your own. Discard those little personal resentments, which have too long directed your public conduct. Pardon this man the remainder of his punishment; and, if resentment still prevail, make it, what it should have been long since, an act, not of mercy, but of contempt. He will soon fall back into his natural station; a silent senator, and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of a newspaper. The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface, neglected and unremoved. It is only the tempest that lifts him from his place.

Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public, that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people. Lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived. The acknowledgement will be no disgrace, but rather an honor to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man, who does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or no it be, in reality, the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affection by the vehemence of their expressions; and when they only praise you indifferently, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, sir, who tell you that you have many friends, whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received, and may be returned. The fortune which made you a king, forbade you to have a friend. It is a law of nature, which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince, who looks for friendship, will find a favorite, and in that favorite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the House of Hanover; not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction, that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational, fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart, of itself, is only contemptible; armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct, should be warned by their example; and, while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember, that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another. JUNIUS.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD,

February 14, 1774.

If I were personally your enemy, I might pity and forgive you. You have every claim to compassion that can arise from misery and distress. The condition you are reduced to would disarm a private enemy of his resentment, and leave no consolation to the most vindictive spirit, but that such an object as you are would disgrace the dignity of revenge. But,

in the relation you have born to this country, you have no title to indulgence; and if I had followed the dictates of my own opinion, I never should have allowed you the respite of a moment. In your public character, you have injured every subject of the empire; and though an individual is not authorized to forgive the injuries done to society, he is called upon to assert his separate share in the public resentment. I submitted, however, to the judgment of men, more moderate, perhaps more candid, than myself. For my own part, I do not pretend to understand those prudent forms of decorum, those gentle rules of discretion, which some men endeavor to unite with the conduct of the greatest and most hazardous affairs. Engaged in the defense of an honorable cause, I would take a decisive part. I should scorn to provide for a future retreat, or to keep terms with a man who preserves no measure with the public. Neither the abject submission of deserting his post in the hour of danger, nor even the sacred* shield of cowardice should protect him. I would pursue him through life, and try the last exertion of my abilities to preserve the perishable infamy of his name, and make it immortal.

What then, my lord? Is this the event of all the sacrifices you have made to lord Bute's patronage, and to your own unfortunate ambition? Was it for this you abandoned your earliest friendships, the warmest connections of your youth, and all those honorable engagements by which you once solicited, and might have acquired, the esteem of your country? Have you secured no recompense for such a waste of honor? Unhappy man! what party will receive the common deserter of all parties? Without a client to flatter, without a friend to console you, and with only one companion from the honest house of Bloomsbury, you must now retire into a dreadful solitude. At the most active period of life you must quit the busy scene, and conceal yourself from the world, if you would hope to save the wretched remains of a ruined reputation. The vices operate like age, bring on disease before its time, and in the prime of youth leave the character broken and exhausted.

Yet your conduct has been mysterious, as well as contemptible. Where is now that firmness, or obstinacy, so long boasted of by your friends, and acknowledged by your enemies? We were taught to expect that you would not leave the ruin of this country to be completed by other hands, but were determined either to gain a decisive victory over the constitution, or to perish bravely, at least, behind the last dike of the prerogative. You knew the danger, and might have been provided for it. You took sufficient time to prepare for a meeting with your parliament, to confirm the mercenary fidelity of your dependents, and to suggest to your sovereign a language suited to his dignity at least, if not to his benevolence and wisdom. Yet, while the whole kingdom was agitated with anxious expectation upon one great point, you meanly evaded the question, and, instead of the explicit firmness and decision of a king, gave us nothing but the misery of a ruined† grazier, and the wining piety of a methodist. We had reason to expect, that notice would have been taken of the petitions which the king had received from the English nation; and although I can conceive some personal motives for not yielding to them, I can find none, in common prudence or decency, for treating them with contempt. Be assured, my lord, the English people will not tamely submit to this

unworthy treatment. They had a right to be heard; and their petitions if not granted, deserved to be considered. Whatever be the real views and doctrines of a court, the sovereign should be taught to preserve some forms of attention to his subjects; and, if he will not redress their grievances, not to make them a topic of jest and mockery among lords and ladies of the bed-chamber. Injuries may be atoned for and forgiven; but insults admit of no compensation. They degrade the mind in its own esteem, and force it to recover its level by revenge. This neglect of the petitions was, however, a part of your original plan of government; nor will any consequences it has produced account for your deserting your sovereign, in the midst of that distress, in which you and your new friends* have involved him. One would think, my lord, you might have taken this spirited resolution before you had dissolved the last of those early connections, which once, even in your own opinion, did honor to your youth; before you had obliged lord Granby to quit a service he was attached to; before you had discarded one chancellor, and killed another. To what an abject condition have you labored to reduce the best of princes, when the unhappy man, who yields at last to such personal instance and solicitation, as never can be fairly employed against a subject, feels himself degraded by his compliance, and is unable to survive the disgraceful honors which his gracious sovereign had compelled him to accept. He was a man of spirit, for he had a quick sense of shame, and death has redeemed his character. I know your grace too well to appeal to your feelings upon this event; but there is another heart, not yet, I hope, quite callous to the touch of humanity, to which it ought to be a dreadful lesson for ever.†

Now my lord, let us consider the situation to which you have conducted, and in which you have thought it advisable to abandon your royal master. Whenever the people have complained, and nothing better could be said in defense of the measures of the government, it has been the fashion to answer us, though not very fairly, with an appeal to the private virtues of your sovereign; "Has he not, to relieve the people, surrendered a considerable part of his revenue? Has he not made the judges independent, by fixing them in their places for life?" My lord, we acknowledge the gracious principle which gave birth to these concessions, and have nothing to regret but that it has never been adhered to. At the end of seven years, we are loaded with a debt of above five hundred thousand pounds upon the civil list; and now we see the chancellor of Great Britain tyrannically forced out of his office, not for want of abilities, not for want of integrity, or of attention to his duty, but for delivering his honest opinion in parliament, upon the greatest constitutional question that has arisen since the revolution. We care not to whose private virtues you appeal. The theory of such a government is falsehood and mockery; the practice is oppression. You have labored then (though, I confess, to no purpose) to rob your master of the only plausible answer that ever was given in defense of his government—of the opinion which the people had conceived of his personal honor and integrity. The duke of Bedford was more moderate than your grace; he only forced his master to violate a solemn promise made to an individual;* but you, my lord, have successively extended your advice to every political, every moral engagement, that could bind either the

* The Bedford party.

* The most secret particulars of this detestable transaction shall in due time be given to the public. The people shall know what kind of man they have to deal with.

† Mr. Stuart M'Kenzie.

* *Sacro tremuere timore.* Every coward pretends to be planet-struck.

† There was something wonderfully pathetic in the mention of the horned cattle.

magistrate or the man. The condition of a king is often miserable; but it requirdd your grace's abilities to make it contemptible. You will say, perhaps, that the faithful servants, in whose hands you have left him, are able to retrieve his honor, and to support his government. You have publicly declared, even since your resignation, that you approved of their measures, and admired their conduct, particularly that of the earl of Sandwich. What a pity it is, that, with all this appearance, you should think it necessary to separate yourself from such amiable companions! You forget, my lord, that, while you are lavish in the praise of men whom you desert, you are publicly opposing your conduct to your opinions, and depriving yourself of the only plausible pretence you had for leaving your sovereign overwhelmed with distress. I call it plausible; for, in truth, there is no reason whatsoever, less than the frowns of your master, that could justify a man of spirit for abandoning his post at a moment so critical and important. It is in vain to evade the question; if you will not speak out, the public have a right to judge from appearances. We are authorized to conclude, that you either differed from your colleagues, whose measures you still affect to defend, or that you thought the administration of the king's affairs no longer tenable. You are at liberty to choose between the hypocrite and the coward. Your best friends are in doubt which way they shall incline. Your country unites the characters, and gives you credit for them both. For my own part, I see nothing inconsistent in your conduct. You began with betraying the people; you conclude with betraying the king.

In your treatment of particular persons, you have preserved the uniformity of your character. Even Mr. Bradshaw declares, that no man was ever so ill used as himself. As to the provision* you have made for his family, he was entitled to it by the house he lives in. The successor of one chancellor might well pretend to be the rival of another. It is the breach of private friendship which touches Mr. Bradshaw; and, to say the truth, when a man of his rank and abilities had taken so active a part in your affairs, he ought not to have been let down at last with a miserable pension of fifteen hundred pounds a-year. Colonel Luttrell, Mr. Onslow, and governor Burgoyne, were equally engaged with you, and have rather more reason to complain than Mr. Bradshaw. These are men, my lord, whose friendship you should have adhered to on the same principle on which you deserted lord Rockingham, lord Chatham, lord Camden, and the duke of Portland. We can easily account for your violating your engagements with men of honor; but why should you betray your natural connections? Why separate yourself from lord Sandwich, lord Gower, and Mr. Rigby; or leave the three worthy gentlemen above-mentioned to shift for themselves? With all the fashionable indulgence of the times, this country does not abound in characters like theirs; and you may find it a very difficult matter to recruit the black catalogue of your friends.

* A pension of 1500*l.* per annum, insured upon the four and a half per cents. (he was too cunning to trust to Irish security) for the lives of himself and his sons. This gentleman, who, a very few years ago, was clerk to a contractor for forage, and afterwards exalted to a petty post in the war office, thought it necessary (as soon as he was appointed secretary to the treasury) to take that great house in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, in which the earl of Northampton had resided, while he was lord high chancellor of Great Britain. As to the pension, lord North very solemnly assured the house of commons, that no pension was ever so well deserved as Mr. Bradshaw's. N. B. Lord Camden and sir Jeffrey Amherst are not near so well provided for: and sir Edward Hawke, who saved the state, retires with two thousand pounds a year on the Irish establishment, from which he, in fact, receives less than Mr. Bradshaw's pension.

The recollection of the royal patent you sold to Mr. Hine, obliges me to say a word in defense of a man, whom you have taken the most dishonorable means to injure. I do not refer to the sham prosecution which you affected to carry on against him. On that ground, I doubt not, he is prepared to meet you with tenfold recrimination, and set you at defiance. The injury you had done him affects his moral character. You knew that the offer to purchase the revision of a place, which has heretofore been sold under a decree of the court of chancery, however imprudent in his situation, would no way tend to cover him with that sort of guilt which you wished to fix upon him in the eyes of the world. You labored then, by every species of false suggestion, and even by publishing counterfeit letters, to have it understood, that he had proposed terms of accommodation to you, and had offered to abandon his principles, his party, and his friends. You consulted your own breast for a character of consummate treachery, and gave it to the public for that of Mr. Vaughan. I think myself obliged to do this justice to an injured man, because I was deceived by the appearances thrown out by your grace, and have frequently spoken of his conduct with indignation. If he really be what I think him, honest, though mistaken, he will be happy in recovering his reputation, though at the expense of his understanding. Here I see the matter is likely to rest. Your grace is afraid to carry on the prosecution. Mr. Hine keeps quiet possession of the purchase; and governor Burgoyne, relieved from the apprehension of refunding the money, sits down, for the remainder of his life, *infamous and contented*.

I believe, my lord, I may now take my leave of you for ever. You are no longer that resolute minister, who had spirit to support the most violent measures; who compensated for the want of good and great qualities, by a brave determination (which some people admired and relied on) to maintain himself without them. The reputation of obstinacy and perseverance might have supplied the place of all the absent virtues. You have now added the last negative to your character, and meanly confessed that you are destitute of the common spirit of a man. Retire, then, my lord, and hide your blushes from the world, for, with such a load of shame, even *black* may change its color. A mind such as yours, in the solitary hours of domestic enjoyment, may still find topics of consolation. You may find it in the memory of violated friendship; in the afflictions of an accomplished prince, whom you have disgraced and deserted; and in the agitations of a great country, driven, by your counsels, to the brink of destruction.

The palm of ministerial firmness is now transferred to lord North. He tells us so himself, and with the plentitude of the *ore rotundo*;* and I am ready enough to believe, that, while he can keep his place, he will not easily be persuaded to resign it. Your grace was the firm minister of yesterday; lord North is the firm minister of to-day: to-morrow, perhaps, his majesty, in his wisdom, may give us a rival for you both. You are too well acquainted with the temper of your late allies, to think it possible that lord North should be permitted to govern this country. If we may believe common fame, they have shown him their superiority already. His majesty is, indeed, too gracious to insult his subjects, by choosing his first minister from among the domestics of the duke of Bedford; that would have been too gross an outrage to the three kingdoms. Their purpose, however, is equally answered, by pushing forward this

* This eloquent person has got as far as the discipline of Demosthenes. He constantly speaks with pebbles in his mouth, to improve his articulation.

unhappy figure, and forcing it to bear the odium of measures, which they in reality direct. Without immediately appearing to govern, they possess the power, and distribute the emoluments of government, as they think proper. They still adhere to the spirit of that calculation which made Mr. Luttrell representative of Middlesex. Far from regretting your retreat, they assure us, very gravely, that it increases the real strength of the ministry. According to this way of reasoning, they will probably grow stronger and more flourishing every hour they exist: for I think there is hardly a day passes in which some one or other of his majesty's servants does not leave them to improve by the loss of his assistance. But, alas! their countenances speak a different language. When the members drop off, the main body cannot be insensible of its approaching dissolution. Even the violence of their proceedings is a signal of despair. Like broken tenants, who have had warning to quit the premises, they curse their landlords, destroy the fixtures, throw every thing into confusion, and care not what mischief they do to the estate.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

March 19, 1770.

I believe there is no man, however indifferent about the interests of this country, who will not readily confess, that the situation to which we are now reduced, whether it has arisen from the violence of faction, or from an arbitrary system of government, justifies the most melancholy apprehensions, and calls for the exertion of whatever wisdom or vigor is left among us. The king's answer to the remonstrance of the city of London, and the measures since adopted by the ministry, amount to a plain declaration, that the principle on which Mr. Luttrell was seated in the house of commons, is to be supported in all its consequences, and carried to its utmost extent. The same spirit which violated the freedom of election, now invades the declaration and bill of rights, and threatens to punish the subject for exercising a privilege hitherto undisputed, of petitioning the crown. The grievances of the people are aggravated by insults; their complaints not merely disregarded, but checked by authority; and every one of those acts against which they remonstrated, confirmed by the king's decisive approbation. At such a moment, no honest man will remain silent or inactive. However distinguished by rank or property, in the rights of freedom we are all equal. As we are Englishmen, the least considerable man among us has an interest equal to the proudest nobleman in the laws and constitution of his country, and is equally called upon to make a generous contribution in support of them; whether it be the heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute. It is a common cause in which we are all interested, in which we should all be engaged. The man who deserts it at this alarming crisis, is an enemy to his country, and, what I think of infinitely less importance, a traitor to his sovereign. The subject, who is truly loyal to the chief magistrate, will neither advise or submit to arbitrary measures. The city of London hath given an example, which, I doubt not, will be followed by the whole kingdom. The noble spirit of the metropolis is the life-blood of the state, collected at the heart: from that point it circulates, with health and vigor, through every artery of the constitution. The time is come when the body of the English people must assert their own cause: conscious of their strength, and animated by a sense of

their duty, they will not surrender their birth-right to ministers, parliaments, or kings. The city of London have expressed their sentiments with freedom and firmness; they have spoken truth boldly; and, in whatsoever light their remonstrance may be represented by courtiers, I defy the most subtle lawyer in this country to point out a single instance in which they have exceeded the truth. Even that assertion which we are told is most offensive to parliament, in the theory of the English constitution, is strictly true. If any part of the representative body be not chosen by the people, that part vitiates and corrupts the whole. If there be a defect in the representation of the people, that power, which alone is equal to the making of the laws in this country, is not complete, and the acts of parliament, under that circumstance, are not the acts of a pure and entire legislature. I speak of the theory of our constitution; and whatever difficulties or inconveniences may attend the practice, I am ready to maintain that, as far as the fact deviates from the principle, so far the practice is vicious and corrupt. I have not heard a question raised upon any other part of the remonstrance. That the principle on which the Middlesex election was determined, is more pernicious in its effects than either the levying of ship-money by Charles the First, or the suspending power assumed by his son, will hardly be disputed by any man who understands or wishes well to the English constitution. It is not an act of open violence done by the king, or any direct or palpable breach of the laws attempted by his minister, that can ever endanger the liberties of this country. Against such a king or minister the people would immediately take the alarm, and all the parties unite to oppose him. The laws may be grossly violated in particular instances, without any direct attack upon the whole system. Facts of that kind stand alone; they are attributed to necessity, not defended by principles. We can never be really in danger, until the forms of parliament are made use of to destroy the substance of our civil and political liberties; until parliament itself betrays its trust, by contributing to establish new principles of government, and employing the very weapons committed to it by the collective body to stab the constitution.

As for the terms of the remonstrance, I presume it will not be affirmed, by any person less polished than a gentleman usher, that this is a season for compliments. Our gracious king, indeed, is abundantly civil to himself. Instead of an answer to a petition, his majesty very graciously pronounces his own panegyric; and I confess that, as far as his personal behavior, or the royal purity of his intentions, is concerned, the truth of those declarations, which the minister has drawn up for his master, cannot decently be disputed. In every other respect, I affirm, that they are absolutely unsupported either in argument or fact: I must add, too, that supposing the speech were otherwise unexceptionable, it is not a direct answer to the petition of the city. His majesty is pleased to say, that he is always ready to receive the request of his subjects; yet the sheriffs were twice sent back with an excuse; and it was certainly debated in council, whether or no the magistrates of the city of London should be admitted to an audience. Whether the remonstrance be or be not injurious to parliament, is the very question between the parliament and the people, and such a question as cannot be decided by the assertion of a third party, however respectable. That the petitioning for a dissolution of parliament is irreconcilable with the principles of the constitution, is a new doctrine. His majesty, perhaps, has not been informed, that the house of commons themselves, have, by a formal resolution, admitted it to be the right of the subject.

His majesty proceeds to assure us, that he has made the laws the rule of his conduct. Was it in ordering or permitting his ministers to apprehend Mr. Wilkes by a general warrant? Was it in suffering his ministers to revive the obsolete maxim of *nullem tempus*, to rob the duke of Portland of his property, and thereby give a decisive turn to a county election? Was it in erecting a chamber consultation of surgeons, with authority to examine into and supersede the legal verdict of a jury? Or did his majesty consult the laws of this country, when he permitted his secretary of state to declare, that, whenever the civil magistrate is trifled with, a military force must be sent for, *without the delay of a moment*, and effectually employed? Or was it in the barbarous exactness with which this illegal, inhuman doctrine was carried into execution? If his majesty had recollected these facts, I think, he would never have said, at least with any reference to the measures of his government, that he had made the laws the rule of his conduct. To talk of preserving the affections, or relying on the support of his subjects, while he continues to act upon these principles is, indeed, paying a compliment to their royalty, which, I hope, they have too much spirit and understanding to deserve.

His majesty, we are told, is not only punctual in the performance of his own duty, but careful not to assume any of those powers which the constitution has placed in other hands. Admitting this last assertion to be strictly true, it is no way to the purpose. The city of London have not desired the king to assume a power placed in other hands. If they had, I should hope to see the person who dared to present such a petition immediately impeached. They solicit their sovereign to exert that constitutional authority which the laws have vested in him for the benefit of his subjects. They call upon him to make use of his lawful prerogative in a case which our laws evidently supposed might happen, since they have provided for it by trusting the sovereign with a discretionary power to dissolve the parliament. This request will, I am confident, be supported by remonstrances from all parts of the kingdom. His majesty will find, at last, that this is the sense of his people; and that it is not his interest to support either ministry or parliament at the hazard of a breach with the collective body of his subjects. That he is king of a free people, is, indeed, his greatest glory. That he may long continue the king of a free people is the second wish that animates my heart. The first is, *that the people may be free.**

JOHN HORNE.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

April 3, 1770.

In my last letter I offered you my opinion of the truth and propriety of his majesty's answer to the city of London, considering it merely as the speech of a minister, drawn up in his own defense, and delivered, as usual, by the chief magistrate. I would separate, as much as possible, the king's personal character and behavior from the acts of the present government. I wish it to be understood that his majesty had, in effect, no more concern in the substance of what he said, than sir James Hodges had in the remonstrance; and that as sir James, in virtue of his office, was obliged to speak the sentiments of

the people, his majesty might think himself bound, by the same official obligation, to give a graceful utterance to the sentiments of his minister. The cold formality of a well-repeated lesson is widely distant from the animated expression of the heart.

This distinction, however, is only true with respect to the measure itself. The consequences of it reach beyond the minister, and materially affect his majesty's honor. In their own nature they are formidable enough to alarm a man of prudence, and disgraceful enough to afflict a man of spirit. A subject, whose sincere attachment to his majesty's person and family is founded upon rational principles, will not, in the present conjuncture, be scrupulous of alarming, or even of afflicting, his sovereign. I know there is another sort of royalty, of which his majesty has had plenty of experience. When the loyalty of Tories, Jacobites, and Scotchmen, has once taken possession of an unhappy prince, it seldom leaves him without accomplishing his destruction. When the poison of their doctrines has tainted the natural benevolence of his disposition, when their insidious counsels have corrupted the *stamina* of his government, what antidote can restore him to his political health and honor but the firm sincerity of his English subjects?

It has not been usual, in this country, at least since the days of Charles the First, to see the sovereign personally at variance, or engaged in a direct altercation with his subjects. Acts of grace and indulgence are wisely appropriated to him, and should constantly be performed by himself. He never should appear but in an amiable light to his subjects. Even in France, as long as any ideas of a limited monarchy were thought worth preserving, it was a maxim that no man should leave the royal presence discontented. They have lost or renounced the moderate principles of their government; and now, when their parliaments venture to remonstrate, the tyrant comes forward, and answers absolutely for himself. The spirit of their present constitution requires that the king should be feared; and the principle, I believe, is tolerably supported by the fact. But, in our political system, the theory is at variance with the practice, for the king should be beloved. Measures of greater severity may, indeed, in some circumstances, be necessary: but the minister who advises should take the execution and odium of them entirely upon himself. He not only betrays his master, but violates the spirit of the English constitution, when he exposes the chief magistrate to the personal hatred or contempt of his subjects. When we speak of the firmness of government, we mean an uniform system of measures, deliberately adopted, and resolutely maintained by the servants of the crown; not a peevish asperity in the language and behavior of the sovereign. The government of a weak, irresolute monarch, may be wise, moderate, and firm: that of an obstinate, capricious prince, on the contrary, may be feeble, undetermined, and relaxed. The reputation of public measures depends upon the minister, who is responsible; not upon the king, whose private opinions are not supposed to have any weight against the advice of his council, and whose personal authority should, therefore, never be interposed in public affairs. This, I believe, is true constitutional doctrine. But for a moment let us suppose it false. Let it be taken for granted, that an occasion may arise in which a king of England shall be compelled to take upon himself the ungrateful office of rejecting the petitions and censuring the conduct of his subjects; and let the city remonstrance be supposed to have created so extraordinary an occasion. On this principle, which I presume no friend of administration will dispute, let the wisdom and spirit of the

* When his majesty had done reading his speech, the lord mayor, etc., had the honor of kissing his majesty's hand: after which, as they were withdrawing, his majesty instantly turned round to his courtiers, and burst out a laughing.

Nero fiddled, while Rome was burning.

ministry be examined. They advise the king to hazard his dignity, by a positive declaration of his own sentiments; they suggest to him a language full of severity and reproach. What follows? When his majesty had taken so decisive a part in support of his ministry and parliament, he had a right to expect from them a reciprocal demonstration of firmness in their own cause, and of their zeal for his honor. He had reason to expect (and such, I doubt not, were the blustering promises of lord North) that the persons whom he had been advised to charge with having failed in their respect to him, with having injured parliament, and violated the principles of the constitution, should not have been permitted to escape without some severe marks of the displeasure and vengeance of parliament. As the matter stands, the minister, after placing his sovereign in the most unfavorable light to his subjects, and after attempting to fix the ridicule and odium of his own precipitate measures upon the royal character, leaves him a solitary figure upon the scene, to recall, if he can, or to compensate, by future compliances, for one unhappy demonstration of ill-supported firmness and ineffectual resentment. As a man of spirit, his majesty cannot but be sensible, that the lofty terms in which he was persuaded to reprimand the city, when united with the silly conclusion of the business, resembled the pomp of a mock tragedy, where the most pathetic sentiments, and even the sufferings of the hero, are calculated for derision.

Such have been the boasted firmness and consistency of a minister,* whose appearance in the house of commons was thought essential to the king's service; whose presence was to influence every division; who had a voice to persuade, an eye to penetrate, a gesture to command. The reputation of these great qualities has been fatal to his friends. The little dignity of Mr. Ellis has been committed. The mine was sunk; combustibles were provided; and Welbore Ellis, the Guy Faux of the fable, waited only for the signal of command. All of a sudden the country gentlemen discover how grossly they have been deceived: the minister's heart fails him; the grand plot is defeated in a moment; and poor Mr. Ellis and his motion taken into custody. From the event of Friday last, one would imagine that some fatality hung over this gentleman. Whether he makes or suppresses a motion, he is equally sure of disgrace. But the complexion of the times will suffer no man to be vice-treasurer of Ireland with impunity†.

I do not mean to express the smallest anxiety for the minister's reputation. He acts separately for himself, and the most shameful inconsistency may perhaps be no disgrace to him. But when the sovereign, who represents the majesty of the state, appears in person, his dignity should be supported: the occasion should be important; the plan well considered; the execution steady and consistent. My zeal for his majesty's real honor, compels me to assert, that it

* This graceful minister is oddly constructed. His tongue is a little too big for his mouth, and his eyes a great deal too big for their sockets. Every part of his person sets natural proportion at defiance. At this present writing his head is supposed to be much too heavy for his shoulders.

† About this time the courtiers talked of nothing but a bill of pains and penalties against the lord mayor and sheriffs, or impeachment at the least. Little *Mannikin Ellis* told the king, that if the business were left to his management, he would engage to do wonders. It was thought very odd that a business of so much importance should be entrusted to the most contemptible little piece of machinery in the whole kingdom. His honest zeal, however, was disappointed. The minister took fright; and at the very instant that little Ellis was going to open, sent him an order to set down. All their magnanimous threats ended in a ridiculous vote of censure, and a still more ridiculous address to the king.

has been too much the system of the present reign, to introduce him personally either to act for or defend his servants. They persuade him to do what is properly their business, and desert him in the midst of it. Yet this is an inconvenience to which he must for ever be exposed, while he adheres to a ministry divided among themselves, or unequal in credit and ability to the great task they have undertaken. Instead of reserving the interposition of the royal personage as the last resource of government, their weakness obliges them to apply it to every ordinary occasion, and to render it cheap and common in the opinion of the people. Instead of supporting their master, they look to him for support; and for the emoluments of remaining one day more in office, care not how much his sacred character is prostituted and dishonored.

If I thought it possible for this paper to reach the closet, I would venture to appeal at once to his majesty's judgment. I would ask him, but in the most respectful terms, "As you are a young man, sir, who ought to have a life of happiness in prospect; as you are a husband, as you are a father, (your filial duties, I own, have been religiously performed) is it *bona fide* for your interest or your honor, to sacrifice your domestic tranquillity, and to live in a perpetual disagreement with your people, merely to preserve such a chain of beings, as North, Barrington, Weymouth, Gower, Ellis, Onslow, Rigby, Jerry Dyson, and Sandwich? Their very names are a satire upon all government? and I defy the gravest of your chaplains to read the catalogue without laughing."

For my own part, sir, I have always considered addresses from parliament, as a fashionable, unmeaning formality. Usurpers, idiots, and tyrants, have been successively complimented with almost the same professions of duty and affection. But let us suppose them to mean exactly what they profess. The consequences deserve to be considered. Either the sovereign is a man of high spirit and dangerous ambition, ready to take advantage of the treachery of the parliament, ready to accept of the surrender they make him of the public liberty; or he is a mild, undesigning prince, who, provided they indulge him with a little state and pageantry would of himself intend no mischief. On the first supposition, it must soon be decided by the sword, whether the constitution should be lost or preserved. On the second, a prince, no way qualified for the execution of a great and hazardous enterprise, and without any determined object in view, may nevertheless be driven into such desperate measures, as may lead directly to his ruin; or disgrace himself by a shameful fluctuation between the extremes of violence at one moment, and timidity at another. The minister, perhaps, may have reason to be satisfied with the success of the present hour, and with the profits of his employment. He is the tenant of the day, and has no interest in the inheritance. The sovereign himself is bound by other obligations, and ought to look forward to a superior, a permanent interest. His paternal tenderness should remind him how many hostages he has given to society. The ties of nature come powerfully in aid of oaths and protestations. The father, who considers his own precarious state of health, and the possible hazard of a long minority, will wish to see the family estate free and unincumbered.* What is the dignity of the crown, though it were really maintained; what is the honor of parliament, supposing it could exist without any foundation of integrity and justice; or what

* Every true friend to the house of Brunswick sees with affliction how rapidly some of the principal branches of the family have dropped off.

is the vain reputation of firmness, even if the scheme of the government were uniform and consistent, compared with the heart-felt affections of the people, with the happiness and security of the royal family, or even with the grateful acclamation of the populace? Whatever style of contempt may be adopted by ministers or parliaments, no man sincerely despises the voice of the English nation. The house of commons are only interpreters, whose duty it is to convey the sense of the people faithfully to the crown. If the interpretation be false or imperfect, the constituent powers are called upon to deliver their own sentiments. Their speech is rude, but intelligible; their gestures fierce, but full of expression. Perplexed by sophistries, their honest eloquence rises into action. Their first appeal was to the integrity of their representatives; their second, to the king's justice. The last argument of the people, whenever they have recourse to it, will carry more perhaps, than persuasion to parliament, or supplication to the throne.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

May 28, 1770.

While parliament was sitting, it would neither have been safe, nor perhaps, quite regular, to offer any opinion to the public upon the justice or wisdom of their proceedings. To pronounce fairly upon their conduct, it was necessary to wait until we could consider, in one view, the beginning, progress, and conclusion of their deliberations. The cause of the public was undertaken and supported by men, whose abilities and united authority, to say nothing of the advantageous ground they stood on, might well be thought sufficient to determine a popular question in favor of the people. Neither was the house of commons so absolutely engaged in defense of the ministry, or even of their own resolutions, but that they might have paid some decent regard to the known disposition of their constituents; and without any dishonor to their firmness, might have retracted an opinion too hastily adopted, when they saw the alarm it had created, and how strongly it was opposed by the general sense of the nation. The ministry, too, would have consulted their own immediate interest in making some concession satisfactory to the moderate part of the people. Without touching the fact, they might have consented to guard against, or give up, the dangerous principle on which it was established. In this state of things, I think it was highly improbable, at the beginning of the session, that the complaints of the people upon a matter, which in their apprehension at least, immediately affected the life of the constitution, would be treated with as much contempt by their own representatives, and by the house of lords, as they had been by the other branch of the legislature. Despairing of their integrity, we had a right to expect something from their prudence, and something from their fears. The duke of Grafton certainly did not foresee to what an extent the corruption of a parliament might be carried. He thought, perhaps, that there was still some portion of shame or virtue left in the majority of the house of commons, or that there was a line in public prostitution beyond which they would scruple to proceed. Had the young man been a little more practised in the world, or had he ventured to measure the characters of other men by his own, he would not have been so easily discouraged.

The prorogation of parliament naturally calls upon us to review their proceedings, and to consider the condition in which they have left the kingdom. I do not question but they have done what is usually called the king's business, much to his majesty's satisfaction: we have only to lament, that, in consequence of a system introduced or revived in the present reign, this kind of merit should be very consistent with the neglect of every duty they owe to the nation. The interval between the opening of the last, and close of the former session, was longer than usual. Whatever were the views of the ministers in deferring the meeting of parliament, sufficient time was certainly given to every member of the house of commons, to look back upon the steps he had taken, and the consequences they had produced. The heat of party, the violence of personal animosities, and the heat of contention, had leisure to subside. From that period, whatever resolution they took was deliberate and premeditated. In the preceding session, the dependents of the ministry had affected to believe, that the final determination of the question would have satisfied the nation, or at least put a stop to the complaints; as if the certainty of an evil could diminish the sense of it, or the nature of injustice could be altered by decision. But they found the people of England were in a temper very distant from submission; and although it was contended that the house of commons could not themselves reverse a resolution which had the force and affect of a judicial sentence, there were other constitutional expedients which would have given a security against any similar attempts for the future. The general proposition, in which the whole country had an interest, might have been reduced to a particular fact, in which Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Luttrell would alone have been concerned. The house of lords might interpose; the king might dissolve the parliament; or if every other resource failed, there still lay a grand constitutional writ of error, in behalf of the people, from the decision of one court to the wisdom of the whole legislature. Every one of these remedies has been successively attempted. The people performed their part with dignity, spirit, and perseverance. For many months his majesty heard nothing from his people but the language of complaint and resentment: unhappily for this country, it was the daily triumph of his courtiers, that he heard it with an indifference approaching to contempt.

The house of commons, having assumed a power unknown to the constitution, were determined to support it in the single instance in question, but to maintain the doctrine in its utmost extent, and to establish the fact as a precedent in law, to be applied in whatever manner his majesty's servants should hereafter think fit. Their proceedings upon this occasion are a strong proof that a decision, in the first instance illegal and unjust, can only be supported by a continuation of falsehood and injustice. To support their former resolutions, they were obliged to violate some of the best known and established rules of the house. In one instance, they went so far as to declare, in open defiance of truth and common sense, that it was not the rule of the house to divide a complicated question at the request of a member.* But, after trampling upon the laws of the land, it was not wonderful that they should treat the private regulations of their own assembly with equal disregard. The speaker, being young in office, began with pretended ignorance, and ended with

* The extravagant resolution appears in the vote of the house; but, in the minutes of the committee, the instances of resolutions contrary to law and truth, and refusals to acknowledge law and truth when proposed to them, are innumerable.

deciding for the ministry. We are not surprised at the decision; but he hesitated and blushed at his own baseness, and every man was astonished.†

The interest of the public was vigorously supported in the house of lords. The right to defend the constitution against an encroachment of the other estates, and necessity of exerting it at this period, was urged to them with every argument that could be supposed to influence the heart or the understanding. But it soon appeared that they had already taken their part, and were determined to support the house of commons, not only at the expense of truth and decency, but even by a surrender of their own most important rights. Instead of performing that duty which the constitution expected from them, in return for the dignity and independence of their station, in return for the hereditary share it has given them in the legislature, the majority of them made common cause with the other house in oppressing the people, and established another doctrine as false in itself, and, if possible, more pernicious to the constitution, than that on which the Middlesex election was determined. By resolving, "that they had no right to impeach a judgment of the house of commons, in any case whatsoever, where that house has a competent jurisdiction," they, in effect, gave up that constitutional check and reciprocal control of one branch of the legislature over the other, which is, perhaps, the greatest and most important object provided for by the division of the whole legislative power into three estates: and now let the judicial decisions of the house of commons be ever so extravagant, let their declarations of the law be ever so flagrantly false, arbitrary, and oppressive to the subject, the house of lords have imposed a slavish silence upon themselves; they cannot interpose; they cannot protect the subject; they cannot defend the laws of their country. A concession so extraordinary in itself, so contradictory to the principles of their own institution, cannot but alarm the most unsuspecting mind. We may well conclude that the lords would hardly have yielded so much to the other house without the certainty of a compensation which can only be made to them at the expense of the people.* The arbitrary power they have assumed, of imposing fines, and committing during pleasure, will now be exercised in its full extent. The house of commons are too much in their debt to question or interrupt their proceedings. The crown too, we may be well assured, will lose nothing in this new distribution of power. After declaring, that, to petition for a dissolution of parliament is irreconcilable with the principles of the constitution, his majesty has reason to expect that some extraordinary compliment will be returned to the royal prerogative. The three branches of the legislature seem to treat their separate rights and interests as the Roman triumphs did their friends; they reciprocally sacrifice them to the animosities of each other; and establish

a detestable union among themselves, upon the ruin of the laws and liberty of the commonwealth. Through the whole proceedings of the house of commons, in this session, there is an apparent, a palpable consciousness of guilt, which has prevented their daring to assert their own dignity, where it has been immediately and grossly attacked. In the course of Dr. Musgrave's examination, he said every thing that can be conceived mortifying to individuals, or offensive to the house. They voted his information frivolous: but they were awed by his firmness and integrity, and sunk under it.* The terms in which the sale of a patent to Mr. Hine were communicated to the public, naturally called for a parliamentary inquiry. The integrity of the house of commons was directly impeached: but they had not courage to move in their own vindication, because the inquiry would have been fatal to colonel Burgoyne and the duke of Grafton. When sir George Saville branded them with the name of traitors to their constituents, when the lord mayor, the sheriffs, and Mr. Trecothick expressly avowed and maintained every part of the city remonstrance, why did they tamely submit to be insulted? Why did they not immediately expel those refractory members? Conscious of the motives on which they had acted, they prudently preferred infamy to danger, and were better prepared to meet the contempt, than to rouse the indignation of the whole people. Had they expelled those five members, the consequences of the new doctrine of incapacitation would have come immediately home to every man. The truth of it would then have been fairly tried, without any reference to Mr. Wilkes's private character, or the dignity of the house, or the obstinacy of one particular county. These topics, I know, have had their weight with men, who, affecting a character of moderation, in reality consult nothing but their own immediate ease; who are weak enough to acquiesce under a flagrant violation of the laws when it does not directly touch themselves; and care not what injustice is practised upon a man whose moral character they piously think themselves obliged to condemn. In any other circumstances, the house of commons must have forfeited all credit and dignity. If, after such gross provocation, they had permitted those five gentlemen to sit any longer among them. We should then have seen and felt the operation of a precedent, which is represented to be perfectly barren and harmless. But there is a set of men in this country, whose understandings measure the violation of law by the magnitude of the instance, not by the important consequences which flow directly from the principle; and the minister, I presume, did not think it safe to quicken their apprehensions too soon. Had Mr. Hampden reasoned and acted like the moderate men of these days, instead of hazarding his whole fortune in a lawsuit with the crown, he would have quietly paid the twenty shillings demanded of him; the Stuart family would probably have continued upon the throne; and at this moment the imposition of ship-money would have been an acknowledged prerogative of the crown.

What then has been the business of the session, after voting the supplies, and confirming the determination of the Middlesex election? The extraordinary prorogation of the Irish parliament, and the just discontents of that kingdom, have been passed by without notice. Neither the general situation of our colonies, nor that particular distress which forced

† When the king first made it a measure of his government to destroy Mr. Wilkes, and when, for this purpose, it was necessary to run down privilege, Sir Fletcher Norton, with his usual prostituted effrontery, assured the house of commons, that he should regard one of their votes no more than a resolution of so many drunken porters. This is the very lawyer whom Ben Jonson describes in the following lines:

"Gives forked counsel; takes provoking gold
On either hand, and puts it up.
So wise, so grave, so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still, without a fee."

* The man, who resists and overcomes this iniquitous power, assumed by the lords, must be supported by the whole people. We have the laws on our side, and want nothing but an intrepid leader. When such a man stands forth, let the nation look to it. It is not his cause, but our own.

* The examination of this firm, honest man, is printed for Almon. The reader will find it a most curious and most interesting tract. Doctor Musgrave, with no other support but truth and its own firmness, resisted and overcame the whole house of commons.

the inhabitants of Boston to take up arms in their defense, have been thought worthy of a moment's consideration. In the repeal of those acts which were most offensive to America, the parliament have done every thing but remove the offense. They have relinquished the revenue, but judiciously taken care to preserve the contention. It is not pretended that the continuation of the tea-duty is to produce any direct benefit whatsoever to the mother country. What is it then, but an odious, unprofitable exertion of a speculative right, and fixing a badge of slavery upon the Americans, without service to their masters? But it has pleased God to give us a ministry and a parliament, who are neither to be persuaded by argument, nor instructed by experience.

Lord North, I presume, will not claim an extraordinary merit from any thing he has done this year, in the improvement or application of the revenue. A great operation, directed to an important object, though it should fail of success, marks the genius, and elevates the character of a minister. A poor contracted understanding deals in little schemes, which dishonor him if they fail, and do him no credit when they succeed. Lord North had fortunately the means in his possession of reducing all the four *per cents.* at once. The failure of his first enterprise in finance is not half so disgraceful to his reputation as a minister, as the enterprise itself is injurious to the public. Instead of striking one decisive blow, which would have cleared the market at once, upon terms proportioned to the price of the four *per cents.* six weeks ago, he has tampered with a pitiful portion of a commodity which ought never to have been touched but in gross. He has given notice to the holders of that stock, of a design formed by government to prevail upon them to surrender it by degrees, consequently has warned them to hold up and enhance the price: so that the plan of reducing the four *per cents.* must either be dropped entirely, or continued with an increasing disadvantage to the public. The minister's sagacity has served to raise the value of the thing he means to purchase, and to sink that of the three *per cents.* which it is his purpose to sell. In effect, he has contrived to make it the interest of the proprietor of the four *per cents.* to sell out, and buy three *per cents.* in the market, rather than subscribe his stock upon any terms that can possibly be offered by government.

The state of the nation leads us naturally to consider the situation of the king. The prorogation of parliament has the effect of a temporary dissolution. The odium of measures adopted by the collective body sits lightly upon the separate members who composed it. They retire into summer quarters, and rest from the disgraceful labors of the campaign. But as for the sovereign, *it is not so with him*; he has a permanent existence in this country; he cannot withdraw himself from the complaints, the discontents, the reproaches of his subjects. They pursue him to his retirement, and invade his domestic happiness, when no address can be obtained from an obsequious parliament to encourage or console him. In other times, the interest of the king and the people of England was, as it ought to be, entirely the same. A new system has not only been adopted in fact, but professed upon principle. Ministers are no longer the public servants of the state, but the private domestics of the sovereign. One* particular class of men are permitted to call themselves the king's friends, as if the body of the people were the king's enemies; or, as if his majesty looked for a re-

source or consolation in the attachment of a few favorites; against the general contempt and detestation of his subjects. Edward and Richard the Second made the same distinction between the collective body of people, and a contemptible party, who surrounded the throne. The event of their mistaken conduct might have been a warning to their successors. Yet the errors of those princes were not without excuse. They had as many false friends as our present gracious sovereign, and infinitely greater temptations to seduce them. They were neither sober, religious, nor demure. Intoxicated with pleasure, they wasted their inheritance in pursuit of it. Their lives were like a rapid torrent, brilliant in prospect, though useless or dangerous in its course. In the dull unanimated existence of other princes, we see nothing but a sickly stagnant water, which taints the atmosphere without fertilizing the soil. The morality of a king is not to be measured by vulgar rules. His situation is singular: there are faults which do him honor, and virtues that disgrace him. A faultless, insipid equality in his character, is neither capable of virtue or vice in the extreme; but it secures his submission to those persons whom he has been accustomed to respect, and makes him a dangerous instrument of their ambition. Secluded from the world, attached from his infancy to one set of persons and one set of ideas, he can neither open his heart to new connections, nor his mind to better information. A character of this sort is the soil fitted to produce that obstinate bigotry in politics and religion, which begins with a meritorious sacrifice of the understanding, and finally conducts the monarch and the martyr to the block. At any other period, I doubt not, the scandalous disorders which have been introduced into the government of all the dependencies in the empire, would have roused the attention of the public. The odious abuse and prostitution of the prerogative at home; the unconstitutional employment of the military; the arbitrary fines and commitments by the house of lords and court of king's bench; the mercy of a chaste and pious prince extended cheerfully to a wilful murderer, because that murderer is the brother of a common prostitute; * would, I think, at any other time, have excited universal indignation. But the daring attack upon the constitution, in the Middlesex election, makes us callous and indifferent to inferior grievances. No man regards an eruption upon the surface, when the noble parts are invaded, and he feels a mortification approaching to his heart. The free election of our representatives in parliament comprehends, because it is, the source and security of every right and privilege of the English nation. The ministry have realized the compendious ideas of Caligula. They know that the liberty, the laws, and property of an Englishman, have, in truth, but one neck, and that to violate the freedom of election, strikes deeply at them all.

JUNIOR.

LETTER XL.

TO LORD NORTH.

MY LORD.

August 22, 1770.

Mr. Luttrell's services were the chief support and ornament of the duke of Grafton's administration. The honor of rewarding them was reserved for your lordship. The duke it seems, had contracted an obligation he was ashamed to acknowledge, and unable to acquit. You, my lord, had no scruples. You accepted the succession with all its incumbrance, and have paid Mr. Luttrell his legacy, at the hazard of ruining the estate.

When this accomplished youth declared himself

* Miss Kennedy.

* "An ignorant, mercenary, and servile crew; unamiable in evil, diligent in mischief, variable in principles, constant to flattery, talkers for liberty, but slaves to power: styling themselves the court party, and the prince's only friends." *Davenant.*

the champion of government, the world was busy, inquiring what honors or emoluments could be a sufficient recompense to a young man of his rank and fortune, for submitting to mark his entrance into life with the universal contempt and detestation of his country. His noble father had not been so precipitate. To vacate his seat in parliament; to intrude upon a county in which he had no interest or connection; to possess himself of another man's right, and to maintain it in defiance of public shame, as well as justice, bespoke a degree of zeal or of depravity, which all the favor of a pious prince could hardly requite. I protest, my lord, there is in this young man's conduct a strain of prostitution, which, for its singularity, I cannot but admire. He has discovered a new line in the human character; he has degraded even the name of Luttrell, and gratified his father's most sanguine expectations.

The duke of Grafton, with every possible disposition to patronize this kind of merit, was contented with pronouncing colonel Luttrell's panegyric. The gallant spirit, the disinterested zeal of the young adventurer, were echoed through the house of lords. His grace repeatedly pledged himself to the house, as an evidence of the purity of his friend Mr. Luttrell's intention, that he had engaged without any prospect of personal benefit, and that the idea of compensation would mortally offend him.* The noble duke could hardly be in earnest; but he had lately quitted his employment, and began to think it necessary to take some care of his reputation. At that very moment the Irish negotiation was probably begun. Come forward thou worthy representative of lord Bute, and tell this insulted country, who advised the king to appoint Mr. Luttrell's adjutant general to the army in Ireland. By what management was colonel Cunningham prevailed on to resign his employment, and the obsequious Gisborne to accept of a pension for the government of Kinsale?† Was it an original stipulation with the princess of Wales; or does he owe his preferment to your lordship's partiality, or to the duke of Bedford's friendship? My lord, though it may not be possible to trace this measure to its source, we can follow the stream, and warn the country of its approaching destruction. The English nation must be roused, and put upon its guard. Mr. Luttrell has already shown us how far he may be trusted, whenever an open attack is to be made upon the liberties of this country. I do not doubt that there is a deliberate plan formed. Your lordship best knows by whom. The corruption of the legislative body on this side, a military force on the other, and then *farewell to England!* It is impossible that any minister shall dare to advise the king to place such a man as Luttrell in the confidential post of adjutant-general, if there were not some secret purpose in view, which only such a man as Luttrell is fit to promote. The insult offered to the army in general is as gross as the outrage intended to the people of England. What! lieutenant-colonel Luttrell adjutant-general of an army of sixteen thousand men! One would think his majesty's campaigns at Black-

heath and Wimbledon might have taught him better. I cannot help wishing general Harvey joy of a colleague who does so much honor to the employment. But, my lord, this measure is too daring to pass unnoticed, too dangerous to be received with indifference or submission. You shall not have time to new model the Irish army. They will not submit to be garbled by colonel Luttrell. As a mischief to the English constitution, (for he is not worth the name of enemy) they already detest him. As a boy, impudently thrust over their heads, they will receive him with indignation and contempt. As for you, my lord, who, perhaps, are no more than the blind, unhappy instrument of lord Bute and her royal highness the princess of Wales, be assured, that you shall be called upon to answer for the advice which you have given, and either discover your accomplices, or fall a sacrifice to their security.

JUNIOR.

LETTER XLII.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD MANSFIELD.

MY LORD,

November 14, 1770.

The appearance of this letter will attract the curiosity of the public, and command even your lordship's attention. I am considerably in your debt, and shall endeavor, once for all, to balance the account. Accept of this address, my lord, as a prologue to more important scenes, in which you will probably be called upon to act or suffer.

You will not question my veracity, when I assure you, that it has not been owing to any particular respect for your person that I have abstained from you so long. Besides the distress and danger with which the press is threatened, when your lordship is party, and the party is to be judge, I confess I have been deterred by the difficulty of the task. Our language has no term of reproach, the mind has no idea of detestation, which has not already been happily applied to you, and exhausted. Ample justice has been done, by abler pens than mine, to the separate merits of your life and character. Let it be my humble office to collect the scattered sweets till their united virtue tortures the sense.

Permit me to begin with paying a just tribute to Scotch sincerity, wherever I find it. I own I am not apt to confide in the professions of gentlemen of that country; and, when they smile, I feel an involuntary emotion to guard myself against mischief. With this general opinion of an ancient nation, I always thought it much to your lordship's honor, that, in your earlier days, you were but little infected with the prudence of your country. You had some original attachments, which you took every proper opportunity to acknowledge. The liberal spirit of youth prevailed over your native discretion. Your zeal in the cause of an unhappy prince was expressed with the sincerity of wine, and some of the solemnities of religion.* This, I conceive, is the most amiable point of view in which your character has appeared. Like an honest man, you took that part in politics, which might have been expected from your birth, education, country, and connections. There was something generous in your attachment to the banished house of Stuart. We lament the mistakes of a good man, and do not begin to detest him until he affects to renounce his principles. Why did you not adhere to that loyalty you once professed? Why did you not

* This man was always a rank Jacobite. Lord Ravensworth produced the most satisfactory evidence of his having frequently drank the pretender's health on his knees.

* He now says that his great object is the rank of colonel, and that he will have it.

† This infamous transaction ought to be explained to the public. Colonel Gisborne was quarter-master-general in Ireland. Lord Townshend persuaded him to resign to a Scotch officer, one Fraser, and gives him the government of Kinsale. Colonel Cunningham was adjutant-general in Ireland. Lord Townshend offers him a pension, to induce him to resign to Luttrell. Cunningham treats the offer with contempt. What is to be done? Poor Gisborne must move once more. He accepts of a pension of 500*l.* a year, until a government of greater value shall become vacant. Colonel Cunningham is made governor of Kinsale; and Luttrell, at last, for whom the whole machinery is put in motion, becomes adjutant-general, and in effect, takes the command of the army in Ireland.

follow the example of your worthy brother?† With him you might have shared in the honor of the pretender's confidence; with him you might have preserved the integrity of your character; and England, I think, might have spared you without regret. Your friends will say, perhaps, that, although you deserted the fortune of your liege lord, you have adhered firmly to the principles which drove his father from the throne; that, without openly supporting the person, you have done essential service to the cause; and consoled yourself for the loss of a favorite family, by reviving and establishing the maxims of their government. This is the way in which a Scotchman's understanding corrects the errors of his heart. My lord, I acknowledge the truth of the defense, and can trace it through all your conduct. I see through your whole life one uniform plan to enlarge the power of the crown, at the expense of the liberty of the subject. To this object your thoughts, words, and actions, have been constantly directed. In contempt or ignorance of the common law of England, you have made it your study to introduce into the court where you preside, maxims of jurisprudence unknown to Englishmen. The Roman code, the law of nations, and the opinion of foreign civilians, are your perpetual theme; but who ever heard you mention Magna Charta, or the Bill of Rights, with approbation or respect? By such treacherous arts the noble simplicity and free spirit of our Saxon laws were first corrupted. The Norman conquest was not complete, until Norman lawyers had introduced their laws, and reduced slavery to a system. This one leading principle directs your interpretation of the laws, and accounts for your treatment of juries. It is not in political questions only (for there the courtier might be forgiven,) but let the cause be what it may, your understanding is equally on the rack, either to contract the power of the jury, or to mislead their judgment. For the truth of this assertion, I appeal to the doctrine you delivered in lord Grosvenor's cause. An action for criminal conversation being brought by a peer against a prince of the blood, you were daring enough to tell the jury, that, in fixing the damages, they were to pay no regard to the quality or fortune of the parties: that it was a trial between A and B; that they were to consider the offense in a moral light only, and give no greater damages to a peer of the realm, than to the meanest mechanic. I shall not attempt to refute a doctrine, which if it was meant for law, carries falsehood and absurdity upon the face of it; but, if it was meant for a declaration of your political creed, is clear and consistent. Under an arbitrary government, all ranks and distinctions are confounded: the honor of a nobleman is no more considered than the reputation of a peasant; for, with different liveries, they are equally slaves.

Even in matters of private property, we see the same bias and inclination to depart from the decisions of your predecessors, which you certainly ought to receive as evidence of the common law. Instead of those certain positive rules by which the judgment of a court of law should invariably be determined, you have fondly introduced your own unsettled notions of equity and substantial justice. Decisions given upon such principles do not alarm the public so much as they ought, because the consequence and tendency of each particular instance is not observed or regarded. In the meantime, the practice gains ground; the court of king's bench becomes a court of equity; and the judge, instead of consulting strictly the law of the land, refers only to

the wisdom of the court, and to the purity of his own conscience. The name of Mr. Justice Yates will naturally revive in your mind some of those emotions of fear and detestation with which you always beheld him. That great lawyer, that honest man, saw your whole conduct in the light that I do. After years of ineffectual resistance to the pernicious principles introduced by your lordship, and uniformly supported by your *humble friends* upon the bench, he determined to quit a court, whose proceedings and decisions he could neither assent to with honor, nor oppose with success.

The injustice done to an individual* is sometimes of service to the public. Facts are apt to alarm us more than the most dangerous principles. The sufferings and firmness of a printer have roused the public attention. You knew and felt that your conduct would not bear a parliamentary inquiry; and you hoped to escape it by the meanest, the basest sacrifice of dignity and consistency that ever was made by a great magistrate. Where was your firmness, where was that vindictive spirit, of which we have seen so many examples, when a man so inconsiderable as Bingley could force you to confess, in the face of this country, that, for two years together, you had illegally deprived an English subject of his liberty, and that he had triumphed over you at last? Yet, I own, my lord, that yours is not an uncommon character. Women, and men like women, are timid, vindictive and irresolute. Their passions counteract each other, and make the same creature at one moment hateful, at another contemptible. I fancy, my lord, some time will elapse before you venture to commit another Englishman for refusing to answer interrogatories.†

The doctrine you have constantly delivered, in cases of libel, is another powerful evidence of a settled plan to contract the legal power of juries, and to draw questions, inseparable from fact, within the arbitrium of the court. Here, my lord, you have fortune on your side. When you invade the province of the jury, in matter of libel, you, in effect, attack the liberty of the press, and, with a single stroke, wound two of your greatest enemies. In some instances you have succeeded, because jurymen are too often ignorant of their own rights, and too apt to be awed by the authority of a chief justice. In other criminal prosecutions, the malice of the design is confessedly as much the subject of consideration to a jury as the certainty of the fact. If a different doctrine prevails in the case of libels, why should it not extend to all criminal cases? Why not to capital offenses? I see no reason (and I dare say you will agree with me, that there is no good one) why the life of the subject should be better protected against you, than his liberty of property. Why should you enjoy the full power of pillory, fine, and imprisonment, and not be indulged with hanging or transportation? With your lordship's fertile genius and merciful disposition, I can conceive such an exercise of the power you have, as could hardly be aggravated by that which you have not.

But, my lord, since you have labored (and not unsuccessfully) to destroy the substance of the trial,

* The oppression of an obscure individual gave birth to the famous Habeas Corpus Act of 31 Car. II. which is frequently considered as another Magna Charta of this kingdom. Blackstone III. 135.

† Bingley was committed for contempt, in not submitting to be examined. He lay in prison two years until the crown thought the matter might occasion some serious complaint, and therefore he was let out, in the same contemptuous state he had been put in, with all his sins about him, unanointed and unanointed. There was much controversy between the court and the attorney general, about who should undergo the ridicule of letting him escape. Vide another Letter to Ahmon, p. 138.

† Confidential secretary to the late pretender. This circumstance confirmed the friendship between the brothers.

why should you suffer the form of the verdict to remain? Why force twelve honest men, in palpable violation of their oaths, to pronounce their fellow-subject a *guilty* man, when, almost at the same moment, you forbid their inquiring into the only circumstance which, in the eye of law and reason, constitutes guilt—the malignity or innocence of his intentions? But I understand your lordship. If you could succeed in making the trial by jury useless and ridiculous, you might then, with greater safety, introduce a bill into parliament for enlarging the jurisdiction of the court, and extending your favorite trial by interrogatories to every question in which the life or liberty of an Englishman is concerned.*

Your charge to the jury, in the prosecution against Almon and Woodfall, contradicts the highest legal authorities, as well as the plainest dictates of reason. In Miller's case, and still more expressly in that of Baldwin, you have proceeded a step farther, and grossly contradicted yourself. You may know, perhaps, though I do not mean to insult you by an appeal to your experience, that the language of truth is uniform and consistent. To depart from it safely, requires memory and discretion. In the last two trials, your charge to the jury began, as usual, with assuring them, that they had nothing to do with the law; that they were to find the bare fact, and not concern themselves about the legal inferences drawn from it, or the degree of the defendant's guilt. Thus far you were consistent with your former practice. But how will you account for the conclusion? You told the jury, that "if, after all, they would take upon themselves to determine the law, *they might do it*, but they must be very sure that they determine according to law; for it touched their consciences, and they acted at their peril." If I understand your first proposition, you mean to affirm, that the jury were not competent judges of the law in the criminal case of a libel; that it did not fall within *their* jurisdiction; and that with respect to *them*, the malice or innocence of the defendant's intentions would be a question *coram non judge*. But the second proposition clears away your own difficulties, and restores the jury to all their judicial capacities.† You make the competence of the court to depend upon the legality of the decision. In the first instance, you deny the power absolutely: in the second, you admit the power, provided it be legally exercised. Now, my lord, without pretending to reconcile the distinctions of Westminster-hall with the simple information

of common sense, or the integrity of fair argument, I shall be understood by your lordship, when I assert, that, if a jury, or any other court of judicature, (for jurors and judges) have no right to enter into a cause or question of law, it signifies nothing whether their decisions be or be not according to law. Their decision is, in itself, a mere nullity; the parties are not bound to submit to it; and, if the jury run any risk of punishment, it is not for pronouncing a corrupt or illegal verdict, but for the illegality of meddling with a point on which they have no legal authority to decide.‡

I cannot quit this subject without reminding your lordship of the name of Mr. Benson. Without offering any legal objection, you ordered a special jurymen to be set aside, in a cause where the king was prosecutor. The novelty of the fact required explanation. Will you condescend to tell the world by what law or custom you were authorized to make a peremptory challenge of a jurymen? The parties, indeed, have this power; and, perhaps, your lordship, having accustomed yourself to unite the characters of judge and party, may claim it in virtue of the new capacity you have assumed, and profit by your own wrong. The time within which you might have been punished for this daring attempt to pack a jury, is, I fear, elapsed; but no length of time shall erase the record of it.

The mischiefs you have done this country are not confined to your interpretation of the laws. You are a minister, my lord; and, as such, have long been consulted. Let us candidly examine what use you have made of your ministerial influence. I will not descend to little matters, but come at once to those important points on which your resolution was waited for, on which the expectation of your opinion kept a great part of the nation in suspense. A constitutional question arises upon a declaration of the law of parliament, by which the freedom of election, and the birth-right of the subject, were supposed to have been invaded. The king's servants are accused of violating the constitution. The nation is in a ferment. The ablest men of all parties engage in the question, and exert their utmost abilities in the discussion of it. What part has the honest lord Mansfield acted? As an eminent judge of the law, his opinion would have been respected. As a peer, he had a right to demand an audience of his sovereign, and inform him, that his ministers were pursuing unconstitutional measures. Upon other occasions, my lord, you have no difficulty in finding your way into the closet. The pretended neutrality of belonging to no party will not save your reputation. In a question merely political, an honest man may stand neuter. But the laws and constitution are the general property of the subject: not to defend, is to relinquish: and who is there so senseless as to renounce his share in a common benefit, unless he hopes to profit by a new division of the spoil? As a lord of parliament, you were repeatedly called upon to condemn or defend the new law declared by the house

* The philosophical poet doth notably describe the damnable and damned proceedings of the judge of hell.

'Grossius hæc Radamanthus habet durissima regna,
'Castigatque, auditque dolos, subigitque faleri.'

First he punisheth, and then he heareth, and lastly compelleth to confess, and makes and mars laws at his pleasure: like as the centurion, in the holy history, did to St. Paul: for the text saith, 'Centurio apprehendi Paulum jussit, et e catenis ligari, et tunc interrogabat quid fuisset, et quid fecisset.' But good judges and justices abhor these courses. *Coke, 2 Inst. 53.*

† Directly the reverse of the doctrine he constantly maintained in the house of lords, and elsewhere, upon the decision of the Middlesex election. He invariably asserted, that the decision must be legal because the court was competent; and never could be prevailed on to enter farther into the question.

‡ These iniquitous prosecutions cost the best of princes six thousand pounds, and ended in the total defeat and disgrace of the prosecutors. In the course of one of them, judge Aston had the unparalleled impudence to tell Mr. Morris, a gentleman of unquestionable honor and integrity, and who was then giving his evidence on oath, that he should pay very little regard to any affidavit he should make.

of commons. You affected to have scruples, and every expedient was attempted to remove them. The question was proposed and urged to you in a thousand different shapes. Your prudence still supplied you with evasion; your resolution was invincible. For my own part, I am not anxious to penetrate this solemn secret. I care not to whose wisdom it is entrusted, nor how soon you carry it with you to the grave.* You have betrayed your opinion by the very care you have taken to conceal it. It is not from lord Mansfield that we expect any reserve in declaring his real sentiments in favor of government, or in opposition to the people; nor is it difficult to account for the motives of a timid, dishonest heart, which neither has virtue enough to acknowledge truth, or courage to contradict it. Yet you continue to support an administration which you know is universally odious, and which, on some occasions, you yourself speak of with contempt. You would fain be thought to take no share in government, while, in reality, you are the main spring of the machine. Here, too, we trace the little, prudential policy of a Scotchman. Instead of acting that open, generous part which becomes your rank and station, you meanly skulk into the closet, and give your sovereign such advice as you have not the spirit to avow or defend. You secretly engross the power, while you decline the title of a minister; and though you dare not be chancellor, you know how to secure the emoluments of the office. Are the seals to be forever in commission, that you may enjoy five thousand pounds a year? I beg pardon, my lord; your fears have interposed at last, and forced you to resign. The odium of continuing speaker of the house of lords, upon such terms, was too formidable to be resisted. What a multitude of bad passions are forced to submit to a constitutional infirmity! But though you have relinquished the salary, you still assume the rights of a minister. Your conduct, it seems, must be defended in parliament. For what other purpose is your wretched friend, that miserable serjeant, posted to the house of commons? Is it in the abilities of a Mr. Leigh to defend the great lord Mansfield? Or is he only the punch of the puppet-show, to speak as he is prompted by the chief juggler behind the curtain?†

In public affairs, my lord, cunning, let it be ever so well wrought, will not conduct a man honorably through life. Like bad money, it may be current for a time, but it will soon be cried down. It cannot consist with a liberal spirit, though it be sometimes united with extraordinary qualifications. When I acknowledge your abilities, you may believe I am sincere. I feel for human nature, when I see a man, so gifted as you are, descend to such vile practices. Yet do not suffer your vanity to console you too soon. Believe me, my good lord, you are not admired in the same degree in which you are detested. It is only the partiality of your friends that balances the defects of your heart with the superiority of your understanding. No learned man, even among your own tribe, thinks you qualified to preside in a court of common law: yet it is confessed, that, under

Justinian, you might have made an incomparable *prætor*. It is remarkable enough, but I hope not ominous, that the laws you understand best, and the judges you affect to admire most, flourished in the decline of a great empire, and are supposed to have contributed to its fall.

Here, my lord, it may be proper for us to pause together. It is not for my own sake that I wish you to consider the delicacy of your situation. Beware how you indulge the first emotions of your resentment. This paper is delivered to the world, and cannot be recalled. The prosecution of an innocent printer cannot alter facts, nor refute arguments. Do not furnish me with farther materials against yourself. An honest man, like the true religion, appeals to the understanding, or modestly confides in the internal evidence of his conscience. The impostor employs force instead of argument, imposes silence where he cannot convince, and propagates his character by the sword.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XLII.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR.

January 30, 1771.

If we recollect in what manner the *king's friends* have been constantly employed, we shall have no reason to be surprised at any condition of disgrace to which the once respected name of Englishmen may be degraded. His majesty has no cares, but such as concern the laws and constitution of this country. In his royal breast there is no room left for resentment, no place for hostile sentiments against the natural enemies of his crown. The system of government is uniform: violence and oppression at home can only be supported by treachery and submission abroad. When the civil rights of the people are daringly invaded on one side, what have we to expect, but that their political rights should be deserted and betrayed, in the same proportion, on the other? The plan of domestic policy which has been invariably pursued from the moment of his present majesty's accession, engrosses all the attention of his servants. They know that the security of their places depends upon their maintaining, at any hazard, the secret system of the closet. A foreign war might embarrass, an unfavorable event might ruin the minister, and defeat the deep-laid scheme of policy to which he and his associates owe their employments. Rather than suffer the execution of that scheme to be delayed or interrupted, the king has been advised to make a public surrender, a solemn sacrifice, in the face of all Europe, not only of the interests of his subjects, but of his own personal reputation, and of the dignity of that crown which his predecessors have worn with honor. These are strong terms, sir, but they are supported by fact and argument.

The king of Great Britain has been for some years in possession of an island, to which, as the ministry themselves have repeatedly asserted, the Spaniards had no claim of right. The importance of the place is not in question; if it were, a better judgment might be formed of it, from the opinion of lord Anson and lord Egmont, and from the anxiety of the Spaniards, than from any fallacious insinuations thrown out by men, whose interest it is to undervalue that property which they are determined to relinquish. The pretensions of Spain were a subject of negotiation between the two courts. They had been discussed, but not admitted. The king of Spain, in these circumstances, bids adieu to amicable negotiation, and appeals directly to the sword. The expedition against Port Egmont does not appear to have been a sudden, ill-concerted enterprise: it seems to

* He said, in the house of lords, that he believed he should carry his opinion with him to the grave. It was afterwards reported, that he had entrusted it in special confidence to the ingenious duke of Cumberland.

† This paragraph gagged poor Leigh. I am really concerned for the man, and wish it were possible to open his mouth. He is a very pretty orator.

have been conducted not only with the usual military precautions, but in all the forms and ceremonies of war. A frigate was first employed, to examine the strength of the place. A message was then sent, demanding immediate possession, in the Catholic king's name, and ordering our people to depart. At last, a military force appears, and compels the garrison to surrender. A formal capitulation ensues; and his majesty's ship, which might at least have been permitted to bring home his troops immediately, is detained in port twenty days, and her rudder forcibly taken away. This train of facts carries no appearance of the rashness or violence of a Spanish governor: on the contrary, the whole plan seems to have been formed and executed, in consequence of deliberate orders, and a regular instruction, from the Spanish court. Mr. Buccarelli is not a pirate, nor has he been treated as such by those who employed him. I feel for the honor of a gentleman, when I affirm, that our king owes him a signal reparation. Where will the humiliation of this country end? A king of Great Britain, not contented with placing himself upon a level with a Spanish governor, descends so low as to do a notorious injustice to that governor. As a salvo for his own reputation, he has been advised to traduce the character of a brave officer, and to treat him as a common robber, when he knew, with certainty, that Mr. Buccarelli had acted in obedience to his orders, and had done no more than his duty. Thus it happens, in private life, with a man who has no spirit nor sense of honor. One of his equals orders a servant to strike him: instead of returning the blow to the master, his courage is contented with throwing an aspersion, equally false and public, upon the character of the servant.

This short recapitulation was necessary to introduce the consideration of his majesty's speech of the 13th of November, 1770, and the subsequent measures of government. The excessive caution with which the speech was drawn up, had impressed upon me an early conviction, that no serious resentment was thought of, and that the conclusion of the business, whenever it happened, must, in some degree, be dishonorable to England. There appears, through the whole speech, a guard and reserve in the choice of expression, which shows how careful the ministry were not to embarrass their future projects by any firm or spirited declaration from the throne. When all hopes of peace are lost, his majesty tells his parliament, that he is preparing, not for barbarous war, but (with all his mother's softness) *for a different situation*. An open hostility, authorized by the Catholic king, is called *an act of a governor*. This act, to avoid the mention of a regular siege and surrender, passes under the piratical description of *seizing by force*; and the thing taken is described, not as a part of the king's territory, or proper dominion, but merely as a *possession*; a word expressly chosen in contradistinction to, and exclusion of, the ideas of *right*, and to prepare us for a future surrender both of the right and of the possession. Yet this speech, sir, cautious and equivocal as it is, cannot, by any sophistry, be accommodated to the measures which have since been adopted. It seemed to promise, that, whatever might be given up by secret stipulation, some care would be taken to save appearances to the public. The event shows us, that to depart, in the minutest article, from the nicety and strictness of punctilio, is as dangerous to national honor as to female virtue. The woman who admits of one familiarity seldom knows where to stop, or what to refuse; and, when the counsels of a great country give way in a single instance, when they once are inclined to submission, every step accelerates the rapidity of the descent. The ministry themselves, when they framed

the speech, did not foresee that they should ever accede to such an accommodation as they have since advised their master to accept of.

The king says, "The honor of my crown, and the rights of my people, are deeply affected." The Spaniard, in his reply, says, "I will give you back possession, but I adhere to my claim of prior right, reserving the assertion of it for a more favorable opportunity."

The speech says, "I made an immediate demand of satisfaction; and, if that fails, I am prepared to do myself justice." This immediate demand must have been sent to Madrid on the 12th of September, or in a few days after. It were certainly refused, or evaded, and the king has not done himself justice. When the first magistrate speaks to the nation, some care should be taken of his apparent veracity.

The speech proceeds to say, "I shall not discontinue my preparations until I have received proper reparation for the injury." If this assurance may be relied on, what an enormous expense is entailed *sine die* upon this unhappy country! Restitution of a possession, and reparation of an injury, are as different in substance as they are in language. The very act of restitution may contain, as in this instance it palpably does, a shameful aggravation of the injury. A man of spirit does not measure the degree of an injury by the mere positive damage he has sustained; he considers the principle on which it is founded; he resents the superiority asserted over him; and rejects with indignation the claim of right which his adversary endeavors to establish, and would force him to acknowledge.

The motives on which the Catholic king makes restitution, are, if possible, more insolent and disgraceful to our sovereign, than even the declaratory condition annexed to it. After taking four months to consider whether the expedition was undertaken by his own orders or not, he condescends to disavow the enterprise, and to restore the island; not from any regard to justice, not from any regard he bears to his Britannic majesty, but merely "from the persuasion in which he is of the pacific sentiments of the king of Great Britain."

At this rate, if our king had discovered the spirit of a man, if he had made a peremptory demand of satisfaction, the king of Spain would have given him a peremptory refusal. But why this unreasonable, this ridiculous mention of the king of Great Britain's pacific intentions? Have they ever been in question? Was he the aggressor? Does he attack foreign powers without provocation? Does he even resist, when he is insulted? No, sir: if any ideas of strife or hostility have entered his royal mind, they have a very different direction. The enemies of England have nothing to fear from them. After all, sir, to what kind of disavowal has the king of Spain at last consented? Supposing it made in proper time, it should have been accompanied with instant restitution; and if Mr. Buccarelli acted without orders, he deserved death. Now sir, instead of immediate restitution, we have a four months' negotiation; and the officer, whose act is disavowed, returns to court, and is loaded with honors.

If the actual situation of Europe be considered, the treachery of the king's servants, particularly of lord North, who takes the whole upon himself, will appear in the strongest colors of aggravation. Our allies were masters of the Mediterranean. The king of France's present aversion from war and the distraction of his affairs, are notorious. He is now in a state of war with his people. In vain did the Catholic king solicit him to take part in the quarrel against us. His finances were in the last disorder; and it was probable that his troops might

find sufficient employment at home. In these circumstances we might have dictated the law to Spain. There are no terms to which she might have been compelled to submit. At the worst, a war with Spain alone carries the fairest promise of advantage. One good effect, at least, would have been immediately produced by it. The desertion of France would have irritated her ally, and, in all probability, have dissolved the family compact. The scene is now fatally changed. The advantage is thrown away. The most favorable opportunity is lost. Hereafter we shall know the value of it. When the French king is reconciled to his subjects—when Spain has completed her preparations—when the collected strength of the house of Bourbon attacks us at once, the king himself will be able to determine upon the wisdom or imprudence of his present conduct. As far as the probability of argument extends, we may safely pronounce, that a conjuncture, which threatens the very being of this country, has been wilfully prepared and forwarded by our own ministry. How far the people may be animated to resistance, under the present administration, I know not; but this I know, with certainty, that, under the present administration, or if any thing like it should continue, it is of very little moment whether we are a conquered nation or not.*

Having travelled thus far in the high road of matter of fact, I may now be permitted to wander a little into the field of imagination. Let us banish from our minds the persuasion that these events have really happened in the reign of the best of princes; let us consider, them as nothing more than the materials of a fable, in which we may conceive the sovereign of some other country to be concerned.

I mean to violate all the laws of probability, when I suppose that this imaginary king, after having voluntarily disgraced himself in the eyes of his subjects, might return to a sense of his dishonor; that he might perceive the snare laid for him by his ministers, and feel a spark of shame kindling in his breast. The part he must then be obliged to act would overwhelm him with confusion. To his parliament he must say, "I called you together to receive your advice, and have never asked your opinion."—To the merchant, "I have distressed your commerce; I have dragged your seamen out of your ships; I have loaded you with a grievous weight of insurances."—To the landholder, "I told you war was too probable, when I was determined to submit to any terms of accommodation; I extorted new taxes from you before it was possible they could be wanted, and am now unable to account for the application of them."—To the public creditor, "I have delivered up your fortune a prey to foreigners, and to the vilest of your fellow subjects." Perhaps, this repenting prince might conclude with one general acknowledgement to them all: "I have involved every rank of my subjects in anxiety and distress; and have nothing to offer you, in return, but the certainty of national dishonor, an armed truce, and peace without security."

If these accounts were settled, there would still re-

* The king's acceptance of the Spanish ambassador's declaration is drawn up in barbarous French, and signed by the earl of Rochford. This diplomatic lord has spent his life in the study and practice of *etiquettes*, and is supposed to be a profound master of the ceremonies. I will not insult him by any reference to grammar or common sense: if he were even acquainted with the common forms of his office, I should think him as well qualified for it, as any man in his majesty's service. The reader is requested to observe Lord Rochford's method of authenticating a public instrument—"En foi de quoi, moi soussigné, un des principaux secretaires d'etat S. M. B. at signe la presente de ma signature ordinaire, et icelle fait apposer le cachet de nos armes." In three lines there are no less than seven false concordats. But the man does not even know the style of his office. If he had known it he would have said, "Nous, soussigne secretaire d'etat de S. M. B. avons signe, etc."

main an apology to be made to his navy and to his army. To the first he would say, "You were once the terror of the world. But go back to your harbors. A man, dishonored as I am, has no use for your service." It is not probable that he would appear again before his soldiers, even in the pacific ceremony of a review.* But, wherever he appeared, the humiliating confession would be extorted from him—"I have received a blow, and had not spirit to resent it. I demanded satisfaction, and have accepted a declaration, in which the right to strike me again is asserted and confirmed." His countenance, at least, would speak this language, and even his guards would blush for him.

But to return to our argument. The ministry, it seems, are laboring to draw a line of distinction between the honor of the crown and the rights of the people. This new idea has yet only been started in discourse; for, in effect, both objects have been equally sacrificed. I neither understand the distinction, nor what use the ministry propose to make of it. The king's honor is that of his people. Their real honor and real interest are the same. I am not contending for a vain punctilio. A clear, unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit to an injury; and, whether it belongs to an individual or to a community, it is the foundation of peace, of independence, and of safety. Private credit is wealth; public honor is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XLIII.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

February 6, 1771.

I hope your correspondent, Junius, is better employed than in answering or reading the criticisms of a newspaper. This is a task, from which, if we were inclined to submit to it, his friends ought to relieve him. Upon this principle, I shall undertake to answer Anti-Junius, more, I believe, to his conviction, than to his satisfaction. Not daring to attack the main body of Junius's last letter, he triumphs in having, as he thinks, surprised an out-post, and cut off a detached argument, a mere straggling proposition. But even in this petty warfare he shall find himself defeated.

Junius does not speak of the Spanish nation as the natural enemies of England: he applies that description with the strictest truth and justice, to the Spanish court. Form the moment when a prince of the house of Bourbon ascended that throne, their whole system of government was inverted, and became hostile to this country. Unity of possession introduced a unity of politics; and Louis the Fourteenth had reason, when he said to his grandson, "The Pyrenees are removed." The history of the present century is one continued confirmation of the prophecy.

The assertion, "That violence and oppression at home can only be supported by treachery and submission abroad," is applied to a free people, whose rights are invaded, not to the government of a country, where despotic or absolute power is confessedly vested in the prince; and, with this application, the assertion is true. An absolute monarch, having no points to carry at home, will naturally maintain the honor of his crown in all his transactions with foreign powers. But if we could suppose the sovereign of a free nation possessed with a design to make himself

* A mistake: he appears before them every day, with a mark of a blow upon his face. *Prok pador!*

absolute, he would be inconsistent with himself, if he suffered his projects to be interrupted or embarrassed by a foreign war, unless that war tended, as in some cases it might, to promote his principal design. Of the three exceptions to this general rule of conduct, (quoted by Anti-Junius,) that of Oliver Cromwell is the only one in point. Harry the Eighth, by the submission of his parliament, was as absolute a prince as Louis the Fourteenth. Queen Elizabeth's government was not oppressive to the people, and as to her foreign wars, it ought to be considered, that they were unavoidable. The national honor was not in question: she was compelled to fight in defense of her own person, and of her title to the crown. In the common cause of selfish policy, Oliver Cromwell should have cultivated the friendship of foreign powers, or at least, have avoided disputes with them, the better to establish his tyranny at home. Had he been only a bad man, he would have sacrificed the honor of the nation to the success of his domestic policy. But, with all his crimes, he had the spirit of an Englishman. The conduct of such a man must always be an exception to vulgar rules. He had abilities sufficient to reconcile contradictions, and to make a great nation, at the same moment, unhappy and formidable. If it were not for the respect I bear the minister, I could name a man, who, without one grain of understanding, can do half as much as Oliver Cromwell.

Whether or no there be a secret system in the closet, and what may be the object of it, are questions which can only be determined by appearance, and on which every man must decide for himself.

The whole plan of Junius's letter proves, that he himself makes no distinction between the real honor of the crown and the real interest of the people. In the climax to which your correspondent objects, Junius adopts the language of the court, and, by that conformity, gives strength to his argument. He says that "the king has not only sacrificed the interest of the people, but (what was likely to touch him more nearly) his personal reputation, and the dignity of his crown."

The queries put by Anti-Junius can only be answered by the ministry. Abandoned as they are, I fancy they will not confess, that they have, for so many years, maintained possession of another man's property. After admitting the assertion of the ministry, viz. "That the Spaniards had no rightful claim," and after justifying them for saying so, it is his business, not mine, to give us some good reason for their "suffering the pretensions of Spain to be a subject of negotiation." He admits the facts; let him reconcile them if he can.

The last paragraph brings us back to the original question, Whether the Spanish declaration contains such a satisfaction as the king of Great Britain ought to have accepted? This was the field upon which he ought to have encountered Junius openly and fairly. But here he leaves the argument, as no longer defensible. I shall, therefore, conclude with one general admonition to my fellow subjects; that, when they hear these matters debated, they should not suffer themselves to be misled by general declarations upon the conveniences of peace, or the miseries of war. Between peace and war abstractedly, there is not, there cannot, be a question, in the mind of a rational being. The real questions are, "Have we any security that the peace we have so dearly purchased will last a twelvemonth?" and if not, "Have we, or have we not, sacrificed the fairest opportunity of making war with advantage?"

PHILO JUNIUS

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

April 22, 1771.

To write for profit, without taxing the press; to write for fame, and to be unknown; to support the intrigues of faction, and to be disowned as a dangerous auxiliary by every party in the kingdom, are contradictions which the minister must reconcile before I forfeit my credit with the public. I may quit the service, but it would be absurd to suspect me of desertion. The reputation of these papers is an honorable pledge for my attachment to the people. To sacrifice a respected character, and to renounce the esteem of society, requires more than Mr. Wedderburne's resolution; and though in him it was rather a profession than a desertion of his principles, (I speak tenderly of this gentleman; for, when treachery is in question, I think we should make allowances for a Scotchman) yet we have seen him in the house of commons overwhelmed with confusion, and almost bereft of his faculties. But, in truth, sir I have left no room for an accommodation with the piety of St. James's. My offenses are not to be redeemed by recantation or repentance. On one side, our warmest patriots would disclaim me as a burthen to their honest ambition. On the other, the vilest prostitution, if Junius could descend to it, would lose its natural merit and influence in the cabinet, and treachery be no longer a recommendation to the royal favor.

The persons, who, till within these few years, have been most distinguished by their zeal for high-church and prerogative, are now, it seems, the great assertors of the privileges of the house of commons. This sudden alteration of their sentiments or language, carries with it a suspicious appearance. When I hear the undefined privileges of the popular branch of the legislature exalted by Tories and Jacobites, at the expense of those strict rights which are known to the subject and limited by the laws, I cannot but suspect that some mischievous scheme is in agitation, to destroy both law and privilege, by opposing them to each other. They who have uniformly denied the power of the whole legislature to alter the descent of the crown, and whose ancestors, in rebellion against his majesty's family, have defended that doctrine at the hazard of their lives, now tell us, that privilege of parliament is the only rule of right, and the chief security of the public freedom. I fear, sir, that, while forms remain, there has been some material change in the substance of our constitution. The opinions of these men were too absurd to be so easily renounced. Liberal minds are open to conviction; liberal doctrines are capable of improvement. There are proselytes from atheism, but none from superstition. If their present professions were sincere, I think they could not be highly offended at seeing a question concerning parliamentary privilege unnecessarily started at a season so unfavorable to the house of commons, and by so very mean and insignificant a person as the minor Onslow. They knew that the present house of commons, having commenced hostilities with the people, and degraded the authority of the laws by their own example, were likely enough to be resisted *per fas et nefas*. If they were really friends to privilege, they would have thought the question of right too dangerous to be hazarded at this season, and, without the formality of a convention, would have left it undecided.

I have been silent hitherto, though not from that shameful indifference about the interests of society, which too many of us possess, and call moderation. I confess, sir, that I felt the prejudices of my education in favor of a house of commons still hanging

about me. I thought that a question between law and privilege could never be brought to a formal decision without inconvenience to the public service, or a manifest diminution of legal liberty; that it ought, therefore, to be carefully avoided: and when I saw that the violence of the house of commons had carried them too far to retreat, I determined not to deliver a hasty opinion upon a matter of so much delicacy and importance.

The state of things is much altered in this country since it was necessary to protect our representatives against the direct power of the crown. We have nothing to apprehend from prerogative, but everything from undue influence. Formerly, it was the interest of the people that the privileges of parliament should be left unlimited and undefined. At present, it is not only their interest, but I hold it to be essentially necessary to the preservation of the constitution, that the privileges of parliament should be strictly ascertained, and confined within the narrowest bounds the nature of the institution will admit of. Upon the same principle on which I would have resisted prerogative in the last century, I now resist privilege. It is indifferent to me, whether the crown, by its own immediate act, imposes new, and dispenses with old laws, or whether the same arbitrary power produces the same effects through the medium of the house of commons. We trusted our representatives with privileges for their own defense and ours. We cannot hinder their desertion, but we can prevent their carrying over their arms to the service of the enemy. It will be said, that I begin with endeavoring to reduce the argument concerning privilege to a mere question of convenience; that, I deny, at one moment, what I would allow at another; and that, to resist the power of a prostituted house of commons, may establish a precedent injurious to all future parliaments. To this I answer, generally, that human affairs are in no instance governed by strict positive right. If change of circumstances were to have no weight in directing our conduct and opinions, the mutual intercourse of mankind would be nothing more than a contention between positive and equitable right. Society would be a state of war, and law itself would be injustice. On this general ground, it is highly reasonable, that the degree of our submission to privileges which never have been defined by any positive law, should be considered as a question of convenience, and proportioned to the confidence we repose in the integrity of our representatives. As to the injury we may do to any future and more respectable house of commons, I own I am not now sanguine enough to expect a more plentiful harvest of parliamentary virtue in one year than in another. Our political climate is severely altered; and, without dwelling upon the depravity of modern times, I think no reasonable man will expect that, as human nature is constituted, the enormous influence of the crown should cease to prevail over the virtue of individuals. The mischief lies too deep to be cured by any remedy less than some great convulsions, which may either carry back the constitution to its original principles, or utterly destroy it. I do not doubt that, in the first session after the next election, some popular measures may be adopted. The present house of commons have injured themselves by a too early and public profession of their principles; and if a strain of prostitution, which had no example, were within the reach of emulation, it might be imprudent to hazard the experiment too soon. But, after all, sir, it is very immaterial whether a house of commons shall preserve their virtue for a week, a month, or a year. The influence which makes a septennial parliament dependent, on the pleasure of the crown, has a permanent opera-

tion, and cannot fail of success. My premises, I know, will be denied in argument; but every man's conscience tells him they are true. It remains, then, to be considered, whether it be for the interest of the people, that privilege of parliament* (which in respect to the purposes for which it has hitherto been acquiesced under, is merely nominal) should be contracted within some certain limits; or, whether the subject shall be left at the mercy of a power, arbitrary upon the face of it, and notoriously under the direction of the crown.

I do not mean to decline the question of *right*; on the contrary, sir, I join issue with the advocates for privilege, and affirm, that, "excepting the cases wherein the house of commons are a court of judicature (to which, from the nature of their office, a coercive power must belong) and excepting such contempts as immediately interrupt their proceedings, they have no legal authority to imprison any man for any supposed violation of privilege whatsoever." It is not pretended that privilege, as now claimed, has ever been defined or confirmed by statute: neither can it be said, with any color of truth, to be a part of the common law of England, which had grown into prescription long before we knew any thing of the existence of a house of commons. As for the law of parliament, it is only another name for the privilege in question, and since the power of creating new new privileges has been formally renounced by both houses, since there is no code in which we can study the law of parliament, we have but one way left to make ourselves acquainted with it; that is, to compare the nature of the institution of a house of commons with the facts upon record. To establish a claim of privilege in either house, and to distinguish original right from usurpation, it must appear, that it is indispensably necessary for the performance of the duty they are employed in, and also that it has been uniformly allowed. From the first part of this description, it follows, clearly, that, whatever privilege does of right belong to the present house of commons, did equally belong to the first assembly of their predecessors, was so completely vested in them, and might have been exercised in the same extent. From the second we must infer, that privileges, which for several centuries were not only never allowed, but never even claimed by the house of commons, must be founded upon usurpation: The constitutional duties of a house of commons are not very complicated nor mysterious. They are to propose or assent to wholesome laws, for the benefit of the nation. They are to grant the necessary aids to the king; petition for the redress of grievances; and prosecute treason or high crimes against the state. If unlimited privilege be necessary to the performance of these duties, we have reason to conclude, that, for many centuries after the institution of the house of commons, they were never performed. I am not bound to prove a negative; but I appeal to the English history, when I affirm, that, with the exceptions already stated, which yet I might safely relinquish, there is no precedent, from the year 1265, to the death of queen Elizabeth, of the house of commons having imprisoned any man (not a member of their house) for contempt or breach of privilege. In the most flagrant cases, and when their acknowledged

* The necessity of securing the house of commons against the king's power, so that no interruption might be given either to the attendance of the members in parliament, or to the freedom of debate, was the foundation of parliamentary privilege: and we may observe, in all the addresses of new appointed speakers to the sovereign, the utmost privilege they demand, is liberty of speech, and freedom from arrests. The very word *privilege* means no more than immunity, or a safeguard to the party who possesses it, and can never be constructed in to an active power of invading the rights of others.

privileges were most grossly violated, the *poor commons*, as they then styled themselves, never took the power of punishment into their own hands. They either sought redress, by petition to the king, or, what is more remarkable, applied for justice to the house of lords: and, when satisfaction was denied them or delayed, their only remedy was to refuse proceeding upon the king's business. So little conception had our ancestors of the monstrous doctrines now maintained concerning privilege, that, in the reign of Elizabeth, even liberty of speech, the vital principle of a deliberate assembly, was restrained by the queen's authority to a simple *ay* or *no*; and this restriction, though imposed upon three successive parliaments,* was never once disputed by the house of commons.

I know there are many precedents of arbitrary commitments for contempt; but, besides that they are of too modern a date to warrant a presumption that such a power was originally vested in the house of commons, *fact* alone does not constitute *right*. If it does, general warrants were lawful. An ordinance of the two houses has a force equal to law: and the criminal jurisdiction assumed by the commons in 1421, in the case of Edward Lloyd, is a good precedent to warrant the like proceedings against any man who shall unadvisedly mention the folly of a king, or the ambition of a princess. The truth is, sir, that the greatest and most exceptionable part of the privileges now contended for, were introduced and asserted by a house of commons, which abolished both monarchy and peerage, and whose proceedings, although they ended in one glorious act of substantial justice, could no way be reconciled to the forms of the constitution. Their successors profited by their example, and confirmed their power by a moderate or popular use of it. Thus it grew, by degrees, from a notorious innovation of one period, to be tacitly admitted as the privilege of parliament at another.

If, however, it could be proved, from considerations of necessity or convenience, that an unlimited power of commitment ought to be entrusted to the house of commons, and that, *in fact*, they have exercised it without opposition, still, in contemplation of law, the presumption is strongly against them. It is a leading maxim of the laws of England (and without it all laws are nugatory) that there is no right without a remedy, nor any legal power without a legal course to carry it into effect. Let the power, now in question, be tried by this rule. The speaker issues his warrant of attachment. The party attached either resists force with force, or appeals to a magistrate, who declares the warrant illegal, and discharges the prisoner. Does the law provide no legal means for enforcing a legal warrant? Is there no regular proceeding pointed out in our law books, to assert and vindicate the authority of so high a court as the house of commons? The question is answered directly by the fact; their unlawful commands are resisted, and they have no remedy. The imprisonment of their own members is revenge indeed; but it is no assertion of the privilege they contend for.† Their whole proceeding stops; and there they stand, ashamed to retreat, and unable to advance. Sir, these ignorant men should be informed, that the execution of the laws of England is not left in this uncertain, defenseless condition. If the process of the courts of Westminster-hall be resisted, they have a direct course to enforce submission. The court of king's bench commands the sheriff to raise the *posse comitatus*; the courts of chancery and exchequer issue a *writ of rebellion*; which must also be supported, if necessary, by the power of the county.

To whom will our honest representatives direct their writ of rebellion? The guards, I doubt not, are willing enough to be employed; but they know nothing of the doctrine of writs, and may think it necessary to wait for a letter from lord Barrington.

It may now be objected to me, that my arguments prove too much: for that certainly there may be instances of contempt and insult to the house of commons, which do not fall within my own exceptions, yet, in regard to the dignity of the house, ought not to pass unpunished. Be it so. The courts of criminal jurisdiction are open to prosecutions, which the attorney-general may commence by information or indictment. A libel tending to asperse or vilify the house of commons, or any of their members, may be as severely punished in the court of king's bench, as a libel upon the king. M. de Grey thought so, when he drew up the information of my letter to his majesty, or he had no meaning in charging it to be a scandalous libel upon the house of commons. In my opinion, they would consult their real dignity much better, by appealing to the laws, when they are offended, than by violating the first principle of natural justice, which forbids us to be judges, when we are parties to the cause.*

I do not mean to pursue them through the remainder of their proceedings. In their first resolutions, it is possible they might have been deceived by ill-considered precedents. For the rest, there is no color of palliation or excuse. They have advised the king to resume a power of dispensing with the laws by royal proclamation;‡ and kings, we see, are ready enough to follow such advice. By mere violence, and without the shadow of right, they have expunged the record of a judicial proceeding.† Nothing remained but to attribute to their own vote a power of stopping the whole distribution of criminal and civil justice.

The public virtues of the chief magistrate have long since ceased to be in question. But, it is said, that he has private good qualities; and I myself have been ready to acknowledge them. They are now brought to the test. If he loves his people, he will dissolve the parliament, which they can never confide in or respect. If he has any regard for his own honor, he will disdain to be any longer connected with such abandoned prostitution. But, if it were conceivable, that a king of this country had lost all sense of personal honor, and all concern for the welfare of his subjects, I confess, sir, I should be

ted Mr. Wilkes, who had been guilty of a greater offense than even the lord mayor or alderman Oliver. But, after repeatedly ordering him to attend, they at last adjourned beyond the day appointed for his attendance, and, by this mean, pitiful evasion, gave up the point.

* If it be demanded, in case a subject should be committed by either house for a matter manifestly out of their jurisdiction. What remedy can he have? I answer, that it cannot well be imagined that the law, which favors nothing more than the liberty of the subject, should give us a remedy against commitments by the king himself, appearing to be illegal, and yet give us no manner of redress against a commitment by our fellow subjects, equally appearing to be unwarranted. But, as this is a case which I am persuaded, will never happen, it seems needless over-nicely to examine it." *Hawkins*, li 110.

N. B. He was a good lawyer, but no prophet.

‡ That their practice might be every way conformable to their principles, the house proceeded to advise the crown to publish a proclamation, universally acknowledged to be illegal. Mr. Moreton publicly protested against it before it was issued; and lord Mansfield, though not scrupulous to an extreme, speaks of it with horror. It is remarkable enough, that the very men who advised the proclamation, and who hear it arraigned every day, both within doors and without, are not daring enough to utter one word in its defense: nor have they ventured to take the least notice of Mr. Wilkes, for the discharging the persons apprehended under it.

† Lord Chatham very properly called this the act of a mob, not of a senate.

* In the years 1593, 1597, and 1601.

† Upon their own principles, they should have committed

contented to renounce the forms of the constitution once more, if there were no other way to obtain substantial justice for the people.* JUNIUS.

LETTER XLV.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

May 1, 1770.

They who object to detached parts of Junius's last letter, either do not mean him fairly, or have not considered the general scope and course of his argument. There are degrees in all the private vices; why not in public prostitution? The influence of the crown naturally makes a septennial parliament dependent. Does it follow, that every house of commons will plunge at once into the *lowest depths* of prostitution? Junius supposes, that the present house of commons, in going such enormous lengths, have been imprudent to themselves, as well as wicked to the public; that their example is not within the reach of emulation; and that, in the first session after the next election, some popular measures may probably be adopted. He does not expect that a dissolution of parliament will destroy corruption, but that, at least, it will be a check and terror to their successors, who will have seen, that, in flagrant cases, their constituents can and will interpose with effect. After all, sir, you will not endeavor to remove or alleviate the most dangerous symptoms, because you cannot eradicate the disease? Will you not punish treason or parricide, because the sight of a gibbet does not prevent highway robberies? When the main argument of Junius is admitted to be unanswerable, I think it would become the minor critic, who hunts for blemishes, to be little more distrustful of his own sagacity. The other objection is hardly worth an answer. When Junius observes, that kings are ready enough to follow *such* advice, he does not mean to insinuate, that, if the advice of parliament were good, the king would be so ready to follow it. PHILO JUNIUS.

LETTER XLVI.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

May 25, 1771.

I confess my partiality to Junius, and feel a considerable pleasure in being able to communicate any thing to the public in support of his opinions. The doctrine laid down in his last letter, concerning

* When Mr. Wilkes was to be punished, they made no scruple about the privileges of parliament; and although it was as well known as any matter of public record and uninterrupted custom could be, "That the members of either house are privileged, except in case of treason, felony, or breach of peace," they declared, without hesitation, "That privilege of parliament did not extend to the case of a seditious libel:" and undoubtedly they would have done the same if Mr. Wilkes had been prosecuted for any other misdemeanor whatsoever. The ministry, are, of a sudden, grown wonderfully careful of privileges which their predecessors were as ready to invade. The known laws of the land, the rights of the subject, the sanctity of charters, and the reverence due to our magistrates, must all give way, without question or resistance, to a privilege of which no man knows either the origin or the extent. The house of commons judge of their own privileges without appeal: they may take offense at the most innocent action, and imprison the person who offends them during their arbitrary will and pleasure. The party has no remedy: he cannot appeal from their jurisdiction; and if he questions the privilege which he is supposed to have violated, it becomes an aggravation of his offenses. Surely this doctrine is not to be found in Magna Charta. If it be admitted without limitation, I affirm, that there is neither law nor liberty in this kingdom. We are the slaves of the house of commons; and, through them, we are the slaves of the king and his ministers. *Anonymous.*

the power of the house of commons to commit for contempt, is not so new as it appeared to many people; who dazzled with the name of *privilege*, had never suffered themselves to examine the question fairly. In the course of my reading this morning I met with the following passage in the journals of the house of commons, (Vol. i. p. 603.) Upon occasion of a jurisdiction unlawfully assumed by the house in the year 1621, Mr. attorney-general Noye gave his opinion as follows: "No doubt but in some cases, this house may give judgment, in matters of returns, and concerning members of our house, or falling out in our view in parliament; but, for foreign matters, knoweth not how we can judge it; knoweth not that we have been used to give judgment in any case, but those before mentioned."

Sir Edward Coke, upon the same subject, says, (page 604,) "No question but this is a house of record, and that it hath power of judicature in some cases; have power to judge of returns and members of our house. Once, no member, offending out of the parliament, *when he came hither, and justified it, was censured for it.*"

Now, sir, if you will compare the opinion of these great sages of the law with Junius's doctrine, you will find they tally exactly. He allows the power of the house to commit their own members, which, however, they may grossly abuse; he allows their power in cases where they are acting as a court of judicature, viz., elections, returns, etc., and he allows it in such contempts as immediately interrupt their proceedings; or, as Mr. Noye expresses it, *falling out in their view in parliament.*

They who would carry the privileges of parliament farther than Junius, either do not mean well to the public, or know not what they are doing. The government of England is a government of law. We betray ourselves, we contradict the spirit of our laws, and we shake the whole system of English jurisprudence, whenever we entrust a discretionary power over the life, liberty, or fortune of the subject, to any man, or set of men, whatsoever, upon a presumption that it will not be abused. PHILO JUNIUS.

LETTER XLVII.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

May 28, 1771.

Any man who takes the trouble of perusing the journals of the house of commons, will soon be convinced, that very little, if any regard at all, ought to be paid to the resolutions of one branch of the legislature, declaratory of the law of the land, or even of what they call the law of parliament. It will appear that these resolutions have no one of the properties by which, in this country particularly, law is distinguished from mere will and pleasure; but that, on the contrary, they bear every mark of a power arbitrarily assumed and capriciously applied: that they are usually made in time of contest, and to serve some unworthy purpose of passion or party; that the law is seldom declared until after the fact by which it is supposed to be violated; that legislation and jurisdiction are united in the same persons, and exercised at the same moment; and that a court from which there is no appeal, assumes an *original* jurisdiction in a criminal case. In short, sir, to collect a thousand absurdities into one mass, "we have a law which cannot be known, because it is *ex post facto*:" the party is both legislator and judge, and the jurisdiction is without appeal." Well might the judge say, "The law of parliament is above us."

You will not wonder, sir, that with these qualifications, the declaratory resolutions of the house of

commons should appear to be in perpetual contradiction, not only to common sense, and to the laws we are acquainted with (and which alone we can obey,) but even to one another. I was led to trouble you with these observations by a passage, which, to speak in lutestring, I met with this morning in the course of my reading, and upon which I mean to put a question to the advocates for privilege. On the 8th of March, 1704, (*Vide Journals*, Vol. xiv. p. 566,) the house thought proper to come to the following resolutions: 1. "That no commoner of England, committed by the house of commons for breach of privilege or contempt of that house, ought to be, by any writ of *Habeas Corpus*, made to appear in any other place, or before any other judicature, during that session of parliament wherein such person was so committed."

2. "That the sergeant-at-arms, attending this house, do make no return of, or yield any obedience to, the said writs of *Habeas Corpus*; and for such refusal, that he have the protection of the house of commons."^{*}

Welbore Ellis, what say you? Is this the law of parliament, or is it not? I am a plain man, sir, and cannot follow you through the phlegmatic forms of an oration. Speak out, Gildrig, say yes or no. If you say yes, I shall then inquire by what authority Mr. de Grey, the honest lord Mansfield, and the barons of the exchequer, dared to grant a writ of *Habeas Corpus* for bringing the bodies of the lord mayor and Mr. Oliver before them; and why the lieutenant of the Tower made any return to a writ, which the house of commons had, of a similar instance, declared to be unlawful. If you say no, take care you do not at once give up the cause in support of which you have so long and so laboriously tortured your understanding. Take care you do not confess that there is no test by which we can distinguish, no evidence by which we can determine, what is, and what is not, the law of parliament. The resolutions I have quoted, stand upon your journals, uncontroverted and unrepealed: they contain a declaration of the law of parliament, by a court competent to the question, and whose decision, as you and lord Mansfield say, must be law, because there is no appeal from it: and they were made not hastily, but after long deliberation upon a constitutional question. What farther sanction or solemnity will you annex to any resolution of the present house of commons, beyond what appears upon the face of those two resolutions, the legality of which you now deny? If you say that parliaments are not infallible, and that queen Anne, in consequence of the violent proceedings of that house of commons, was obliged to prorogue and dissolve them, I shall agree with you very heartily, and think that the precedent ought to be followed immediately. But you, Mr. Ellis, who hold this language, are inconsistent with your own principles. You have hitherto maintained, that the house of commons are the sole judges of their own privileges, and that their declaration does *ipso facto* constitute the law of parliament; yet now you confess that parliaments are fallible, and that their resolutions may be illegal; consequently that their resolutions do not constitute the law of parliament. When the king

was advised to dissolve the present parliament, you advised him to tell his subjects, that "he was careful not to assume any of those powers which the constitution had placed in other hands," etc. Yet queen Anne, it seems, was justified in exerting her prerogative to stop a house of commons, whose proceedings, compared with those of the assembly of which you are a most worthy member, were the perfection of justice and reason.

In what a labyrinth of nonsense does a man involve himself who labors to maintain falsehood by argument! How much better would it become the dignity of the house of commons, to speak plainly to the people, and tell us, at once, "that their will must be obeyed: not because it is lawful and reasonable, but because it is their will!" Their constituents would have a better opinion of their candor, and, I promise you, not a worse opinion of their integrity.

PHILO JUNIUS.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD,

June 22, 1771.

The profound respect I bear to the gracious prince who governs this country, with no less honor to himself than satisfaction to his subjects, and who restores you to your rank under his standard, will save you from a multitude of reproaches. The attention I should have paid to your failings, is involuntarily attracted to the hand that rewards them; and though I am not so partial to the royal judgment as to affirm, that the favor of a king can remove mountains of infamy, it serves to lessen, at least, (for undoubtedly it divides) the burden. While I remember how much is due to his sacred character, I cannot, with any decent appearance of propriety, call you the meanest and basest fellow in the kingdom. I protest, my lord, I do not think you so. You will have a dangerous rival in that kind of fame to which you have hitherto so happily directed your ambition, so long as there is one man living who thinks you are worthy of his confidence, and fit to be trusted with any share in his government. I confess you have great intrinsic merit; but take care you do not value it too highly. Consider how much of it would have been lost to the world, if the king had not graciously affixed his stamp, and given it currency among his subjects. If it be true that a virtuous man, struggling with adversity, be a scene worthy of the gods, the glorious contention between you and the best of princes deserves a circle equally attentive and respectable: I think I already see other gods rising from the earth to behold it.

But this language is too mild for the occasion. The king is determined that our abilities shall not be lost to society. The perpetration and description of new crimes will find employment for us both. My lord, if the persons who have been loudest in their professions of patriotism, had done their duty to the public with the same zeal and perseverance that I did, I will not assert that government would have recovered its dignity, but at least our gracious sovereign must have spared his subjects this last insult; which, if there be any feeling left among us, they will resent more than even the real injuries they received from every measure of your grace's administration. In vain would he have looked round him for another character so consummate as yours. Lord Mansfield shrinks from his principles: his ideas of government, perhaps, go farther than your own, but his heart disgraces the theory of his

^{*} If there be, in reality, any such law in England as the law of parliament, which (under the exception stated in my letter on privilege) I confess, after long deliberation, I very much doubt, it certainly is not constituted by, nor can it be collected from, the resolutions of either house, whether enacting or declaratory. I desire the reader will compare the above resolutions of the year 1704, with the following of the 3d of April, 1628.—"Resolved, That the writs of *Habeas Corpus* cannot be denied, but ought to be granted to every man that is committed or detained in prison, or otherwise restrained by the command of the king, the privy council, or any other, he praying the same."

^{*} The duke was lately appointed lord privy seal.

understanding. Charles Fox is yet in blossom; and as for Mr. Wedderburne, there is something about him which even treachery cannot trust. For the present, therefore, the best of princes must have contented himself with lord Sandwich. You would long since have received your final dismissal and reward, and I, my lord, who do not esteem you the more for the high office you possess, would willingly have followed you to your retirement. There is surely something singularly benevolent in the character of our sovereign. From the moment he ascended the throne, there is no crime of which human nature is capable (and I call upon the recorder to witness it) that has not appeared venial in his sight. With any other prince, the shameful desertion of him in the midst of that distress which you alone had created, in the very crisis of danger, when he fancied he saw the throne surrounded by men of virtue and abilities, would have outweighed the memory of your former services. But his majesty is full of justice, and understands the doctrine of compensations. He remembers, with gratitude, how soon you had accommodated your morals to the necessity of his service; how cheerfully you had abandoned the engagements of private friendship, and renounced the most solemn professions to the public. The sacrifice of lord Chatham was not lost upon him. Even the cowardice and perfidy of deserting him may have done you no disservice in his esteem. The instance was painful, but the principle might please.

You did not neglect the magistrate while you flattered the man. The expulsion of Mr. Wilkes, predetermined in the cabinet; the power of depriving the subject of his birthright, attributed to a resolution of one branch of the legislature; the constitution impudently invaded by the house of commons; the right of defending it treacherously renounced by the house of lords; these are the strokes, my lord, which, in the present reign, recommend to office and constitute a minister. They would have determined your sovereign's judgment, if they had made no impression upon his heart. We need not look for any other species of merit to account for his taking the earliest opportunity to recall you to his councils. But you have other merit in abundance. Mr. Hine, the duke of Portland, and Mr. Yorke:—Breach of trust, robbery, and murder. You would think it a compliment to your gallantry, if I added rape to the catalogue; but the style of your amours secures you from resistance. I know how well these several charges have been defended. In the first instance, the breach of trust is supposed to have been its own reward. Mr. Bradshaw affirms, upon his honor, (and so may the gift of smiling never depart from him!) that you reserved no part of Mr. Hine's purchase-money for your own use, but that every shilling of it was scrupulously paid to governor Burgoyne. Make haste, my lord; another patent, applied in time, may keep the *Oaks** in the family. If not, Birnham-Wood, I fear, must come to the *Macaroni*.

The duke of Portland was in life your earliest friend. In defense of his property, he had nothing to plead but equity against sir James Lowther, and prescription against the crown. You felt for your friend: but the law must take its course. Posterity will scarce believe that lord Bute's son-in-law had barely interest enough at the treasury to get his grant completed before the general election.†

* A superb villa of colonel Burgoyne, about this time advertised for sale.

† It will appear by a subsequent letter, that the duke's precipitation proved fatal to the grant. It looks like the hurry and confusion of a young highwayman, who takes a few shillings, but leaves the purse and watch behind him. And yet the duke was an old offender.

Enough has been said of that detestable transaction which ended in the death of Mr. Yorke: I cannot speak of it without horror and compassion. To excuse yourself, you publicly impeach your accomplice. And to his mind, perhaps, the accusation may be flattery. But in murder you are both principals. It was once a question of emulation; and, if the event had not disappointed the immediate schemes of the closet, it might still have been a hopeful subject of jest and merriment between you.

This letter, my lord, is only a preface to my future correspondence. The remainder of the summer shall be dedicated to your amusement. I mean now and then to relieve the severity of your morning studies, and to prepare you for the business of the day. Without pretending to more than Mr. Bradshaw's sincerity, you may rely upon my attachment as long as you are in office.

Will your grace forgive me, if I venture to express some anxiety for a man whom I know you do not love? My lord Weymouth has cowardice to plead, and a desertion of a later date than your own. You know the privy-seal was intended for him; and if you consider the dignity of the post he deserted, you will hardly think it decent to quarter him on Mr. Rigby. Yet he must have bread, my lord; or, rather, he must have wine. If you deny him the cup, there will be no keeping him within the pale of the ministry.

JUNIUS.

LETTER XLIX.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD,

July 2, 1771.

The influence of your grace's fortune still seems to preside over the treasury. The genius of Mr. Bradshaw inspires Mr. Robinson.* How remarkable it is (and I speak of it not as a matter of reproach, but as something peculiar to your character) that you have never yet formed a friendship, which has not been fatal to the object of it; nor adopted a cause, to which, one way or other, you have not done mischief! Your attachment is infamy while it lasts; and, which ever way it turns, leaves ruin and disgrace behind it. The deluded girl, who yields to such a profligate, even while he is constant, forfeits her reputation as well as her innocence, and finds herself abandoned at last to misery and shame. Thus it happened with the best of princes. Poor Dingley, too! I protest I hardly know which of them we ought most to lament; the unhappy man who sinks under the sense of his dishonor, or him who survives it. Characters so finished are placed beyond the reach of panegyric. Death has fixed his seal upon Dingley; and you, my lord, have set your mark upon the other.

The only letter I ever addressed to the king was so unkindly received, that I believe I shall never presume to trouble his majesty in that way again. But my zeal for his service is superior to neglect; and, like Mr. Wilkes's patriotism, thrives by persecution. Yet his majesty is much addicted to useful reading; and, if I am not ill-informed, has honored the *Public Advertiser* with particular attention. I have endeavored, therefore, and not without success, (as perhaps, you may remember,) to furnish it with such interesting and edifying intelligence, as probably would not reach him through any other channel. The services you have done the nation, your integrity in office, and signal fidelity to your ap-

* By an intercepted letter from the secretary of the treasury, it appeared, that the friends of government were to be very active in supporting the ministerial nomination of shortiffs.

proved good master, have been faithfully recorded. Nor have his own virtues been entirely neglected. These letters, my lord, are read in other countries, and in other languages; and I think I may affirm, without vanity, that the gracious character of the best of princes is by this time, not only perfectly known to his subjects, but tolerably well understood by the rest of Europe. In this respect alone I have the advantage of Mr. Whitehead. His plan I think is too narrow. He seems to manufacture his verses for the sole use of the hero who is supposed to be the subject of them, and, that his meaning may not be exported in foreign bottoms, sets all translation at defiance.

Your grace's re-appointment to a seat in the cabinet was announced to the public by the ominous return of lord Bute to this country. When that noxious planet approaches England, he never fails to bring plague and pestilence along with him. The king already feels the malignant effect of your influence over his councils. Your former administration made Mr. Wilkes an alderman of London and representative of Middlesex. Your next appearance in office is marked with his election to the shrievalty. In whatever measure you are concerned, you are not only disappointed of success, but always contrive to make the government of the best of princes contemptible in his own eyes, and ridiculous to the whole world. Making all due allowance for the effect of the minister's declared interposition, Mr. Robinson's activity, and Mr. Horne's new zeal in support of administration, we still want the genius of the duke of Grafton to account for committing the whole interest of government in the city to the conduct of Mr. Harley. I will not bear hard upon your faithful friend and emissary, Mr. Touchet; for I know the difficulties of his situation, and that a few lottery tickets are of use to his economy. There is a proverb concerning persons in the predicament of this gentleman, which, however, cannot be strictly applied to him; *They commence dupes and finish knaves*. Now, Mr. Touchet's character is uniform. I am convinced that his sentiments never depended upon his circumstances; and that, in the most prosperous state of his fortune, he was always the very man he is at present. But was there no other person of rank and consequence in the city, whom government could confide in, but a notorious Jacobite? Did you imagine that the whole body of the dissenters, that the whole whig interest of London, would attend at the levee, and submit to the directions of a notorious Jacobite? Was there no whig magistrate in the city, to whom the servants of George the Third could entrust the management of a business so very interesting to their master as the election of sheriffs? Is there no room at St. James's but for Scotchmen and Jacobites? My lord, I do not mean to question the sincerity of Mr. Harley's attachment to his majesty's government. Since the commencement of the present reign, I have seen still greater contradictions reconciled. The principles of these worthy Jacobites are not so absurd as they have been represented. Their ideas of divine right are not so much annexed to the person or family, as to the political character of the sovereign. Had there ever been an honest man among the Stuarts, his majesty's present friends would have been whigs upon principle. But the conversion of the best of princes has removed their scruples. They have forgiven him the sins of his Hanoverian ancestors, and acknowledged the hand of Providence in the descent of the crown upon the head of a true Stuart. In you my lord, they also behold, with a kind of predilection which borders upon loyalty, the natural representative of that illustrious family. The mode of your

descent from Charles the Second is only a bar to your pretensions to the crown, and no way interrupts the regularity of your succession to all the virtues of the Stuarts.

The unfortunate success of the reverend Mr. Horne's endeavors in support of the ministerial nomination of sheriffs, will, I fear, obstruct his preferment. Permit me to recommend him to your grace's protection. You will find him copiously gifted with those qualities of the heart which usually direct you in the choice of your friendships. He too was Mr. Wilkes's friend, and as incapable as you are of the liberal resentment of a gentleman. No, my lord; it was the solitary, vindictive malice of a monk, brooding over the infirmities of his friend, until he thought they quickened into public life, and feasting with a rancorous rapture upon the sordid catalogue of his distresses. Now let him go back to his cloister. The church is a proper retreat for him. In his principles he is already a bishop.

The mention of this man has moved me from my natural moderation. Let me return to your grace. You are the pillow upon which I am determined to rest all my resentments. What idea can the best of sovereigns form to himself of his own government? In what repute can he conceive that he stands with the people, when he sees, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that, whatever be the office, the suspicion of his favor is fatal to the candidate; and that, when the party he wishes well to, has the fairest prospect of success, if his royal inclination should unfortunately be discovered, it drops like an acid, and turns the election?

This event, among others, may, perhaps, contribute to open his majesty's eyes to his real honor and interest. In spite of all your grace's ingenuity, he may, at last, perceive the inconvenience of selecting, with such a curious felicity, every villain in the nation to fill the various departments of his government. Yet I should be sorry to confine him in the choice either of his footmen or his friends.

JUNIUS.

LETTER L.

FROM THE REV. MR. HORNE TO JUNIUS.

SIR,

July 12, 1771.

Farce, Comedy, and Tragedy.—*Wilkes, Foote, and Junius*—united at the same time against one poor person, are fearful odds. The two former are only laboring in their vocation, and may equally plead, in excuse, that their aim is a livelihood. I admit the plea for the *second*: his is an honest calling and my clothes were lawful game; but I cannot so readily approve Mr. Wilkes, or commend him for making patriotism a trade, and a fraudulent trade. But what shall I say to Junius? the grave, the solemn, the didactic! Ridicule, indeed, has been ridiculously called the test of truth: but surely, to confess that you lose your natural moderation when mention is made of the man, does not promise much truth or justice when you speak of him yourself.

You charge me with "a new zeal in support of administration," and with "endeavors in support of the ministerial nomination of sheriffs." The reputation which your talents have deservedly gained to the signature of Junius, draws from me a reply, which I disdained to give to the anonymous lies of Mr. Wilkes. You make frequent use of the word *gentleman*; I only call myself a *man*, and desire no other distinction. If you are either, you are bound to make good your charges, or to confess that you have done me a hasty injustice upon no authority.

I put the matter fairly to issue. I say that, so far

from any "new zeal in support of administration," I am possessed with the utmost abhorrence of their measures; and that I have ever shown myself, and am still ready, in any rational manner, to lay down all I have—my life, in opposition to those measures. I say, that I have not, and never have had, any communication or connection of any kind, directly or indirectly, with any courtier or ministerial man, or any of their adherents; that I never have received, or solicited, or expected, or desired, or do now hope for, any reward of any sort, from any part or set of men in administration or opposition. I say, that I never used any "endeavors in support of the ministerial nomination of sheriffs;" that I did not solicit any one liveryman for his vote for any one of the candidates, nor employ any other person to solicit; and that I did not write one single line or word in favor of Messrs. Plumble and Kirkman, whom I understand to have been supported by the ministry.

You are bound to refute what I here advance, or to lose your credit for veracity. You must produce facts; surmise and general abuse, in however elegant language, ought not to pass for proofs. You have every advantage, and I have every disadvantage: you are unknown; I give my name. All parties, both in and out of administration, have their reasons (which I shall relate hereafter) for uniting in their wishes against me: and the popular prejudice is as strongly in your favor as it is violent against the parson.

Singular as my present situation is, it is neither painful, nor was it unforeseen. He is not fit for public business, who does not, even at his entrance, prepare his mind for such an event. Health, fortune, tranquillity, and private connections, I have sacrificed upon the altar of the public; and the only return I received, because I will not concur to dupe and mislead a senseless multitude, is barely, that they have not yet torn me in pieces. That this has been the only return is my pride and a source of more real satisfaction than honors or prosperity. I can practice, before I am old, the lessons I learned in my youth; nor shall I forget the words of my ancient monitor:

"'Tis the last key-stone
That makes the arch; the rest that there were put,
Are nothing till that comes to bind and shut:
Then stands it a triumphal mark! Then men
Observe the strength, the height, the way and when
It was erected; and still, walking under,
Meet some new matter to look up and wonder!"

I am, sir, your humble servant,

JOHN HORNE.

LETTER LI.

TO THE REVEREND MR. HORNE.

SIR,

July 24, 1771.

I cannot descend to an altercation with you in the newspapers: but since I have attacked your character, and you complain of injustice, I think you have some right to an explanation. You defy me to prove, that you ever solicited a vote, or wrote a word in support of the ministerial aldermen. Sir, I did never suspect you of such gross folly. It would have been impossible for Mr. Horne to have solicited votes, and very difficult to have written in the newspapers in defense of that cause, without being detected, and brought to shame. Neither do I pretend to any intelligence concerning you, or to know more of your conduct than you yourself have thought proper to communicate to the public. It is from your own letters, I conclude, that you have sold yourself to the ministry: or, if that charge be too severe, and supposing it possible to be deceived by appearances so very strongly against you, what are your friends to say in your defense? Must they not confess, that, to gratify

your personal hatred of Mr. Wilkes, you sacrificed, as far as depended on your interest and abilities, the cause of the country? I can make allowances for the violence of the passions; and if ever I should be convinced that you had no motive but to destroy Wilkes, I shall then be ready to do justice to your character, and to declare to the world, that I despise you somewhat less than I do at present. But, as a public man, I must for ever condemn you. You cannot but know, (nay, you dare not pretend to be ignorant) that the highest gratifications of which the most detestable * * in this nation is capable, would have been the defeat of Wilkes. I know that man much better than any of you. Nature intended him only for a good-humored fool. A systematical education, with long practice, has made him a consummate hypocrite. Yet this man, to say nothing of his worthy ministers, you have most assiduously labored to gratify. To exclude Wilkes, it was not necessary you should solicit votes for his opponents. We incline the balance as effectually by lessening the weight in one scale, as increasing it in the other.

The mode of your attack upon Wilkes (though I am far from thinking meanly of your abilities) convinces me that you either want judgment extremely, or that you are blinded by you resentment. You ought to have foreseen that the charges you urged against Wilkes could never do him any mischief. After all, when we expected discoveries highly interesting to the community, what a pitiful detail did it end in!—some old clothes,—a Welch pony—a French footman—and a hamper of claret. Indeed, Mr. Horne, the public should and will forgive him his claret and his footman, and even the ambition of making his brother chamberlain of London, as long as he stands forth against a ministry and parliament who are doing every thing they can to enslave the country, and as long as he is a thorn in the king's side. You will not suspect me of setting up Wilkes for a perfect character. The question to the public is, where shall we find a man who, with purer principles, will go the lengths, and run the hazards, that he has done? The season calls for such a man, and he ought to be supported. What would have been the triumph of that odious hypocrite and his minions, if Wilkes had been defeated! It was not your fault, reverend sir, that he did not enjoy it completely. But now, I promise you, you have so little power to do mischief, that I much question whether the ministry will adhere to the promises they have made you. It will be in vain to say that I am a partisan of Mr. Wilkes, or personally your enemy. You will convince no man, for you do not believe it yourself. Yet I confess I am a little offended at the low rate at which you seem to value my understanding. I beg, Mr. Horne, you will hereafter believe, that I measure the integrity of men by their conduct, not by their professions. Such tales may entertain Mr. Oliver, or your grandmother; but, trust me, they are thrown away upon Junius.

You say you are a man. Was it generous, was it manly, repeatedly to introduce into a newspaper, the name of a young lady with whom you must heretofore have lived on terms of politeness and good humor? But I have done with you. In my opinion, your credit is irrevocably ruined. Mr. Townshend, I think, is nearly in the same predicament. Poor Oliver has been shamefully duped by you. You have made him sacrifice all the honor he got by his imprisonment. As for Mr. Sawbridge, whose character I really respect, I am astonished he does not see through your duplicity. Never was so base a design so poorly conducted. This letter,* you see, is not intended for the

* This letter was transmitted privately by the printer to Mr. Horne, at Junius's request. Mr. Horne returned it to the printer, with directions to publish it.

public; but, if you think it will do you any service, you are at liberty to publish it.

JUNIUS.

LETTER LII.

FROM THE REV. MR. HORNE TO JUNIUS.

SIR, July 31, 1771.

You have disappointed me. When I told you that surmise and general abuse, in however elegant language, ought not to pass for proofs, I evidently hinted at the reply which I expected, but you have dropped your usual elegance, and seem willing to try what will be the effect of surmise and general abuse in very coarse language. Your answer to my last letter (which, I hope, was cool, and temperate, and modest) has convinced me, that my idea of a *man* is much superior to yours of a *gentleman*. Of your former letters, I have always said, *Materiam superabat opus*: I do not think so of the present: the principles are more detestable than the expressions are mean and illiberal. I am contented that all those who adopt the one should for ever load me with the other.

I appeal to the common sense of the public, to which I have ever directed myself: I believe they have it; though I am sometimes half inclined to suspect that Mr. Wilkes has found a truer judgment of mankind than I have. However, of this I am sure, that there is nothing else upon which to place a steady reliance. Trick, and low cunning, and addressing their prejudices and passions, may be the fittest means to carry a particular point; but if they have not common sense, there is no prospect of gaining for them any real permanent good. The same passions which have been artfully used by an honest man for their advantage, may be more artfully employed by a dishonest man for their destruction. I desire them to apply their common sense to this letter of Junius, not for my sake, but their own; it concerns them most nearly; for the principles it contains lead to disgrace and ruin, and are inconsistent with every notion of civil society.

The charges which Junius has brought against me, are made ridiculous by his own inconsistency and self-contradiction. He charges me positively with "a new zeal in support of administration;" and with "endeavors in support of the ministerial nomination of sheriffs." And he assigns two inconsistent motives for my conduct: either that I have "*sold* myself to the ministry;" or am instigated "by the solitary vindictive *malice* of a monk;" either that I am influenced by a sordid desire of gain, or am hurried on by "personal hatred, and blinded by resentment." In his letter to the duke of Grafton, he supposes me actuated by both: in his letter to me, he at first doubts which of the two, whether interest or revenge, is my motive. However, at last he determines for the former, and again positively asserts, "that the ministry have made me promises;" yet he produces no instance of corruption, nor pretends to have any intelligence of any ministerial connection. He mentions no cause of personal hatred to Mr. Wilkes, nor any reason for my resentment or revenge: nor has Mr. Wilkes himself ever hinted any, though repeatedly pressed. When Junius is called upon to justify his accusation, he answers, "He cannot descend to an altercation with me in the newspapers." Junius who exists only in the newspapers, who acknowledges he has "attacked my character" there, and thinks "I have some right to an explanation;" yet this Junius "cannot descend to an altercation in the newspapers!" And because he cannot descend to an altercation with me in the newspapers, he sends a

letter of abuse, by the printer, which he finishes with telling me, "I am at liberty to *publish* it." This, to be sure, is a most excellent method to avoid an altercation in the newspapers!

The proofs of his positive charges are as extraordinary. "He does not pretend to any intelligence concerning me, or to know more of my conduct than I myself have thought proper to communicate to the public." He does not suspect me of such gross folly as to have solicited votes, or to have written anonymously in the newspapers; because it is impossible to do either without being detected, and brought to shame. Junius says this! who yet imagines that he has himself written two years under that signature (and more under *others*) without being detected! his warmest admirers will not hereafter add, *without being brought to shame*. But, though he never did suspect me of such gross folly, as to run the hazard of being detected, and brought to shame, by anonymous writing, he insists that I have been guilty of a much grosser folly, of incurring the certainty of shame and detection, by writings signed with my name! But this is a small fight for the towering Junius: "He is far from thinking meanly of my abilities," though "he is convinced that I want judgment extremely;" and can "really respect Mr. Sawbridge's character," though he declares him* to be so poor a creature, as not to see through the basest design, conducted in the poorest manner. And this most base design is conducted in the poorest manner by a man, whom he does not suspect of gross folly, and of whose abilities he is far from thinking meanly!

Should we ask Junius to reconcile these contradictions, and explain this nonsense, the answer is ready: "He cannot descend to an altercation in the newspapers." He feels no reluctance to attack the character of any man: the throne is not too high, nor the cottage too low: his mighty malice can grasp both extremes. He hints not his accusations as opinion, conjecture, or inference, but delivers them as positive assertions. Do the accused complain of injustice? He acknowledges they have some sort of right to an explanation; but if they ask for proofs and facts, he begs to be excused; and though he is no where else to be encountered, "he cannot descend to an altercation in the newspapers."

And this, perhaps, Junius may think "the *liberal resentment* of a gentleman;" this skulking assassination he may call courage. In all things, as in this, I hope we differ.

"I thought that fortitude had been a mean
Twixt fear and rashness; not a lust obscene,
Or appetite of offending; but a skill
And nice discernment between good and ill.
Her ends are honesty and public good.
And without these she is not understood."

Of two things, however, he has condescended to give proof. He very properly produces a *young lady* to prove that I am not a man; and a good *old woman*, my grandmother, to prove Mr. Oliver a fool. Poor old soul! she read her Bible far otherwise than

* I beg leave to introduce Mr. Horne to the character of the *Double Dealer*. I thought they had been better acquainted. "Another very wrong objection has been made by some, who have not taken leisure to distinguish the characters. The hero of the play (meaning *Médisante*) is a gull, and made a fool, and cheated. Is every man a gull and a fool that is deceived? At that rate, I am afraid, the two classes of men will be reduced to one, and the knaves themselves be at a loss to justify their title. But if an open, honest-hearted man, who has an entire confidence in one whom he takes to be his friend, and who (to confirm him in his opinion) in all appearance, and upon several trials, has been so, if this man be deceived by the treachery of the other, must he of necessity commence fool immediately, only because the other has proved a villain?" Yes, says parson Horne. No, says Congreve: and he, I think, is allowed to have known something of human nature.

Junius! She often found there, that the sins of the fathers had been visited on the children; and therefore was cautious that herself, and her immediate descendants, should leave no reproach on her posterity: and they left none. How little could she foresee this reverse of Junius, who visits my political sins upon my grandmother! I do not charge this to the score of malice in him; it proceeded entirely from his propensity to blunder; that whilst he was reproaching me for introducing, in the most harmless manner, the name of one female, he might himself, at the same instant, introduce two.

I am represented, alternately, as it suits Junius's purpose, under the opposite characters of a *gloomy monk*, and a man of *politeness and good-humor*. I am called a "solitary monk," in order to confirm the notion given of me in Mr. Wilkes's anonymous paragraphs, that I never laugh. And the terms of politeness and good-humor, on which I am said to have lived heretofore with the young lady, are intended to confirm other paragraphs of Mr. Wilkes, in which he is supposed to have offended me by *refusing his daughter*. Ridiculous! Yet I cannot deny but that Junius has proved me unmanly and ungenerous, as clearly as he has shown me corrupt and vindictive; and I will tell him more; I have paid the present ministry as many visits and compliments as ever I paid to the young lady; and shall all my life treat them with the same politeness and good-humor.

But Junius "begs me to believe, that he measures the integrity of men by their conduct, not by their professions." Sure this Junius must imagine his readers are void of understanding as he is of modesty! Where shall we find the standard of his integrity? By what are we to measure the conduct of this lurking assassin? And he says this to me, whose conduct, wherever I could personally appear, has been as direct, and open, and public, as my words, I have not, like him, concealed myself in my chamber, to shoot my arrows out of the window; nor contented myself to view the battle from afar; but publicly mixed in the engagement, and shared the danger. To whom have I, like him, refused my name, upon complaint of injury? What printer have I desired to conceal me? In the infinite variety of business in which I have been concerned, where it is not so easy to be faultless, which of my actions can he arraign? To what danger has any man been exposed, which I have not faced? *Information, action, imprisonment, or death?* What labor have I refused? What expense have I declined? What pleasure have I not renounced? But Junius, to whom no conduct belongs, "measures the integrity of men by their conduct, not by their professions:" himself, all the while, being nothing but professions, and those too anonymous. The political ignorance, or wilful falsehood, of this declaimer, is extreme. His own former letters justify both my conduct and those whom his last letter abuses: for the public measures which Junius has been all along defending, were ours whom he attacks; and the uniform opposer of those measures has been Mr. Wilkes, whose bad actions and intentions he endeavors to screen.

Let Junius now, if he pleases, change his abuse, and quitting his loose hold of interest and revenge, accuse me of vanity, and call this defense boasting. I own I have pride to see statues decreed, and the highest honors conferred, for measures and actions which all men have approved; whilst those who counselled and caused them are execrated and insulted. The darkness in which Junius thinks himself shrouded, has not concealed him; nor the artifice of only *attacking under that signature* those he would pull down, whilst he *recommends by other ways* those he would have promoted, disguised from me whose

partisan he is. When lord Chatham can forgive the awkward situation in which, for the sake of the public, he was designedly placed by the thanks to him from the city; and when Wilkes's name ceases to be necessary to lord Rockingham, to keep up a clamor against the persons of the ministry, without obliging the different factions, now in opposition, to bind themselves beforehand to some certain points, and to stipulate some precise advantages to the public; then, and not till then, may those whom he now abuses expect the approbation of Junius. The approbation of the public, for our faithful attention to their interest, by endeavors for those stipulations, which have made us as obnoxious to the factions in opposition as to those in administration, is not, perhaps, to be expected till some years hence; when the public will look back, and see how shamefully they have been deluded, and by what arts they were made to lose the golden opportunity of preventing what they will surely experience,—a change of ministers, without a material change of measures, and without any security for a tottering constitution. But what cares Junius for the security of the constitution? He has now unfolded to us his diabolical principles. As a public man he must ever condemn any measure which may tend accidentally to gratify the sovereign; and Mr. Wilkes is to be supported and assisted in all his attempts (no matter how ridiculous and mischievous his projects) *as long as he continues to be a thorn in the king's side!* The cause of the country, it seems, in the opinion of Junius, is merely to vex the king; and any rascal is to be supported in any roguery, provided he can only thereby plant *a thorn in the king's side*. This is the very extremity of faction, and the last degree of political wickedness. Because lord Chatham has been ill-treated by the king, and treacherously betrayed by the duke of Grafton, the latter is to be "the pillow on which Junius will rest his resentments;" and the public are to oppose the measures of government from mere motives of personal enmity to the sovereign! These are the avowed principles of the man who, in the same letter, says, "If ever he should be convinced that I had no motive but to destroy Wilkes, he shall then be ready to do justice to my character, and to declare to the world, that he despises me somewhat less than he does at present!" Had I ever acted from personal affection or enmity to Mr. Wilkes, I should justly be despised: but what does he deserve, whose avowed motive is personal enmity to the sovereign? The contempt which I should otherwise feel for the absurdity and glaring inconsistency of Junius, is here swallowed up in my abhorrence of his principles. The *right divine* and *sacredness* of kings is to me a senseless jargon. It was thought a daring expression of Oliver Cromwell, in the time of Charles the First, that, if he found himself placed opposite to the king in battle, he would discharge his piece into his bosom as soon as into any other man's. I go farther: had I lived in those days, I would not have waited for chance to give me an opportunity of doing my duty; I would have sought him through the ranks, and, without the least personal enmity, have discharged my piece into his bosom rather than into any other man's. The king, whose actions justify rebellion to his government, deserve death from the hand of every subject. And should such a time arrive, I shall be as free to act as to say; but, till then, my attachment to the person and family of the sovereign shall ever be found more zealous and sincere than that of his flatterers. I would offend the sovereign with as much reluctance as the parent: but if the happiness and security of the whole family made it necessary, so far, and so far, I would offend him without remorse.

But let us consider a little whither these principles of Junius would lead us. Should Mr. Wilkes once more commission Mr. Thomas Walpole to procure for him a pension of one thousand pounds, upon the Irish establishment, for thirty years, he must be supported in the demand by the public, because it would mortify the king!

Should he wish to see lord Rockingham and his friends once more in administration, unclogged by any stipulations for the people, that he might again enjoy a pension of one thousand and forty pounds a year, viz., from the first lord of the treasury, 500*l.* from the lords of the treasury, 60*l.* each: from the lords of trade, 40*l.* each, etc., the public must give up their attention to points of national benefit, and assist Mr. Wilkes in his attempt, because it would mortify the king!

Should he demand the government of Canada, or of Jamaica, or the embassy to Constantinople, and, in case of refusal, threaten to write them down, as he had before served another administration, in a year and a half, he must be supported in his pretensions, and upheld in his insolence, because it would mortify the king!

Junius may choose to suppose that these things cannot happen! But, that they have happened, notwithstanding Mr. Wilkes's denial, I do aver. I maintain that Mr. Wilkes did commission Mr. Thomas Walpole to solicit for him a pension of one thousand pounds, on the Irish establishment, for thirty years; with which, and a pardon, he declared he would be satisfied: and that, notwithstanding his letter to Mr. Onslow, he did accept a clandestine, precarious, and eleemosynary pension from the Rockingham administration, which they paid in proportion to, and out of their salaries; and so entirely was it ministerial, that, as any of them went out of the ministry, their names were scratched out of the list, and they contributed no longer. I say, he did solicit the governments, and the embassy, and threatened their refusal nearly in these words: "It cost me a year and a half to write down the last administration; should I employ as much time upon you, very few of you would be in at the death." When these threats did not prevail, he came over to England to embarrass them by his presence: and when he found that lord Rockingham was something firmer and more manly than he expected, and refused to be bullied into what he could not perform, Mr. Wilkes declared, that he could not leave England without money; and the duke of Portland and lord Rockingham purchased his absence with one hundred pounds a-piece, with which he returned to Paris. And for the truth of what I here advance, I appeal to the duke of Portland, to lord Rockingham, to lord John Cavendish, to Mr. Walpole, etc. I appeal to the handwriting of Mr. Wilkes, which is still extant.

Should Mr. Wilkes afterwards (failing in this wholesale trade) choose to dole out his popularity by the pound, and expose the city officers to sale to his brother, his attorney, etc. Junius will tell us it is only an ambition that he has to make them chamberlain, town clerk, etc., and he must not be opposed in thus robbing the ancient citizens of their birthright, because any defeat of Mr. Wilkes would gratify the king!

Should he, after consuming the whole of his own fortune and that of his wife, and incurring a debt of twenty thousand pounds, merely by his own private extravagance, without a single service or exertion all this time for the public, whilst his estate remained; should he, at length, being undone, commence patriot; have the good fortune to be illegally persecuted, and, in consideration of that illegality, be espoused by a few gentlemen of the purest public

principles: should his debts, though none of them were contracted for the public, and all his other encumbrances, be discharged; should he be offered 600*l.* or 1000*l.* a year to make him independent for the future; and should he, after all, instead of gratitude for these services, insolently forbid his benefactors to bestow their own money upon any other object but himself, and revile them for setting any bounds to their supplies; Junius (who, any more than lord Chatham, never contributed one farthing to these enormous expenses) will tell them, that if they think of converting the supplies of Mr. Wilkes's private extravagance to the support of public measures, they are as great fools as my grandmother; and that Mr. Wilkes ought to hold the strings of their purses, as long as he continues to be a thorn in the king's side!

Upon these principles I never have acted, and I never will act. In my opinion, it is less dishonorable to be the creature of a court, than the tool of a faction. I will not be either. I understand the two great leaders of opposition to be lord Rockingham and lord Chatham; under one of whose banners all the opposing members of both houses, who desire to get places, enlist. I can place no confidence in either of them, or in any others, unless they will now engage, whilst they are out, to grant certain essential advantages for the security of the public when they shall be in administration. These points they refuse to stipulate, because they are fearful lest they should prevent any future overtures from the court. To force them to these stipulations has been the uniform endeavor of Mr. Sawbridge, Mr. Townshend, Mr. Oliver, etc., and therefore they are abused by Junius. I know no reason, but my zeal and industry in the same cause, that should entitle me to the honor of being ranked by his abuse with persons of their fortune and station. It is a duty I owe to the memory of the late Mr. Beckford, to say, that he had no other aim than this, when he provided that sumptuous entertainment at the Mansion House, for the members of both houses in opposition. At that time, he drew up the heads of an engagement, which he gave to me, with a request that I would couch it in terms so cautious and precise, as to leave no room for future quibble and evasion; but to oblige them either to fulfil the intent of the obligation, or to sign their own infamy, and leave it on record; and this engagement he was determined to propose to them at the Mansion House, that either by their refusal they might forfeit the confidence of the public, or, by the engagement, lay a foundation for confidence.

When they were informed of the intention, lord Rockingham and his friends flatly refused any engagement; and Mr. Beckford as flatly swore, they should then "eat none of his broth;" and he was determined to put off the entertainment; but Mr. Beckford was prevailed upon by * * * to indulge them in the ridiculous parade of a popular procession through the city, and to give them the foolish pleasure of an imaginary consequence, for the real benefit only of the cooks and purveyors.

It was the same motive which dictated the thanks of the city to lord Chatham; which were expressed to be given for his declaration in favor of *short parliaments*, in order thereby to fix lord Chatham, at least, to that one constitutional remedy, without which all others can afford no security. The embarrassment, no doubt, was cruel. He had his choice, either to offend the Rockingham party, who declared formally against short parliaments, and with the assistance of whose numbers in both houses he must expect again to be minister, or to give up the confidence of the public, from whom, finally, all real consequence must proceed. Lord Chatham chose the

latter; and I will venture to say, that, by his answer to those thanks, he has given up the people without gaining the friendship or cordial assistance of the Rockingham faction, whose little politics are confined to the making of matches, and extending their family connections; and who think they gain more by procuring one additional vote to their party in the house of commons, than by adding their languid property, and feeble character, to the abilities of a Chatham, or the confidence of a public.

Whatever may be the event of the present wretched state of politics in this country, the principles of Junius will suit no form of government. They are not to be tolerated under any constitution. Personal enmity is a motive fit only for the devil. Whoever, or whatever is sovereign, demands the respect and support of the people. The union is formed for their happiness, which cannot be had without mutual respect; and he counsels maliciously who would persuade either to a wanton breach of it. When it is banished by either party, and when every method has been tried in vain to restore it, there is no remedy but a divorce; but even then he must have a hard and a wicked heart indeed, who punishes the greatest criminal merely for the sake of the punishment; and who does not let fall a tear for every drop of blood that is shed in a public struggle, however just the quarrel.

JOHN HORNE.

LETTER LIII.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

August 15, 1771.

I ought to make an apology to the duke of Grafton, for suffering any part of my attention to be diverted from his grace to Mr. Horne. I am not justified by the similarity of their dispositions. Private vices, however detestable, have not dignity sufficient to attract the censure of the press, unless they are united with the power of doing some signal mischief to the community. Mr. Horne's situation does not correspond with his intentions. In my opinion, (which I know will be attributed to my usual vanity and presumption) his letter to me does not deserve an answer. But I understand that the public are not satisfied with my silence; that an answer is expected from me; and that if I persist in refusing to plead, it will be taken for conviction. I should be inconsistent with the principles I profess, if I declined an appeal to the good sense of the people, or did not willingly submit myself to the judgment of my peers.

If any coarse expressions have escaped me, I am ready to agree that they are unfit for Junius to make use of; but I see no reason to admit that they have been improperly applied.

Mr. Horne, it seems, is unable to comprehend how an extreme want of conduct and discretion can consist with the abilities I have allowed him; nor can he conceive that a very honest man, with a very good understanding, may be deceived by a knave. His knowledge of human nature must be limited indeed. Had he never mixed with the world, one would have thought that even his books might have taught him better—Did he hear lord Mansfield when he defended his doctrine concerning libels? Or when he stated the law in prosecutions for criminal conversation? Or when he delivered his reasons for calling the house of lords together to receive a copy of his charge to the jury in Woodfall's trial? Had he been present upon any of these occasions, he would have seen how possible it is for a man of the first talents to confound himself in absurdities, which would disgrace the lips of an idiot. Perhaps the example

might have taught him not to value his own understanding so highly. Lord Lyttleton's integrity and judgment are unquestionable; yet he is known to admire that cunning Scotchman, and verily believes him an honest man. I speak to facts, with which all of us are conversant. I speak to men, and to their experience; and will not descend to answer the little sneering sophistries of a collegian. Distinguished talents are not necessarily connected with discretion. If there be any thing remarkable in the character of Mr. Horne, it is, that extreme want of judgment should be united with his very moderate capacity.—Yet I have not forgotten the acknowledgment I made him; he owes it to my bounty: and though his letter has lowered him in my opinion, I scorn to retract the charitable donation.

I said it would be very difficult for Mr. Horne to write directly in defense of a ministerial measure, and not to be detected, and even that difficulty I confined to his particular situation. He changes the terms of the proposition, and supposes me to assert, that it would be impossible for any man to write for the newspapers, and not be discovered.

He repeatedly affirms, or intimates at least, that he knows the author of these letters. With what color of truth, then, can he pretend, "That I am no where to be encountered but in a newspaper?" I shall leave him to his suspicions. It is not necessary that I should confide in the honor and discretion of a man, who already seems to hate me with as much rancor as if I had formerly been his friend. But he asserts, that he has traced me through a variety of signatures. To make the discovery of any importance to his purpose, he should have proved, either that the fictitious character of Junius has not been consistently supported, or that the author has maintained different principles under different signatures. I cannot recall to my memory the numberless trifles I have written; but I rely upon the consciousness of my own integrity, and defy him to fix any colorable charge of inconsistency upon me.

I am not bound to assign the secret motives of his apparent hatred of Mr. Wilkes: nor does it follow that I may not judge fairly of his conduct, though it were true that *I had no conduct of my own*. Mr. Horne enlarges with rapture upon the importance of his services; the dreadful battles which he might have been engaged in, and the dangers he has escaped in support of the formidable description he quotes verses without mercy. The gentleman deals in fiction, and naturally appeals to the evidence of the poets. Taking him at his word, he cannot but admit the superiority of Mr. Wilkes in this line of service. On one side, we see nothing but imaginary distress; on the other, we see real prosecutions; real penalties; real imprisonments; life repeatedly hazarded; and, at one moment, almost the certainty of death. Thanks are undoubtedly due to every man who does his duty in the engagement, but it is the wounded soldier who deserves the reward.

I did not mean to deny, that Mr. Horne had been an active partisan. It would defeat my own purpose not to allow him a degree of merit which aggravates his guilt. The very charge "of contributing his utmost efforts to support a ministerial measure," implies an acknowledgment of his former services. If he had not once been distinguished by his apparent zeal in defense of the common cause, he could not now be distinguished by deserting it. As for myself, it is no longer a question, "Whether I shall mix with the throng, and take a single share in the danger." Whenever Junius appears, he must encounter a host of enemies. But is there no honorable way to serve the public, without engaging in personal quarrels with insignificant individuals, or submitting to the

drudgery of canvassing votes for an election? Is there no merit in dedicating my life to the information of my fellow-subjects? What public question have I declined? What villain have I spared? Is there no labor in the composition of these letters? Mr. Horne, I fear is partial to me, and measures the facility of my writings by the fluency of his own.

He talks to us in high terms of the gallant feats he would have performed if he had lived in the last century. The unhappy Charles could hardly have escaped him. But living princes have a claim to his attachment and respect. Upon these terms, there is no danger in being a patriot. If he means any thing more than a pompous rhapsody, let us try how well his argument holds together. I presume he is not yet so much a courtier as to affirm that the constitution has not been grossly and daringly violated under the present reign. He will not say, that the laws have not been shamefully broken or perverted; that the rights of the subject have not been invaded; or, that redress has not been repeatedly solicited and refused. Grievances, like these, were the foundation of the rebellion in the last century; and, if I understand Mr. Horne, they would, at that period, have justified him, to his own mind, in deliberately attacking the life of his sovereign. I shall not ask him, to what political constitution this doctrine can be reconciled: but, at least, it is incumbent upon him to show, that the present king has better excuses than Charles the First, for the errors of his government. He ought to demonstrate to us, that the constitution was better understood a hundred years ago, than it is at present; that the legal rights of the subject, and the limits of the prerogative, were more accurately defined, and more clearly comprehended. If propositions like these cannot be fairly maintained I do not see how he can reconcile it to his conscience, not to act immediately with the same freedom with which he speaks. I reverence the character of Charles the First as little as Mr. Horne; but I will not insult his misfortunes by a comparison that would degrade him.

It is worth observing, by what gentle degrees the furious, persecuting zeal of Mr. Horne has softened into moderation. Men and measures were yesterday his object. What pains did he once take to bring that great state criminal *M^cQuirk* to execution! To-day he confines himself to measures only; no penal example is to be left to the successors of the duke of Grafton. To-morrow, I presume, both men and measures will be forgiven. The flaming patriot, who so lately scorched us in the meridian, sinks temperately to the west, and is hardly felt as he descends.

I comprehend the policy of endeavoring to communicate to Mr. Oliver and Mr. Sawbridge a share in the reproaches with which he supposes me to have loaded him. My memory fails me, if I have mentioned their names with disrespect; unless it be reproachful to acknowledge a sincere respect for the character of Mr. Sawbridge, and not to have questioned the innocence of Mr. Oliver's intentions.

It seems I am a partisan of the great leader of the opposition. If the charge had been a reproach, it should have been better supported. I did not intend to make a public declaration of the respect I bear lord Chatham; I well knew what unworthy conclusions would be drawn from it. But I am called upon to deliver my opinion; and surely it is not in the little sneering censure of Mr. Horne to deter me from doing signal justice to a man, who, I confess, has grown upon my esteem. As for the common sordid views of avarice, or any purpose of vulgar ambition, I question whether the applause of Junius would be of service to lord Chatham. My vote will hardly recommend him to an increase of his pension, or to a

seat in the cabinet. But, if his ambition be upon a level with his understanding, if he judges of what is truly honorable for himself, with the same superior genius which animates and directs him to eloquence in debate, to wisdom in decision, even the pen of Junius shall contribute to reward him. Recorded honors shall gather round his monument, and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it. I am not conversant in the language of panegyric. These praises are extorted from me; but they will wear well, for they have been dearly earned.

My detestation of the duke of Grafton is not founded upon his treachery to any individual; though I am willing enough to suppose, that, in public affairs, it would be impossible to desert or betray lord Chatham, without doing an essential injury to this country. My abhorrence of the duke arises from an intimate knowledge of his character, and from a thorough conviction that his baseness has been the cause of greater mischief to England, than even the unfortunate ambition of lord Bute.

The shortening the duration of parliaments is a subject on which Mr. Horne cannot enlarge too warmly, nor will I question his sincerity. If I did not profess the same sentiments, I should be shamefully inconsistent with myself. It is unnecessary to bind lord Chatham by the written formality of an engagement. He has publicly declared himself a convert to triennial parliaments; and though I have long been convinced, that this is the only possible resource we have left to preserve the substantial freedom of the constitution, I do not think we have a right to determine against the integrity of lord Rockingham or his friends. Other measures may undoubtedly be supported in argument, as better adapted to the disorder, or more likely to be obtained.

Mr. Horne is well assured that I never was the champion of Mr. Wilkes. But though I am not obliged to answer for the firmness of his future adherence to the principles he professes, I have no reason to presume that he will hereafter disgrace them. As for all those imaginary cases which Mr. Horne so petulantly urges against me, I have one plain honest answer to make him. Whenever Mr. Wilkes shall be convicted of soliciting a pension, an embassy, or a government, he must depart from that situation, and renounce that character, which he assumes at present, and which, in my opinion, entitles him to the support of the public. By the same act, and at the same moment, he will forfeit his power of mortifying the king: and though he can never be a favorite at St. James's, his baseness may administer a solid satisfaction to the royal mind. The man I speak of has not a heart to feel for the frailties of his fellow-creatures. It is their virtues that afflict, it is their vices that console him.

I give every possible advantage to Mr. Horne, when I take the facts he refers to for granted. That they are the produce of his invention, seems highly probable, that they are exaggerated, I have no doubt. At the worst, what do they amount to? but that Mr. Wilkes, who never was thought of as a perfect pattern of morality, has not been at all times proof against the extremity of distress. How shameful is it in a man who has lived in friendship with him, to reproach him with failings too naturally connected with despair? Is no allowance to be made for banishment and ruin? Does a two years' imprisonment make no atonement for his crimes? The resentment of a priest is implacable: no sufferings can soften, no penitence can appease him. Yet he himself, I think, upon his own system, has a multitude of political offenses to atone for. I will not insist upon the nauseous detail with which he so long disgusted the

public; he seems to be ashamed of it. But what excuse will he make to the friends of the constitution, for laboring to promote *this consummately bad man* to a station of the highest national trust and importance? Upon what honorable motives did he recommend him to the livery of London for their representative; to the ward of Farringdon for their alderman; to the county of Middlesex for their knight? Will he affirm, that, at that time, he was ignorant of Mr. Wilkes's solicitations to the ministry? That he should say so, is, indeed, very necessary for his own justification; but where will he find credulity to believe him?

In what school this gentleman learned his ethics, I know not. His logic seems to have been studied under Mr. Dyson. That miserable pamphleteer, by dividing the only precedent in point, and taking as much of it as suited his purpose, had reduced his argument upon the Middlesex election to something like the shape of a syllogism. Mr. Horne has conducted himself with the same ingenuity and candor. I had affirmed, that Mr. Wilkes would preserve the public favor, "as long as he stood forth against a ministry and parliament, who were doing every thing they could to enslave the country, and as long as he was a thorn in the king's side." Yet, from the exulting triumph of Mr. Horne's reply, one would think that I had rested my expectation that Mr. Wilkes would be supported by the public, upon the single condition of his mortifying the king. This may be logic at Cambridge, or at the treasury; but, among men of sense and honor, it is folly or villany in the extreme.

I see the pitiful advantage he has taken of a single unguarded expression, in a letter not intended for the public. Yet it is only the *expression* that is unguarded. I adhere to the true meaning of that member of the sentence, taken separately as he takes it; and now, upon the coolest deliberation, re-assert, that, for the purposes I referred to, it may be highly meritorious to the public, to wound the personal feelings of the sovereign. It is not a general proposition, nor is it generally applied to the chief magistrate of this, or any other constitution. Mr. Horne knows, as well as I do, that the best of princes is not displeased with the abuse which he sees thrown upon his ostensible ministers. It makes them, I presume, more properly the objects of his royal compassion. Neither does it escape his sagacity, that the lower they are degraded in the public esteem, the more submissively they must depend upon his favor for protection. This I affirm, upon the most solemn conviction and the most certain knowledge, is a leading maxim in the policy of the closet. It is unnecessary to pursue the argument any farther.

Mr. Horne is now a very loyal subject. He laments the wretched state of politics in this country; and sees, in a new light, the weakness and folly of the opposition. "Whoever, or whatever, is sovereign, demands the respect and support of the people:"¹ it was not so "when Nero fiddled while Rome was burning." Our gracious sovereign has had wonderful success in creating new attachments to *his person and family*. He owes it, I presume, to the regular system he has pursued in the mystery of conversion. He began with an experiment upon the Scotch, and concludes with converting Mr. Horne. What a pity it is, that the Jews should be condemned by Providence to wait for a Messiah of their own!

The priesthood are accused of misinterpreting the Scriptures. Mr. Horne has improved upon his profession. He alters the text, and creates a refutable doctrine of his own. Such artifices cannot long de-

* The very colloquy of lord Suffolk before he passed the Rubicon.

lude the understanding of the people, and, without meaning an indecent comparison, I may venture to foretell, that the Bible and Junius will be read, when the commentaries of the Jesuits are forgotten.

JUNIUS.

LETTER LIV.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

August 24, 1771.

The enemies of the people having now nothing better to object to my friend Junius, are, at last, obliged to quit his politics, and to rail at him for crimes he is not guilty of. His vanity and impiety are now the perpetual topics of their abuse. I do not mean to lessen the force of such charges, supposing they were true, but to show that they are not founded. If I admitted the premises, I should readily agree in all the consequences drawn from them. Vanity, indeed, is a venial error, for it usually carries its own punishment with it; but if I thought Junius capable of uttering a disrespectful word of the religion of his country, I should be the first to renounce and give him up to the public contempt and indignation. As a man, I am satisfied that he is a Christian, upon the most sincere conviction: as a writer, he would be grossly inconsistent with his political principles, if he dared to attack a religion, established by those laws, which it seems to be the purpose of his life to defend. Now for the proofs. Junius is accused of an impious allusion to the holy sacrament, where he says, that, "if lord Weymouth be denied the cup, there would be no keeping him within the pale of the ministry." Now, sir, I affirm, that this passage refers entirely to a ceremonial in the Roman Catholic church, which denies the cup to the laity. It has no manner of relation to the protestant creed; and is in this country as fair an object of ridicule as *transubstantiation*, or any other part of lord Peter's History, in the Tale of a Tub.

But Junius is charged with equal vanity and impiety, in comparing his writings to the Holy Scriptures. The formal protest he makes against any such comparison avails him nothing. It becomes necessary then to show that the charge destroys itself. If he be vain, he cannot be impious.

A vain man does not usually compare himself to an object which it is his design to undervalue. On the other hand, if he be impious, he cannot be vain; for his impiety, if any, must consist in his endeavoring to degrade the Holy Scriptures, by a comparison with his own contemptible writings. This would be folly, indeed, of the grossest nature; but where lies the vanity? I shall now be told, "Sir, what you say is plausible enough; but still you must allow, that it is shamefully impudent in Junius to tell us that his works will live as long as the Bible." My answer is, *Agreed: but first prove that he has said so.* Look at his words, and you will find that the utmost he expects is, that the Bible and Junius will survive the commentaries of the Jesuits; which may prove true in a fortnight. The most malignant sagacity cannot show that his works are, *in his opinion*, to live as long as the Bible. Suppose I were to foretell, that Jack and Tom would survive Harry, does it follow that Jack must live as long as Tom? I would only illustrate my meaning, and protest against the least idea of profaneness.

Yet this is the way in which Junius is usually answered, arraigned, and convicted. These candid critics never remember anything he says in honor of our holy religion: though it is true that one of his leading arguments is made to rest "upon the internal evidence, which the purest of all religions carries

with it." I quote his words; and conclude from them, that he is a true and hearty christian, in substance, not in ceremony; though possibly he may not agree with my reverend lords the bishops, or with the head of the church, "that prayers are morality, or that kneeling is religion."

PHILO JUNIOR.

LETTER LV.

FROM THE REV. MR. HORNE TO JUNIOR.

August 17, 1771.

I congratulate you, sir, on the recovery of your wonted style, though it has cost you a fortnight. I compassionate your labor in the composition of your letters, and will communicate to you the secret of my fluency. Truth needs no ornament; and in my opinion, what she borrows of the pencil is deformity.

You brought a positive charge against me of corruption. I denied the charge, and called for your proof. You replied with abuse, and re-asserted your charge. I called again for proofs. You reply again with abuse only, and drop your accusation. In your fortnight's letter, there is not one word upon the subject of my corruption.

I have no more to say, but to return thanks to you for your condescension, and to a grateful public, and honest ministry, for all the favors they have conferred upon me. The two latter, I am sure, will never refuse me any grace I shall solicit: and since you have been pleased to acknowledge, that you told a deliberate lie in my favor, out of bounty, and as a charitable donation, why may I not expect that you will hereafter (if you do not forget you ever mentioned my name with disrespect) make the same acknowledgment for what you have said to my prejudice? This second recantation will perhaps be more abhorrent from your disposition; but should you decline it, you will only afford one more instance, how much easier it is to be generous than just, and that men are sometimes bountiful who are not honest.

At all events, I am as well satisfied with your panegyric as lord Chatham can be. Monument I shall have none; but over my grave it will be said, in your own words, "Horne's situation did not correspond with his intentions."

JOHN HORNE.

LETTER LVI.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD,

September 28, 1771.

The people of England are not appraised of the full extent of their obligations to you. They have yet no adequate idea of the endless variety of your character. They have seen you distinguished and successful in the continued violation of those moral and political duties, by which the little as well as the great societies of life are connected and held together. Every color, every character became you. With a rate of abilities which lord Weymouth very justly looks down upon with contempt, you have done as much mischief to the community as Cromwell would have done, if Cromwell had been a coward; and as much as Machiavel, if Machiavel had not known that an appearance of morals and religion is useful in society. To a thinking man, the influence of the crown will, in no view, appear so formidable, as when he observes to what enormous excesses it has safely conducted your grace, without a ray of real understanding, without even the pretensions to common decency

* The epitaph would not be ill suited to the character; at the best it is but equivocal.

or principle of any kind, or a single spark of personal resolution. What must be the operation of that pernicious influence (for which our kings have wisely exchanged the nugatory name of prerogative) that in the highest stations can so abundantly supply the absence of virtue, courage, and abilities, and qualify a man to be a minister of a great nation, whom a private gentleman would be ashamed and afraid to admit into his family? Like the universal passport of an ambassador, it supersedes the prohibition of the laws, banishes the staple virtues of the country, and introduces vice and folly triumphantly into all the departments of the state. Other princes, besides his majesty, have had the means of corruption within their reach, but they have used it with moderation. In former times, corruption was considered as a foreign auxiliary to government, and only called in upon extraordinary emergencies. The unfeigned piety, the sanctified religion of *George the Third*, have taught him to new model the civil forces of the state. The natural resources of the crown are no longer confided in. Corruption glitters in the van, collects and maintains a standing army of mercenaries, and at the same moment impoverishes and enslaves the country. His majesty's predecessors (excepting that worthy family from which you, my lord, are unquestionably descended) had some generous qualities in their composition, with vices, I confess, or frailties in abundance. They were kings or gentlemen, not hypocrites or priests. They were at the head of the church, but did not know the value of their office. They said their prayers without ceremony, and had too little priestcraft in their understanding, to reconcile the sanctimonious forms of religion with the utter destruction of the morality of their people. My lord, this is fact, not declamation. With all your partiality to the house of Stuart, you must confess, that even Charles the Second would have blushed at that open encouragement, at those eager, meretricious caresses, with which every species of private vice and public prostitution is received at St. James's. The unfortunate house of Stuart has been treated with an asperity which, if comparison be a defense, seems to border upon injustice. Neither Charles nor his brother were qualified to support such a system of measures as would be necessary to change the government and subvert the constitution of England. One of them was too much in earnest in his pleasures, the other in his religion. But the danger to this country would cease to be problematical, if the crown should ever descend to a prince whose apparent simplicity might throw his subjects off their guard, who might be no libertine in behavior, who should have no sense of honor to restrain him, and who, with just religion enough to impose upon the multitude, might have no scruples of conscience to interfere with his morality. With these honorable qualifications, and the decisive advantage of situation, low craft and falsehood are all the abilities that are wanting to destroy the wisdom of ages, and to deface the noblest monument that human policy has erected. I know such a man; my lord, I know you both; and, with the blessing of God (for I, too, am religious) the people of England shall know you as well as I do. I am not very sure that greater abilities, would not, in effect, be an impediment to a design which seems at first sight to require a superior capacity. A better understanding might make him sensible of the wonderful beauty of that system he was endeavoring to corrupt; the danger of the attempt might alarm him; the meanness and intrinsic worthlessness of the object (supposing he could attain it) would fill him with shame, repentance, and disgust. But these are sensations which find no entrance into a barbarous, contracted heart. In some men there is a malignant passion to destroy

the works of genius, literature, and freedom. The Vandal and the monk find equal gratification in it.

Reflections like these, my lord, have a general relation to your grace, and inseparably attend you, in whatever company or situation your character occurs to us. They have no immediate connection with the following recent fact, which I lay before the public for the honor of the best of sovereigns, and for the edification of his people. A prince (whose piety and self denial, one would think, might secure him from such a multitude of worldly necessities,) with an annual revenue of near a million sterling, unfortunately *wants money*. The navy of England, by an equally strange occurrence of unforeseen circumstances (though not quite so unfortunately for his majesty,) is in equal want of timber. The world knows in what a hopeful condition you delivered the navy to your successor, and in what a condition we found it in the moment of distress. You were determined it should continue in the situation in which you left it. It happened, however, very luckily for the privy purse, that one of the above wants promised fair to supply the other. Our religious, benevolent, generous sovereign has no objection to selling his own timber to his own admiralty, to repair his own ships, nor to putting the money into his own pocket. People of a religious turn naturally adhere to the principles of the church; whatever they acquire falls into *mortmain*. Upon a representation from the admiralty of the extraordinary want of timber for the indispensable repairs of the navy, the surveyor-general was directed to make a survey of the timber in all the royal chases and forests in England. Having obeyed his orders with accuracy and attention, he reported that the finest timber he had any where met with, and the properest in every respect, for the purposes of the navy, was in Whittlebury Forest, of which your grace, I think, is hereditary ranger. In consequence of this report, the usual warrant was prepared at the treasury, and delivered to the surveyor, by which he, or his deputy, were authorized to cut down any trees in Whittlebury Forest, which should appear to be proper for the purposes above-mentioned. The deputy being informed that the warrant was signed, and delivered to his principal in London, crosses the country to Northamptonshire, and with an officious zeal for the public service, begins to do his duty in the forest. Unfortunately for him, he had not the warrant in his pocket. The oversight was enormous; and you have punished him for it accordingly. You have insisted, that an active, useful officer should be dismissed from his place. You have ruined an innocent man and his family. In what language shall I address so black, so cowardly a tyrant? Thou worse than one of the Brunswicks, and all the Stuarts! To them who know lord North, it is unnecessary to say, that he was mean and base enough to submit to you. This, however, is but a small part of the fact. After ruining the surveyor's deputy, for acting without the warrant, you attacked the warrant itself. You declared that it was illegal; and swore, in a fit of foaming frantic passion, that it never should be executed. You asserted, upon your honor, that in the grant of the rangiership of Whittlebury Forest, made by Charles the Second (whom with a modesty that would do honor to Mr. Rigby, you are pleased to call your ancestor) to one of his bastards (from whom I make no doubt of your descent,) the property of the timber is vested in the ranger. I have examined the original grant; and now, in the face of the public, contradict you directly upon the fact. The very reverse of what you have asserted upon your honor is the truth. The grant, *expressly and by a particular clause*, reserves the property of the timber for the use of the crown. In spite

of this evidence, in defiance of the representations of the admiralty, in perfect mockery of the notorious distresses of the English navy, and those equally pressing and almost equally notorious necessities of your pious sovereign, here the matter rests. The lords of the treasury, recall their warrant; the deputy surveyor is ruined for doing his duty; Mr. John Pitt (whose name I suppose, is offensive to you) submits to be brow-beaten and insulted; the oaks keep their ground; the king is defrauded; and the navy of England may perish for want of the best and finest timber in the island. And all this is submitted to, to appease the duke of Grafton! to gratify the man who has involved the king and his kingdom in confusion and distress; and who, like a treacherous coward, deserted his sovereign in the midst of it!

There has been a strange alteration in your doctrines, since you thought it advisable to rob the duke of Portland of his property, in order to strengthen the interest of lord Bute's son-in-law before the last general election. *Nullum tempus occurrit regi* was then your boasted motto, and the cry of all your hungry partisans. Now it seems a grant of Charles the Second to one of his bastards is to be held sacred and inviolable! It must not be questioned by the king's servants, nor submitted to any interpretation but your own. My lord, this was not the language you held, when it suited you to insult the memory of the glorious deliverer of England from that detested family, to which you are still more nearly allied in principle than in blood. In the name of decency and common sense, what are your grace's merits, either, with king or ministry, that should entitle you to assume this domineering authority over both? Is it the fortunate consanguinity you claim with the house of Stuart? Is it the secret correspondence you have so many years carried on with lord Bute, by the assiduous assistance of your *cremated colored parasite*? Could not your gallantry find sufficient employment for him in those *gentle* offices by which he first acquired the tender friendship of lord Barrington? Or is it only that wonderful sympathy of manners which subsists between your grace and one of your superiors, and does so much honor to you both? Is the union of *Bliss* and *Black George* no longer a *romance*? From whatever origin your influence in this country arises, it is a phenomenon in the history of human virtue and understanding. Good men can hardly believe the fact; wise men are unable to account for it; religious men find exercise for their faith, and make it the last effort of their piety not to repine against Providence.

JUNIUS.

LETTER LVII.

ADDRESSED TO THE LIVERY OF LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

September 30, 1771.

If you alone were concerned in the event of the present election of a chief magistrate of the metropolis, it would be the highest presumption in a stranger to attempt to influence your choice, or even to offer you his opinion. But the situation of public affairs has annexed an extraordinary importance to your resolutions. You cannot, in the choice of your magistrate, determine for yourselves only. You are going to determine upon a point, in which every member of the community is interested. I will not scruple to say, that the very being of that law, of that right, of that constitution, for which we have been so long contending, is now at stake. They who would ensnare your judgment tell you, it is a common ordinary case, and to be decided by ordinary precedent and practice. They artfully conclude,

from moderate peaceable times, to times which are not moderate, and which ought not to be peaceable. While they solicit your favor, they insist upon a rule of rotation, which excludes all idea of election.

Let me be honored with a few minutes of your attention. The question, to those who mean fairly to the liberty of the people (which we all profess to have in view), lies within a very narrow compass. Do you mean to desert that just and honorable system of measures which you have hitherto pursued. In hopes of obtaining from parliament, or from the crown, a full redress of past grievances, and a security for the future? Do you think the cause desperate, and will you declare that you think so to the whole people of England? If this be your meaning and opinion, you will act consistently with it in choosing Mr. Nash. I profess to be unacquainted with his private character; but he has acted as a magistrate, as a public man. As such I speak of him. I see his name in a protest against one of your remonstrances to the crown. He has done every thing in his power to destroy the freedom of popular elections in the city, by publishing the poll upon a former occasion; and I know, in general, that he has distinguished himself, by slighting and thwarting all those public measures which you have engaged in with the greatest warmth, and hitherto thought most worthy of your approbation. From his past conduct, what conclusion will you draw but that he will act the same part as lord mayor, which he has invariably acted as alderman and sheriff? He cannot alter his conduct without confessing that he never acted upon principle of any kind. I should be sorry to injure the character of a man, who, perhaps, may be honest in his intentions, by supposing it possible that he can ever concur with you in any political measure or opinion.

If, on the other hand, you mean to persevere in those resolutions for the public good, which, though not always successful, are always honorable, your choice will naturally incline to those men who whatever they be in other respects) are most likely to co-operate with you in the great purpose which you are determined not to relinquish. The question is not of what metal your instruments are made, but whether they are adapted to the work you have in hand. The honors of the city, in these times, are improperly, because exclusively, called a reward. You mean not merely to pay, but to employ. Are Mr. Crosby and Mr. Sawbridge likely to execute the extraordinary, as well as the ordinary, duties of lord mayor? Will they grant you common halls when it shall be necessary? Will they go up with remonstrances to the king? Have they firmness enough to meet the fury of a venal house of commons? Have they fortitude enough not to shrink at imprisonment? Have they spirit enough to hazard their lives and fortunes in a contest, if it should be necessary, with a prostituted legislature? If these questions can fairly be answered in the affirmative, your choice is made. Forgive this passionate language. I am unable to correct it. The subject comes home to us all. It is the language of my heart.

JUNIUS.

LETTER LVIII.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

October 5, 1771.

No man laments more sincerely than I do, the unhappy differences which have arisen among the friends of the people, and divided them from each other. The cause, undoubtedly, suffers as well by the diminution of that strength which union carries

along with it, as by the separate loss of personal reputation, which every man sustains when his character and conduct are frequently held forth in odious or contemptible colors. These differences are only advantageous to the common enemy of the country. The hearty friends of the cause are provoked and disgusted. The lukewarm advocate avails himself of any pretence, to relapse into that indolent indifference about every thing that ought to interest an Englishman, so unjustly dignified with the title of moderation. The false, insidious partisan, who creates or foment the disorder, sees the fruit of his dishonest industry ripen beyond his hopes, and rejoices in the promise of a banquet, only delicious to such an appetite as his own. It is time for those who really mean well to the Cause and the People, who have no view to private advantage, and who have virtue enough to prefer the general good of the community to the gratification of personal animosities; it is time for such men to interpose. Let us try whether these fatal dissensions may not yet be reconciled; or, if that be impracticable, let us guard at least against the worst effects of division, and endeavor to persuade these furious partisans, if they will not consent to draw together, to be separately useful to that cause which they all pretend to be attached to. Honor and honesty must not be renounced, although a thousand modes of right and wrong were to occupy the degrees of morality between Zeno and Epicurus. The fundamental principles of Christianity may still be preserved, though every zealous sectary adheres to his own exclusive doctrine, and pious ecclesiastics make it a part of their religion to persecute one another. The civil constitution, too, that legal liberty, that general creed which every Englishman professes, may still be supported, though Wilkes and Horne, and Townsend and Sawbridge, should obstinately refuse to communicate; and even if the fathers of the church, if Savile, Richmond, Camden, Rookingham, and Chatham, should disagree in the ceremonies of their political worship, and even in the interpretation of twenty texts in Magna Charta. I speak to the people, as one of the people. Let us employ these men in whatever departments their various abilities are best suited to, and as much to the advantage of the common cause, as their different inclinations will permit. They cannot serve us without essentially serving themselves.

If Mr. Nash be elected, he will hardly venture after so recent a mark of the personal esteem of his fellow-citizens, to declare himself immediately a courtier. The spirit and activity of the sheriffs will, I hope, be sufficient to counteract any sinister intentions of the lord mayor. In collision with their virtue, perhaps, he may take fire.

It is not necessary to exact from Mr. Wilkes the virtues of a Stoic. They were inconsistent with themselves, who, almost at the same moment, represented him as the basest of mankind, yet seemed to expect from him such instances of fortitude and self-denial, as would do honor to an apostle. It is not however, flattery to say, that he is obstinate, intrepid, and fertile in expedients. That he has no possible resource but in the public favor, is, in my judgment, a considerable recommendation of him. I wish that every man who pretended to popularity were in the same predicament. I wish that a retreat to St. James's were not so easy and open as patriots have found it. To Mr. Wilkes there is no access. However he may be misled by passion or imprudence, I think he cannot be guilty of a deliberate treachery to the public. The favor of his country constitutes the shield which defends him against a thousand daggers. Desertion would disarm him.

I can more readily admire the liberal spirit and in-

tegrity, than the sound judgment, of any man who prefers a republican form of government, in this or any other empire of equal extent, to a monarchy so qualified and limited as ours. I am convinced, that neither is it in theory the wisest system of government, nor practicable in this country. Yet, though I hope the English constitution will forever preserve its original monarchical form, I would have the manners of the people purely and strictly republican. I do not mean the licentious spirit of anarchy and riot. I mean a general attachment to the commonweal, distinct from any partial attachment to persons or families; an implicit submission to the laws only; and an affection to the magistrate, proportioned to the integrity and wisdom with which he distributes justice to his people, and administers their affairs. The present habit of our political body appears to me the very reverse of what it ought to be. The form of the constitution leans rather more than enough to the popular branch; while, in effect, the manners of the people (of those at least who are likely to take a lead in the country) incline too generally to a dependence upon the crown. The real friends of arbitrary power combine the facts, and are not inconsistent with their principles, when they strenuously support the unwarrantable privileges assumed by the house of commons. In these circumstances, it were much to be desired, that we had many such men as Mr. Sawbridge to represent us in parliament. I speak from common report and opinion only, when I impute to him a speculative predilection in favor of a republic. In the personal conduct and manners of the man I cannot be mistaken. He has shown himself possessed of that republican firmness which the times require; and by which an English gentleman may be as usefully and as honorably distinguished, as any citizen of ancient Rome, of Athens, or Lacedæmon.

Mr. Townshend complains that the public gratitude has not been answerable to his deserts. It is not difficult to trace the artifices which have suggested to him a language so unworthy of his understanding. A great man commands the affections of the people: a prudent man does not complain when he has lost them. Yet they are far from being lost to Mr. Townshend. He has treated our opinion a little too cavalierly. A young man is apt to rely too confidently upon himself, to be as attentive to his mistress as a polite and passionate lover ought to be. Perhaps he found her at first too easy a conquest. Yet I fancy she will be ready to receive him whenever he thinks proper to renew his addresses. With all his youth, his spirit, and his appearance, it would be indecent in the lady to solicit his return.

I have too much respect for the abilities of Mr. Horne, to flatter myself that these gentlemen will ever be cordially re-united. It is not, however, unreasonable to expect, that each of them should act his separate part with honor and integrity to the public. As for differences of opinion upon speculative questions, if we wait until they are reconciled, the action of human affairs must be suspended for ever. But neither are we to look for perfection in any one man, nor for agreement among many. When lord Chatham affirms, that the authority of the British legislature is not supreme over the colonies in the same sense in which it is supreme over Great Britain; when lord Camden supposes a necessity (which the king is to judge of,) and, founded upon that necessity, attributes to the crown a legal power (not given by the act itself,) to suspend the operation of an act of the legislature; I listen to them both with diffidence and respect, but without the smallest degree of conviction or assent. Yet I doubt not they delivered their real sentiments, nor ought they to be hastily condemned. I too have a claim to the candid inter-

pretation of my country, when I acknowledge an involuntary, compulsive assent to one very unpopular opinion. I lament the unhappy necessity, whenever it arises, of providing for the safety of the state by a temporary invasion of the personal liberty of the subject. Would to God it were practicable to reconcile these important objects, in every possible situation of public affairs! I regard the legal liberty of the meanest man in Britain as much as my own, and would defend it with the same zeal. I know we must stand or fall together. But I never can doubt, that the community has a right to command, as well as to purchase, the service of its members. I see that right founded originally upon a necessity which supersedes all argument: I see it established by usage immemorial, and admitted by more than a tacit assent of the legislature. I conclude there is no remedy, in the nature of things, for the grievance complained of; for, if there were, it must long since have been redressed. Though numberless opportunities have presented themselves, highly favorable to public liberty, no successful attempt has ever been made for the relief of the subject in this article. Yet it has been felt and complained of ever since England had a navy. The conditions which constitute this right must be taken together; separately, they have little weight. It is not fair to argue, from any abuse in the execution, to the illegality of the power; much less is a conclusion to be drawn from the navy to the land service. A seaman can never be employed but against the enemies of his country. The only case in which the king can have a right to arm his subjects in general, is that of a foreign force being actually landed upon our coast. Whenever that case happens, no true Englishman will inquire whether the king's right to compel him to defend his country be the custom of England, or a grant of the legislature. With regard to the press for seamen, it does not follow that the symptoms may not be softened, although the distemper cannot be cured. Let bounties be increased as far as the public purse can support them. Still they have a limit; and when every reasonable expense is incurred, it will be found, in fact, that the spur of the press is wanted to give operation to the bounty.

Upon the whole, I never had a doubt about the strict right of pressing, until I heard that lord Mansfield had applauded lord Chatham for delivering something like this doctrine in the house of lords. That consideration staggered me not a little. But, upon reflection, his conduct accounts naturally for itself. He knew the doctrine was unpopular, and was eager to fix it upon the man who is the first object of his fear and detestation. The cunning Scotchman never speaks truth without a fraudulent design. In council, he generally affects to take a moderate part. Besides his natural timidity, it makes part of his political plan, never to be known to recommend violent measures. When the guards are called forth to murder their fellow subjects, it is not by the ostensible advice of lord Mansfield. That odious office, his prudence tells him, is better left to such men as Gower and Weymouth, as Barrington and Grafton. Lord Hillsborough wisely confines his firmness to the distant Americans. The designs of Mansfield are more subtle, more effectual, and secure. Who attacks the liberty of the press? Lord Mansfield. Who invades the constitutional power of juries? Lord Mansfield. What judge ever challenged a juryman but lord Mansfield? Who was that judge, who, to save the king's brother, affirmed that a man of the first rank and quality, who obtained a verdict in a suit for criminal conversation, is entitled to no greater damages than the meanest mechanic? Lord Mansfield. Who is it makes com-

ioners of the great seal? Lord Mansfield. Who is it that forms a decree for those commissioners, deciding against lord Chatham, and afterwards (finding himself opposed by the judges) declares, in parliament, that he never had a doubt that the law was a direct opposition to that decree? Lord Mansfield. Who is he that has made it the study and practice of his life to undermine and alter the whole system of jurisprudence in the court of king's bench? Lord Mansfield. There never existed a man but himself who answered exactly to so complicated a description. Compared to these enormities, his original attachment to the pretender (to whom his dearest father was confidential secretary) is a virtue of the last magnitude. But the hour of impeachment will come, and neither he nor Grafton shall escape me. I will let them make common cause against England and the house of Hanover. A Stuart and a Murray would sympathise with each other.

When I refer to signal instances of unpopular opinions, delivered and maintained by men, who may well be supposed to have no view but the public good, I do not mean to renew the discussion of such opinions. I should be sorry to revive the dormant questions of *Stamp Act*, *Corn Bill*, or *Press Warrant*. I mean only to illustrate one useful proposition, which it is the intention of this paper to inculcate, "That we should not generally reject the friendship & services of any man, because he differs from us in a particular opinion." This will not appear a superfluous caution, if we observe the ordinary conduct of mankind. In public affairs, there is the least chance of a perfect concurrence of sentiments or inclination: yet every man is able to contribute something to the common stock, and no man's contribution should be rejected. If individuals have no virtues, their vices may be of use to us. I care not with what principle the new born patriot is animated, if the measures he supports are beneficial to the community. The nation is interested in his conduct. His motives are his own. The properties of a patriot are perishable in the individual; but there is a quick succession of subjects, and the breed is worth preserving. The spirit of the Americans may be an useful example to us. Our dogs and our horses are only English upon English ground; but patriotism, it seems, may be improved by transplanting. I will not reject a bill which tends to confine parliamentary privilege within reasonable bounds, though it should be stolen from the house of Cavendish, and introduced by Mr. Onslow. The features of the infant are a proof of the descent, and vindicate the noble birth from the baseness of the adoption. I willingly accept of a sarcasm from colonel Barre, or a simile from Mr. Burke. Even the silent vote of Mr. Calcraft is worth reckoning in a division. What though he riots in the plunder of the army, and has only determined to be a patriot when he could not be a peer? Let us profit by the assistance of such men while they are with us, and place them, if it be possible, in the post of danger, to prevent desertion. The wary Wedderburne, the pompous Suffolk, never threw away the scabbard, nor ever went upon a forlorn hope. They always treated the king's servants as men with whom, some time or other, they might probably be in friendship. When a man, who stands forth for the public, has gone that length from which there is no practicable retreat, when he has given that kind of personal offense, which a pious monarch never pardons, I then begin to think him in earnest, and that he will never have occasion to solicit the forgiveness of his country. But instances of a determination so entire and unreserved are rarely met with. Let us take mankind as they are; let us distribute the virtues and abilities of individuals ac-

cording to the offices they affect; and, when they quit the service, let us endeavor to supply their places with better men than we have lost. In this country there are always candidates enough for popular favor. The temple of fame is the shortest passage to riches and preferment.

Above all things, let me guard my countrymen against the meanness and folly of accepting of a trifling or moderate compensation for extraordinary and essential injuries. Our enemy treats us as the cunning trader does the unskilful Indian; they magnify their generosity, when they give us bangles of little proportionate value for ivory and gold. The same house of commons, who robbed the constituent body of their right of free election; who presume to make a law, under pretence of declaring it; who paid our good king's debts, without once inquiring how they were incurred; who gave thanks for repeated murders committed at home, and for national infamy incurred abroad; who screened lord Mansfield; who imprisoned the magistrates of the metropolis for asserting the subject's right to the protection of the laws; who erased a judicial record, and ordered all proceedings in a criminal suit to be suspended: this very house of commons have graciously consented that their own members may be compelled to pay their debts, and that contested elections shall, for the future, be determined with some decent regard to the merits of the case. The event of the suit is of no consequence to the crown. While parliaments are septennial, the purchase of the sitting member, or of the petitioner, makes but the difference of a day. Concessions such as these are of little moment to the sum of things; unless it be to prove that the worst of men are sensible of the injuries they have done us, and perhaps to demonstrate to us the imminent danger of our situation. In the shipwreck of the state, trifles float, and are preserved; while every thing solid and valuable sinks to the bottom, and is lost forever.

JUNIUS.

LETTER LIX.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

October 15, 1771.

I am convinced that Junius is incapable of willfully misrepresenting any man's opinion, and that his inclination leads him to treat lord Camden with particular candor and respect. The doctrine attributed to him by Junius, as far as it goes, corresponds with that stated by your correspondent Scævola, who seems to make a distinction without a difference. Lord Camden it is agreed, did certainly maintain, that, in the recess of parliament, the king (by which we all mean the *king in council* or the executive power) might suspend the operation of an act of the legislature; and he founded his doctrine upon a supposed necessity, of which the king, in the first instance, must be judge. The lords and commons cannot be judges of it in the first instance, for they do not exist. Thus far Junius.

But, says Scævola, lord Camden made parliament, and not the king, judges of the necessity. That parliament may review the acts of ministers, is unquestionable; but there is a wide difference between saying, that the crown has a *legal* power and that the ministers may act *at their peril*. When we say that an act is illegal, we mean that it is forbidden by a joint resolution of the three estates. How a subsequent resolution of two of those branches can make it legal, *ab initio*, will require explanation. If it could, the consequences would be truly dreadful, especially in these times. There is no act of

arbitrary power which the king might not attribute to necessity, and for which he would not be secure of obtaining the approbation of his prostituted lords and commons. If lord Camden admits, that the subsequent sanction of parliament was necessary to make the proclamation legal, why did he so obstinately oppose the bill, which was soon after brought in, for indemnifying all those persons who had acted under it? If that bill had not been passed, I am ready to maintain, in direct contradiction to lord Camden's doctrine (taken as Scævola states it) that a litigious exporter of corn, who had suffered in his property, in consequence of the proclamation, might have laid his action against the custom-house officers, and would infallibly have recovered damages. No jury could refuse them: and if I, who am by no means litigious, had been so injured, I would assuredly have instituted a suit in Westminster-hall, on purpose to try the question of right. I would have done it upon a principle of defiance of the pretended power of either or both houses to make declarations inconsistent with law; and I have no doubt that, with an act of parliament on my side, I should have been too strong for them all. This is the way in which an Englishman should speak and act, and not suffer dangerous precedents to be established, because the circumstances are favorable or palliating.

With regard to lord Camden, the truth is, that he inadvertently overshot himself, as appears plainly by that unguarded mention of a *tyranny of forty days*, which I myself heard. Instead of asserting, that the proclamation was *legal*, he should have said, "My lords, I know the proclamation was *illegal*; but I advised it, because it was indispensably necessary to save the kingdom from famine; and I submit myself to the justice and mercy of my country."

Such language as this would have been manly, rational, and consistent; not unfit for a lawyer, and every way worthy of a great man.

PHILO JUNIUS.

P. S. If Scævola should think proper to write again upon this subject, I beg of him to give me a direct answer; that is, a plain affirmative or negative, to the following questions:—In the interval between the publishing such a proclamation (or order of council) as that in question, and its receiving the sanction of the two houses, of what nature is it? Is it *legal* or *illegal*? Or, is it neither one nor the other? I mean to be candid, and will point out to him the consequence of his answer either way. If it be legal, it wants no farther sanction; if it be illegal, the subject is not bound to obey it, consequently it is an useless, nugatory act, even as to its declared purpose. Before the meeting of parliament, the whole mischief which it means to prevent will have been completed.

LETTER LX.

TO ZENO.

October 17, 1771.

SIR,

The sophistry of your letter in defense of lord Mansfield is adapted to the character you defend. But lord Mansfield is a man of *form*, and seldom in his behavior transgresses the rules of decorum. I shall imitate his lordship's good manners, and leave you in full possession of his principles. I will not call you a liar, Jesuit, or villain; but, with all the politeness imaginable, perhaps I may prove you so.

Like other fair pleaders in lord Mansfield's school of justice, you answer Junius by misquoting his words, and misstating his propositions. If I am can-

did enough to admit, that this is the very logic taught at St. Omer's, you will readily allow, that this is the constant practice in the court of king's bench. Junius does not say that he never had a doubt about the strict right of pressing, *till he knew lord Mansfield was of the same opinion*. His words are, "until he heard that lord Mansfield had applauded lord Chatham for maintaining that doctrine in the house of lords." It was not the accidental concurrence of lord Mansfield's opinion, but the sufficient applause given by a cunning Scotchman to the man he detests, that raised and justified a doubt in the mind of Junius. The question is not, whether lord Mansfield be a man of learning and abilities (which Junius has never disputed,) but whether or no he abuses and misapplies his talents.

Junius did not say that lord Mansfield had advised the calling out of the guards. On the contrary, his plain meaning is, that he left that odious office to men less cunning than himself. Whether lord Mansfield's doctrine concerning libels be or be not an attack upon the liberty of the press, is a question which the public in general are very well able to determine. I shall not enter into it at present. Nor do I think it necessary to say much to a man, who had the daring confidence to say to a jury, "Gentlemen, you are to bring in a verdict *guilty* or *not guilty*:" but whether the defendant be guilty or innocent, is not matter for your consideration." Clothe it in what language you will, this is the sum total of lord Mansfield's doctrine. If not, let Zeno show us the difference.

But it seems, "the liberty of the press may be abused, and the abuse of a valuable privilege is the certain means to lose it." The first I admit; but let the abuse be submitted to a jury; a sufficient, and, indeed, the only legal and constitutional check upon the license of the press. The second I flatly deny. In direct contradiction to lord Mansfield, I affirm, that "the abuse of a valuable privilege is not the certain means to lose it;" if it were, the English nation would have few privileges left; for, where is the privilege that has not, at one time or other, been abused by individuals? But it is false in reason and equity, that particular abuses should produce a general forfeiture. Shall the community be deprived of the protection of the laws, because there are robbers and murderers? Shall the community be punished, because individuals have offended? Lord Mansfield says so, consistently enough with his principles; but I wonder to find him so explicit. Yet, for one concession, however extorted, I confess myself obliged to him. The liberty of the press is, after all, a valuable privilege. I agree with him most heartily, and will defend it against him.

You ask me, What juryman was challenged by lord Mansfield? I tell you; his name is *Benson*. When his name was called, lord Mansfield ordered the clerk to pass him by. As for his reasons, you may ask himself, for he assigned none: but I can tell you what all men thought of it. This Benson had been refractory upon a former jury, and would not accept of the law as delivered by lord Mansfield; but had the impudence to pretend to *think for himself*. But you, it seems, honest Zeno, know nothing of the matter. You never read Junius's letter to your patron: you never heard of the intended instructions from the city to impeach lord Mansfield: you never heard by what dexterity of Mr. Paterson that measure was prevented. How wonderfully ill some people are informed!

Junius never did affirm, that the crime of seducing the wife of a mechanic or a peer, is not the same, taken in a moral or religious view. What he affirmed, in contradiction to the levelling principle so lately adopted by lord Mansfield, was, "that the damages

should be proportioned to the rank and fortune of the parties:" and for this plain reason (admitted by every other judge that sat in Westminster-hall) because what is a compensation or penalty to one man, is none to another. The sophistical distinction you attempt to draw between the person *injured* and the person *injuring*, is Mansfield all over. If you can once establish the proposition, that the injured party is not entitled to receive large damages, it follows, pretty plainly, that the party injuring should not be compelled to pay them; consequently the king's brother is effectually screened by lord Mansfield's doctrine. Your reference to Nathan and David comes naturally in aid of your patron's professed system of jurisprudence. He is fond of introducing into the court of king's bench any law that contradicts or excludes the common law of England; whether it be canon, civil, *jus gentium*, or Levitical. But, sir, the Bible is the code of our religious faith, not of our municipal jurisprudence: and though it was the pleasure of God to inflict a particular punishment upon David's crime (taken as a breach of his divine commands) and to send his prophet to denounce it, an English jury have nothing to do either with David or the prophet. They consider the crime only as it is a breach of order, and injury to an individual, and an offense to society; and they judge of it by certain positive rules of law, or by the practice of their ancestors. Upon the whole, the man "after God's own heart" is much indebted to you for comparing him to the duke of Cumberland.

That his royal highness may be the man after lord Mansfield's own heart, seems much more probable; and you, I think, Mr. Zeno, might succeed tolerably well in the character of Nathan. The evil deity, the prophet, and the royal sinner, would be very proper company for one another.

You say, lord Mansfield did not make the commissioners of the great seal, and that he only advised the king to appoint. I believe Junius meant on more; and the distinction is hardly worth disputing.

You say he *did* not deliver an opinion upon lord Chatham's appeal. I affirm that he *did*, directly in favor of the appeal. This is a point of fact to be determined by evidence only. But you assign no reason for his supposed silence, nor for his desiring a conference with the judges the day before. Was not all Westminster-hall convinced that he *did* it with a view to puzzle them with some perplexing question, and in hopes of bringing some of them over to him? You say the commissioners were *very capable of framing a decree for themselves*. By the fact, it only appears, that they were capable of framing an *illegal* one; which, I apprehend, is not much to the credit either of their learning or integrity.

We are both agreed, that lord Mansfield has incessantly labored to introduce new modes of proceeding in the court where he presides; but you attribute it to an honest zeal in behalf of innocence oppressed by quibble and chicanery. I say, that he has introduced new law too, and removed the landmarks established by former decisions. I say, that his view is, to change a court of common law into a court of equity, and to bring every thing within the *arbitrium* of a *prætorian* court. The public must determine between us. But now for his merits. First then, the establishment of the judges in their places for life, (which you tell us was advised by lord Mansfield) was a concession merely to catch the people. It bore the appearance of the royal bounty, but had nothing real in it. The judges were already for life, excepting in the case of a demise. Your boasted bill only provides, that it shall not be in the power of the king's successor to remove them. At the best, therefore, it is only a legacy, not a gift, on

the part of his present majesty, since, for himself he gives up nothing. That he did oppose lord Camden and lord Northington upon the proclamation against the exportation of corn, is most true, and with great ability. With his talents, and taking the right side of so clear a question, it was impossible to speak ill. His motives are not so easily penetrated. They who are acquainted with the state of politics at that period, will judge of them somewhat differently from Zeno. Of the popular bills, which you say he supported in the house of lords, the most material is unquestionably that of Mr. Grenville for deciding contested elections. But I should be glad to know upon what possible pretence any member of the upper house could oppose such a bill, after it had passed the house of commons? I do not pretend to know what share he had in promoting the other two bills; but I am ready to give him all the credit you desire. Still you will find, that a whole life of deliberate iniquity is ill atoned for, by doing now and then a laudable action, upon a mixed or doubtful principle. If it be unworthy of him, thus ungratefully treated, to labor any longer for the public, in God's name, let him retire. His brother's patron (whose health he once was anxious for) is dead; but the son of that unfortunate prince survives, and, I dare say, will be ready to receive him.

PHILO JUNIUS.

LETTER LXI.

TO AN ADVOCATE IN THE CAUSE OF THE PEOPLE.

SIR,

October 18, 1771.

You do not treat Junius fairly. You would not have condemned him so hastily, if you had ever read judge Foster's argument upon the legality of pressing seamen. A man who has not read that argument, is not qualified to speak accurately upon the subject. In answer to strong facts and fair reasoning, you produce nothing but a vague comparison between two things which have little or no resemblance to each other. *General warrants*, it is true, had been often issued; but they had never been regularly questioned or resisted, until the case of Mr. Wilkes. He brought them to trial: and the moment they were tried, they were declared *illegal*. This is not the case of *press warrants*. They have been complained of, questioned, and resisted in a thousand instances; but still the legislature have never interposed, nor has there ever been a formal decision against them in any of the superior courts. On the contrary, they have been frequently recognized and admitted by parliament; and there are judicial opinions given in their favor by judges of the first character. Under the various circumstances stated by Junius, he has a right to conclude for himself, that there is no remedy. If you have a good one to propose, you may depend upon the assistance and applause of Junius. The magistrate who guards the liberty of the individual deserves to be commended. But let him remember, that it is also his duty to provide for, or at least not to hazard, the safety of the community. If, in the case of a foreign war, and the expectation of an invasion, you would rather keep your fleet in harbor, than man it, by pressing seamen who refuse the bounty, I have done.

You talk of disbanding the army with wonderful ease and indifference. If a wiser man held such language, I should be apt to suspect his sincerity.

As for keeping up a much greater number of seamen in time of peace, it is not to be done: you will oppress the merchant, you will distress trade, and destroy the nursery of your seamen. He must be a miserable statesman who voluntarily, by the same act, increases the public expense, and lessens the means of supporting it.

PHILO JUNIUS.

LETTER LXII.

October 23, 1771.

A friend of Junius desires it may be observed (in answer to a barrister at law,)

1. That the fact of lord Mansfield's having ordered a jurymen to be passed by (which poor Zeno never heard of) is now formally admitted. When Mr. Benson's name was called, lord Mansfield was observed to flush in the face (a signal of guilt not uncommon with him), and cried out, "Pass him by." This I take to be something more than a peremptory challenge: it is an *unlawful command*, without any reason assigned. That the counsel did not resist, is true; but this might happen either from inadvertence, or a criminal complaisance to lord Mansfield. You barristers are too apt to be civil to my lord chief justice, at the expense of your clients.

2. Junius did never say, that lord Mansfield had *destroyed* the liberty of the press. "That his lordship has *labored to destroy*, that his doctrine is an *attack* upon the liberty of the press, that it is an *invasion* of the right of juries," are the propositions maintained by Junius. His opponents never answer him in point; for they never meet him fairly upon his own ground.

3. Lord Mansfield's policy in endeavoring to screen his unconstitutional doctrines behind an act of the legislature, is easily understood. Let every Englishman stand upon his guard: the right of juries to return a general verdict in all cases whatsoever, is a part of our constitution. It stands in no need of a bill, either enacting or declaratory, to confirm it.

4. With regard to the Grosvenor cause, it is pleasant to observe that the doctrine attributed by Junius to lord Mansfield is admitted by Zeno, and directly defended. The barrister has not the assurance to deny it flatly; but he evades the charge, and softens the doctrine, by such poor contemptible quibbles as cannot impose upon the meanest understanding.

5. The quantity of business in the court of king's bench proves nothing but the litigious spirit of the people, arising from the great increase of wealth and commerce. These, however, are now upon the decline, and will soon leave nothing but *law-suits* behind them. When Junius affirms, that lord Mansfield has labored to alter the system of jurisprudence in the court where his lordship presides, he speaks to those who are able to look a little farther than the vulgar. Besides, that the multitude are easily deceived by the imposing names of *equity* and *substantial justice*, it does not follow that a judge, who introduces into his court new modes of proceeding and new principles of law, intends, in every instance, to decide unjustly. Why should he, where he has no interest? We say, that lord Mansfield is a *bad man*, and a *worse judge*; but we do not say that he is a *mere devil*. Our adversaries would fain reduce us to the difficulty of proving too much. This artifice, however, shall not avail him. The truth of the matter is plainly this: when lord Mansfield has succeeded in his scheme of changing a court of common law to a court of equity, he will have it in his power to do injustice *whenever he thinks proper*. This, though a wicked purpose, is neither absurd nor unattainable.

6. The last paragraph, relative to lord Chatham's cause, cannot be answered. It partly refers to facts of too secret a nature to be ascertained, and partly is unintelligible. "Upon one point the cause is decided against lord Chatham: upon another point it is decided for him." Both the law and the language are well suited to a barrister! If I have any guess at this honest gentleman's meaning, it is, "That whereas the commissioners of the great seal saw the question

in a point of view unfavorable to lord Chatham, and decreed accordingly; lord Mansfield, out of sheer love and kindness to lord Chatham, took the pains to place it in a point of view more favorable to the appellant." *Credat Judæus Apella*. So curious an assertion would stagger the faith of Mr. Sylva.

LETTER LXIII.

November 2, 1771.

We are desired to make the following declaration, in behalf of Junius, upon three material points, on which his opinion has been mistaken or misrepresented.

1. Junius considers the right of taxing the colonies, by an act of the British legislature, as a *speculative* right merely, never to be *exercised* nor ever to be *renounced*. To his judgment it appears plain, "That the general reasonings which were employed against that power, went directly to our whole legislative right; and that one part of it could not be yielded to such arguments, without a virtual surrender of all the rest."

2. That, with regard to press-warrants, his argument should be taken in his own words, and answered strictly; that comparisons may sometimes illustrate but prove nothing; and that, in this case, an appeal to the passions is unfair and unnecessary. Junius feels and acknowledges the evil in the most express terms, and will show himself ready to concur in any rational plan that may provide for the liberty of the individual, without hazarding the safety of the community. At the same time he expects that the evil, such as it is, be not exaggerated or misrepresented. In general, it is not unjust, that when the rich man contributes his wealth, the poor man should serve the state in person; otherwise, the latter contributes nothing to the defense of that law and constitution from which he demands *safety* and protection. But the question does not lie between the rich and the poor. The laws of England make no such distinctions. Neither is it true, that the poor man is torn from the care and support of a wife and family, helpless without him. The single question is, Whether the *seaman*,* in times of public danger, shall serve the merchant, or the state, in that profession to which he was bred, and by the exercise of which alone he can honestly support himself and his family? General arguments against the doctrine of necessity, and the dangerous use that may be made of it, are of no weight in this particular case. Necessity includes the idea of inevitable. Whenever it is so, it creates a law to which all positive laws, and all positive rights must give way. In this sense, the levy of ship-money by the king's warrant was not necessary, because the business might have been as well or better done by parliament. If the doctrine maintained by Junius be confined within this limitation, it will go but a very little way in support of arbitrary power. That the king is to judge of the occasion, is no objection, unless we are told how it can possibly be otherwise. There are other instances, not less important in the exercise, nor less dangerous in the abuse, in which the constitution relies entirely upon the king's judgment. The executive power proclaims war and peace, binds the nation by treaties, orders general embargoes, and imposes quarantines; not to mention a multitude of prerogative writs, which, though liable to the greatest abuses, were never disputed.

It has been urged, as a reproach to Junius, that he has not delivered an opinion upon the game laws,

* I confine myself strictly to *seamen*. If any others are pressed, it is a gross abuse, which the magistrate can and should correct.

and particularly the late dog act. But Junius thinks he has much greater reason to complain, that he is never assisted by those who are able to assist him: and that almost the whole labor of the press is thrown upon a single hand, from which a discussion of every public question is unreasonably expected. He is not paid for his labor, and certainly has a right to choose his employment. As to the game laws, he never scrupled to declare his opinion, that they are a species of the forest laws: that they are oppressive to the subject; and that the spirit of them is incompatible with legal liberty, that the penalties imposed by these laws bear no proportion to the nature of the offense: that the mode of trial, and the degree and kind of evidence necessary to convict, not only deprive the subject of the benefits of a trial by jury, but are in themselves too summary, and to the last degree arbitrary and oppressive: that, in particular, the late acts to prevent dog stealing, or killing game between sun and sun, are distinguished by their absurdity, extravagance, and pernicious tendency. If these terms are weak and ambiguous, in what language can Junius express himself? It is no excuse for lord Mansfield to say, that he happened to be absent when these bills passed the house of lords. It was his duty to be present. Such bills could never have passed the house of commons without his knowledge. But we very well know by what rule he regulates his attendance. When that order was made in the house of lords, in the case of lord Pomfret, at which every Englishman shudders, my honest lord Mansfield found himself, by mere accident, in the court of king's bench; otherwise he would have done wonders in defense of law and property! The pitiful evasion is adapted to the character. But Junius will never justify himself by the example of this bad man. The distinction between doing wrong, and avoiding to do right, belongs to lord Mansfield. Junius disclaims it.

LETTER LXIV.

TO LORD CHIEF JUSTICE MANSFIELD.

November 2, 1771.

At the intercession of three of your countrymen, you have bailed a man, who, I presume, is also a *Scotchman*, and whom the lord mayor of London had refused to bail. I do not mean to enter into an examination of the partial, sinister motives of your conduct; but, confining myself strictly to the fact, I affirm, that you have done that, which, by law, you were not warranted to do. The thief was taken in the theft; the stolen goods were found upon him, and he made no defense. In these circumstances (the truth of which you dare not deny, because it is of public notoriety) it could not stand indifferent, whether he was guilty or not, much less could there be any presumption of his innocence; and, in these circumstances, I affirm, in contradiction to you, lord chief justice Mansfield, that, by the laws of England, he was not *bailable*. If ever Mr. Eyre should be brought to trial, we shall hear what you have to say for yourself; and I pledge myself, before God and my country, in proper time and place, to make good my charge against you.

JUNIUS.

'LETTER LXV.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

November 9, 1771.

Junius engages to make good his charge against lord chief justice Mansfield, some time before the meeting of parliament, in order that the house of

commons may, if they think proper, make it one article in the impeachment of the said lord chief justice.

LETTER LXVI.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

November 27, 1771.

What is the reason, my lord, that, when almost every man in the kingdom, without distinction of principles or party, exults in the ridiculous defeat of sir James Lowther, when good and bad men unite in one common opinion of that baronet, and triumph in his distress, as if the event (without any reference to vice or virtue,) were interesting to human nature, your grace alone should appear so miserably depressed and afflicted? In such universal joy, I know not where you will look for a compliment of condolence, unless you appeal to the tender, sympathetic sorrows of Mr. Bradshaw. That cream-colored gentleman's tears, affecting as they are, carry consolation along with them. He never weeps, but, like an April shower, with a lambent ray of sunshine upon his countenance. From the feelings of honest men upon this joyful occasion, I do not mean to draw any conclusion, to your grace. They naturally rejoice when they see a signal instance of tyranny resisted with success, of treachery exposed to the derision of the world, an infamous informer defeated, and an impudent robber dragged to the public gibbet. But in the other class of mankind, I own I expected to meet the duke of Grafton. Men who had no regard for justice, nor any sense of honor, seem as heartily pleased with sir James Lowther's well-deserved punishment, as if it did not constitute an example against themselves. The unhappy baronet has no friends, even among those who resemble him. You, my lord, are not reduced to so deplorable a state of dereliction; every villain in the kingdom is your friend; and, in compliment to such amity, I think you should suffer your dismal countenance to clear up. Besides, my lord, I am a little anxious for the consistency of your character. You violate your own rules of decorum, when you do not insult the man you have betrayed.

The divine justice of retribution seems now to have begun its progress. Deliberate treachery entails punishment upon the traitors. There is no possibility of escaping it, even in the highest rank to which the consent of society can exalt the meanest and worst of men. The forced, unnatural union of Luttrell and Middlesex was an omen of another unnatural union, by which indefeasible infamy is attached to the house of Brunswick. If one of those acts was virtuous and honorable, the best of princes, I thank God, is happily rewarded for it by the other. Your grace, it has been said, had some share in recommending colonel Luttrell to the king; or was it only the gentle Bradshaw who made himself answerable for the good behavior of his friend? An intimate connection has long subsisted between him and the worthy lord Irnham. It arose from a fortunate similarity of principles, cemented by the constant mediation of their common friend Miss Davis.*

* There is a certain family in this country, on which nature seems to have entailed an hereditary baseness of disposition. As far as their history has been known, the son has regularly improved upon the vices of his father, and has taken care to transmit them pure and undiminished, into the bosom of his successor. In the senate, their abilities have confined them to those humble, sordid services in which the scavengers of the ministry are usually employed. But in the memoirs of private treachery, they stand first and unrivalled. The following story will serve to illustrate the character of this respectable family, and to convince the world, that the present possessor has as clear a title to the infamy of his ances-

Yet I confess I should be sorry that the opprobrious infamy of this match should reach beyond the family. We have now a better reason than ever to pray for the long life of the best of princes, and the welfare of his royal issue. I will not mix any thing ominous with my prayers: but let parliament look to it. A Luttrell shall never succeed to the crown of England. If the hereditary virtues of the family deserve a kingdom, Scotland will be a proper retreat for them.

The next is a most remarkable instance of the goodness of Providence. The just law of retaliation has at last overtaken the little contemptible tyrant of the north. To this son-in-law of your dearest friend, the earl of Bute, you meant to transfer the duke of Portland's property; and you hastened the grant with an expedition unknown to the treasury, that he might have it time enough to give a decisive turn to the election for the county. The immediate consequence of this flagitious robbery was, that he lost the election which you meant to insure him, and with such signal circumstances of scorn, reproach, and insult (to say nothing of the general exultation of all parties), as (excepting the king's brother-in-law, colonel Luttrell, and old Simon, his father-in-law) hardly ever fell upon a gentleman in this country. In the event, he loses the very property of which he thought he had gotten possession, and after an expense which would have paid the value of the land in question twenty times over. The forms of villany, you see, are necessary to its success. Hereafter you will act with greater circumspection, and not drive so directly to your object. To *smack a grace* beyond the reach of common treachery, is an exception, not a rule.

And now, my good lord, does not your conscious heart inform you, that the justice of retribution begins to operate, and that it may soon approach your person? Do you think that Junius has renounced the Middlesex election? or that the king's timber shall be refused to the royal navy with impunity? or that you shall hear no more of the sale of that patent to Mr. Hine, which you endeavor to screen by suddenly dropping your prosecution of Samuel Vaughan, when the rule against him was made absolute? I believe, indeed, there never was such an instance in all the history of negative impudence. But it shall not save you. The very sunshine you live in is a prelude to your dissolution. When you are ripe, you shall be plucked.

JUNIUS.

P. S. I beg you will convey to your gracious master my humble congratulations upon the glorious success of peerages and pensions so lavishly distributed as the rewards of Irish virtue.

tors, as he has to their estate. It deserves to be recorded for the curiosity of the fact, and should be given to the public, as a warning to every honest member of society.

The present lord Irnham, who is now in the decline of life, lately cultivated the acquaintance of a younger brother of a family, with which he had lived in some degree of intimacy and friendship. The young man had long been the dupe of a most unhappy attachment to a common prostitute. His friends and relations foresaw the consequences of this connection, and did everything that depended upon them to save him from ruin. But he had a friend in lord Irnham, whose advice rendered all their endeavors ineffectual. This hoary lecher, not contented with the enjoyment of his friend's mistress, was base enough to take advantage of the passions and folly of the young man, and persuaded him to marry her. He descended even to perform the office of father to the prostitute. He gave her to his friend, who was on the point of leaving the kingdom, and the next night lay with her himself.

Whether the depravity of the human heart can produce anything more base and detestable than this fact, must be left undetermined, until the son shall arrive at his father's age and experience.

LETTER LXVII.

TO LORD CHIEF JUSTICE MANSFIELD.

January 21, 1772.

I have undertaken to prove, that when, at the intercession of three of your countrymen, you bailed *Johs Eyre*, you did that "which by law you were not warranted to do;" and that a felon, under the circumstances "of being taken in the fact, with the stolen goods upon him, and making no defense, is not bailable" by the laws of England. Your learned advocates have interpreted this charge into a denial that the court of king's bench, or the judges of that court, during the vacation, have any greater authority to bail for criminal offenses than a justice of the peace. With the instance before me, I am supposed to question your power of doing wrong, and to deny the existence of a power, at the same moment that I arraign the illegal exercise of it. But the opinions of such men, whether wilful in their malignity, or sincere in their ignorance, are unworthy of my notice. You, lord Mansfield, did not understand me so; and I promise you, your cause requires an abler defense. I am now to make good my charge against you. However dull my argument, the subject of it is interesting. I shall be honored with the attention of the public, and have a right to demand the attention of the legislature. Supported, as I am, by the whole body of the criminal law of England, I have no doubt of establishing my charge. If, on your part, you shall have no plain substantial defense, but should endeavor to shelter yourself under the quirk and evasion of a practising lawyer, or under the mere insulting assertion of power without right, the reputation you pretend to is gone for ever; you stand degraded from the respect and authority of your office, and are no longer *de jure*, lord chief justice of England.

This letter, my lord, is addressed not so much to you, as to the public. Learned as you are, and quick in apprehension, few arguments are necessary to satisfy you, that you have done that, which, by law, you were not warranted to do. Your conscience already tells you, that you have sinned against knowledge; and that, whatever defense you make, contradicts your own internal conviction. But other men are willing enough to take the law upon trust. They rely upon your authority, because they are too indolent to search for information: or, conceiving that there is some mystery in the laws of their country, which lawyers are only qualified to explain, they distrust their judgment, and voluntarily renounce the right of thinking for themselves. With all the evidence of history before them, from *Tresilian* to *Jefferies*, from *Jefferies* to *Mansfield*, they will not believe it possible that a learned judge can act in direct contradiction to those laws, which he is supposed to make the study of his life, and which he has sworn to administer faithfully. Superstition is certainly not the characteristic of this age; yet some men are bigoted in politics who are infidels in religion. I do not despair of making them ashamed of their credulity.

The charge I brought against you is expressed in terms guarded, and well considered. They do not deny the strict power of the judges of the court of king's bench to bail in cases not bailable by a justice of peace, nor replevisable by the common writ, or *ex officio*, by the sheriff. I well know the practice of the court, and by what legal rules it ought to be directed. But, far from meaning to soften or diminish the force of those terms I have made use of, I now go beyond them, and affirm,

1. That the superior power of bailing for felony, claimed by the court of king's bench, is founded upon

the opinion of lawyers, and the practice of the court; that the assent of the legislature to this power is merely negative, and that it is not supported by any positive provision in any statute whatsoever. If it be, produce the statute.

2. Admitting that the judges of the court of king's bench are vested with a discretionary power to examine and judge of circumstances and allegations which a justice of peace is not permitted to consider, I affirm that the judges, in the use and application of that discretionary power, are as strictly bound by the spirit, intent, and meaning, as the justice of peace is by the words of the legislature. Favorable circumstances, alleged before the judge, may justify a doubt, whether the prisoner be guilty or not; and where the guilt is doubtful, a presumption of innocence should in general be admitted. But, when any such probable circumstances are alleged, they alter the state and condition of the prisoner. He is no longer that *all-but-convicted* felon, whom the law intends, and who by law is not *bailable at all*. If no circumstances whatsoever are alleged in his favor; if no allegation whatsoever be made to lessen the force of that evidence which the law annexes to a positive charge of felony, and particularly to the fact of being taken with the maner; I then say, that the lord chief justice of England has no more right to bail him than a justice of peace. The discretion of an English judge is not of mere will and pleasure; it is not arbitrary; it is not capricious; but as that great lawyer (whose authority I wish you respected half as much I do) truly says,* "Discretion, taken as it ought to be, is, *discernere per legem quid sit iudicium*. If it be not directed by the right line of the law, it is a crooked cord, and appeareth to be unlawful." If discretion were arbitrary in the judge, he might introduce whatever novelties he thought proper. But, says lord Coke, "Novelties, without warrant of precedents, are not to be allowed: some certain rules are to be followed. *Quicquid iudicis auctoritate subicitur novitati non subicitur*. And this sound doctrine is applied to the star-chamber, a court confessedly arbitrary. If you will abide by the authority of this great man, you shall have all the advantage of his opinion, wherever it appears to favor you. Excepting the plain, express meaning of the legislature, to which all private opinions must give way, I desire no better judge between us than lord Coke.

3. I affirm that, according to the obvious, indisputable meaning of the legislature, repeatedly expressed, a person positively charged with feloniously stealing, and taken in *flagrante delicto*, with the stolen goods upon him, is not bailable. The law considers him as differing in nothing from a convict, but in the form of conviction; and (whatever a corrupt judge may do) will accept of no security, but the confinement of his body within four walls. I know it has been alleged, in your favor, that you have often bailed for murderers, rapes, and other manifest crimes. Without questioning the fact, I shall not admit that you are to be justified by your own example. If that were a protection to you, where is the crime, that, as a judge, you might not now securely commit? But neither shall I suffer myself to be drawn aside from my present argument, nor you to profit by your own wrong. To prove the meaning and intent of the legislature, will require a minute and tedious deduction. To investigate a question of law, demands some labor and attention, though very little genius or sagacity. As a practical profession, the study of the law requires but a moderate portion of abilities. The learning of a pleader is usually upon a level with his integrity. The indis-

criminate defense of right and wrong contracts the understanding, while it corrupts the heart. Subtlety is soon mistaken for wisdom, and impurity for virtue. If there be any instances upon record (as some there are undoubtedly, of genius and morality united in a lawyer) they are distinguished by their singularity, and operate as exceptions.

I must solicit the patience of my readers. This is no light matter; nor is it any more susceptible of ornament, than the conduct of lord Mansfield is capable of aggravation.

As the law of bail, in charges of felony, has been exactly ascertained by acts of the legislature, it is at present of little consequence to inquire how it stood at common law before the statute of Westminster. And yet it is worth the reader's attention to observe, how nearly, in the ideas of our ancestors, the circumstance of being taken with the maner approached to the conviction[†] of the felon. It "fixed the authoritative stamp of verisimilitude upon the accusation: and, by the common law, when a thief was taken *with the maner* (that is, with the things stolen upon him *in manu*.) he might, so detected, *flagrante delicto*, be brought into court, arraigned, and tried, without indictment; as, by the Danish law, he might be taken and hanged on the spot, without accusation or trial." It will soon appear that our statute law, in this behalf, though less summary in point of proceeding, is directed by the same spirit. In one instance, the very form is adhered to. In offenses relating to the forest, if a man was taken with vert, or venison,[‡] it was declared to be equivalent to indictment. To enable the reader to judge for himself, I shall state, in due order, the several statutes relative to bail in criminal cases, or as much of them as may be material to the point in question, omitting superfluous words. If I misrepresent, or do not quote with fidelity, it will not be difficult to detect me.

The statute of Westminster[§] the first, in 1275, sets forth, that "Forasmuch as sheriffs and others, how have taken and kept in prison persons detected of felony and incontinent, have let out by replevin such as were not replevisable, because they would gain of the one party, and grieve the other; and forasmuch as, before this time, it was not determined which persons were replevisable, and which not; it is provided, and by the king commanded, that such prisoners, etc., as be taken with the maner, etc., or for manifest offenses, shall be in no wise replevisable by the common writ, nor without writ." Lord Coke,* in his exposition of the last part of this quotation, accurately distinguishes between replevy, by the common writ, or *ex officio*, and bail by the king's bench. The words of the statute certainly do not extend to the judges of that court. But, besides that, the reader will soon find reason to think that the legislature, in their intention, made no difference between bailable and replevisable. Lord Coke himself, if he be understood to mean nothing but an exposition of the statute of Westminster, and not to state the law generally, does not adhere to his own distinction. In expounding the other offenses, which, by this statute, are declared not replevisable, he constantly uses the words *not bailable*. "That outlaws, for instance, are not bailable at all: that persons who have abjured the realm, are attainted upon their own confession, and therefore not bailable at all by law: that provers are not bailable: that notorious felons

* Blackstone, iv. 303.

† 1 Ed. III. cap. 8; and 7 Ric. II. cap. 4.

‡ Videtur que le statute de mainprize n'est que le rehearsal del comen ley."—*Bro. Matin*, 61.

* "There are three points to be considered in the construction of all remedial statutes; the old law, the mischief, and the remedy: that is, how the common law stood at the making of the act; what the mischief was for which

has now no rule to follow, but the dictates of personal enmity, national partiality, or perhaps the most prostituted corruption.

To complete this historical inquiry, it only remains to be observed, that the *Habeas corpus act* of 31 of Charles the Second, so justly considered as another Magna Charta of the kingdom, "extends* only to the case of commitments for such criminal charge as can produce no inconvenience to public justice by a temporary enlargement of the prisoner." So careful were the legislature, at the very moment when they were providing for liberty of the subject, not to furnish any color or pretence for violating or evading the established law of bail in higher criminal offenses. But the exception, stated in the body of the act, puts the matter out of all doubt. After directing the judges how they are to proceed to the discharge of the prisoner upon recognizance and surety, having regard to the quality of the prisoner and nature of the offense, it is expressly added, "unless it shall appear to the said lord chancellor, etc., that the party so committed is detained for such matters or offenses, for the which, by the law, the prisoner is not bailable."

When the laws, plain of themselves, are thus illustrated by facts, and their uniform meaning established by history, we do not want the authority of opinions, however respectable, to inform our judgment, or to confirm our belief. But I am determined that you shall have no escape. Authority of every sort shall be produced against you, from Jacob to lord Coke, from the dictionary to the classic. In vain shall you appeal from those upright judges whom you disdain to imitate, to those whom you have made your example. With one voice they all condemn you.

"To be taken with the *maner*, is where a thief, having stolen any thing, is taken with the same about him, as it were in his hands, which is called *flagrante delicto*. Such a criminal is not bailable by law."—*Jacob*, under the word *Maner*.

"Those who are taken with the *maner* are excluded by the statute of Westminster, from the benefit of a replevin."—*Hawkins*, P. C. ii. 98.

"Of such heinous offenses, no one, who is notoriously guilty, seems to be bailable by the intent of this statute."—*Ditto*, ii. 99.

"The common practice and allowed general rule is, that bail is only then proper, where it stands indifferent whether the party were guilty or innocent."—*Ditto*, *ditto*.

"There is no doubt but that the bailing of a person, who is not bailable by law, is punishable either at common law, as a negligent escape, or as an offense against the several statutes relative to bail."—*Ditto*, 89.

"It cannot be doubted, but that neither the judges of this, nor of any other superior court of justice, are strictly within the purview of that statute; yet they will always, in their discretion, pay a due regard to it, and not admit a person to bail who is expressly declared by it irreplevisable, without some particular circumstance in his favor; and, therefore, it seems difficult to find an instance where persons, attainted of felony, or notoriously guilty of treason, or manslaughter, etc., by their own confession, or otherwise, have been admitted to the benefit of bail, without some special motive to the court to grant it."—*Ditto*, 114.

"If it appears that any man hath injury or wrong by his imprisonment, we have power to deliver and discharge him; if otherwise, he is to be remanded by us to prison again."—*Lord Ch. J. Hyde*, *State Trials*, vii. 115.

* Blackstone, iv. 137.

"The statute of Westminster was especial for direction to the sheriffs and others; but to say courts of justice are excluded from this statute, I conceive it cannot be."—*Attorney General Heath*, *Ditto*, 132.

"The court, upon view of the return, judgeth of the sufficiency or insufficiency of it. If they think the prisoner in law to be bailable, he is committed to the marshal, and bailed; if not, he is remanded." Through the whole debate, the objection on the part of the prisoner was, that no cause of commitment was expressed in the warrant; but it was uniformly admitted, by their counsel, that if the cause of commitment had been expressed for treason or the felony, court would then have done right in remanding them.

The attorney-general having urged, before a committee of both houses, that, in Beckwith's case, and others, the lords of the council sent a letter to the court of king's bench to bail; it was replied by the managers of the house of commons, that this was of no moment: "for that either the prisoner was bailable by the law, or not bailable. If bailable by the law, then he was to be bailed without any such letter; if not bailable by the law, then plainly the judges could not have bailed him upon the letter, without breach of their oath, which is, that they are to do justice according to the law," etc.—*State Trials*, vii. 175.

"So that in bailing upon such offenses of the highest nature, a kind of discretion, rather than a constant law, hath been exercised, when it stands wholly indifferent, in the eye of the court, whether the prisoner be guilty or not."—*Selden*, *St. Tr.* vii. 230, 1.

"I deny that a man is always bailable when imprisonment is imposed upon him for custody."—*Attorney General Heath*, *Ditto*, 238.

By these quotations from the *State Trials*, though otherwise not of authority, it appears plainly, that in regard to bailable or not bailable, all parties agreed in admitting one proposition as incontrovertible.

"In relation to capital offenses, there are especially these acts of parliament that are the common land-marks* touching offenses bailable or not bailable."—*Hale*, ii. P. C. 127. The enumeration includes the several acts cited in this paper.

"Persons taken with the *maner* are not bailable, because it is *furtum in fectum*."—*Hale*, ii. P. C. 133.

"The writ of *Habeas Corpus* is of a high nature; for if persons be wrongfully committed, they are to be discharged upon this writ returned; or, if bailable, they are to be bailed: if not bailable, they are to be committed."—*Hale* ii P. C. 143. This doctrine of lord chief justice Hale refers immediately to the superior courts from whence the writ issues. "After the return is filed, the court is either to discharge, or bail, or commit him, as the nature of the case requires."—*Hale*, ii. P. C. 148.

"If bail be granted otherwise than the law alloweth, the party that alloweth the same shall be fined, imprisoned, render damages, or forfeit his place, as the case shall require."—*Selden*, by *N. Bacon*, 182.

"This induces an absolute necessity of expressing, upon every commitment, the reason for which it is made; that the court, upon a *Habeas Corpus*, may examine into its validity, and, according to the circumstances of the case, may discharge, admit to bail, or remand the prisoner."—*Blackstone*, iii. 133.

"Marriot was committed for forging indorsements upon bank bills, and upon a *Habeas Corpus* was bailed, because the crime was only a great misdemeanor; for though the forging the bills be felony,

* It has been the study of lord Mansfield to remove land-marks.

yet forging the indorsement is not."—*Salkeld*, i. 104.
 "Appell de Mahem, etc., ideo ne fuit lesse a baille. nient plus que in appell de robbery or murder; quod nota, et que in robbery et murder le partie n'est baille."—*Bro. Mainprise*, 67.

"The intendment of the law in bailis is, *Quod stat indifferenter*, whether he be guilty or no; but when he is convicted by verdict or confession, then he must be deemed in law to be guilty of the felony, and therefore not bailleable at all."—*Coke*, ii. *Inst.* 188. iv. 178.

"Bail is *quando stat indifferenter*, and not when the offense is open and manifest."—2 *Inst.* 189.

"In this case *non stat indifferenter*, whether he be guilty or no, being taken with the *manner*, that is, with the thing stolen, as it were, in his hand." *Ditto*, *ditto*.

"If it appeareth that his imprisonment be just and lawful, he shall be remanded to the former gaoler: but if it shall appear to the court that he was imprisoned against the law of the land, they ought by force of this statute, to deliver him: if it be doubtful, and under consideration, he may be bailed."—2 *Inst.* 55.

It is unnecessary to load the reader with any further quotations. If these authorities are not deemed sufficient to establish the doctrine maintained in this paper, it will be in vain to appeal to the evidence of law books, or the opinions of judges. They are not the authorities by which lord Mansfield will abide. He assumes an arbitrary power of doing right: and if he does wrong, it lies only between God and his conscience.

Now, my lord, although I have great faith in the preceding argument, I will not say that every minute part of it is absolutely invulnerable. I am too well acquainted with the practice of a certain court, directed by your example, as it is governed by your authority, to think there ever yet was an argument, however conformable to law and reason, in which a cunning, quibbling attorney might not discover a flaw. But, taking the whole of it together, I affirm, that it constitutes a mass or demonstration, than which nothing more complete or satisfactory can be offered to the human mind. How an evasive, indirect reply will stand with your reputation, or how far it will answer in point of defense, at the bar of the house of lords, is worth your consideration. If, after all that has been said, it should still be maintained, that the court of king's bench, in bailing felons, are exempted from all legal rules whatsoever, and that the judge has no direction to pursue, but his private affections, or mere unquestionable will and pleasure, it will follow plainly, that the distinction between bailleable and not bailleable uniformly expressed by the legislature, current through all our law books, and admitted by all our great lawyers, without exception, is, in one sense, a nugatory, in another, a pernicious, distinction. It is nugatory, as it supposes a difference in the bailleable quality of offenses, when, in effect, the distinction refers only to the rank of the magistrate. It is pernicious, as it implies a rule of law, which yet the judge is not bound to pay the least regard to; and impresses an idea upon the minds of the people, that the judge is wiser and greater than the law.

It remains only to apply the law, thus stated, to the fact in question. By an authentic copy of the *mittimus*, it appears that John Eyre was committed for felony, plainly and specially expressed in the warrant of commitment. He was charged before alderman Halifax, by the oath of Thomas Fielding, William Holder, William Payne, and William Nash, for feloniously stealing eleven quires of writing paper, value six shillings, the property of Thomas

Beach, etc. By the examinations upon oath of the four persons mentioned in the *mittimus*, it was proved, that large quantities of paper had been missed; and that eleven quires (previously marked, from a suspicion that Eyre was the thief) were found upon him. Many other quires of paper, marked in the same manner, were found at his lodgings; and after he had been some time in Wood-street Compter, a key was found in his room there, which appeared to be a key to the closet at Guildhall, from whence the paper was stolen. When asked what he had to say in his defense, his only answer was, "I hope you will bail me." Mr. Holder, the clerk, replied, "That is impossible. There never was an instance of it, when the stolen goods were found upon the thief." The lord mayor was then applied to, and refused to bail him. Of all these circumstances, it was your duty to have informed yourself minutely. The fact was remarkable; and the chief magistrate of the city of London was known to have refused to bail the offender. To justify your compliance with the solicitations of your three countrymen, it should be proved that such allegations were offered to you in behalf of their associate, as honestly and *bona fide* reduced it to a matter of doubt and indifference whether the prisoner was innocent or guilty. Was any thing offered by the Scotch triumvirate that tended to invalidate the positive charge made against him by four credible witnesses upon oath? Was it even insinuated to you, either by himself or his bail, that no felony was committed; or, that he was not the felon; that the stolen goods were not found upon him; or that he was only the receiver, not knowing them to be stolen? Or, in short, did they attempt to produce any evidence of his insanity? To all these questions I answer for you, without the least fear of contradiction, positively, No. From the moment he was arrested he never entertained any hope of acquittal; therefore, thought of nothing but obtaining bail, that he might have time to settle his affairs, convey his fortune into another country, and spend the remainder of his life in comfort and affluence abroad. In this prudential scheme of future happiness, the lord chief justice of England most readily and heartily concurred. At sight of so much virtue in distress, your natural benevolence took the alarm. Such a man as Mr. Eyre, struggling with adversity must always be an interesting scene to lord Mansfield. Or, was it that liberal anxiety, by which your whole life has been distinguished, to enlarge the liberty of the subject? My lord, we did not want this new instance of the liberality of your principles. We already knew what kind of subjects they were for whose liberty you were anxious. At all events, the public are much indebted to you for fixing a price, at which felony may be committed with impunity.

You bound a felon, notoriously worth 30,000*l.* in the sum of 300*l.* With your natural turn to equity, and knowing, as you are, in the doctrine of precedents, you undoubtedly meant to settle the proportion between the fortune of the felon, and the fine by which he may compound for his felony. The ratio now upon record, and transmitted to posterity under the auspices of lord Mansfield, is exactly one to an hundred. My lord, without intending it, you have laid a cruel restraint upon the genius of your countrymen. In the warmest indulgence of their passions they have an eye to the expense! and if their other virtues fail us, we have a resource in their economy.

By taking so trifling a security from John Eyre, you invited, and manifestly exhorted him to escape. Although in bailleable cases it be usual to take four securities, you left him in the custody of three Scotchmen, whom he might have easily satisfied for

conniving at his retreat. That he did not make use of the opportunity you industriously gave him, neither justifies your conduct, nor can it be any way accounted for, but by his excessive and monstrous avarice. Any other man, but this bosom friend of three Scotchmen, would gladly have sacrificed a few hundred pounds, rather than submit to the infamy of pleading guilty in open court. It is possible indeed that he might have flattered himself, and not unreasonably, with the hopes of a pardon. That he would have been pardoned, seems more than probable, if I had not directed the public attention to the leading step you took in favor of him. In the present gentle reign, we well know what use has been made of the lenity of the court, and of the mercy of the crown. The lord chief justice of England accepts of the hundredth part of the property of a felon, taken in the fact, as a recognizance for his appearance. Your brother Smythe browbeats a jury, and forces them to alter their verdict, by which they had found a Scotch sergeant guilty of murder; and though the Kennedies were convicted of a most deliberate and atrocious murder, they still had a claim to the royal mercy. They were saved by the chastity of their connections. They had a sister: yet it was not her beauty, but the pliancy of her virtue, that recommended her to the king.

The holy author of our religion was seen in the company of sinners; but it was his gracious purpose to convert them from their sins. Another man, who, in the ceremonies of our faith, might give lessons to the great enemy of it, upon different principles, keeps much the same company. He advertises for patients, collects all the diseases of the heart, and turns a royal palace into an hospital for incurables. A man of honor has no ticket of admission at St. James's. They receive him like a virgin at the Magdalen's; "Go thou, and do likewise."

My charge against you is now made good. I shall, however, be ready to answer or to submit to fair objections. If, whenever this matter shall be agitated, you suffer the doors of the house of lords to be shut, I now protest, that I shall consider you as having made no reply. From that moment, in the opinion of the world, you will stand self-convicted. Whether your reply be quibbling and evasive, or liberal and in point, will be matter for the judgment of your peers; but if, when every possible idea of disrespect to that noble house (in whose honor and justice the nation implicitly confides) is here most solemnly disclaimed, you should endeavor to represent this charge as a contempt of their authority, and move their lordships to censure the publisher of this paper, I then affirm, that you support injustice by violence, that you are guilty of a heinous aggravation of your offense, and that you contribute your utmost influence to promote, on the part of the highest court of judicature, a positive denial of justice to the nation.

JUNIUS.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD CAMDEN.

MY LORD,

I turn with pleasure from that barren waste in which no salutary plant takes root, no verdure quickens, to a character fertile, as I willingly believe, in every great and good qualification. I call upon you, in the name of the English nation, to stand forth in defense of the laws of your country, and to exert, in the cause of truth and justice, those great abilities with which you were entrusted for the benefit of mankind. To ascertain the facts set forth in the pre-

ceding paper, it may be necessary to call the persons mentioned in the *mittimus* to the bar of the house of lords. If a motion for that purpose should be rejected, we shall know what to think of lord Mansfield's innocence. The legal argument is submitted to your lordship's judgment. After the noble stand you made against lord Mansfield upon the question of libel, we did expect that you would not have suffered that matter to have remained undetermined. But it was said that lord chief justice Wilmot had been prevailed upon to vouch for an opinion of the late judge Yates, which was supposed to make against you; and we admit of the excuse. When such detestable arts are employed to prejudice a question of right, it might have been imprudent at that time to have brought it to a decision. In the present instance, you will have no such opposition to contend with. If there be a judge, or a lawyer, of any note in Westminster-hall, who shall be daring enough to affirm that, according to the true intendment of the laws of England, a felon, taken with the manner *in flagrant delicto*, is bailable, or that the discretion of an English judge is merely arbitrary, and not governed by rules of law, I should be glad to be acquainted with him. Whoever he be, I will take care that he shall not give you much trouble. Your lordship's character assures me that you will assume that principal part, which belongs to you, in supporting the laws of England against a wicked judge, who makes it the occupation of his life to misinterpret and pervert them. If you decline this honorable office, I fear it will be said, that, for some months past, you have kept too much company with the duke of Grafton. When the contest turns upon the interpretation of the laws, you cannot without a formal surrender of all your reputation, yield the post of honor even to lord Chatham. Considering the situation and abilities of lord Mansfield, I do not scruple to affirm, with the most solemn appeal to God for my sincerity, that in my judgment, he is the very worst and most dangerous man in the kingdom. Thus far I have done my duty in endeavoring to bring him to punishment. But mine is an inferior ministerial office in the temple of justice: I have bound the victim, and dragged him to the altar.

JUNIUS.

The reverend Mr. John Horne having, with his usual veracity, and honest industry, circulated a report that Junius, in a letter to the supporters of the bill of rights, had warmly declared himself in favor of long parliaments and rotten boroughs, it is thought necessary to submit to the public the following extract from his letter to John Wilkes, esq., dated the 7th of September, 1771, and laid before the society on the 24th of the same month.

"With regard to the several articles, taken separately, I own I am concerned to see that the great condition which ought to be the *sine qua non* of parliamentary qualification, which ought to be the basis (as it assuredly will be the only support) of every barrier raised in defense of the constitution (I mean a declaration upon oath to shorten the duration of parliaments,) is reduced to the fourth rank in the esteem of the society; and even in that place, far from being insisted on with firmness and vehemence, seems to have been particularly slighted in the expression, *You shall endeavor to restore annual parliaments*. Are these the terms which men who are in earnest make use of, when the *salus reipublicæ* is at stake? I expected other language from Mr. Wilkes. Besides my objection in point of form, I disapprove highly of the meaning of the fourth article as it stands. Whenever the question shall be seriously agitated, I will en-

deavor (and if I live, will assuredly attempt it) to convince the English nation, by arguments, to my understanding unanswerable, that they ought to insist upon a triennial, and banish the idea of an annual parliament. . . . I am convinced that, if shortening the duration of parliaments (which, in effect, is keeping the representative under the rod of the constituent) be not made the basis of our new parliamentary jurisprudence, other checks or improvements signify nothing. On the contrary, if this be made the foundation, other measures may come in aid, and, as auxiliaries, be of considerable advantage. Lord Chatham's project, for instance, of increasing the number of knights of shires, appears to me admirable. . . . As to cutting away the rotten boroughs, I am as much offended as any man at seeing so many of them under the direct influence of the crown, or at the disposal of private persons. Yet I own I have both doubts and apprehensions in regard to the remedy you propose. I shall be charged, perhaps, with an unusual want of political intrepidity, when I honestly confess to you, that I am startled at the idea of so extensive an amputation. In the first place, I question the power, *de jure*, of the legislature to disfranchise a number of boroughs upon the general ground of improving the constitution. There cannot be a doctrine more fatal to the liberty and property we are contending for, than that which confounds the idea of a *supreme* and an *arbitrary* legislature. I need not point out to you the fatal purposes to which it has been, and may be, applied. If we are sincere in the political creed we profess, there are many things which we ought to affirm cannot be done by king, lords, and Commons. Among these I reckon the disfranchising of boroughs with a general view of improvement. I consider it as equivalent to robbing the parties concerned of their freehold, of their birthright. I say, that, although this birthright may be forfeited, or the exercise of it suspended in particular cases, it cannot be taken away by a general law, for any real or pretended purpose of improving the constitution. Supposing the attempt made, I am persuaded, you cannot mean that either king, or lords, should take an active part in it. A bill which only touches the representation of the people, must originate in the House of Commons. In the formation and mode of passing it, the exclusive right of the Commons must be asserted as scrupulously as in the case of a money bill. Now, sir, I should be glad to know by what kind of reasoning it can be proved, that there is a power vested in the representative to destroy his immediate constituent. From whence could he possibly derive it? A courtier, I

know, will be ready to maintain the affirmative. The doctrine suits him exactly, because it gives an unlimited operation to the influence of the crown. But we, Mr. Wilkes, ought to hold a different language. It is no answer to me to say, That the bill, when it passes the House of Commons, is the act of the majority, and not the representatives of the particular boroughs concerned. If the majority can disfranchise ten boroughs, why not twenty, why not the whole kingdom? Why should not they make their own seats in parliament for life? When the septennial act passed, the legislature did what, apparently and palpably, they had no power to do: but they did more than people in general were aware of; they, in effect, disfranchised the whole kingdom for four years.

"For argument's sake, I will now suppose that the expediency of the measure and the power of parliament, are unquestionable. Still you will find an unsurmountable difficulty in the execution. When all your instruments of amputation are prepared, when the unhappy patient lies bound at your feet without, the possibility of resistance, by what infallible rule will you direct the operation? When you propose to cut away the *rotten* parts can you tell us what parts are perfectly *sound*? Are there any certain limits in fact or theory, to inform you at what point you must stop, at what point the mortification ends? To a man so capable of observation and reflection as you are, it is unnecessary to say all that might be said upon the subject. Besides that I approve highly of lord Chatham's idea of *infusing a portion of new health into the constitution, to enable it to bear its infirmities* (a brilliant expression, and full of intrinsic wisdom) other reasons occur in persuading me to adopt it. I have no objection," etc.

The man who fairly and completely answers this argument shall have my thanks and my applause. My heart is already with him. I am ready to be converted. I adore his morality, and would gladly subscribe to the articles of his faith. Grateful, as I am, to the *good Being* whose bounty has imparted to me this reasoning intellect, whatever it is, I hold myself proportionably indebted to him from whose enlightened understanding another ray of knowledge communicates to mine. But neither should I think the most exalted faculties of the human mind a gift worthy of the Divinity, nor any assistance in the improvement of them a subject of gratitude to my fellow creature, if I were not satisfied, that, really, to inform the understanding, corrects and enlarges the heart.

JUNIUS.

FINIS.

RIP VAN WINKLE, AND OTHER SKETCHES.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

By Woden, God of Saxons.
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday.
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre—

CAREWRIGHT.

[The following Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more, their wives, rich in that legendary lore, so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farm-house, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a book-worm.]

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work; and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which, indeed, was a little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now, that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends for whom he felt the truest deference and affection, yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear among many folk whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes, and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo medal, or a Queen Anne's farthing.]

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lordling it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees,

just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a certain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neigh-

bor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubi-

cund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress lends thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live, thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and

scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him: he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, towards which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence, for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggyish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten

countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up

its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered his rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily, to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been.—Rip was sorely perplexed,—“That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed.—“My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large

rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

“Alas! gentlemen,” cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, “I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!”

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—“A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!”

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

“Well—who are they?—name them.”

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “Where's Nicholas Vedder?”

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, “Nicholas Ved-

dead? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed in the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand—war—Congress—Stony Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three.

"Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice.

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the Half-Moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. When-

ever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE. The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart* and the Kypphauser mountain; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity.

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this in the villages along the Hudson, all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt."

THE WIFE.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet bed's not sweeter!

MIDDLETON.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching, than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while threading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly

supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex.—"Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairytale."

The very difference in their characters produced a harmonious combination; he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burden for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on a flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced to almost penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the sorrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will banish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the luster of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow—and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later: you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve: it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar!—that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear poverty? She has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? She has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart—it will break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—" "I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively, "in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by per-

suading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I have said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark downward path of low humility, suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which, in other ranks, it is a stranger.—In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms around my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy.—But, poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract: she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegances. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty, so much as pretense, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her," asked I, "has anything happened to her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spir-

its than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love and tenderness and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman."

"Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience: she has been introduced into an humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has for the first time known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has for the first time looked around her on a home destitute of everything elegant—almost of everything convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road, up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front. A small wicket-gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come; I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and everything is so sweet and still here.—Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "oh, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms round her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

THE BROKEN HEART.

I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipped
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose.
MIDDLETON.

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been

brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me that, however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the act. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire—it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest."

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals—so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her, the desire of her heart has failed—the great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low—

but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the Irish patriot: it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave!—so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender though melancholy circumstances that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society,

and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief and wean her from the tragical story of her loves. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charrn he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of fargone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and weebegone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began with the capriciousness of a sickly heart to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching—it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness—that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrecoverably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away, in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow:
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

THE ART OF BOOK-MAKING.

"If that severe doom of Synesius be true—'It is a greater offense to steal dead men's labors than their clothes'—what shall become of most writers?"

BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

I HAVE often wondered at the extreme fecundity of the press, and how it comes to pass that so many heads on which Nature seems to have inflicted the curse of barrenness, yet teem with voluminous productions. As a man travels on, however, in the journey of life, his objects of wonder daily diminish, and he is continually finding out some very simple cause for some great matter of marvel. Thus have I chanced, in my peregrinations about this great metropolis, to blunder upon a scene which unfolded to me some of the mysteries of the book-making craft and at once put an end to my astonishment.

I was one summer's day loitering through the great saloons of the British Museum, with that listlessness with which one is apt to saunter about a room in warm weather; sometimes lolling over the glass cases of minerals, sometimes studying the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian mummy, and sometimes trying, with nearly equal success, to comprehend the allegorical paintings on the lofty ceilings. While I was gazing about in this idle way, my attention was attracted to a distant door, at the end of a suite of apartments. It was closed, but every now and then it would open, and some strange-favored being, generally clothed in black, would steal forth and glide through the rooms, without noticing any of the surrounding objects. There was an air of mystery about this that piqued my languid curiosity, and I determined to attempt the passage of that strait, and to explore the unknown regions that lay beyond. The door yielded to my hand, with all that facility with which the portals of enchanted castles yield to the adventurous knight-errant. I found myself in a spacious chamber, surrounded with great cases of venerable books. Above the cases and just under the cornice were arranged a great number of quaint black-looking portraits of ancient authors. About the room were placed long tables, with stands for reading and writing, at which sat many pale, cadaverous personages, poring intently over dusty volumes, rummaging among moldy manuscripts, and taking copious notes of their contents. The most hushed stillness reigned through this mysterious apartment, excepting that you might hear the racing of pens over sheets of paper, or, occasionally, the deep sigh of one of these sages, as he shifted his position to turn over the pages of an old folio; doubtless arising from that hollowness and flatulency incident to learned research.

Now and then one of those personages would write something on a small slip of paper, and ring a bell, whereupon a familiar would appear, take the paper in profound silence, glide out of the room, and return shortly loaded with ponderous tomes, upon which the other would fall, tooth and nail, with famished voracity. I had no longer a doubt that I had happened upon a body of magi, deeply engaged in the study of occult sciences. The scene reminded me of an old Arabian tale, of a philosopher who was shut up in an enchanted library, in the bosom of a mountain, that opened only once a year; where he made the spirits of the place obey his commands, and bring him books of all kinds of dark knowledge, so that at the end of the year, when the magic portal once more swung open on its hinges, he issued forth so versed in forbidden lore as to be able to soar above the heads of the multitude, and to control the powers of Nature.

My curiosity being now fully aroused, I whispered to one of the familiars, as he was about to leave the room, and begged an interpretation of the strange scene before me. A few words were sufficient for the purpose:—I found that these mysterious personages whom I had mistaken for magi, were principally authors, and were in the very act of manufacturing books. I was, in fact, in the reading-room of the great British Library, an immense collection of volumes of all ages and languages, many of which are now forgotten, and most of which are seldom read. To these sequestered pools of obsolete literature, therefore, do many modern authors repair, and draw buckets full of classic lore, or "pure English, undefiled," wherewith to swell their own scanty rills of thought.

Being now in possession of the secret, I sat down in a corner and watched the process of this book manufactory. I noticed one lean, bilious-looking wight, who sought none but the most worm-eaten volumes, printed in black-letter. He was evidently constructing some work of profound erudition, that would be purchased by every man who wished to be thought learned, placed upon a conspicuous shelf of his library, or laid open upon his table—but never read. I observed him, now and then, draw a large fragment of biscuit out of his pocket, and gnaw; whether it was his dinner or whether he was endeavoring to keep off that exhaustion of the stomach, produced by much pondering over dry works, I leave to harder students than myself to determine.

There was one dapper little gentleman in bright colored clothes, with a chirping gossiping expression of countenance, who had all the appearance of an author on good terms with his bookseller. After considering him attentively, I recognized in him a diligent getter-up of miscellaneous works, which bustled off well with the trade. I was curious to see how he manufactured his wares. He made more stir and show of business than any of the others: dipping into various books, fluttering over the leaves of manuscripts, taking a morsel out of one, a morsel out of another, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." The contents of his book seemed to be as heterogeneous as those of the witches' caldron in Macbeth. It was here a finger and there a thumb, toe of frog and blind worm's sting, with his own gossip poured in like "baboon's blood," to make the medley "slab and good."

After all, thought I, may not this pilfering disposition be implanted in authors for wise purposes? May it not be the way in which Providence has taken care that the seeds of knowledge and wisdom shall be preserved from age to age, in spite of the inevitable decay of the works in which they were first produced? We see that Nature has wisely though whimsically provided for the conveyance of seeds from clime to clime, in the maws of certain birds; so that animals, which, in themselves, are little better than carrion, and apparently the lawless plunderers of the orchard and the cornfield, are, in fact, Nature's carriers to disperse and perpetuate her blessings. In like manner, the beauties and fine thoughts of ancient and obsolete writers are caught up by these flights of predatory authors, and cast forth, again to flourish and bear fruit in a remote and distant tract of time. Many of their works, also, undergo a kind of metempsychosis, and spring up under new forms. What was formerly a ponderous history revives in the shape of a romance—an old legend changes into a modern play—and a sober philosophical treatise furnishes the body for a whole series of bouncing and sparkling essays. Thus it is in the clearing of our American woodlands; where

we burn down a forest of stately pines, a progeny of dwarf oaks start up in their place; and we never see the prostrate trunk of a tree, mouldering into soil, but it gives birth to a whole tribe of fungi.

Let us not, then, lament over the decay and oblivion into which ancient writers descend; they do but submit to the great law of Nature, which declares that all subliminary shapes of matter shall be limited in their duration, but which decrees, also, that their elements shall never perish. Generation after generation, both in animal and vegetable life, passes away, but the vital principle is transmitted to posterity and the species continue to flourish. Thus, also, do authors beget authors, and having produced a numerous progeny, in a good old age they sleep with their fathers; that is to say, with the authors who preceded them—and from whom they had stolen.

While I was indulging in these rambling fancies I had leaned my head against a pile of reverend folios. Whether it was owing to the soporific emanations from these works; or to the profound quiet of the room; or to the lassitude arising from much wandering; or to an unlucky habit of napping at improper times and places, with which I am grievously afflicted, so it was, that I fell into a doze. Still, however, my imagination continued busy, and indeed the same scene remained before my mind's eye, only a little changed in some of the details. I dreamed that the chamber was still decorated with the portraits of ancient authors, but the number was increased. The long tables had disappeared, and in place of the sage magi, I beheld a ragged, threadbare throng, such as may be seen plying about the great repository of cast-off clothes, Monmouth street. Whenever they seized upon a book, by one of those incongruities common to dreams, methought it turned into a garment of foreign or antique fashion, with which they proceeded to equip themselves. I noticed, however, that no one pretended to clothe himself from any particular suit, but took a sleeve from one, a cape from another, a skirt from a third, thus decking himself out piecemeal, while some of his original rags would peep out from among his borrowed finery.

There was a portly, rosy, well-fed parson, whom I observed ogling several moldy polemical writers through an eye-glass. He soon contrived to slip on the voluminous mantle of one of the old fathers, and having purloined the gray beard of another, endeavored to look exceedingly wise; but the smirking commonplace of his countenance set at nought all the trappings of wisdom. One sickly-looking gentleman was busied embroidering a very flimsy garment with gold thread drawn out of several old court-dresses of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Another had trimmed himself magnificently from an illuminated manuscript, had stuck a nosegay in his bosom, culled from "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," and having put Sir Philip Sidney's hat on one side of his head, strutted off with an exquisite air of vulgar elegance. A third, who was but of puny dimensions, had bolstered himself out bravely with the spoils from several obscure tracts of philosophy, so that he had a very imposing front, but he was lamentably tattered in rear, and I perceived that he had patched his small-clothes with scraps of parchment from a Latin author.

There were some well-dressed gentlemen, it is true, who only helped themselves to a gem or so, which sparkled among their own ornaments without eclipsing them. Some, too, seemed to contemplate the costumes of the old writers, merely to imbibed their principles of taste, and to catch their air and spirit; but I grieve to say that too many were apt to array themselves, from top to toe, in the patch-work

manner I have mentioned. I should not omit to speak of one genius, in drab breeches and gaiters, and an Arcadian hat, who had a violent propensity to the pastoral, but whose rural wanderings had been confined to the classic haunts of Primrose Hill and the solitudes of the Regent's Park. He had decked himself in wreaths and ribbons from all the old pastoral poets, and hanging his head on one side, went about with a fantastical, lack-a-daisical air, "babbling about green fields." But the personage that most struck my attention was a pragmatistical old gentleman, in clerical robes, with a remarkably large and square but bald head. He entered the room wheezing and puffing, elbowed his way through the throng, with a look of sturdy self-confidence, and having laid hands upon a thick Greek quarto, clapped it upon his head, and swept majestically away in a formidable frizzled wig.

In the height of this literary masquerade, a cry suddenly resounded from every side, of "thieves! thieves!" I looked, and lo! the portraits about the wall became animated! The old authors thrust out first a head, then a shoulder, from the canvas, looked down curiously, for an instant, upon the motley throng, and then descended, with fury in their eyes, to claim their rifled property. The scene of scampering and hubbub that ensued baffles all description. The unhappy culprits endeavored in vain to escape with their plunder. On one side might be seen half a dozen old monks, stripping a modern professor; on another, there was sad devastation carried into the ranks of modern dramatic writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, side by side, raged round the field like Castor and Pollux, and sturdy Ben Jonson enacted more wonders than when a volunteer with the army in Flanders. As to the dapper little compiler of farragos, mentioned some time since, he had arrayed himself in as many patches and colors as Harlequin, and there was as fierce a contention of claimants about him as about the dead body of Patroclus. I was grieved to see many men, whom I had been accustomed to look upon with awe and reverence, fain to steal off with scarce a rag to cover their nakedness. Just then my eye was caught by the pragmatistical old gentleman in the Greek grizzled wig, who was scrambling away in sore affright with half a score of authors in full cry after him. They were close upon his haunches; in a twinkling off went his wig; at every turn some strip of raiment was peeled away; until in a few moments, from his domineering pomp, he shrunk into a little pury, "chopp'd bald shot," and made his exit with only a few tags and rags fluttering at his back.

There was something so ludicrous in the catastrophe of this learned Theban that I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which broke the whole illusion. The tumult and the scuffle were at an end. The chamber resumed its usual appearance. The old authors shrunk back into their picture-frames, and hung in shadowy solemnity along the walls. In short, I found myself wide awake in my corner, with the whole assemblage of bookworms gazing at me with astonishment. Nothing of the dream had been real but my burst of laughter, a sound never before heard in that grave sanctuary, and so abhorrent to the ears of wisdom as to electrify the fraternity.

The librarian now stepped up to me, and demanded whether I had a card of admission. At first I did not comprehend him, but I soon found that the library was a kind of literary "preserve," subject to game laws, and that no one must presume to hunt there without special license and permission. In a word, I stood convicted of being an arrant poacher, and was glad to make a precipitate retreat, lest I should have a whole pack of authors let loose upon me.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

Pittie olde age, within whose silver haire
Honor and reverence evermore have reign'd.
MARLOWE'S *Tamburlaine*.

DURING my residence in the country I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken paneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country is so holy in its repose—such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of Nature that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!

I cannot lay claim to the merit of being a devout man; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of Nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer; habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes could not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart; I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman rose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches; and this was so delightfully situated that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the churchyard, where, by the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating upon the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe, but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old

woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze with childish curiosity on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church-porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummerly of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm and endeavored to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, nay—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and desolation, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich? They have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine around new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years—these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the churchyard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter; she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age—"Oh, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her good man's; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind of feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbors would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage-door which faced the garden suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking, eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy George?" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where sorrow and joy were so completely blended: still he was alive!—he was come home!—he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if anything had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means

afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride in manhood; that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity;—and if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and looking anxiously up until he saw her bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do everything that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black ribbon or so—a faded black handkerchief—and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show.—When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighborhood I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

THE

BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN, EASTCHEAP.

A SHAKESPEAREAN RESEARCH.

A tavern is the rendezvous, the exchange, the staple of good fellows. I have heard my great-grandfather tell, how his great-grandfather should say, that it was an old proverb when his great-grandfather was a child, that "it was a good wind that blew a man to the wine."

MOTHER BOMBIE.

It is a pious custom in some Catholic countries to honor the memory of saints by votive lights burned before their pictures. The popularity of a saint, therefore, may be known by the number of these offerings. One, perhaps, is left to molder in the darkness of his little chapel; another may have a solitary lamp to throw its blinking rays athwart his effigy; while the whole blaze of adoration is lavished at the shrine of some beatified father of renown. The wealthy devotee brings his huge luminary of wax; the eager zealot, his seven-branched candlestick; and even the mendicant pilgrim is by no means satisfied that sufficient light is thrown upon the deceased, unless he hangs up his little lamp of smoking oil. The consequence is, in the eagerness to enlighten, they are often apt to obscure; and I have occasionally seen an unlucky saint almost smoked out of countenance by the officiousness of his followers.

In like manner has it fared with the immortal Shakespeare. Every writer considers it his bounden duty to light up some portion of his character or works, and to rescue some merit from oblivion. The commentator, opulent in words, produces vast tomes of dissertations; the common herd of editors send up mists of obscurity from their notes at the bottom of each page; and every casual scribbler brings his farthing rush-light of eulogy or research, to swell the cloud of incense and of smoke.

As I honor all established usages of my brethren of the quill, I thought it but proper to contribute my mite of homage to the memory of the illustrious bard. I was for some time, however, sorely puzzled in what way I should discharge this duty. I found myself anticipated in every attempt at a new reading; every doubtful line had been explained a dozen different ways, and perplexed beyond the reach of elucidation; and as to fine passages they had all been amply praised by previous admirers: nay, so completely had the bard, of late, been overladen with panegyric by a great German critic, that it was difficult now to find even a fault that had not been argued into a beauty.

In this perplexity I was one morning turning over his pages, when I casually opened upon the comic scenes of Henry IV., and was in a moment completely lost in the madcap revelry of the Boar's Head Tavern. So vividly and naturally are these scenes of humor depicted, and with such force and consistency are the characters sustained, that they become mingled up in the mind with the facts and personages of real life. To few readers does it occur that these are all ideal creations of a poet's brain, and that, in sober truth, no such knot of merry roysters ever enlivened the dull neighborhood of Eastcheap.

For my part I love to give myself up to the illusions of poetry. A hero of fiction that never existed is just as valuable to me as a hero of history that existed a thousand years since: and if I may be excused such an insensibility to the common ties of human nature, I would not give up fat Jack for half the great men of ancient chronicle. What have the heroes of yore done for me, or men like me? They have conquered countries of which I do not enjoy an

acre; or they have gained laurels of which I do not inherit a leaf; or they have furnished examples of hair-brained prowess, which I have neither the opportunity nor the inclination to follow. But old Jack Falstaff!—kind Jack Falstaff!—sweet Jack Falstaff! has enlarged the boundaries of human enjoyment: he has added vast regions of wit and good-humor, in which the poorest man may revel; and has bequeathed a never-failing inheritance of jolly laughter, to make mankind merrier and better to the latest posterity.

A thought suddenly struck me: "I will make a pilgrimage to Eastcheap," said I, closing the book, "and see if the old Boar's Head Tavern still exists. Who knows but I may light upon some legendary traces of Dame Quickly and her guests; at any rate, there will be a kindred pleasure in treading the halls once vocal with their mirth, to that the toper enjoys in smelling of the empty cask, once filled with generous wine."

The resolution was no sooner formed than put in execution. I forbear to treat of the various adventures and wonders I encountered in my travels, of the haunted regions of Cock lane; of the faded glories of Little Britain and the parts adjacent; what perils I ran in Pudding lane street and Old Jewry, of the renowned Guildhall and its two stunted giants, the pride and wonder of the city and the terror of all unlucky urchins; and how I visited London Stone and struck my staff upon it, in imitation of that arch-rebel, Jack Cade.

Let it suffice to say that I at length arrived in merry Eastcheap, that ancient region of wit and was-sail, where the very names of the streets relished of good cheer, as Pudding lane bears testimony even at the present day. For Eastcheap, says old Stow, "was always famous for its convivial doings. The cooks cried hot ribbes of beef roasted, pies well baked, and other victuals; there was clattering of pewter pots, harpe, pipe, and sawtrie." Alas! how sadly is the scene changed since the roaring days of Falstaff and old Stow! The madcap royster has given place to the plodding tradesman; the clattering of pots and the sound of "harpe and sawtrie," to the din of carts and the accursed dinging of the dustman's bell; and no song is heard, save haply the strain of some siren from Billingsgate, chanting the eulogy of deceased mackerel.

I sought in vain for the ancient abode of Dame Quickly. The only relic of it is a boar's head, carved in relief stone, which formerly served as a sign, but at present is built into the parting line of two houses which stand on the site of the renowned old tavern.

For the history of this little empire of good fellowship I was referred to a tallow-chandler's widow, opposite, who had been born and brought up on the spot, and was looked up to as the indisputable chronicler of the neighborhood. I found her seated in a little back parlor, the window of which looked out upon a yard about eight feet square, laid out as a flower-garden; while a glass door opposite afforded a distant peep of the street, through a vista of soap and tallow candles; the two views, which comprised in all probability her prospects in life, and the little world in which she had lived, and moved, and had her being, for the better part of a century.

To be versed in the history of Eastcheap, great and little, from London Stone even unto the Monument, was doubtless, in her opinion, to be acquainted with the history of the universe. Yet, with all this, she possessed the simplicity of true wisdom and that liberal communicative disposition which I have generally remarked in intelligent old ladies, knowing is the concerns of their neighborhood.

Her information, however, did not extend far back

into antiquity. She could throw no light upon the history of the Boar's Head, from the time that Dame Quickly espoused the valiant Pistol until the great fire of London, when it was unfortunately burned down. It was soon rebuilt, and continued to flourish under the old name and sign, until a dying landlord, struck with remorse for double scores, bad measures, and other iniquities which are incident to the sinful race of publicans, endeavored to make his peace with Heaven by bequeathing the tavern to St. Michael's church, Crooked lane, toward the supporting of a chaplain. For some time the vestry meetings were regularly held there; but it was observed that the old Boar never held up his head under church government. He gradually declined, and finally gave his last gasp about thirty years since. The tavern was then turned into shops; but she informed me that a picture of it was still preserved in St. Michael's church, which stood just in the rear. To get a sight of this picture was now my determination; so, having informed myself of the abode of the sexton, I took my leave of the venerable chronicler of Eastcheap, my visit having doubtless raised greatly her opinion of her legendary lore, and furnished an important incident in the history of her life.

It cost me some difficulty and much curious inquiry to ferret out the humble hanger-on to the church. I had to explore Crooked lane, and divers little alleys, and elbows, and dark passages, with which this old city is perforated, like an ancient cheese, or a worm-eaten chest of drawers. At length I traced him to a corner of a small court, surrounded by lofty houses, where the inhabitants enjoy about as much of the face of heaven as a community of frogs at the bottom of a well. The sexton was a meek, acquiescing little man, of a bowing, lowly habit; yet he had a pleasant twinkling in his eye, and if encouraged, would now and then venture a small pleasantry, such as a man of his low estate might venture to make in the company of high church wardens, and other mighty men of the earth. I found him in company with the deputy organist, seated apart, like Milton's angels; discoursing, no doubt, on high doctrinal points, and settling the affairs of the church over a friendly pot of ale; for the lower classes of English seldom deliberate on any weighty matter without the assistance of a cool tankard to clear their understandings. I arrived at the moment when they had finished their ale and their argument, and were about to repair to the church to put it in order; so, having made known my wishes, I received their gracious permission to accompany them.

The church of St. Michael's, Crooked lane, standing a short distance from Billingsgate, is enriched with the tombs of many fishmongers of renown; and as every profession has its galaxy of glory, and its constellation of great men, I presume the monument of a mighty fishmonger of the olden time is regarded with as much reverence by succeeding generations of the craft, as poets feel on contemplating the tomb of Virgil, or soldiers the monument of a Marlborough or Turenne.

I cannot but turn aside while thus speaking of illustrious men, to observe that St. Michael's, Crooked lane, contains also the ashes of that doughty champion, William Walworth, knight, who so manfully clove down the sturdy wight, Wat Tyler, in Smithfield; a hero worthy of honorable blazon, as almost the only Lord Mayor on record famous for deeds of arms; the sovereigns of Cockney being generally renowned as the most pacific of all potentates.*

* The following was the ancient inscription on the monument of this worthy, which, unhappily, was destroyed in the great conflagration.

Adjoining the church, in a small cemetery, immediately under the back windows of what was once the Boar's Head, stands the tombstone of Robert Preston, whilome drawer at the tavern. It is now nearly a century since this trusty drawer of good liquor closed his bustling career, and was thus quietly deposited within call of his customers. As I was clearing away the weeds from his epitaph, the little sexton drew me on one side with a mysterious air, and informed me, in a low voice that once upon a time, on a dark wintry night, when the wind was unruly, howling and whistling, banging about doors and windows, and twirling wethercocks, so that the living were frightened out of their beds, and even the dead could not sleep quietly in their graves, the ghost of honest Preston, which happened to be airing itself in the churchyard, was attracted by the well-known call of "waiter," from the Boar's Head, and made its sudden appearance in the midst of a roaring club, just as the parish clerk was singing a stave from the "mirrie garland of Captain Death;" to the discomfiture of sundry train-band captains, and the conversion of an infidel attorney, who became a zealous Christian on the spot, and was never known to twist the truth afterward except in the way of business.

I beg it may be remembered that I do not pledge myself for the authenticity of this anecdote; though it is well known that the churchyards and by- corners of this old metropolis are very much infested with perturbed spirits; and every one must have heard of the Cock lane ghost, and the apparition that guards the regalia in the Tower, which has frightened so many bold sentinels almost out of their wits.

Be all this as it may, this Robert Preston seems to have been a worthy successor to the nimble-tongued Francis, who attended upon the revels of Prince Hal; to have been equally prompt with his "anon, anon, sir," and to have transcended his predecessor in honesty; for Falstaff, the veracity of whose taste no man will venture to impeach, flatly accuses Francis of putting lime in his sack; whereas, honest Preston's epitaph lauds him for the sobriety of his conduct, the soundness of his wine, and the fairness of his measure.† The worthy dignitaries of the church, however, did not appear much captivated by the sober virtues of the tapster; the deputy or-

Hereunder lyth a man of fame,
William Walworth callyd by name;
Fishmonger he was in lyfytyme here,
And twise Lord Maior, as in books appeare;
Who, with courage stout and manly myght,
Slew Jack Straw in Kyng Richard's sight,
For which act done, and trew entent,
The Kyng made him knyght incontinent;
And gave him armes, as here you see,
To declare his fact and chivaldrie:
He left this lyff the year of our God
Thirteen hundred fourscore and three odd.

An error in the foregoing inscription has been corrected by the venerable Stow: "Whereas," said he, "It hath been far spread abroad by vulgar opinion that the rebel smitten down so manfully by Sir William Walworth, the then worthy Lord Maior, was named Jack Straw, and not Wat Tyler, I thought good to reconcile this rash conceived doubt by such testimony as I find in ancient and good records. The principal leaders, or captains, of the commons, were Wat Tyler, as the first man; the second was John, or Jack, Straw, etc., etc."—*Stow's London.*

† As this inscription is rife with excellent morality, I transcribe it for the admonition of delinquent tapsters. It is no doubt the production of some choice spirit who once frequented the Boar's Head.

Bacchus, to give the toying world surprise,
Produced one sober son, and here he lies.
Though rear'd among full hogheads, he defied
The charms of wine, and every one beside.
O reader, if to justice thou'rt inclined,
Keep honest Preston daily in thy mind.
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundry virtues that excused his faults.
You that on Bacchus have the like dependence,
Pray copy Bob, in measure and attendance.

ganist, who had a moist look out of the eye, made some shrewd remark on the abstemiousness of a man brought up among full hogsheds; and the little sexton corroborated his opinion by a significant wink and a dubious shake of the head.

Thus far my researches, though they threw much light on the history of tapsters, fishmongers, and lord mayors, yet disappointed me in the great object of my quest, the picture of the Boar's Head Tavern. No such painting was to be found in the church of St. Michael's. "Marry and amen!" said I, "here endeth my research!" So I was giving the matter up, with the air of a baffled antiquary, when my friend the sexton, perceiving me to be curious in everything relative to the old tavern, offered to show me the choice vessels of the vestry, which had been handed down from remote times, when the parish meetings had been held at the Boar's Head. These were deposited in the parish club-room, which had been transferred, on the decline of the ancient establishment, to a tavern in the neighborhood.

A few steps brought us to the house, which stands No. 12 Mile lane, bearing the title of The Mason's Arms, and is kept by Master Edward Honeyball, the "bully-rock" of the establishment. It is one of those little taverns which abound in the heart of the city, and form the center of gossip and intelligence of the neighborhood. We entered the bar-room, which was narrow and darkling; for in these close lanes but few rays of reflected light are enabled to struggle down to the inhabitants, whose broad day is at best but a tolerable twilight. The room was partitioned into boxes, each containing a table spread with a clean white cloth, ready for dinner. This showed that the guests were of the good old stamp, and divided their day equally, for it was but just one o'clock. At the lower end of the room was a clear coal fire, before which a breast of lamb was roasting. A row of bright brass candlesticks and pewter mugs glistened along the mantelpiece, and an old-fashioned clock ticked in one corner. There was something primitive in this medley of kitchen, parlor, and hall, that carried me back to earlier times, and pleased me. The place, indeed, was humble, but everything had that look of order and neatness which bespeaks the superintendence of a notable English housewife. A group of amphibious-looking beings, who might be either fishermen or sailors, were regaling themselves in one of the boxes. As I was a visitor of rather higher pretensions, I was ushered into a little misshapen back room, having at least nine corners. It was lighted by a sky-light, furnished with antiquated leathern chairs, and ornamented with the portrait of a fat pig. It was evidently appropriated to particular customers, and I found a shabby gentleman, in a red nose and oil-cloth hat, seated in one corner, meditating on a half-empty pot of porter.

The old sexton had taken the landlady aside, and with an air of profound importance imparted to her my errand. Dame Honeyball was a likely, plump, bustling little woman, and no bad substitute for that paragon of hostesses, Dame Quickly. She seemed delighted with an opportunity to oblige; and hurrying up-stairs to the archives of her house, where the precious vessels of the parish-club were deposited, she returned, smiling and courtesying, with them in her hands.

The first she presented me was a japanned iron tobacco-box, of gigantic size, out of which, I was told, the vestry had smoked at their stated meetings, since time immemorial; and which was never suffered to be profaned by vulgar hands or used on common occasions. I received it with becoming reverence; but what was my delight at beholding on its cover the identical painting of which I was in quest! There was displayed the outside of the Boar's Head Tavern,

and before the door was to be seen the whole convivial group, at table in full revel, pictured with that wonderful fidelity and force with which the portraits of renowned generals and commodores are illustrated on tobacco boxes for the benefit of posterity. *Lea*, however, there should be any mistake, the cunning limner had warily inscribed the names of Prince Hal and Falstaff on the bottoms of their chairs.

On the inside of the cover was an inscription, nearly obliterated, recording that this box was the gift of Sir Richard Gore, for the use of the vestry meetings at the Boar's Head Tavern, and that it was "repaired and beautified by his successor, Mr. John Packard, 1767." Such is a faithful description of this august and venerable relic, and I question whether the learned Scriblerius contemplated his Roman shield, or the Knights of the Round Table the long-sought sangreal, with more exultation.

While I was meditating on it with enraptured gaze, Dame Honeyball, who was highly gratified by the interest it excited, put in my hands a drinking cup or goblet which also belonged to the vestry, and was descended from the old Boar's Head. It bore the inscription of having been the gift of Francis Wyth-ers, knight, and was held, she told me, in exceeding great value, being considered very "antique." This last opinion was strengthened by the shabby gentleman with the red nose and oil-cloth hat, and whom I strongly suspected of being a lineal descendant from the valiant Bardolph. He suddenly aroused from his meditation on the pot of porter, and casting a knowing look at the goblet, exclaimed, "Ay, ay, the head don't ache now that made that there article."

The great importance attached to this memento of ancient revelry by modern churchwardens at first puzzled me; but there is nothing sharpens the apprehension so much as antiquarian research; for I immediately perceived that this could be no other than the identical "parcel-gilt goblet" on which Falstaff made his loving but faithless vow to Dame Quickly; and which would, of course, be treasured up with care among the regalia of her domains, as a testimony of that solemn contract.*

My hostess, indeed, gave me a long history how the goblet had been handed down from generation to generation. She also entertained me with many particulars concerning the worthy vestrymen who have seated themselves thus quietly on the stools of the ancient roysters of Eastcheap, and, like so many commentators, utter clouds of smoke in honor of Shakespeare. These I forbear to relate, lest my readers should not be as curious in these matters as myself. Suffice it to say, the neighbors, one and all, about Eastcheap believe that Falstaff and his merry crew actually lived and revelled there. Nay, there are several legendary anecdotes concerning him still extant among the oldest frequenters of the Mason's Arms, which they give as transmitted down from their forefathers; and Mr. M'Kash, an Irish hair-dresser, whose shop stands on the site of the old Boar's Head, has several dry jokes of Fat Jack's not laid down in the books, with which he makes his customers ready to die of laughter.

I now turned to my friend the sexton to make some further inquiries, but I found him sunk in pensive meditation. His head had declined a little on one side; a deep sigh heaved from the very bottom of his stomach, and, though I could not see a tear

* Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin Chamber, at the round-table by a sea-coast fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the Prince brot thy head for likening his father to a singing man of Windsor: thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it?—*Henry IV., part 2.*

trembling in his eye, yet a moisture was evidently stealing from the corner of his mouth. I followed the direction of his eye through the door which stood open, and found it fixed wistfully on the savory breast of lamb, roasting in dripping richness before the fire.

I now called to mind that in the eagerness of my recondite investigation, I was keeping the poor man from his dinner. My bowels yearned with sympathy, and putting in his hand a small token of my gratitude and good will, I departed with a hearty benediction on him, Dame Honeyball, and the parish-club of Crooked lane—not forgetting my shabby but sententious friend in the oil-cloth hat and copper nose.

Thus have I given a "tedious brief" account of this interesting research; for which, if it prove too short and unsatisfactory, I can only plead my inexperience in this branch of literature, so deservedly popular at the present day. I am aware that a more skillful illustrator of the immortal bard would have swelled the materials I have touched upon to a good merchantable bulk, comprising the biographies of William Walworth, Jack Straw, and Robert Preston; some notice of the eminent fishmonger of St. Michael's; the history of Eastcheap, great and little; private anecdotes of Dame Honeyball and her pretty daughter, whom I have not even mentioned; to say nothing of a damsel tending the breast of lamb (and whom, by the way, I remarked to be a comely lass, with a neat foot and ankle); the whole enlivened by the riots of Wat Tyler, and illuminated by the great fire of London.

All this I leave as a rich mine to be worked by future commentators; nor do I despair of seeing the tobacco-box and the "parcel-gilt goblet," which I have thus brought to light, the subject of future engravings, and almost as fruitful of voluminous dissertations and disputes as the shield of Achilles or the far-famed Portland vase.

THE MUTABILITY OF LITERATURE.

A COLLOQUY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In time's great period shall return to nought,
I know that all the muses' heavenly lays,
With toll of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds of few or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than mere praise.
DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

THERE are certain half-dreaming moods of mind, in which we naturally steal away from noise and glare, and seek some quiet haunt, where we may indulge our reveries, and build our air-castles undisturbed. In such a mood I was loitering about the old gray cloisters of Westminster Abbey, enjoying that luxury of wandering thought which one is apt to dignify with the name of reflection; when suddenly an irruption of madcap boys from Westminster school, playing at foot-ball, broke in upon the monastic stillness of the place, making the vaulted passages and moldering tombs echo with their merriment. I sought to take refuge from their noise by penetrating still deeper into the solitudes of the pile, and applied to one of the vergers for admission to the library. He conducted me through a portal rich with the crumbling sculpture of former ages, which opened upon a gloomy passage leading to the Chapter-house, and the chamber in which Doomsday Book is deposited. Just within the passage is a small door on the left. To this the verger applied a key; it was double locked, and opened with some difficulty, as if seldom used. We now ascended a dark narrow stair-

case, and passing through a second door, entered the library.

I found myself in a lofty antique hall, the roof supported by massive joists of old English oak. It was soberly lighted by a row of Gothic windows at a considerable height from the floor, and which apparently opened upon the roofs of the cloisters. An ancient picture of some reverend dignitary of the church in his robes hung over the fire-place. Around the hall and in a small gallery were the books, arranged in carved oaken cases. They consisted principally of old polemical writers, and were much more worn by time than use. In the center of the library was a solitary table, with two or three books on it, an inkstand without ink, and a few pens parched by long disuse. The place seemed fitted for quiet study and profound meditation. It was buried deep among the massive walls of the abbey, and shut up from the tumult of the world. I could only hear now and then the shouts of the schoolboys faintly swelling from the cloisters, and the sound of a bell tolling for prayers, that echoed soberly along the roofs of the abbey. By degrees the shouts of merriment grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. The bell ceased to toll, and a profound silence reigned through the dusky hall.

I had taken down a little thick quarto curiously bound in parchment, with brass clasps, and seated myself at the table in a venerable elbow chair. Instead of reading, however, I was beguiled by the solemn monastic air and lifeless quiet of the place, into a train of musing. As I looked around upon the old volumes in their moldering covers, thus ranged on the shelves, and apparently never disturbed in their repose, I could not but consider the library a kind of literary catacomb, where authors, like mummies, are piously entombed, and left to blacken and molder in dusty oblivion.

How much, thought I, has each of these volumes, now thrust aside with such indifference, cost some aching head—how many weary days? how many sleepless nights? How have their authors buried themselves in the solitude of cells and cloisters, shut themselves up from the face of man, and the still more blessed face of nature; and devoted themselves to painful research and intense reflection? And all for what? to occupy an inch of dusty shelf—to have the titles of their works read now and then in a future age by some drowsy churchman or casual straggler like myself; and in another age to be lost even to remembrance. Such is the amount of this boasted immortality. A mere temporary rumor, a local sound; like the tone of that bell which has just tolled among these towers, filling the ear for a moment—lingering transiently in echo—and then passing away, like a thing that was not!

While I sat half murmuring, half meditating these unprofitable speculations, with my head resting on my hand, I was thrumming with the other hand upon the quarto, until I accidentally loosened the clasps; when to my utter astonishment, the little book gave two or three yawns, like one awaking from a deep sleep; then a husky hem, and at length began to talk. At first its voice was very hoarse and broken, being much troubled by a cobweb which some studious spider had woven across it; and having probably contracted a cold from long exposure to the chills and damps of the abbey. In a short time, however, it became more distinct, and I soon found it an exceedingly fluent conversable little tome. Its language, to be sure, was rather quaint and obsolete, and its pronunciation what in the present day would be deemed barbarous; but I shall endeavor, as far as I am able, to render it in modern parlance.

It began with railings about the neglect of the world—about merit being suffered to languish in obscurity, and other such commonplace topics of literary repining, and complained bitterly that it had not been opened for more than two centuries;—that the Dean only looked now and then into the library, sometimes took down a volume or two, trifled with them for a few moments, and then returned them to their shelves.

"What a plague do they mean," said the little quarto, which I began to perceive was somewhat choleric, "what a plague do they mean by keeping several thousand volumes of us shut up here, and watched by a set of old vergers, like so many beauties in a harem, merely to be looked at now and then by the Dean? Books were written to give pleasure and to be enjoyed; and I would have a rule passed that the Dean should pay each of us a visit at least once a year; or if he is not equal to the task, let them once in a while turn loose the whole school of Westminster among us, that at any rate we may now and then have an airing."

"Softly, my worthy friend," replied I, "you are not aware how much better you are off than most books of your generation. By being stored away in this ancient library you are like the treasured remains of those saints and monarchs which lie enshrined in the adjoining chapels; while the remains of their contemporary mortals, left to the ordinary course of nature, have long since returned to dust."

"Sir," said the little tome, ruffling his leaves and looking big, "I was written for all the world, not for the bookworms of an abbey. I was intended to circulate from hand to hand, like other great contemporary works; but here have I been clasped up for more than two centuries, and might have silently fallen a prey to these worms that are playing the very vengeance with my intestines, if you had not by chance given me an opportunity of uttering a few last words before I go to pieces."

"My good friend," rejoined I, "had you been left to the circulation of which you speak, you would long ere this have been no more. To judge from your physiognomy, you are now well stricken in years; very few of your contemporaries can be at present in existence; and those few owe their longevity to being immured like yourself in old libraries; which, suffer me to add, instead of likening to harems, you might more properly and gratefully have compared to those infirmaries attached to religious establishments, for the benefit of the old and decrepit, and where, by quiet fostering and no employment, they often endure to an amazingly good-for-nothing old age. You talk of your contemporaries as if in circulation—where do we meet with their works?—what do we hear of Robert Grotest of Lincoln? No one could have tolled harder than he for immortality. He is said to have written nearly two hundred volumes. He built, as it were, a pyramid of books to perpetuate his name: but, alas! the pyramid has long since fallen, and only a few fragments are scattered in various libraries, where they are scarcely disturbed even by the antiquarian. What do we hear of Giraldus Cambrensis, the historian, antiquary, philosopher, theologian, and poet? He declined two bishoprics that he might shut himself up and write for posterity; but posterity never inquires after his labors. What of Henry of Huntingdon, who, besides a learned history of England, wrote a treatise on the contempt of the world, which the world has revenged by forgetting him? What is quoted of Joseph of Exeter, styled the miracle of his age in classical composition? Of his three great heroic poems, one is lost forever excepting a mere fragment; the others are known only to a few of the curious in literature; and as to his

love verses and epigrams, they have entirely disappeared. What is in current use of John Wallis, the Franciscan, who acquired the name of the tree of life?—of William of Malmesbury; of Simeon of Durham; of Benedict of Peterborough; of John Hanvill of St. Albans; of—"

"Prithes, friend," cried the quarto in a testy tone, "how old do you think me? You are talking of authors that lived long before my time, and wrote either in Latin or French, so that they in a manner expatriated themselves, and deserved to be forgotten,* but I, sir, was ushered into the world from the press of the renowned Wynkyn de Worde. I was written in my own native tongue, at a time when the language had become fixed; and, indeed, I was considered a model of pure and elegant English."

[I should observe that these remarks were couched in such intolerably antiquated terms that I have had infinite difficulty in rendering them into modern phraseology.]

"I cry you mercy," said I, "for mistaking your age; but it matters little; almost all the writers of your time have likewise passed into forgetfulness; and De Worde's publications are mere literary rarities among book-collectors. The purity and stability of language, too, on which you found your claims to perpetuity, have been the fallacious dependence of authors of every age, even back to the times of the worthy Robert of Gloucester, who wrote his history in rhymes of mongrel Saxon.† Even now, many talk of Spenser's 'well of pure English undefiled,' as if the language ever sprang from a well or fountain-head, and was not rather a mere confluence of various tongues, perpetually subject to changes and intermixtures. It is this which has made English literature so extremely mutable, and the reputation built upon it so fleeting. Unless thought can be committed to something more permanent and unchangeable than such a medium, even thought must share the fate of everything else and fall into decay. This should serve as a check upon the vanity and exultation of the most popular writer. He finds the language in which he has embarked his fame gradually altering, and subject to the dilapidations of time and the caprice of fashion. He looks back and beholds the early authors of his country, once the favorites of their day, supplanted by modern writers: a few short ages have covered them with obscurity, and their merits can only be relished by the quaint taste of the bookworm. And such, he anticipates, will be the fate of his own work, which, however it may be admired in its day, and held up as a model of purity, will, in the course of years, grow antiquated and obsolete, until it shall become almost as unintelligible in its native land as an Egyptian obelisk, or one of those Runic inscriptions, said to exist in the deserts of Tartary. I declare," added I, with some emotion, "when I contemplate a modern library, filled with new works in all the bravery of rich gilding and binding, I feel disposed to sit down and weep; like the good Xerxes, when he surveyed his army, pranked out in all the splendor of military

* In Latin and French hath many some-time writers had great delvte to endyte, and have many noble thynge writte, but certes there ben some that speaken their noyses in French, of which speche the Frenchmen have as good a fantasie as we have in hearing of Frenchmen's English.

CHARCER'S Testament of Love.
† Hollinshed, in his Chronicle, observes, "Afterwards, also, by diligent travell of Geffry Chaucer and John Gower, in the time of Richard the Second, and after them of John Scogan and John Lydgate, monke of Berrie, our said tongue was brought to an excellent pisse, notwithstanding that it never came unto the type of perfection until the time of Queen Elizabeth, wherein John Jewell, Bishop of Sarum, John Foxe, and sundrie learned and excellent writers, have fully accomplished the ornaturne of the same, to their great praise and immortal commendation."

array and reflected that in one hundred years not one of them would be in existence!"

"Ah," said the little quarto with a heavy sigh, "I see how it is; these modern scribblers have superseded all the good old authors. I suppose nothing is read now-a-days but Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, *Sackville's* stately plays and *Mirror for Magistrates*, or the fine-spun euphuisms of the 'unparalleled John Lyly.'"

"There you are again mistaken," said I; "the writers whom you suppose in vogue, because they happened to be so when you were last in circulation, have long since had their day. Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, the immortality of which was so fondly predicted by his admirers,* and which, in truth, was full of noble thoughts, delicate images, and graceful turns of language, is now scarcely ever mentioned. *Sackville* has strutted into obscurity; and even *Lyly*, though his writings were once the delight of a court, and apparently perpetuated by a proverb, is now scarcely known even by name. A whole crowd of authors who wrote and wrangled at the time have likewise gone down with all their writings and their controversies. Wave after wave of succeeding literature has rolled over them, until they are buried so deep that it is only now and then that some industrious diver after fragments of antiquity brings up a specimen for the gratification of the curious.

"For my part," I continued, "I consider this mutability of language a wise precaution of Providence for the benefit of the world at large, and of authors in particular. To reason from analogy: we daily behold the varied and beautiful tribes of vegetables springing up, flourishing, adorning the fields for a short time, and then fading into dust, to make way for their successors. Were not this the case, the fecundity of nature would be a grievance instead of a blessing: the earth would groan with rank and excessive vegetation, and its surface become a tangled wilderness. In like manner the works of genius and learning decline and make way for subsequent productions. Language gradually varies, and with it fade away the writings of authors who have flourished their allotted time; otherwise the creative powers of genius would overstock the world, and the mind would be completely bewildered in the endless mazes of literature. Formerly there were some restraints on this excessive multiplication: works had to be transcribed by hand, which was a slow and laborious operation; they were written either on parchment, which was expensive, so that one work was often erased to make way for another; or on papyrus, which was fragile and extremely perishable. Authorship was a limited and unprofitable craft, pursued chiefly by monks in the leisure and solitude of their cloisters. The accumulation of manuscripts was slow and costly, and confined almost entirely to monasteries. To these circumstances it may, in some measure, be owing that we have not been inundated by the intellect of antiquity; that the fountains of thought have not been broken up and modern genius drowned in the deluge. But the inventions of paper and the press have put an end to all these restraints: they have made every one a writer, and enabled every mind to pour itself into print, and diffuse itself over the whole intellectual world. The consequences are alarming. The stream of literature has swollen into a torrent—augmented into a river—expanded into a sea. A few centuries since, five or six

hundred manuscripts constituted a great library; but what would you say to libraries, such as actually exist, containing three or four hundred thousand volumes; legions of authors at the same time busy; and a press going on with fearfully increasing activity, to double and quadruple the number? Unless some unforeseen mortality should break out among the progeny of the Muse, now that she has become so prolific, I tremble for posterity. I fear the mere fluctuation of language will not be sufficient. Criticism may do much; it increases with the increase of literature, and resembles one of those salutary checks on population spoken of by economists. All possible encouragement, therefore, should be given to the growth of critics, good or bad. But I fear all will be in vain; let criticism do what it may, writers will write, printers will print, and the world will inevitably be overstocked with good books. It will soon be the employment of a life-time merely to learn their names. Many a man of passable information at the present day reads scarcely anything but reviews, and before long a man of erudition will be little better than a mere walking catalogue."

"My very good sir," said the little quarto, yawning most drearily in my face, "excuse my interrupting you, but I perceive you are rather given to prose. I would ask the fate of an author who was making some noise just as I left the world. His reputation, however, was considered quite temporary. The learned shook their heads at him, for he was a poor, half-educated varlet, that knew little of Latin and nothing of Greek, and had been obliged to run the country for deer-stealing. I think his name was Shakespeare. I presume he soon sunk into oblivion."

"On the contrary," said I, "it is owing to that very man that the literature of his period has experienced a duration beyond the ordinary term of English literature. There arise authors now and then who seem proof against the mutability of language, because they have rooted themselves in the unchanging principles of human nature. They are like gigantic trees that we sometimes see on the banks of a stream, which, by their vast and deep roots, penetrating through the mere surface, and laying hold on the very foundations of the earth, preserve the soil around them from being swept away by the overflowing current, and hold up many a neighboring plant, and perhaps worthless weed to perpetuity. Such is the case with Shakespeare, whom we behold, defying the encroachments of time, retaining in modern use the language and literature of his day, and giving duration to many an indifferent author merely from having flourished in his vicinity. But even he, I grieve to say, is gradually assuming the tint of age, and his whole form is overrun by a profusion of commentators, who, like clambering vines and creepers, almost bury the noble plant that upholds them."

Here the little quarto began to heave his sides and chuckle, until at length he broke out into a plethoric fit of laughter that had well-nigh choked him by reason of his excessive corpulence. "Mighty well!" cried he, as soon as he could recover breath, "mighty well! and so you would persuade me that the literature of an age is to be perpetuated by a vagabond deer-stealer! by a man without learning! by a poet! forsooth—a poet!" And here he wheezed forth another fit of laughter.

I confess that I felt somewhat nettled at this rudeness, which, however, I pardoned on account of his having flourished in a less polished age. I determined, nevertheless, not to give up my point.

"Yes," resumed I positively, "a poet; for of all writers, he has the best chance for immortality. Others may write from the head, but he writes from the heart, and the heart will always understand him.

* Live ever sweete booke: the simple image of his gentle wit, and the golden pillar of his noble courage; and ever notify unto the world that thy writer was the secretary of eloquence, the breath of the muses, the honey bee of the daintiest flowers of wit and arte, the pith of morale and the intellectual virtues, the arme of Bellona in the field, the tongue of Suada in the chamber, the spirite of Practice in esse, and the paragon of excellency in print.

HARVEY'S *Pierce's Supererogation*.

He is the faithful portrayer of Nature, whose features are always the same, and always interesting. Prose writers are voluminous and unwieldy; their pages crowded with commonplaces, and their thoughts expanded into tediousness. But with the true poet everything is terse, touching, or brilliant. He gives the choicest thoughts in the choicest language. He illustrates them by everything that he sees most striking in nature and art. He enriches them by pictures of human life, such as it is passing before him. His writings, therefore, contain the spirit, the aroma, if I may use the phrase, of the age in which he lives. They are caskets which inclose within a small compass the wealth of the language—its family jewels, which are thus transmitted in a portable form to posterity. The setting may occasionally be antiquated, and require now and then to be renewed, as in the case of Chaucer; but the brilliancy and intrinsic value of the gems continue unaltered. Cast a look back over the long reach of literary history. What vast valleys of dullness, filled with monkish legends and academical controversies! What bogs of theological speculations! What dreary wastes of metaphysics! Here and there only do we behold the heaven-illuminated bards, elevated like beacons on their widely separated heights, to transmit the pure light of poetical intelligence from age to age.”

I was just about to launch forth into eulogiums upon the poets of the day, when the sudden opening of the door caused me to turn my head. It was the verger, who came to inform me that it was time to close the library. I sought to have a parting word with the quarto, but the worthy little tome was silent, the clasps were closed, and it looked perfectly unconscious of all that had passed. I have been to the library two or three times since, and have endeavored to draw it into further conversation, but in vain: and whether all this rambling colloquy actually took place, or whether it was another of those odd day-dreams to which I am subject, I have never, to this moment, been able to discover.

RURAL FUNERALS.

Here's a few flowers! but about midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewing flitt'at for graves —
You were as flowers now withered: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.

CYMBELINE.

AMONG the beautiful and simple-hearted customs of rural life which still linger in some parts of England, are those of strewing flowers before the funerals and planting them at the graves of departed friends. These, it is said, are the remains of some of the rites of the primitive church; but they are of still higher antiquity, having been observed among the Greeks and Romans, and frequently mentioned by their writers, and were, no doubt, the spontaneous tributes of unlettered affection, originating long before art had tasked itself to modulate sorrow into song, or story it on the monument. They are now

* Throw earth, and waters deepe,
The pen by skill doth passe:
And feately nype the worlde's abuse,
And shooes us in a glasse,
The vertu and the vice
Of every wight alive;
The honey combe that bee doth make,
Is not so sweet in hyve;
As are the golden leves
That drop from poet's head;
Which doth surmount our common talke,
As farre as dross doth lead.

CHURCHYARD.

only to be met with in the most distant and retired places of the kingdom, where fashion and innovation have not been able to throng in, and trample out all the curious and interesting traces of the olden time.

In Glamorganshire, we are told, the bed whereon the corpse lies is covered with flowers, a custom alluded to in one of the wild and plaintive ditties of Ophelia:

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which be wept to the grave did go,
With true love showers.

There is also a most delicate and beautiful rite observed in some of the remote villages of the south, at the funeral of a female who has died young and unmarried. A chaplet of white flowers is borne before the corpse by a young girl, nearest in age, size, and resemblance, and is afterward hung up in the church over the accustomed seat of the deceased. These chaplets are sometimes made of white paper, in imitation of flowers, and inside of them is generally a pair of white gloves. They are intended as emblems of the purity of the deceased and the crown of glory which she has received in heaven.

In some parts of the country, also, the dead are carried to the grave with the singing of psalms and hymns; a kind of triumph, “to show,” says Bourne, “that they have finished their course with joy, and are become conquerors.” This, I am informed, is observed in some of the northern counties, particularly in Northumberland, and it has a pleasing though melancholy effect to hear, of a still evening, in some lonely country scene, the mournful melody of a funeral dirge swelling from a distance, and to see the train slowly moving along the landscape.

Thy, thus, and thus, we compass round
Thy harmless and unhaunted ground,
And as we sing thy dirge, we will

The Daffodill

And other flowers lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone
HERBICK.

There is also a solemn respect paid by the traveler to the passing funeral in these sequestered places; for such spectacles, occurring among the quiet abodes of Nature, sink deep into the soul. As the mourning train approaches, he pauses, uncovered, to let it go by; he then follows silently in the rear: sometimes quite to the grave, at other times for a few hundred yards, and having paid this tribute of respect to the deceased, turns and resumes his journey.

The rich vein of melancholy which runs through the English character, and gives it some of its most touching and ennobling graces, is finely evidenced in these pathetic customs, and in the solicitude shown by the common people for an honored and peaceful grave. The humblest peasant, whatever may be his lowly lot while living, is anxious that some little respect may be paid to his remains. Sir Thomas Overbury, describing the “faire and happy milk-maid,” observes, “Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the spring time, to have store of flowers sticke upon her winding-sheet.” The poets, too, who always breathe the feeling of a nation, continually advert to this fond solicitude about the grave. In “The Maid’s Tragedy,” by Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a beautiful instance of the kind, describing the capricious melancholy of a broken-hearted girl.

When she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she, with a sigh, will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck ‘em, and strew her over like a corse.

The custom of decorating graves was once universally prevalent: osiers were carefully bent over them to keep the turf uninjured, and about them were planted evergreens and flowers. "We adorn their graves," says Evelyn, in his *Sylva*, "with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in Holy Scriptures to those fading beauties whose roots, being buried in dishonor, rise again in glory." This usage has now become extremely rare in England; but it may still be met with in the churchyards of retired villages among the Welsh mountains; and I recollect an instance of it at the small town of Ruthven, which lies at the head of the beautiful vale of Clewyd. I have been told also by a friend, who was present at the funeral of a young girl in Glamorganshire, that the female attendants had their aprons full of flowers, which, as soon as the body was interred, they stuck about the grave.

He noticed several graves which had been decorated in the same manner. As the flowers had been merely stuck in the ground, and not planted, they had soon withered, and might be seen in various states of decay; some drooping, others quite perished. They were afterward to be supplanted by holly, rosemary, and other evergreens; which on some graves had grown to great luxuriance, and overshadowed the tombstones.

There was formerly a melancholy fancifulness in the arrangement of these rustic offerings, that had something in it truly poetical. The rose was sometimes blended with the lily, to form a general emblem of frail mortality. "This sweet flower," said Evelyn, "borne on a branch set with thorns, and accompanied with the lily, are natural hieroglyphics of our fugitive, umbratile, anxious, and transitory life, which, making so fair a show for a time, is not yet without its thorns and crosses." The nature and color of the flowers, and of the ribbons with which they are tied, had often a particular reference to the qualities or story of the deceased, or were expressive of the feelings of the mourner. In an old poem, entitled "*Corydon's Doleful Knell*," a lover specifies the decorations he intends to use:

A garland shall be framed
By Art and Nature's skill,
Of sundry-colored flowers,
In token of good will.

And sundry-colored ribands
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly blacke and yellowe
With her to grave shall go.

I'll deck her tomb with flowers
The rarest ever seen;
And with my tears as showers
I'll keep them fresh and green.

The white rose, we are told, was planted at the grave of a virgin; her chaplet was tied with white ribbons, in token of her spotless innocence; though sometimes black ribbons were intermingled, to bespeak the grief of the survivors. The red rose was occasionally used in remembrance of such as had been remarkable for benevolence; but roses in general were appropriated to the graves of lovers. Evelyn tells us that the custom was not altogether extinct in his time, near his dwelling in the county of Surrey, "where the maidens yearly planted and decked the graves of their defunct sweethearts with rose-bushes." And Camden likewise remarks in his *Britannia*: "Here is also a certain custom, observed time out of mind, of planting rose-trees upon the graves, especially by the young men and maids who have lost their loves; so that this churchyard is now full of them."

When the deceased had been unhappy in their loves, emblems of a more gloomy character were used, such as the yew and cypress; and if flowers

were strewn they were of the most melancholy colors. Thus, in poems by Thomas Stanley, Esq. (published in 1651), is the following stanza:

Yet strew
Upon my dismal grave
Such offerings as you have,
Forsaken cypresse and yewe;
For kinder flowers can take no birth
Or growth from such unhappy earth.

In "*The Maid's Tragedy*," a pathetic little air is introduced illustrative of this mode of decorating the funerals of females who have been disappointed in love.

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew,
Maidens willow branches wear,
Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm,
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

The natural effect of sorrow over the dead is to refine and elevate the mind; and we have a proof of it in the purity of sentiment and the unaffected elegance of thought which pervaded the whole of these funeral observances. Thus, it was an especial precaution that none but sweet-scented evergreens and flowers should be employed. The intention seems to have been to soften the horrors of the tomb, to beguile the mind from brooding over the disgraces of perishing mortality, and to associate the memory of the deceased with the most delicate and beautiful objects in Nature. There is a dismal process going on in the grave, ere dust can return to its kindred dust, which the imagination shrinks from contemplating; and we seek still to think of the form we have loved, with those refined associations which it awakened when blooming before us in youth and beauty. "Lay her i' the earth," says Laertes of his virgin sister,

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring.

Herrick, also, in his "*Dirge of Jephtha*," pours forth a fragrant flow of poetical thought and image, which in a manner embalms the dead in the recollections of the living.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all paradise;
May sweets grow here! and smoke from hence
Fat frankincense.

Let balme and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden monument.

May all shie maids at wonted hours
Come forth to strew thy tombe with flowers!
May virgins, when they come to mourn
Male incense burn

Upon thine altar, then return
And leave thee sleeping in thy urn.

I might crowd my pages with extracts from the older British poets, who wrote when these rites were more prevalent, and delighted frequently to allude to them; but I have already quoted more than is necessary. I cannot, however, refrain from giving a passage from Shakespeare, even though it should appear trite, which illustrates the emblematical meaning often conveyed in these floral tributes, and at the same time possesses that magic of language and appositeness of imagery for which he stands pre-eminent.

With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azured harebell like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine; whom not to slander,
Outsweetened not thy bryath.

There is certainly something more affecting in these prompt and spontaneous offerings of nature than in the most costly monuments of art; the hand strews the flower while the heart is warm, and the tear falls on the grave as affection is binding the osier round the sod; but pathos expires under the slow labor of the chisel, and is chilled among the cold conceits of sculptured marble.

It is greatly to be regretted that a custom so truly elegant and touching has disappeared from general use, and exists only in the most remote and insignificant villages. But it seems as if poetical custom always shuns the walks of cultivated society. In proportion as people grow polite, they cease to be poetical. They talk of poetry, but they have learned to check its free impulses, to distrust its sallying emotions, and to supply its most affecting and picturesque usages by studied form and pompous ceremonial. Few pageants can be more stately and frigid than an English funeral in town. It is made up of show and gloomy parade: mourning carriages, mourning horses, mourning plumes, and hireling mourners, who make a mockery of grief. "There is a grave digged," says Jeremy Taylor, "and a solemn mourning, and a great talk in the neighborhood, and when the daises are finished, they shall be, and they shall be remembered no more." The associate in the gay and crowded city is soon forgotten; the hurrying succession of new intimates and new pleasures effaces him from our minds, and the very scenes and circles in which he moved are incessantly fluctuating. But funerals in the country are solemnly impressive. The stroke of death makes a wider space in the village circle, and is an awful event in the tranquil uniformity of rural life. The passing bell tolls its knell in every ear; it steals with its pervading melancholy over hill and vale, and saddens all the landscape.

The fixed and unchanging features of the country, also, perpetuate the memory of the friend with whom we once enjoyed them: who was the companion of our most retired walks, and gave animation to every lonely scene. His idea is associated with every charm of nature; we hear his voice in the echo which he once delighted to awaken; his spirit haunts the grove which he once frequented; we think of him in the wild upland solitude or amid the pensive beauty of the valley. In the freshness of joyous morning we remember his beaming smiles and bounding gaiety; and when sober evening returns, with its gathering shadows and subduing quiet, we call to mind many a twilight hour of gentle talk and sweet-souled melancholy.

Each lonely place shall him restore,
For him the tear be duly shed,
Beloved, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

Another cause that perpetuates the memory of the deceased in the country is that the grave is more immediately in sight of the survivors. They pass it on their way to prayer; it meets their eyes when their hearts are softened by the exercise of devotion; they linger about it on the Sabbath, when the mind is disengaged from worldly cares, and most disposed to turn aside from present pleasures and present loves, and to sit down among the solemn mementos of the past. In North Wales, the peasantry kneel and pray over the graves of their deceased friends for several Sundays after the interment; and where the tender rite of strewing and planting flowers is still practiced, it is always renewed on Easter, Whitsuntide, and other festivals, when the season brings the companion of former festivity more vividly to the mind. It is also invariably performed by the nearest relatives and friends; no menials nor hirelings

are employed, and if a neighbor yields assistance, it would be deemed an insult to offer compensation.

I have dwelt upon this beautiful rural custom, because, as it is one of the last, so is it one of the holiest offices of love. The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms which excited them, and turn with shuddering and disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises, purified from every sensual desire, and returns, like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence. The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endear-

ment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy nutrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking holefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing ear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit if thou canst with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret;—but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

In writing the preceding article, it was not intended to give a full detail of the funeral customs of the English peasantry, but merely to furnish a few hints and quotations illustrative of particular rites, or be appended, by way of note, to another paper, which has been withheld. The article swelled immensely into its present form, and this is mentioned as an apology for so brief and casual a notice of these usages, after they have been amply and learnedly investigated in other works.

I must observe, also, that I am well aware that his custom of adorning graves with flowers prevails in other countries besides England. Indeed, in some it is much more general, and is observed even by the rich and fashionable; but it is then apt to lose its simplicity, and to degenerate into affectation. Bright, in his travels in Lower Hungary, tells of monuments in marble, and recesses formed for retirement, with seats placed among bowers of greenhouse plants; and that the graves generally are covered with the gayest flowers of the season. He gives a casual picture of final piety, which I cannot but describe, for I trust it is as useful as it is delightful to illustrate the amiable virtues of the sex. "When I was at Berlin," says he, "I followed the celebrated Ifland to the grave. Mingled with some pomp, you might trace much real feeling. In the midst of the ceremony, my attention was attracted by a young woman who stood on a mound of earth, newly covered with turf, which she anxiously protected from the feet of the passing crowd. It was the tomb of her parent; and the figure of this affectionate daughter presented a monument more striking than the most costly work of art."

I will barely add an instance of sepulchral decoration that I once met with among the mountains of Switzerland. It was at the village of Gersau, which stands on the borders of the lake of Luzerne, at the foot of Mount Rigi. It was once the capital of a miniature republic, shut up between the Alps and the lake, and accessible on the land side only by foot-paths. The whole force of the republic did not exceed six hundred fighting men; and a few miles of circumference, scooped out, as it were, from the bosom of the mountains, comprised its territory. The village of Gersau seemed separated from the rest of the world, and retained the golden simplicity

of a pure age. It had a small church, with a burying-ground adjoining. At the heads of the graves were placed crosses of wood or iron. On some were affixed miniatures, rudely executed, but evidently attempts at likenesses of the deceased. On the crosses were hung chaplets of flowers, some withering, others fresh, as if occasionally renewed. I paused with interest at this scene; I felt that I was at the source of poetical description, for these were the beautiful but unaffected offerings of the heart, which poets are fain to record. In a gay and more populous place, I should have suspected them to have been suggested by factitious sentiment, derived from books; but the good people of Gersau knew little of books; there was not a novel nor a love poem in the village; and I question whether any peasant of the place dreamed, while he was twining a fresh chaplet for the grave of his mistress, that he was fulfilling one of the most fanciful rites of poetical devotion, and that he was practically a poet.

THE SPECTER BRIDEGROOM.

DURING a journey that I once made through the Netherlands I had arrived one evening at the Pomme d'Or, the principal inn of a small Flemish village. It was after the hour of the table d'hôte, so that I was obliged to make a solitary supper from the relics of its sampler board. The weather was chilly: I was seated alone in one end of a great gloomy dining-room, and my repast being over, I had the prospect before me of a long dull evening, without any visible means of enlivening it. I summoned mine host, and requested something to read; he brought me the whole literary stock of his household, a Dutch family Bible, an almanac in the same language, and a number of old Paris newspapers. As I sat dozing over one of the latter, reading old news and stale criticisms, my ear was now and then struck with bursts of laughter which seemed to proceed from the kitchen. Every one that has traveled on the continent must know how favorite a resort the kitchen of a country inn is to the middle and inferior order of travelers; particularly in that equivocal kind of weather when a fire becomes agreeable toward evening. I threw aside the newspaper and explored my way to the kitchen, to take a peep at the group that appeared to be so merry. It was composed partly of travelers who had arrived some hours before in a diligence, and partly of the usual attendants and hangers-on of inns. They were seated round a great burnished stove that might have been mistaken for an altar, at which they were worshipping. It was covered with various kitchen vessels of resplendent brightness; among which steamed and hissed a huge copper tea-kettle. A large lamp threw a strong mass of light upon the group, bringing out many odd features in strong relief. Its yellow rays partially illumined the specious kitchen, dying dusklily away into remote corners; except where they settled in mellow radiance on the broad side of a slice of bacon, or were reflected back from well-scoured utensils that gleamed from the midst of obscurity. A strapping Flemish lass, with long golden pendants in her ears, and a necklace with a golden heart suspended to it, was the presiding priestess of the temple.

Many of the company were furnished with pipes, and most of them with some kind of evening potation. I found their mirth was occasioned by anecdotes which a little swarthy Frenchman, with a dry weazen face and large whiskers, was giving of his love adventures; at the end of each of which there was one of those bursts of honest unceremonious laughter in which a man indulges in that temple of true liberty, an inn.

As I had no better mode of getting through a tedious blustering evening, I took my seat near the stove, and listened to a variety of travelers' tales, some very extravagant, and most very dull. All of them, however, have faded from my treacherous memory except one, which I will endeavor to relate. I fear, however, it derived its chief zest from the manner in which it was told, and the peculiar air and appearance of the narrator. He was a corpulent old Swiss, who had the look of a veteran traveler. He was dressed in a tarnished green traveling-jacket, with a broad belt round his waist, and a pair of overalls with buttons from the hips to the ankles. He was of a full rubicund countenance, with a double chin, aquiline nose, and a pleasant twinkling eye. His hair was light and curled from under an old green velvet traveling-cap, stuck on one side of his head. He was interrupted more than once by the arrival of guests or the remarks of his auditors; and paused now and then to replenish his pipe; at which times he had generally a roguish leer and a sly joke for the buxom kitchen maid.

I wish my reader could imagine the old fellow lolling in a

huge arm-chair, one arm a-kimbo, the other holding a curiously twisted tobacco-pipe, formed of genuine *écume de mer*, decorated with silver chain and silken tassel—his head cocked on one side, and a whimsical cut of the eye occasionally, as he related the following story:

A TRAVELER'S TALE.*

He that supper for is dight,
He lyes full cold, I trow, this night!
Yestreen to chamber I him led,
This night Gray-steel has made his bed!
SIR EGGER, SIR GRAHAM, and SIR GRAY-STEEL.

ON the summit of one of the heights of the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany, that lies not far from the confluence of the Maine and the Rhine, there stood, many, many years since, the castle of the Baron von Landshort. It is now quite fallen to decay, and almost buried among beech trees and dark firs; above which, however, its old watch-tower may still be seen struggling, like the former possessor I have mentioned, to carry a high head, and look down upon a neighboring country.

The Baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen,† and inherited the relics of the property and all the pride of his ancestors. Though the warlike disposition of his predecessors had much impaired the family possessions, yet the Baron still endeavored to keep up some show of former state. The times were peaceable, and the German nobles, in general, had abandoned their inconvenient old castles, perched like eagles' nests among the mountains, and had built more convenient residences in the valleys; still the Baron remained proudly drawn up in his little fortress, cherishing with hereditary inveteracy all the old family feuds; so that he was on ill terms with some of his nearest neighbors, on account of disputes that had happened between their great-great-grandfathers.

The Baron had but one child, a daughter; but Nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy; and so it was with the daughter of the Baron. All the nurses, gossips, and country cousins assured her father that she had not her equal for beauty in all Germany; and who should know better than they? She had, moreover, been brought up with great care, under the superintendence of two maiden aunts, who had spent some years of their early life at one of the little German courts, and were skilled in all the branches of knowledge necessary to the education of a fine lady. Under their instructions she became a miracle of accomplishments. By the time she was eighteen she could embroider to admiration, and had worked whole histories of the saints in tapestry, with such strength of expression in their countenances that they looked like so many souls in purgatory. She could read without great difficulty, and had spelled her way through several church legends and almost all the chivalric wonders of the *Heldenbuch*. She had even made considerable proficiency in writing, could sign her own name without missing a letter, and so legibly that her aunts could read it without spectacles. She excelled in making little good-for-nothing lady-like knickknacks of all kinds; was versed in the most abstruse dancing of the day; played a number of airs on the harp and guitar; and knew all the tender ballads of the *Minne-lieders* by heart.

Her aunts, too, having been great flirts and coquettes in their younger days, were admirably calcu-

lated to be vigilant guardians and strict censors of the conduct of their niece; for there is no duenna so rigidly prudent and inexorably decorous as a superannuated coquette. She was rarely suffered out of their sight; never went beyond the domains of the castle unless well attended or rather well watched; had continual lectures read to her about strict decorum and implicit obedience; and, as to the men—pah! she was taught to hold them at such distance and distrust that, unless properly authorized, she would not have cast a glance upon the handsomest cavalier in the world—no, not if he were even dying at her feet.

The good effects of this system were wonderfully apparent. The young lady was a pattern of docility and correctness. While others were wasting their sweetness in the glare of the world and liable to be plucked and thrown aside by every hand, she was coyly blooming into fresh and lovely womanhood under the protection of those immaculate spinsters, like a rose-bud blushing forth among guardian thorns. Her aunts looked upon her with pride and exultation, and vaunted that though all the other young ladies in the world might go astray, yet, thank Heaven, nothing of the kind could happen to the heiress of Katzenellenbogen.

But however scantily the Baron von Landshort might be provided with children, his household was by no means a small one, for Providence had enriched him with abundance of poor relations. They, one and all, possessed the affectionate disposition common to humble relatives; were wonderfully attached to the Baron, and took every possible occasion to come in swarms and enliven the castle. All family festivals were commemorated by these good people at the Baron's expense; and when they were filled with good cheer, they would declare that there was nothing on earth so delightful as these family meetings, these jubilees of the heart.

The Baron, though a small man, had a large soul, and it swelled with satisfaction at the consciousness of being the greatest man in the little world about him. He loved to tell long stories about the stark old warriors whose portraits looked grimly down from the walls around, and he found no listeners equal to those who fed at his expense. He was much given to the marvelous, and a firm believer in all those supernatural tales with which every mountain and valley in Germany abounds. The faith of his guests even exceeded his own: they listened to every tale of wonder with open eyes and mouth, and never failed to be astonished, even though repeated for the hundredth time. Thus lived the Baron von Landshort, the oracle of his table, the absolute monarch of his little territory, and happy, above all things, in the persuasion that he was the wisest man of the age.

At the time of which my story treats there was a great family-gathering at the castle, on an affair of the utmost importance:—it was to receive the destined bridegroom of the Baron's daughter. A negotiation had been carried on between the father and an old nobleman of Bavaria, to unite the dignity of their houses by the marriage of their children. The preliminaries had been conducted with proper punctilio. The young people were betrothed without seeing each other, and the time was appointed for the marriage ceremony. The young Count Von Altenburg had been recalled from the army for the purpose, and was actually on his way to the Baron's to receive his bride. Missives had even been received from him from Wurtzburg, where he was accidentally detained, mentioning the day and hour when he might be expected to arrive.

The castle was in a tumult of preparation to give him a suitable welcome. The fair bride had been decked out with uncommon care. The two aunts

* The erudite reader, well versed in good-for-nothing lore, will perceive that the above Tale must have been suggested to the old Swiss by a little French anecdote, of a circumstance said to have taken place at Paris.

† i. e. CAR'S ELBOW—the name of a family of those parts, very powerful in former times. The appellation, we are told, was given in compliment to a peerless dame of the family, celebrated for a fine arm.

had superintended her toilet and quarreled the whole morning about every article of her dress. The young lady had taken advantage of their contest to follow the bent of her own taste; and fortunately it was a good one. She looked as lovely as youthful bridegroom could desire; and the flutter of expectation heightened the luster of her charms.

The suffusions that mantled her face and neck, the gentle heaving of the bosom, the eye now and then lost in reverie, all betrayed the soft tumult that was going on in her little heart. The aunts were continually hovering around her; for maiden aunts are apt to take great interest in affairs of this nature: they were giving her a world of staid counsel how to deport herself, what to say, and in what manner to receive the expected lover.

The Baron was no less busied in preparations. He had, in truth, nothing exactly to do; but he was naturally a fuming, bustling little man, and could not remain passive when all the world was in a hurry. He worried from top to bottom of the castle, with an air of infinite anxiety; he continually called the servants from their work to exhort them to be diligent, and buzzed about every hall and chamber, as idly restless and importunate as a blue-bottle fly of a warm summer's day.

In the mean time, the fatted calf had been killed; the forests had rung with the clamor of the huntsmen; the kitchen was crowded with good cheer; the cellars had yielded up whole oceans of Rhein-wein and Ferne-wein, and even the great Heidelberg tun had been laid under contribution. Everything was ready to receive the distinguished guest with Saus und Braus in the true spirit of German hospitality—but the guest delayed to make his appearance. Hour rolled after hour. The sun that had poured his downward rays upon the rich forests of the Odenwald, now just gleamed along the summits of the mountains. The Baron mounted the highest tower, and strained his eyes in hopes of catching a distant sight of the Count and his attendants. Once he thought he beheld them; the sound of horns came floating from the valley, prolonged by the mountain echoes; a number of horsemen were seen far below slowly advancing along the road; but when they had nearly reached the foot of the mountain, they suddenly struck off in a different direction. The last ray of sunshine departed—the bats began to flit by in the twilight—the road grew dimmer and dimmer to the view; and nothing appeared stirring in it but now and then a peasant lagging homeward from his labor.

While the old castle of Landshort was in this state of perplexity, a very interesting scene was transacting in a different part of the Odenwald.

The young Count Von Altenburg was tranquilly pursuing his route in that sober jog-trot way in which a man travels toward matrimony when his friends have taken all the trouble and uncertainty of courtship off his hands, and a bride is waiting for him as certainly as a dinner, at the end of his journey. He had encountered at Wurtzburg a youthful companion in arms, with whom he had seen some service on the frontiers: Herman Von Starkenfaust, one of the stoutest hands and worthiest hearts of German chivalry, who was now returning from the army. His father's castle was not far distant from the old fortress of Landshort, although a hereditary feud rendered the families hostile and strangers to each other.

In the warm-hearted moment of recognition the young friends related all their past adventures and fortunes, and the Count gave the whole history of his intended nuptials with a young lady whom he had never seen, but of whose charms he had received the most enrapturing descriptions.

As the route of the friends lay in the same direction they agreed to perform the rest of their journey together; and that they might do it more leisurely, set off from Wurtzburg at an early hour, the Count having given directions for his retinue to follow and overtake him.

They beguiled their wayfaring with recollections of their military scenes and adventures; but the Count was apt to be a little tedious, now and then, about the reputed charms of his bride and the felicity that awaited him.

In this way they had entered among the mountains of the Odenwald, and were traversing one of its most lonely and thickly wooded passes. It is well known that the forests of Germany have always been as much infested with robbers as its castles by specters; and, at this time, the former were particularly numerous, from the hordes of disbanded soldiers wandering about the country. It will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that the cavaliers were attacked by a gang of these stragglers, in the midst of the forest. They defended themselves with bravery, but were nearly overpowered when the Count's retinue arrived to their assistance. At sight of them the robbers fled, but not until the Count had received a mortal wound. He was slowly and carefully conveyed back to the city of Wurtzburg, and a friar summoned from a neighboring convent, who was famous for his skill in administering to both soul and body. But half of his skill was superfluous; the moments of the unfortunate Count were numbered.

With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride. Though not the most ardent of lovers, he was one of the most punctilious of men, and appeared earnestly solicitous that this mission should be speedily and courteously executed. "Unless this is done," said he, "I shall not sleep quietly in my grave!" He repeated these last words with peculiar solemnity. A request, at a moment so impressive, admitted no hesitation. Starkenfaust endeavored to soothe him to calmness; promised faithfully to execute his wish, and gave him his hand in solemn pledge. The dying man pressed it in acknowledgment, but soon lapsed into delirium—raved about his bride—his engagements—his plighted word; ordered his horse, that he might ride to the castle of Landshort, and expired in the fancied act of vaulting into the saddle.

Starkenfaust bestowed a sigh and a soldier's tear on the untimely fate of his comrade; and then pondered on the awkward mission he had undertaken. His heart was heavy, and his head perplexed; for he was to present himself an unbidden guest among hostile people, and to damp their festivity with tidings fatal to their hopes. Still there were certain whisperings of curiosity in his bosom to see this far-famed beauty of Katzenellenbogen, so cautiously shut up from the world; for he was a passionate admirer of the sex, and there was a dash of eccentricity and enterprise in his character that made him fond of all singular adventure.

Previous to his departure, he made all due arrangements with the holy fraternity of the convent for the funeral solemnities of his friend, who was to be buried in the cathedral of Wurtzburg, near some of his illustrious relatives; and the mourning retinue of the Count took charge of his remains.

It is now high time that we should return to the ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their dinner; and to the worthy little Baron, whom we left airing himself on the watch-tower.

Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. The

Baron descended from the tower in despair. The banquet, which had been delayed from hour to hour, could no longer be postponed. The meats were already overdone; the cook in an agony; and the whole household had the look of a garrison that had been reduced by famine. The Baron was obliged reluctantly to give orders for the feast without the presence of the guest. All were seated at table, and just on the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger. Another long blast filled the old courts of the castle with its echoes, and was answered by the warder from the walls. The Baron hastened to receive his future son-in-law.

The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was a tall gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy. The Baron was a little mortified that he should have come in this simple, solitary style. His dignity for a moment was ruffled, and he felt disposed to consider it a want of proper respect for the important occasion and the important family with which he was to be connected. He pacified himself, however, with the conclusion that it must have been youthful impatience which had induced him thus to spur on sooner than his attendants.

"I am sorry," said the stranger, "to break in upon you thus unseasonably—"

Here the Baron interrupted him with a world of compliments and greetings; for, to tell the truth, he prided himself upon his courtesy and his eloquence. The stranger attempted, once or twice, to stem the torrent of words, but in vain; so he bowed his head and suffered it to flow on. By the time the Baron had come to a pause, they had reached the inner court of the castle; and the stranger was again about to speak, when he was once more interrupted by the appearance of the female part of the family, leading forth the shrinking and blushing bride. He gazed on her for a moment as one entranced; it seemed as if his whole soul beamed forth in the gaze, and rested upon that lovely form. One of the maiden aunts whispered something in her ear; she made an effort to speak; her moist blue eye was timidly raised, gave a shy glance of inquiry on the stranger, and was cast again to the ground. The words died away; but there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and a soft dimpling of the cheek, that showed her glance had not been unsatisfactory. It was impossible for a girl of the fond age of eighteen, highly predisposed for love and matrimony, not to be pleased with so gallant a cavalier.

The late hour at which the guest had arrived left no time for parley. The Baron was peremptory, and deferred all particular conversation until the morning, and led the way to the untasted banquet.

It was served up in the great hall of the castle. Around the walls hung the hard-favored portraits of the heroes of the house of Katzenellenbogen, and the trophies which they had gained in the field and in the chase. Hacked crosslets, splintered jousting spears, and tattered banners were mingled with the spoils of sylvan warfare: the jaws of the wolf and the tusks of the boar grinned horribly among cross-bows and battle-axes, and a huge pair of antlers branched immediately over the head of the youthful bridegroom.

The cavalier took but little notice of the company or the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride. He conversed in a low tone, that could not be overheard—for the language of love is never loud; but where is the female ear so dull that it cannot catch the softest whisper of the lover? There was a mingled tenderness and gravity in his manner that ap-

peared to have a powerful effect upon the young lady. Her color came and went as she listened with deep attention. Now and then she made some blushing reply, and when his eye was turned away, she would steal a sidelong glance at his romantic countenance, and heave a gentle sigh of tender happiness. It was evident that the young couple were completely enamored. The aunts, who were deeply versed in the mysteries of the heart, declared that they had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

The feast went on merrily, or at least noisily, for the guests were all blessed with those keen appetites that attend upon light purses and mountain air. The Baron told his best and longest stories, and never had he told them so well or with such great effect. If there was anything marvelous, his auditors were lost in astonishment; and if anything facetious, they were sure to laugh exactly in the right place. The Baron, it is true, like most great men, was too dignified to utter any joke but a dull one: it was always enforced, however, by a bumper of excellent Hochheimer; and even a dull joke, at one's own table, served up with jolly old wine, is irresistible. Many good things were said by poorer and keener wits, that would not bear repeating, except on similar occasions; many sly speeches whispered in ladies' ears, that almost convulsed them with suppressed laughter; and a song or two roared out by a poor but merry and broad-faced cousin of the Baron, that absolutely made the maiden aunts hold up their fans.

Amid all this revelry, the stranger guest maintained a most singular and unseasonable gravity. His countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the evening advanced, and, strange as it may appear, even the Baron's jokes seemed only to render him the more melancholy. At times he was lost in thought, and at times there was a perturbed and restless wandering of the eye that bespoke a mind but ill at ease. His conversation with the bride became more and more earnest and mysterious. Lowering clouds began to steal over the fair serenity of her brow, and tremors to run through her tender frame.

All this could not escape the notice of the company. Their gaiety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom of the bridegroom; their spirits were infected; whispers and glances were interchanged, accompanied by shrugs and dubious shakes of the head. The song and the laugh grew less and less frequent; there were dreary pauses in the conversation, which were at length succeeded by wild tales and supernatural legends. One dismal story produced another still more dismal, and the Baron nearly frightened some of the ladies into hysterics with the history of the goblin horseman that carried away the fair Leonora—a dreadful but true history, which has since been put into excellent verse, and is read and believed by all the world.

The bridegroom listened to this tale with profound attention. He kept his eyes steadily fixed on the Baron, and as the story drew to a close, began gradually to rise from his seat, growing taller and taller, until, in the Baron's entranced eye, he seemed almost to tower into a giant. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a deep sigh and took a solemn farewell of the company. They were all amazed. The Baron was perfectly thunderstruck.

"What! going to leave the castle at midnight! why, everything was prepared for his reception, a chamber was ready for him if he wished to retire."

The stranger shook his head mournfully and mysteriously: "I must lay my head in a different chamber to-night!"

There was something in this reply and the tone in which it was uttered that made the Baron's heart misgive him; but he rallied his forces, and repeated his hospitable entreaties. The stranger shook his

head silently but positively at every offer; and waving his farewell to the company, stalked slowly out of the hall. The maiden aunts were absolutely petrified—the bride hung her head, and a tear stole to her eye.

The Baron followed the stranger to the great court of the castle, where the black charger stood pawing the earth, and snorting with impatience. When they had reached the portal, whose deep archway was dimly lighted by a cresset, the stranger paused, and addressed the Baron in a hollow tone of voice which the vaulted roof rendered still more sepulchral. "Now that we are alone," said he, "I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn and indispensable engagement—"

"Why," said the Baron, "cannot you send some one in your place?"

"It admits of no substitute—I must attend it in person—I must away to Wurtzburg cathedral—"

"Ay," said the Baron, plucking up spirit, "but not until to-morrow—to-morrow you shall take your bride there."

"Nol nol!" replied the stranger, with ten-fold solemnity, "my engagement is with no bride—the worms! the worms expect me! I am a dead man—I have been slain by robbers—my body lies at Wurtzburg—at midnight I am to be buried—the grave is waiting for me—I must keep my appointment!"

He sprang on his black charger, dashed over the drawbridge, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs was lost in the whistling of the night-blast.

The Baron returned to the hall in the utmost consternation, and related what had passed. Two ladies fainted outright; others sickened at the idea of having banqueted with a specter. It was the opinion of some that this might be the wild huntsman famous in German legend. Some talked of mountain sprites, of wood-demons, and of other supernatural beings, with which the good people of Germany have been so grievously harassed since time immemorial. One of the poor relations ventured to suggest that it might be some sportive evasion of the young cavalier, and that the very gloominess of the caprice seemed to accord with so melancholy a personage. This, however, drew on him the indignation of the whole company, and especially of the Baron, who looked upon him as little better than an infidel; so that he was fain to abjure his heresy as speedily as possible, and come into the faith of the true believers.

But whatever may have been the doubts entertained, they were completely put to an end by the arrival, next day, of regular missives, confirming the intelligence of the young Count's murder and his interment at Wurtzburg cathedral.

The dismay at the castle may well be imagined. The Baron shut himself up in his chamber. The guests who had come to rejoice with him could not think of abandoning him in his distress. They wandered about the courts, or collected in groups in the hall, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders, at the troubles of so good a man; and sat longer than ever at table, and ate and drank more stoutly than ever, by way of keep up their spirits. But the situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. To have lost a husband before she had even embraced him—and such a husband! if the very specter could be so gracious and noble, what must have been the living man? She filled the house with lamentations.

On the night of the second day of her widowhood, she had retired to her chamber, accompanied by one of her aunts, who insisted on sleeping with her. The aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost stories in all Germany, had just been recounting one of her longest, and had fallen asleep in the very midst of it. The chamber was remote, and overlooked a small

garden. The niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon, as they trembled on the leaves of an aspen tree before the lattice. The castle clock had just told midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed, and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon the countenance. Heaven and earth! she beheld the Specter Bridegroom! A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again the specter had disappeared.

Of the two females, the aunt now required the most soothing, for she was perfectly beside herself with terror. As to the young lady, there was something, even in the specter of her lover, that seemed endearing. There was still the semblance of manly beauty; and though the shadow of a man is but little calculated to satisfy the affections of a love-sick girl, yet, where the substance is not to be had, even that is consoling. The aunt declared she would never sleep in that chamber again; the niece, for once, was refractory, and declared as strongly that she would sleep in no other in the castle: the consequence was that she had to sleep in it alone; but she drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the specter, lest she should be denied the only melancholy pleasure left her on earth—that of inhabiting the chamber over which the guardian shade of her lover kept its nightly vigils.

How long the good old lady would have observed this promise is uncertain, for she dearly loved to talk of the marvelous, and there is a triumph in being the first to tell a frightful story; it is, however, still quoted in the neighborhood as a memorable instance of female secrecy that she kept it to herself for a whole week; when she was suddenly absolved from all further restraint, by intelligence brought to the breakfast-table one morning that the young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty—the bed had not been slept in—the window was open—and the bird had flown!

The astonishment and concern with which the intelligence was received can only be imagined by those who have witnessed the agitation which the mishaps of a great man cause among his friends. Even the poor relations paused for a moment from the indefatigable labors of the trencher; when the aunt, who had at first been struck speechless, wrung her hands and shrieked out, "The goblin! the goblin! she's carried away by the goblin!"

In a few words she related the fearful scenes of the garden, and concluded that the specter must have carried off his bride. Two of the domestics corroborated the opinion, for they had heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs down the mountain about midnight, and had no doubt that it was the specter on his black charger, bearing her away to the tomb. All present were struck with the direful probability; for events of the kind are extremely common in Germany, as many well-authenticated histories bear witness.

What a lamentable situation was that of the poor Baron! What a heart-rending dilemma for a fond father, and a member of the great family of Katzenellenbogen! His only daughter had either been wrapped away to the grave, or he was to have some wood-demon for a son-in-law, and, perchance, a troop of goblin grandchildren. As usual, he was completely bewildered, and all the castle in an uproar. The men were ordered to take horse, and scour every road and path and glen of the Odenwald. The Baron himself had just drawn on his jack-boots, girded on his sword, and was about to mount his

steed to sally forth on the doubtful quest, when he was brought to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, mounted on a palfrey attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and falling at the Baron's feet embraced his knees. It was his lost daughter and her companion—the Specter Bridegroom! The Baron was astounded. He looked at his daughter, then at the Specter, and almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The latter, too, was wonderfully improved in his appearance, since his visit to the world of spirits. His dress was splendid, and set off a noble figure of manly symmetry. He was no longer pale and melancholy. His fine countenance was flushed with the glow of youth, and joy rioted in his large dark eye.

The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier (for in truth, as you must have known all the while, he was no goblin) announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfaust. He related his adventure with the young Count. He told how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the Baron had interrupted him in every attempt to tell his tale. How the sight of the bride had completely captivated him, and that to pass a few hours near her he had tacitly suffered the mistake to continue. How he had been sorely perplexed in what way to make a decent retreat, until the Baron's goblin stories had suggested his eccentric exit. How, fearing the feudal hostility of the family, he had repeated his visits by stealth—had haunted the garden beneath the young lady's window—had wooed—had won—had borne away in triumph—and, in a word, had wedded the fair.

Under any other circumstances, the Baron would have been inflexible, for he was tenacious of paternal authority, and devoutly obstinate in all family feuds; but he loved his daughter; he had lamented her as lost; he rejoiced to find her still alive; and, though her husband was of a hostile house, yet, thank Heaven, he was not a goblin. There was something, it must be acknowledged, that did not exactly accord with his notions of strict veracity, in the joke the knight had passed upon him of his being a dead man; but several old friends present, who had served in the wars, assured him that every stratagem was excusable in love, and that the cavalier was entitled to especial privilege, having lately served as a trooper.

Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The Baron pardoned the young couple on the spot. The revels at the castle were resumed. The poor relations overwhelmed this new member of the family with loving kindness; he was so gallant, so generous, and so rich. The aunts, it is true, were somewhat scandalized that their system of strict seclusion and passive obedience should be so badly exemplified, but attributed it all to their negligence in not having the windows grated. One of them was particularly mortified at having her marvelous story marred, and that the only specter she had ever seen should turn out a counterfeit; but the niece seemed perfectly happy at having found him substantial flesh and blood—and so the story ends.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

When I behold, with deep astonishment,
To famous Westminster how there resorte,
Living in brass or stony monument,
The princess and the worthies of all sorte;
Do not I see reformde nobilitie,
Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,
And looke upon offenseless majesty,
Naked of pomp or earthly domination?

And how a play-game of a painted stone
Contents the quiet now and silent sprites,
Whome all the world which late they stood upon,
Could not content nor quench their appetites.
Life is a frost of cold felicitie,
And death the thaw of all our vanitie.
Christoloro's Epigrams, by T. R., 1598.

ON one of those sober and rather melancholy days in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster school, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a specter from one of the neighboring tombs.

The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloister still retains something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The gray walls are discolored by damp, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads and other funeral emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorned the key-stones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters: beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the center, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusty splendor. From between the arcades, the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud; and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eyes were attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times. (Vitalis, Abbas, 1062, and Gislebertus Crispinus, Abbas, 1114, and Lauretius, Abbas, 1176.) I remained some little while, musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such things had been and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. While I was yet looking down upon the gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward toward the grave.

I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the

magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and men wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and clatters among the sepulchers, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds and the earth with their renown. And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook—a gloomy corner—a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy; and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remain longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

From Poet's Corner I continued my stroll toward that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchers of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies: some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates, with croziers and miters; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent,

it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armor. A large buckler was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast; the face was almost covered by the morion; the legs were crossed in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader; of one of those military enthusiasts who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction—between the history and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fictions, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry which poetry has spread over the wars for the Sepulcher of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by; of beings passed from recollection; of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land, of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the over-wrought conceits, and allegorical groups which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage than one which affirms of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous."

In the opposite transept to Poet's Corner stands a monument which is among the most renowned achievements of modern art; but which, to me, appears horrible rather than sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale, by Roubillac. The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is falling from his flexible frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted husband's arms, who strives with vain and frantic effort to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit; we almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph, bursting from the distended jaws of the specter. But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread horrors around the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by everything that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead; or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear:—the rumbling of the passing equipage; the murmur of the multitude; or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the deathlike repose around; and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to hear the surges of active life hurrying along and beating against the very walls of the sepulcher.

I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was

gradually wearing away; the distant tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening prayers; and I saw at a distance the choristers, in their white surplices, crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel. A flight of steps leads up to it, through a deep and gloomy, but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchers.

On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrustated with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems by the cunning labor of the chisel to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak, though with the grotesque decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and swords; and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendor of gold and purple and crimson, with the cold gray fretwork of the roof. In the midst of this grand mausoleum stands the sepulcher of its founder—his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly wrought brazen railing.

There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence; this strange mixture of tombs and trophies; these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementos which show the dust and oblivion in which all must sooner or later terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feeling of loneliness than to tread the silent and deserted scene of former throng and pageant. On looking around on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the rows of dusty but gorgeous banners that were once borne before them, my imagination conjured up the scene when this hall was bright with the valor and beauty of the land; glittering with the splendor of jeweled rank and military array; alive with the tread of many feet and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away; the silence of death had settled again upon the place, interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds, which had found their way into the chapel and built their nests among its friezes and pendants—sure signs of solitariness and desertion. When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of men scattered far and wide about the world; some tossing upon distant seas; some under arms in distant lands; some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets; all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honors—the melancholy reward of a monument.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulcher of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulcher continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through

windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the chequered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desolation and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place.

For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust, and an endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulcher vocal!—And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound.—And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melodies; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away, and floated upward on this swelling tide of harmony.

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

I arose, and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchers of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs; where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen lie mouldering in "their beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulcher. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness?—to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon

arrive? how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away; and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude? For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things; and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and groveling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments; the scepter has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered; some mutilated; some covered with ribaldry and insult—all more or less outraged and dishonored!

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchers but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion? It is, indeed, the empire of Death; his great shadowy palace; where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection, and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Brown, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors." History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription molders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand—and their epitaphs but characters written in the dust? What is the security of the tomb or the perpetuity of an embalment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time had spared, avarice now consumeth: Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."*

What then is to insure this pile, which now towers above me, from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults,

which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower—when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death; and the ivy twine round the fallen column; and the fox-glove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

*Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream;
The faeries by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head.*

GARRICK.

To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise and fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his scepter, and the little parlor of some twelve feet square his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The words of sweet Shakespeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so abdicating my throne, like a prudent potentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford Guide Book under my arm, as a pillow companion, I went to bed, and dreamed all night of Shakespeare, and Jubilee, and David Garrick.

The next morning was one of those quickening mornings which we sometimes have in early spring; for it was about the middle of March. The chills of a long winter had suddenly given way; the north wind had spent its last gasp; and a mild air came stealing from the west, breathing the breath of life into nature, and wooing every bud and flower to burst forth into fragrance and beauty.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool combing. It is a small, mean looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

*Sir Thomas Brown.

The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, in a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock, with which Shakespeare shot the deer, on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box; which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh; the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the Tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shakespeare's mulberry tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true cross, of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakespeare's chair. It stands in the chimney-nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit, with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening, listening to the crones and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one who visits the house to sit: whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard, I am at a loss to say; I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess privately assured me that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney-corner.

I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am very willing to be deceived, where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends, and local anecdotes of goblins and great men; and would advise all travelers who travel for their gratification to do the same. What is it to us whether these stories be true or false so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute good-humored credulity in these matters; and on this occasion I went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet, when, unluckily for my faith, she put into my hands a play of her own composition, which set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance.

From the birth-place of Shakespeare a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, moldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired: the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the gray tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping;

and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty gable spire.

In the course of my rambles I met with the gray-headed sexton, and accompanied him home to get the key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his leg for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage, looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows; and was a picture of that neatness, order, and comfort which pervade the humblest dwellings in this country. A low whitewashed room, with a stone floor carefully scrubbed, served for parlor, kitchen, and hall. Rows of pewter and earthen dishes glittered along the dresser. On an old oaken table, well rubbed and polished, lay the family Bible and prayer book, and the drawer contained the family library, composed of about half a score of well-thumbed volumes. An ancient clock, that important article of cottage furniture, ticked on the opposite side of the room, with a bright warming-pan hanging on one side of it, and the old man's horn-handled Sunday cane on the other. The fireplace, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a gossip knot within its jambs. In one corner sat the old man's granddaughter sewing, a pretty blue-eyed girl, and in the opposite corner was a superannuated crony, whom he addressed by the name of John Ange, and who I found had been his companion from childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about and gossiping away the evening of life; and in a short time they will probably be buried together in the neighboring churchyard. It is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus evenly and tranquilly side by side; it is only in such quiet "bosom scenes" of life that they are to be met with.

I had hoped to gather some traditional anecdotes of the bard from these ancient chroniclers; but they had nothing new to impart. The long interval during which Shakespeare's writings lay in comparative neglect has spread its shadow over history; and it is his good or evil lot that scarcely anything remains to his biographers but a scanty handful of conjectures.

The sexton and his companion had been employed as carpenters, on the preparations for the celebrated Stratford jubilee, and they remembered Garrick, the prime mover of the fête, who superintended the arrangements, and who, according to the sexton, was "a short punch man, very lively and bustling." John Ange had assisted also in cutting down Shakespeare's mulberry tree, of which he had a morsel in his pocket for sale; no doubt a sovereign quickener of literary conception.

I was grieved to hear these two worthy wights speak very audaciously of the eloquent dame who shows the Shakespeare house. John Ange shook his head when I mentioned her valuable and inexhaustible collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakespeare having been born in her house. I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye, as a rival to the poet's tomb; the latter having comparatively but few visitors. Thus it is that historians differ at the very outset, and mere pebbles make the stream of truth diverge into different channels, even at the fountain-head.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch, highly ornamented with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons,

and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakespeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease—fifty-three years; an untimely death for the world: for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor!

The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since also, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with the remains so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collector of relics should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished, and the aperture closed again. He told me that he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakespeare.

Next to this grave are those of his wife, his favorite daughter, Mrs. Hall, and others of his family. On a tomb close by, also, is a full-length effigy of his old friend John Combe, of usurious memory; on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare. His idea pervades the place—the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence; other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement, there was something intense and thrilling in the idea, that, in very truth, the remains of Shakespeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place; and as I passed through the churchyard I plucked a branch from one of the yew trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.

I had now visited the usual objects of a pilgrim's devotion, but I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys at Charlecot, and to ramble through the park where Shakespeare, in company with some of the roysters of Stratford, committed his youthful offense of deer-stealing. In this hairbrained exploit we are told that he was taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in

doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy, his treatment must have been galling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirit as to produce a rough pasquinade, which was affixed to the park gate at Charlecot.*

This flagitious attack upon the dignity of the Knight so incensed him that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer stalker. Shakespeare did not wait to brave the united puissance of a Knight of the Shire and a country attorney. He forthwith abandoned the pleasant banks of the Avon and his paternal trade; wandered away to London; became a hanger-on to the theaters; then an actor; and finally wrote for the stage; and thus, through the persecution of Sir Thomas Lucy, Stratford lost an indifferent wool-comber and the world gained an immortal poet. He retained, however, for a long time, a sense of the harsh treatment of the Lord of Charlecot, and revenged himself in his writings; but in the sportive way of a good-natured mind. Sir Thomas is said to be the original of Justice Shallow, and the satire is slyly fixed upon him by the Justice's armorial bearings, which, like those of the Knight, had white laces† in the quarterings.

Various attempts have been made by his biographers to soften and explain away this early transgression of the poet; but I look upon it as one of those thoughtless exploits natural to his situation and turn of mind. Shakespeare, when young, had doubtless all the wildness and irregularity of an ardent, undisciplined, and undirected genius. The poetic temperament has naturally something in it of the vagabond. When left to itself, it runs loosely and wildly, and delights in everything eccentric and licentious. It is often a turn-up of a die, in the gambling freaks of fate, whether a natural genius shall turn out a great rogue or a great poet; and had not Shakespeare's mind fortunately taken a literary bias, he might have as daringly transcended all civil as he has all dramatic laws.

I have little doubt that, in early life, when running, like an unbroken colt, about the neighborhood of Stratford, he was to be found in the company of all kinds of odd and anomalous characters; that he associated with all the madcaps of the place, and was one of those unlucky urchins at mention of whom old men shake their heads and predict that they will one day come to the gallows. To him the poaching in Sir Thomas Lucy's park was doubtless like a foray to a Scottish knight, and struck his eager, and as yet untamed, imagination, as something delightfully adventurous.‡

* The following is the only stanza extant of this lampoon:

A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an ass,
If lowsie as Lucy, as some volke miscale it,
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it.
He thinks himself great;
Yet an ass in his state.
We allow by his ears with butt asses to mate,
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscale it,
Then sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

† The laces is a pike or jack, and abounds in the Avon, about Charlecot.

‡ A proof of Shakespeare's random habits and associates in his youthful days may be found in a traditional anecdote, picked up at Stratford by the elder Ireland, and mentioned in his "Picturesque Views on the Avon."

About seven miles from Stratford lies the thirsty little market town of Bedford, famous for its ale. Two societies of the village yeomanry used to meet, under the appellation of the Bedford toppers, and to challenge the lovers of good ale of the neighboring villages to a contest of drinking. Among others, the people of Stratford were called out to prove the strength of their heads: and in the number of the champions was Shakespeare, who, in spite of the proverb that "they who drink beer will think beer," was as true to his ale as Falstaff to his sack. The chivalry of Stratford was staggered at the first onset and sounded a retreat while they had yet legs to carry them off

The old mansion of Charlecot and its surrounding park still remain in the possession of the Lucy family, and are peculiarly interesting from being connected with this whimsical but eventful circumstance in the scanty history of the bard. As the house stood at little more than three miles' distance from Stratford, I resolved to pay it a pedestrian visit, that I might stroll leisurely through some of those scenes from which Shakespeare must have derived his earliest ideas of rural imagery.

The country was yet naked and leafless; but English scenery is always verdant, and the sudden change in the temperature of the weather was surprising in its quickening effects upon the landscape. It was inspiring and animating to witness this first awakening of spring; to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses; to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout and the tender blade; and the trees and shrubs, in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flower. The cold snow-drop, that little borderer on the skirts of winter, was to be seen with its chaste white blossoms in the small gardens before the cottages. The bleating of the new-dropped lambs was faintly heard from the fields. The sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves and budding hedges; the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous wintry strain; and the lark, springing up from the reeking bosom of the meadow, towered away into the bright fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of melody. As I watched the little songster, mounting up higher and higher, until his body was a mere speck on the white bosom of the cloud, while the ear was still filled with his music, it called to mind Shakespeare's exquisite little song in *Cymbeline*:

Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phoebus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lie.
And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!

Indeed, the whole country about here is poetic ground: everything is associated with the idea of Shakespeare. Every old cottage that I saw I fancied into some resort of his boyhood, where he had acquired his intimate knowledge of rustic life and manners and heard those legendary tales and wild superstitions which he has woven like witchcraft into his dramas. For in his time, we are told, it was a popular amusement in winter evenings "to sit round the fire and tell merry tales of errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, cheaters, witches, fairies, goblins, and friars." *

the field. They had scarcely marched a mile when, their legs failing them, they were forced to lie down under a crab-tree, where they passed the night. It is still standing and goes by the name of Shakespeare's tree.

In the morning his companions awaked the bard and proposed returning to Bedford, but he declined, saying he had had enough, having drunk with

Piping Peabworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hilbro', Hungry Grafton,
Drauding Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
Beggary Broom, and drunken Bedford.

"The villages here alluded to," says Ireland, "still bear the epithets thus given them: the people of Peabworth are still famed for their skill on the pipe and tabor; Hilborough is now called Haunted Hilborough; and Grafton is famous for the poverty of its soil."

* Scott, in his "Discoverie of Witchcraft," enumerates a host of these fireside fancies. "And they have so fraid us with bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, sylves, kit with the can stickie, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, gientes, imps, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changellings, incubus, Robin-good-fellow, the sporne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hellwaine, the fier

My route for a part of the way lay in sight of the Avon, which made a variety of the most fanciful doublings and windings through a wide and fertile valley: sometimes glittering from among willows, which fringed its borders; sometimes disappearing among groves or beneath green banks; and sometimes rambling out into full view and making an azure sweep round a slope of meadow land. This beautiful bosom of country is called the Vale of the Red Horse. A distant line of undulating blue hills seems to be its boundary, while all the soft intervening landscape lies in a manner enchained in the silver links of the Avon.

After pursuing the road for about three miles I turned off into a foot-path which led along the borders of fields and under hedge-rows to a private gate of the park; there was a stile, however, for the benefit of the pedestrian; there being a public right of way through the grounds. I delight in these hospitable estates in which every one has a kind of property—at least as far as the foot-path is concerned. It in some measure reconciles a poor man to his lot, and what is more, to the better lot of his neighbor, thus to have parks and pleasure-grounds thrown open for his recreation. He breathes the pure air as freely and lolls as luxuriously under the shade as the lord of the soil; and if he has not the privilege of calling all that he sees his own, he has not, at the same time, the trouble of paying for it and keeping it in order.

I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespeak the growth of centuries. The wind sounded solemnly among their branches, and the rooks called from their hereditary nests in the tree tops. The eye ranged through a long lessening vista, with nothing to interrupt the view but a distant statue; and a vagrant deer stalking like a shadow across the opening.

There is something about these stately old avenues that has the effect of Gothic architecture, not merely from the pretended similarity of form, but from their bearing the evidence of long duration and of having had their origin in a period of time with which we associate ideas of romantic grandeur. They betoken also the long-settled dignity and proudly concentrated independence of an ancient family; and I have heard a worthy but aristocratic old friend observe, when speaking of the sumptuous palaces of modern gentry, that "money could do much with stone and mortar, but, thank Heaven, there was no such thing as suddenly building up an avenue of oaks."

It was from wandering in early life among this rich scenery and about the romantic solitudes of the adjoining park of Fullbroke, which then formed a part of the Lucy estate, that some of Shakespeare's commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jacques, and the enchanting woodland pictures in "As you like it." It is in lonely wanderings through such scenes that the mind drinks deep but quiet draughts of inspiration, and becomes intensely sensible of the beauty and majesty of nature. The imagination kindles into reverie and rapture; vague but exquisite images and ideas keep breaking upon it; and we revel in a mute and almost incommunicable luxury of thought. It was in some such mood, and perhaps under one of those very trees before me which threw their broad shades over the grassy banks and quivering waters of the Avon, that the poet's fancy may have sallied forth into that little song which breathes the very soul of a rural voluptuary.

drake, the puckle, Tom Thombe, hobgoblins, Tom Tumbler, honeys, and such other bugs, that we were afraid of our own shadowes."

Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry throat
Unto the sweet bird's note,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

I had now come in sight of the house. It is a large building of brick with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. A great gateway opens from the park into a kind of court-yard in front of the house, ornamented with a grass-plot, shrubs, and flower-beds. The gateway is in imitation of the ancient barbacan; being a kind of outpost and flanked by towers; though evidently for mere ornament instead of defense; the front of the house is completely in the old style; with stone-shafted casements, a great bow-window of heavy stonework, and a portal with armorial bearings over it, carved in stone. At each corner of the building is an octagon tower, surmounted by a gilt ball and weathercock.

The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently sloping bank which sweeps down from the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were feeding or reposing upon its borders, and swans were sailing majestically upon its bosom. As I contemplated the venerable old mansion I called to mind Falstaff's encomium on Justice Shallow's abode, and the affected indifference and real vanity of the latter:

Falstaff. You have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.
Shallow. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John:—marry, good air.

Whatever may have been the joviality of the old mansion in the days of Shakespeare, it had now an air of stillness and solitude. The great iron gateway that opened into the court-yard was locked; there was no show of servants bustling about the place; the deer gazed quietly at me as I passed, being no longer harried by the moss-troopers of Stratford. The only sign of domestic life that I met with was a white cat, stealing with wary look and stealthy pace toward the stables, as if on some nefarious expedition. I must not omit to mention the carcass of a scoundrel crow which I saw suspended against the barn wall, as it shows that the Lucys still inherit that lordly abhorrence of poachers and maintain that rigorous exercise of territorial power which was so strenuously manifested in the case of the bard.

After prowling about for some time I at length found my way to a lateral portal, which was the every-day entrance to the mansion. I was courteously received by a worthy old housekeeper, who, with the civility and communicativeness of her order, showed me the interior of the house. The greater part has undergone alterations and been adapted to modern tastes and modes of living: there is a fine old oaken staircase; and the great hall, that noble feature in an ancient manor-house, still retains much of the appearance it must have had in the days of Shakespeare. The ceiling is arched and lofty; and at one end is a gallery in which stands an organ. The weapons and trophies of the chase, which formerly adorned the hall of a country gentleman, have made way for family portraits. There is a wide hospitable fireplace, calculated for an ample old-fashioned wood fire, formerly the rallying place of winter festivity. On the opposite side of the hall is the huge Gothic bow-window, with stone shafts, which looks out upon the court-yard. Here are em-

blazoned in stained glass the armorial bearings of the Lucy family for many generations, some being dated in 1558. I was delighted to observe in the quarterings the three *white luses* by which the character of Sir Thomas was first identified with that of Justice Shallow. They are mentioned in the first scene of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where the Justice is in a rage with Falstaff for having "beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken into his lodge." The poet had no doubt the offenses of himself and his comrades in mind at the time, and we may suppose the family pride and vindictive threats of the puissant Shallow to be a caricature of the pompous indignation of Sir Thomas.

Shallow. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esq.

Slender. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coroner.

Shallow. Ay, cousin Slender, and custalorum.
Slender. Ay, and ratalorum too, and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero*.

Shallow. Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slender. All his successors gone before him have done 't, and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen *white luses* in their coat.

Shallow. The council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet that council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot; the council, hear you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shallow. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it!

Near the window thus emblazoned hung a portrait by Sir Peter Lely, of one of the Lucy family, a great beauty of the time of Charles the Second; the old housekeeper shook her head as she pointed to the picture, and informed me that this lady had been sadly addicted to cards, and had gambled away a great portion of the family estate, among which was that part of the park where Shakespeare and his comrades had killed the deer. The lands thus lost have not been entirely regained by the family, even at the present day. It is but justice to this recreant dame to confess that she had a surpassingly fine hand and arm.

The picture which most attracted my attention was a great painting over the fireplace, containing likenesses of Sir Thomas Lucy and his family, who inhabited the hall in the latter part of Shakespeare's lifetime. I at first thought that it was the vindictive knight himself, but the housekeeper assured me that it was his son; the only likeness extant of the former being an effigy upon his tomb in the church of the neighboring hamlet of Charlecot. The picture gives a lively idea of the costume and manners of the time. Sir Thomas is dressed in ruff and doublet; white shoes with roses in them; and has a peaked yellow, or, as Master Slender would say, "a cane-colored beard." His lady is seated on the opposite side of the picture in wide ruff and long stomacher, and the children have a most venerable stiffness and formality of dress. Hounds and spauels are mingled in the family group; a hawk is seated on his perch in the foreground, and one of the children holds a bow;—all intimating the knight's skill in hunting, hawking, and archery—so indispensable to an accomplished gentleman in those days.*

* Bishop Earle, speaking of the country gentleman of his time, observes, "His housekeeping is seen much in the different families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels; and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility, and is exceedingly ambitious to seem delighted with the sport, and have his fist gloved with his jesses." And Gilpin, in his description of a Mr. Hastings, remarks, "He kept all sorts of hounds that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones, and

I regretted to find that the ancient furniture of the hall had disappeared; for I had hoped to meet with the stately elbow-chair of carved oak, in which the country Squire of former days was wont to sway the scepter of empire over his rural domains; and in which it might be presumed the redoubted Sir Thomas sat enthroned in awful state, when the recreant Shakespeare was brought before him. As I like to deck out pictures for my own entertainment, I pleased myself with the idea that this very hall had been the scene of the unlucky bard's examination on the morning after his captivity in the lodge. I fancied to myself the rural potentate, surrounded by his body-guard of butler, pages, and blue-coated serving men with their badges; while the luckless culprit was brought in, forlorn and chopfallen, in the custody of game-keepers, huntsmen, and whippers-in, and followed by a rabble rout of country clowns. I fancied bright faces of curious housemaids peeping from the half-opened doors; while from the gallery the fair daughters of the Knight leaned gracefully forward, eyeing the youthful prisoner with that pity, "that dwells in womanhood."—Who would have thought that this poor varlet, thus trembling before the brief authority of a country Squire, and the sport of rustic boors, was soon to become the delight of princes; the theme of all tongues and ages; the dictator to the human mind; and was to confer immortality on his oppressor by a caricature and a lampoon!

I was now invited by the butler to walk into the garden, and I felt inclined to visit the orchard and arbor where the Justice treated Sir John Falstaff and Cousin Silence "to a last year's pippen of his own grafting, with a dish of carraways;" but I had already spent so much of the day in my rambling, that I was obliged to give up any farther investigations. When about to take my leave, I was gratified by the civil entreaties of the housekeeper and butler, that I would take some refreshment—an instance of good old hospitality which I grieve to say we castle-hunters seldom meet with in modern days. I make no doubt it is a virtue which the present representative of the Lucys inherits from his ancestors: for Shakespeare, even in his caricature, makes Justice Shallow importunate in this respect, as witness his pressing instances to Falstaff.

By cock and pye, Sir, you shall not away to-night * * *. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused * * *. Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell "William Cook."

I now bade a reluctant farewell to the old hall. My mind had become so completely possessed by the imaginary scenes and characters connected with it, that I seemed to be actually living among them. Everything brought them as it were before my eyes; and as the door of the dining-room opened, I almost expected to hear the feeble voice of Master Silence quavering forth his favorite ditty:

"Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide!

On returning to my inn, I could not but reflect on the singular gift of the poet: to be able thus to spread the magic of his mind over the very face of nature; to give to things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn this "working-day world" into a perfect fairyland. He is indeed the true enchanter, whose spell operates, not upon the senses, but upon the imagination and the heart. Under the wizard influence of Shakespeare I had been walking

full of hawk perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels."

all day in a complete delusion. I had surveyed the landscapes through the prism of poetry, which tinged every object with the hues of the rainbow. I had been surrounded with fancied beings; with mere airy nothings, conjured up by poetic power; yet which, to me, had all the charm of reality. I had heard Jacques soliloquize beneath his oak; had beheld the fair Rosalind and her companion adventuring through the woodlands; and, above all, had been once more present in spirit with fat Jack Falstaff and his contemporaries, from the August Justice Shallow down to the gentle Master Slender and the sweet Anne Page. Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions, who has spread exquisite and unbought pleasures in my checkered path, and beguiled my spirit in many a lonely hour with all the cordial and cheerful sympathies of social life!

As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate the distant church in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honor could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an overwrought sensibility; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices; and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these facitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor, among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon towering amid the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!

JOHN BULL.

An old song, made by an aged old pate.
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks.

With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintained half a dozen old cooks.
Like an old courtier, etc.

Old Song.

THERE is no species of humor in which the English more excel than that which consists in caricaturing and giving ludicrous appellations or nicknames. In

this way they have whimsically designated not merely individuals but nations; and in their fondness for pushing a joke they have not spared even themselves. One would think that in personifying itself, a nation would be apt to picture something grand, heroic, and imposing; but it is characteristic of the peculiar humor of the English, and of their love for what is blunt, comic, and familiar, that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel. Thus they have taken a singular delight in exhibiting their most private foibles in a laughable point of view; and have been so successful in their delineation that there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind than that eccentric personage, John Bull.

Perhaps the continual contemplation of the character thus drawn of them has contributed to fix it upon the nation, and thus to give reality to what at first may have been painted in a great measure from the imagination. Men are apt to acquire peculiarities that are continually ascribed to them. The common orders of English seem wonderfully captivated with the beau ideal which they have formed of John Bull, and endeavor to act up to the broad caricature that is perpetually before their eyes. Unluckily, they sometimes make their boasted Bullism an apology for their prejudice or grossness; and this I have especially noticed among those truly home-bred and genuine sons of the soil who have never migrated beyond the sound of Bow-bells. If one of these should be a little uncouth in speech, and apt to utter impertinent truths, he confesses that he is a real John Bull, and always speaks his mind. If he now and then flies into an unreasonable burst of passion about trifles, he observes that John Bull is a choleric old blade, but then his passion is over in a moment, and he bears no malice. If he betrays a coarseness of taste and an insensibility to foreign refinements, he thanks Heaven for his ignorance—he is a plain John Bull, and has no relish for frippery and nicknacks. His very proneness to be gulled by strangers and to pay extravagantly for absurdities is excused under the plea of munificence—for John is always more generous than wise.

Thus, under the name of John Bull, he will contrive to argue every fault into a merit, and will frankly convict himself of being the honestest fellow in existence.

However little, therefore, the character may have suited in the first instance, it has gradually adapted itself to the nation, or rather they have adapted themselves to each other; and a stranger who wishes to study English peculiarities may gather much valuable information from the innumerable portraits of John Bull, as exhibited in the windows of the caricature-shops. Still, however, he is one of those fertile humorists that are continually throwing out new portraits and presenting different aspects from different points of view; and, often as he has been described, I cannot resist the temptation to give a slight sketch of him, such as he has met my eye.

John Bull, to all appearances, is a plain downright matter-of-fact fellow, with much less of poetry about him than rich prose. There is little of romance in his nature, but a vast deal of strong natural feeling. He excels in humor more than in wit; is jolly rather than gay; melancholy rather than morose; can easily be moved to a sudden tear, or surprised into a broad laugh; but he loathes sentiment, and has no turn for light pleasantry. He is a boon companion, if you allow him to have his humor and to talk about himself; and he will stand by a friend in a quarrel, with life and purse, however soundly he may be cudgelled.

In this last respect, to tell the truth, he has a propensity to be somewhat too ready. He is a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generally disposed to be everybody's champion. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbor's affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He unluckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of defense, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel play, he has had a troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot bear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbors, but he begins incontinently to fumble with the head of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honor does not require that he should meddle in the broil. Indeed he has extended his relations of pride and policy so completely over the whole country that no event can take place without infringing some of his finely-spun rights and dignities. Couched in his little domain, with these filaments stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz nor a breeze blow without startling his repose and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den.

Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affray; he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling even when victorious; and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands that he is apt to let his antagonists pocket all that they have been quarreling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against as making friends. It is difficult to cudgel him out of a farthing; but put him in a good humor and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket. He is like a stout ship, which will weather the roughest storm uninjured, but roll its masts overboard in the succeeding calm.

He is a little fond of playing the magnifico abroad; of pulling out a long purse; flinging his money bravely about at boxing-matches, horse-races, cock-fights, and carrying a high head among "gentlemen of the fancy;" but immediately after one of these fits of extravagance he will be taken with violent qualms of economy; stop short at the most trivial expenditure; talk desperately of being ruined and brought upon the parish; and in such moods will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill without violent altercation. He is, in fact, the most punctual and discontented paymaster in the world; drawing his coin out of his breeches pocket with infinite reluctance; paying to the uttermost farthing, but accompanying every guinea with a growl.

With all his talk of economy, however, he is a bountiful provider and a hospitable housekeeper. His economy is of a whimsical kind, its chief object being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant; for he will begrudge himself a beef steak and pint of port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach a hogshead of ale, and treat all his neighbors on the next.

His domestic establishment is enormously expensive; not so much from any great outward parade as

from the great consumption of solid beef and pudding, the vast number of followers he feeds and clothes, and his singular disposition to pay hugely for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent master, and, provided his servants humor his peculiarities, flatter his vanity a little now and then, and do not speculate grossly on him before his face, they may manage him to perfection. Everything that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house servants are well paid and pampered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage; and his house-dogs sleep quietly about the door, and will hardly bark at a house-breaker.

His family mansion is an old castellated manor-house, gray with age, and of a most venerable though weather-beaten appearance. It has been built upon no regular plan, but is a vast accumulation of parts, erected in various tastes and ages. The center bears evident traces of Saxon architecture, and is as solid as ponderous stone and old English oak can make it. Like all the relics of that style it is full of obscure passages, intricate mazes, and dusty chambers; and though these have been partially lighted up in modern days, yet there are many places where you must still grope in the dark. Additions have been made to the original edifice from time to time, and great alterations have taken place; towers and battlements have been erected during wars and tumults; wings built in time of peace; and outhouses, lodges, and offices run up according to the whim or convenience of different generations, until it has become one of the most spacious, rambling tenements imaginable. An entire wing is taken up with a family chapel—a reverend pile, that must once have been exceedingly sumptuous, and indeed, in spite of having been altered and simplified at various periods, has still a look of solemn religious pomp. Its walls within are storied with the monuments of John's ancestors; and it is snugly fitted up with soft cushions and well-lined chairs, where such of his family as are inclined to church services may doze comfortably in the discharge of their duties.

To keep up this chapel has cost John much money; but he is staunch in his religion, and piqued in his zeal, from the circumstance that many dissenting chapels have been erected in his vicinity, and several of his neighbors with whom he has had quarrels are strong Papists.

To do the duties of the chapel he maintains, at a large expense, a pious and portly family chaplain. He is a most learned and decorous personage, and a truly well-bred Christian, who always backs the old gentleman in his opinions, winks discreetly at his little peccadilloes, rebukes the children when refractory, and is of great use in exhorting the tenants to read their Bibles, say their prayers, and, above all, to pay their rents punctually and without grumbling.

The family apartments are in a very antiquated taste, somewhat heavy, and often inconvenient, but full of the solemn magnificence of former times; fitted up with rich though faded tapestry, unwieldy furniture, and loads of massy, gorgeous old plate. The vast fire-places, ample kitchens, extensive cellars, and sumptuous banquetting halls, all speak of the roaring hospitality of days of yore, of which the modern festivity at the manor-house is but a shadow. There are, however, complete suites of rooms apparently deserted and time-worn, and towers and turrets that are tottering to decay, so that in high winds there is danger of their tumbling about the ears of the household.

John has frequently been advised to have the old edifice thoroughly overhauled, and to have some of the useless parts pulled down, and the others strengthened with their materials; but the old gentle-

man always grows testy on this subject. He swears the house is an excellent house—that it is tight and weather-proof, and not to be shaken by tempests—that it has stood for several hundred years, and therefore is not likely to tumble down now—that as to its being inconvenient, his family is accustomed to the inconveniences and would not be comfortable without them—that as to its unwieldy size and irregular construction, these result from its being the growth of centuries, and being improved by the wisdom of every generation—that an old family like his requires a large house to dwell in; new upstart families may live in modern cottages and snug boxes, but an old English family should inhabit an old English manor-house. If you point out any part of the building as superfluous, he insists that it is material to the strength or decoration of the rest and the harmony of the whole; and swears that the parts are so built into each other that, if you pull down one, you run the risk of having the whole about your ears.

The secret of the matter is that John has a great disposition to protect and patronize. He thinks it indispensable to the dignity of an ancient and honorable family to be bounteous in its appointments and to be eaten up by dependants; and so, partly from pride and partly from kind-heartedness, he makes it a rule always to give shelter and maintenance to his superannuated servants.

The consequence is that, like many other venerable family establishments, his manor is encumbered by old retainers whom he cannot turn off, and an old style which he cannot lay down. His mansion is like a great hospital of invalids, and, with all its magnitude, is not a whit too large for its inhabitants. Not a nook or corner but is of use in housing some useless personage. Groups of veteran beef-eaters, gouty pensioners, and retired heroes of the buttery and the larder are seen lolling about its walls, crawling over its lawns, dozing under its trees, or sunning themselves upon the benches at its doors. Every office and out-house is garrisoned by these supernumeraries and their families; for they are amazingly prolific, and when they die off are sure to leave John a legacy of hungry mouths to be provided for. A mattock cannot be struck against the most moldering tumble-down tower, but out pops, from some cranny or loophole, the gray pate of some superannuated hanger-on, who has lived at John's expense all his life, and makes the most grievous outcry at their pulling down the roof from over the head of a worn-out servant of the family. This is an appeal that John's honest heart never can withstand; so that a man who has faithfully eaten his beef and pudding all his life is sure to be rewarded with a pipe and tankard in his old days.

A great part of his park also is turned into paddocks, where his broken down chargers are turned loose to graze undisturbed for the remainder of their existence—a worthy example of grateful recollection, which, if some of his neighbors were to imitate, would not be to their discredit. Indeed, it is one of his great pleasures to point out these old steeds to his visitors, to dwell on their good qualities, extol their past services, and boast, with some little vainglory, of the perilous adventures and hardy exploits through which they have carried him.

He is given, however, to indulge his veneration for family usages and family incumbrances to a whimsical extent. His manor is infested by gangs of gypsies; yet he will not suffer them to be driven off, because they have infested the place time out of mind, and have been regular poachers upon every generation of the family. He will scarcely permit a dry branch to be lopped from the great trees that surround the house, lest it should molest the rooks that have bred there for centuries. Owls have taken

possession of the dovescote; but they are hereditary owls, and must not be disturbed. Swallows have nearly choked up every chimney with their nests; martins build in every frieze and cornice; crows flutter about the towers and perch on every weather-cock; and old gray-headed rats may be seen in every quarter of the house, running in and out of their holes undauntedly in broad daylight. In short, John has such a reverence for everything that has been long in the family that he will not hear even of abuses being reformed, because they are good old family abuses.

All these whims and habits have concurred woefully to drain the old gentleman's purse; and as he prides himself on punctuality in money matters, and wishes to maintain his credit in the neighborhood, they have caused him great perplexity in meeting his engagements. This too has been increased by the altercations and heartburnings which are continually taking place in his family. His children have been brought up to different callings, and are of different ways of thinking; and as they have always been allowed to speak their minds freely, they do not fail to exercise the privilege most clamorously in the present posture of his affairs. Some stand up for the honor of the race, and are clear that the old establishment should be kept up in all its state, whatever may be the cost; others, who are more prudent and considerate, entreat the old gentleman to retrench his expenses and to put his whole system of housekeeping on a more moderate footing. He has indeed, at times, seemed inclined to listen to their opinions, but their wholesome advice has been completely defeated by the obstreperous conduct of one of his sons. This is a noisy, rattle-pated fellow of rather low habits, who neglects his business to frequent ale-houses—is the orator of village clubs, and a complete oracle among the poorest of his father's tenants. No sooner does he hear any of his brothers mention reform or retrenchment than up he jumps, takes the words out of their mouths, and roars out for an overturn. When his tongue is once going, nothing can stop it. He rants about the room, hectors the old man about his spendthrift practices, ridicules his tastes and pursuits; insists that he shall turn the old servants out of doors, give the broken-down horses to the hounds, send the fat chaplain packing, and take a field-preacher in his place—nay, that the whole family mansion shall be leveled with the ground, and a plain one of brick and mortar built in its place. He rails at every social entertainment and family festivity, and skulks away growling to the ale-house whenever an equipage drives up to the door. Though constantly complaining of the emptiness of his purse, yet he scruples not to spend all his pocket-money in these tavern convocations, and even runs up scores for the liquor over which he preaches about his father's extravagance.

It may readily be imagined how little such thwarting agrees with the old cavalier's fiery temperament. He has become so irritable from repeated crossings that the mere mention of retrenchment or reform is a signal for a brawl between him and the tavern oracle. As the latter is too sturdy and refractory for paternal discipline, having grown out of all fear of the cudgel, they have frequent scenes of wordy warfare, which at times run so high that John is fain to call in the aid of his son Tom, an officer who has served abroad, but is at present living at home on half pay. This last is sure to stand by the old gentleman, right or wrong; likes nothing so much as a racketing, roistering life; and is ready at a wink or nod to out-saber, and flourish it over the orator's head, if he dares to array himself against paternal authority.

These family dissensions, as usual, have got abroad, and are rare food for scandal in John's neighborhood. People begin to look wise and shake their heads whenever his affairs are mentioned. They all "hope that matters are not so bad with him as represented; but when a man's own children begin to rail at his extravagance, things must be badly managed. They understand he is mortgaged over head and ears, and is continually dabbling with money-lenders. He is certainly an open-handed old gentleman, but they fear he has lived too fast; indeed, they never knew any good come of this fondness for hunting, racing, reveling, and prize-fight. In short, Mr. Bull's estate is a very fine one, and has been in the family a long while; but for all that, they have known many finer estates come to the hammer."

What is worst of all is the effect which these pecuniary embarrassments and domestic feuds have had on the poor man himself. Instead of that jolly round corporation and smug rosy face which he used to present, he has of late become as shriveled and shrunk as a frost-bitten apple. His scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, which bellied out so bravely in those prosperous days when he sailed before the wind, now hangs loosely about him like a mainsail in a calm. His leather breeches are all in folds and wrinkles, and apparently have much ado to hold up the boots that yawn on both sides of his once sturdy legs.

Instead of strutting about as formerly with his three-cornered hat on one side; flourishing his cudgel, and bringing it down every moment with a hearty thump upon the ground; looking every one sturdily in the face, and trolling out a stave of a catch or a drinking song; he now goes about whistling thoughtfully to himself, with his head drooping down, his cudgel tucked under his arm and his hands thrust to the bottom of his breeches pockets, which are evidently empty.

Such is the plight of honest John Bull at present; yet for all this, the old fellow's spirit is as tall and as gallant as ever. If you drop the least expression of sympathy or concern, he takes fire in an instant; swears that he is the richest and stoutest fellow in the country; talks of laying out large sums to adorn his house or to buy another estate; and, with a valiant swagger and grasping of his cudgel, longs exceedingly to have another bout at quarterstaff.

Though there may be something rather whimsical in all this, yet I confess I cannot look upon John's situation without strong feelings of interest. With all his odd humors and obstinate prejudices, he is a sterling hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbors represent him. His virtues are all his own; all plain, homebred, and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savors of his generosity, his quarrelsomeness of his courage, his credulity of his open faith, his vanity of his pride, and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the redundancies of a rich and liberal character. He is like his own oak; rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber; and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance. There is something too, in the appearance of his old family mansion that is extremely poetical and picturesque; and as long as it can be rendered comfortably habitable, I should almost tremble to see it meddled with, during the present conflict of tastes and opinions. Some of his advisers are no doubt good architects, that might be of service; but many, I fear, are mere

levelers, who, when they had once got to work with their mattocks on the venerable edifice, would never stop until they had brought it to the ground, and perhaps buried themselves among the ruins. All that I wish is that John's present troubles may teach him more prudence in future; that he may cease to distress his mind about other people's affairs; that he may give up the fruitless attempt to promote the good of his neighbors and the peace and happiness of the world by dint of the cudgel; that he may remain quietly at home; gradually get his house into repair; cultivate his rich estate according to his fancy; husband his income—if he thinks proper; bring his unruly children into order—if he can; renew the jovial scenes of ancient prosperity; and long enjoy, on his paternal lands, a green, an honorable, and a merry old age.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

(FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE
DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.)

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.
Castle of Indolence.

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappaan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburg, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given it, we are told, in former days by the good house-wives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shaded one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet

or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hardrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the night-mare with her whole nine fold seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary war, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk hurrying along in the gloom of night as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church that is at so great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this specter, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the specter is known at all the country firesides by the name of The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wideawake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure in a little time to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried" in Sleepy Hollow for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier

woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed and partly patched with leaves of copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters; so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out,—an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard of a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, that ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burden off the backs of the weak and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling that winced at the least flourish of the rod was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents;" and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was ever the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating powers of an anacoonda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the

purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the cost of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere droues, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilome so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays to take his station in front of the church gallery with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation, and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the millpond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little make-shifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought by all who understood nothing of the labor of head-work to have a wonderful easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior tastes and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior only in learning to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering with a whole bevy of them along the banks of the adjacent millpond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was moreover esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's *History of New England Witchcraft*, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous and his powers of digesting it were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that

whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature at that witching hour fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whip-poor-will* from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl; or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes;—and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and sputtering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts, and goblins, and haunted fields and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting-stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no specter dare to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homeward. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path, amid the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which like a sheeted specter beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourgings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind, that walk in darkness: and though he had seen many specters in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than

ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together; and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eye, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within these everything was snug, happy and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel, and then stole sparkling away through the grass to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the stall was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, conveying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman; clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about, with a pudding in its belly and an apple in its mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cozily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent

* The whip-poor-will is a bird which is only heard at night. It receives its name from its note, which is thought to resemble those words.

competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy, relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticler himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee—or the Lord knows where!

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-rigged but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers. The low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wonderful Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool, ready to be spun; in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn and strings of dried apples and peaches hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the center of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass and walls of adamant to the castle-keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the center of a Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which

were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments, and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these, the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rung with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered, and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights, and with the ascendancy which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that admitted of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good-humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions of his own stamp, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks, and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantpole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and considering all things a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk!—he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness, for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours any more than that stormy

lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage the poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the mean time Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point or door of access, while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He that wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare and settled their pretensions to the lady according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard the boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up and put him on a shelf;" and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains, smoked out his singing-school by stopping up the chimney, broke into the school-house at night in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window-stakes, and turned everything topsyturvy, so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time without producing any material effect on the relative situa-

tions of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Myrheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance and effort at fine language which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside, without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time; bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp

elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a scepter, and as the horse jogged on the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming flocks of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory-nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquet. In the fullness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note, and the twittering black-birds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird with its red-tipped wings and yellow-tipped tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding, and bobbing, and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slap-jacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their

rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country: old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in home-spun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles; their brisk, withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pin-cushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside; buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovations; the sons, in short square-skirted coats, with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eelskin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white, but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tender oly-koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies, besides slices of ham and smoked beef, and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums and peaches, and pears and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens, together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating, as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house, snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doo.s that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the

shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped away on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window; gazing with delight at the scene; rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous! the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kind of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and in the indistinctness of his recollection to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffus Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White Plains, being an excellent master of defense, parried a musket-ball with a small-sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade and glance off at the hilt, in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats, but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country-places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have traveled away from the

neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country, and, it is said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent, whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity, beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it and the bridge itself were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him: how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a third marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sunk deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvelous events that had taken

place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter, until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chafallen—Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks?—Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival?—Heaven only knows, not I!—Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homeward, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly

out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered: it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree: he paused, and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bow upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of a school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a splashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimension, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the

blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse, to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the specter started full jump with him. Away, then, they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gundowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears: the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskillful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs and old Gunpowder sprung upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side, and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups and in the

very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook, but no school-master. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle, trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half, two stocks for the neck, a pair or two of worsted stockings, an old pair of corduroy small-clothes, a rusty razor, a book of psalm tunes full of dog's ears, and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling, in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted by several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who, from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gossips and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar; turned politician; electioneered; written for the newspapers; and

finally had been made a Justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones too, who, shortly after his rival's disappearance, conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe; and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill pond. The school-house, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plow-boy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

POSTSCRIPT,

FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. KNICKERBOCKER.

THE preceding Tale is given almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at a Corporation meeting of the ancient city of the Manhattoes,* at which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow in pepper-and-salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face, and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor—he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was con-

* New York.

cluded there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen, who had been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking old gentleman, with beetling eyebrows, who maintained a grave and rather severe face throughout; now and then folding his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men who never laugh but upon good grounds—when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of his chair, and sticking the other a-kimbo, demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion of the head, and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story and what it went to prove.

The story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips, as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of infinite deference, and lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed that the story was intended most logically to prove:—

“That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures—provided we will but take a joke as we find it:”

“That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers is likely to have rough riding of it:

“Ergo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress is a certain step to high preferment in the state.”

The cautious old gentleman knit his brows tenfold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination of the syllogism; while, methought, the one in pepper-and-salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer. At length he observed that all this was very well, but still he thought the story a little on the extravagant—there were one or two points on which he had his doubts.

“Faith, sir,” replied the story-teller, “as to that matter, I don’t believe one half of it myself.”

D. K.

THE WORDS OF WASHINGTON.

LETTER TO THE GOVERNORS.

Newburgh, N. Y., June 18, 1788.

SIR—The object for which I had the honor to hold an appointment in the service of my country being accomplished, I am now preparing to resign it into the hands of Congress, and return to that domestic retirement, which, it is well known, I left with the greatest reluctance; a retirement for which I have never ceased to sigh through a long and painful absence, in which (remote from the noise and trouble of the world), I meditate to pass the remainder of life in a state of undisturbed repose; but, before I carry this resolution into effect, I think it a duty incumbent on me to make this my last official communication, to congratulate you on the glorious events which heaven has been pleased to produce in our favor; to offer my sentiments respecting some important subjects, which appear to me to be intimately connected with the tranquility of the United States; to take my leave of your excellency as a public character; and to give my final blessing to that country, in whose service I have spent the prime of my life; for whose sake I have consumed so many anxious

days and watchful nights, and whose happiness, being extremely dear to me, will always constitute no inconsiderable part of my own.

Impressed with the liveliest sensibility on this pleasing occasion, I will claim the indulgence of dilating the more copiously on the subject of our mutual felicitation. When we consider the magnitude of the prize we contended for, the doubtful nature of the contest and the favorable manner in which it has terminated, we shall find the greatest possible reason for gratitude and rejoicing. This is a theme that will afford infinite delight to every benevolent and liberal mind; whether the event in contemplation be considered as a source of present enjoyment, or the parent of future happiness; and we shall have equal occasion to felicitate ourselves on the lot which Providence has assigned us, whether we view it in a natural, a political, or moral point of light.

The citizens of America, placed in the most enviable condition, as the sole lords and proprietors of a vast tract of continent, comprehending all the various soils and climates of the world, and abounding with all the necessaries and conveniences of life, are

now, by the late satisfactory pacification, acknowledged to be possessed of absolute freedom and independency; they are from this period to be considered as the actors on a most conspicuous theater, which seems to be peculiarly designed by Providence for the display of human greatness and felicity. Here they are not only surrounded with everything that can contribute to the completion of private and domestic enjoyment, but heaven has crowned all its other blessings, by giving a surer opportunity for political happiness, than any other nation has ever been favored with. Nothing can illustrate these observations more forcibly than a recollection of the happy conjuncture of times and circumstances, under which our republic assumed its rank among the nations. The foundation of our empire was not laid in a gloomy age of ignorance and superstition, but at an epocha when the rights of mankind were better understood and more clearly defined, than at any former period. Researches of the human mind after social happiness have been carried to a great extent; the treasures of knowledge acquired by the labors of philosophers, sages, and legislators, through a long succession of years are laid open for us, and their collected wisdom may be happily applied in the establishment of our forms of government. The free cultivation of letters, the unbounded extension of commerce, the progressive refinement of manners, the growing liberality of sentiment, and, above all, the pure and benign light of revelation, have had a meliorating influence on mankind, and increased the blessings of society. At this auspicious period, the United States came into existence as a nation; and if their citizens should not be completely free and happy, the fault will be entirely their own.

Such is our situation, and such are our prospects. But notwithstanding the cup of blessing is thus reached out to us; notwithstanding happiness is ours, if we have a disposition to seize the occasion, and make it our own, yet it appears to me there is an option still left to the United States of America, whether they will be respectable and prosperous, or contemptible and miserable as a nation. This is the time of their political probation: this is the moment when the eyes of the whole world are turned upon them; this is the time to establish or ruin their national character forever; this is the favorable moment to give such a tone to the federal government, as will enable it to answer the ends of its institution; or, this may be the ill fated moment for relaxing the powers of the union, annihilating the cement of the confederation, and exposing us to become the sport of European politics, which may play one state against another, to prevent their growing importance, and to serve their own interested purposes. For, according to the system of policy the states shall adopt at this moment, they will stand or fall; and by their confirmation or lapse, it is yet to be decided, whether the revolution must ultimately be considered as a blessing or a curse, not to the present age alone, for with our fate will the destiny of unborn millions be involved.

With this conviction of the importance of the present crisis, silence in me would be a crime; I will therefore speak to your excellency the language of freedom and sincerity, without disguise. I am aware, however, those who differ from me in political sentiments may, perhaps, remark, I am stepping out of the proper line of my duty; and they may probably ascribe to arrogance or ostentation, what I know is alone the result of the purest intention. But the rectitude of my own heart, which disdains such unworthy motives; the part I have hitherto acted in life; the determination I have formed of not taking any share in public business hereafter, the ardent desire I feel, and shall continue to manifest, of

quietly enjoying in private life, after all the toils of war, the benefits of a wise and liberal government, will, I flatter myself, sooner or later, convince my country, that I could have no sinister views in delivering, with so little reserve, the opinion contained in this address.

There are four things which, I humbly conceive, are essential to the well being, I may even venture to say, to the existence, of the United States, as an independent power.

1st. An indissoluble union of the states under one federal head.

2dly. A sacred regard to public justice.

3dly. The adoption of a proper peace establishment. And,

4dly. The prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions, which are requisite to the general prosperity; and in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community.

These are the pillars on which the glorious fabric of our independency and national character must be supported. Liberty is the basis—and whoever would dare to sap the foundation, or overturn the structure, under whatever specious pretext he may attempt it, will merit the bitterest execration, and the severest punishment, which can be afflicted by his injured country.

On the three first articles I will make a few observations, leaving the last to the good sense and serious consideration of those immediately concerned.

Under the first head, although it may not be necessary or proper for me in this place to enter into a particular disquisition of the principles of the union, and to take up the great question which has been frequently agitated, whether it be expedient and requisite for the states to delegate a larger proportion of power to Congress, or not; yet it will be a part of my duty, and that of every true patriot, to assert, without reserve, and to insist upon the following positions:—That, unless the states will suffer Congress to exercise those prerogatives they are undoubtedly invested with by the constitution, everything must very rapidly tend to anarchy and confusion: That it is indispensable to the happiness of the individual states, that there should be lodged, somewhere, a supreme power to regulate and govern the general concerns of the confederated republic, without which the union cannot be of long duration. That there must be a faithful and pointed compliance on the part of every state with the late proposals and demands of Congress, or the most fatal consequences will ensue: That whatever measures have a tendency to dissolve the union, or contribute to violate or lessen the sovereign authority, ought to be considered as hostile to the liberty and independence of America, and the authors of them treated accordingly. And, lastly, that, unless we can be enabled by the concurrence of the states to participate in the fruits of the revolution, and enjoy the essential benefits of civil society, under a form of government so free and uncorrupted, so happily guarded against the danger of oppression, as has been devised and adopted by the articles of confederation, it will be a subject of regret, that so much blood and treasure have been lavished for no purpose; that so many sufferings have been encountered without a compensation, and that so many sacrifices have been made in vain. Many other considerations might here be adduced to prove, that, without an entire conformity to the spirit of the union, we cannot exist as an independent power. It will be sufficient for my purpose to mention but one or two, which seem to me of the greatest importance. It is only in our

united character as an empire, that our independence is acknowledged, that our power can be regarded, or our credit supported among foreign nations. The treaties of the European powers with the United States of America, will have no validity on a dissolution of the union. We shall be left nearly in a state of nature; or we may find, by our own unhappy experience, that there is a natural and necessary progression from the extreme of anarchy to the extreme of tyranny; and that arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty, abused to licentiousness.

As to the second article, which respects the performance of public justice, Congress have, in their late address to the United States, almost exhausted the subject; they have explained their ideas so fully, and have enforced the obligations the states are under to render complete justice to all the public creditors, with so much dignity and energy, that, in my opinion, no real friend to the honor and independence of America can hesitate a single moment respecting the propriety of complying with the just and honorable measures proposed. If their arguments do not produce conviction, I know of nothing that will have greater influence, especially when we reflect that the system referred to, being the result of the collected wisdom of the continent, must be esteemed, if not perfect, certainly the least objectionable, of any that could be devised; and that, if it should not be carried into immediate execution, a national bankruptcy, with all its deplorable consequences, will take place before any different plan can possibly be proposed or adopted; so pressing are the present circumstances, and such is the alternative now offered to the states.

The ability of the country to discharge the debts which have been incurred in its defence, is not to be doubted; and inclination, I flatter myself, will not be wanting. The path of our duty is plain before us; honesty will be found, on every experiment, to be the best and only true policy. Let us then, as a nation, be just; let us fulfill the public contracts which Congress had undoubtedly a right to make for the purpose of carrying on the war, with the same good faith we suppose ourselves bound to perform our private engagements. In the mean time, let an attention to the cheerful performance of their proper business, as individuals, and as members of society, be earnestly inculcated on the citizens of America; then will they strengthen the bands of government, and be happy under its protection. Every one will reap the fruit of his labors; every one will enjoy his own acquisitions, without molestation and without danger.

In this state of absolute freedom and perfect security, who will grudge to yield a very little of his property to support the common interests of society, and ensure the protection of government? Who does not remember the frequent declarations at the commencement of the war—that we should be completely satisfied if, at the expense of one half, we could defend the remainder of our possessions? Where is the man to be found who wishes to remain in debt, for the defence of his own person and property, to the exertions, the bravery, and the blood of others, without making one generous effort to pay the debt of honor and of gratitude? In what part of the continent shall we find any man, or body of men, who would not blush to stand up and propose measures purposely calculated to rob the soldier of his stipend, and the public creditor of his due? And were it possible that such a flagrant instance of injustice could ever happen, would it not excite the general indignation, and tend to bring down upon the authors of such measures the aggravated vengeance of Heaven? If, after all, a spirit of disunion,

or a temper of obstinacy and perverseness should manifest itself in any of the states; if such an ungracious disposition should attempt to frustrate all the happy effect that might be expected to flow from the union; if there should be a refusal to comply with requisitions for funds to discharge the annual interest of the public debt; and if that refusal should revive all those jealousies, and produce all those evils, which are now happily removed, Congress, who have in all their transactions shown a great degree of magnanimity and justice, will stand justified in the sight of God and man! and that state alone, which puts itself in opposition to the aggregate wisdom of the continent, and follows such mistaken and pernicious counsels, will be responsible for all the consequences.

For my own part, conscious of having acted, while a servant of the public, in the manner I conceived best suited to promote the real interests of my country; having, in consequence of my fixed belief in some measure pledged myself to the army, that their country would finally do them complete and ample justice, and not wishing to conceal any instance of my official conduct from the eyes of the world, I have thought proper to transmit to your excellency the enclosed collection of papers relative to the half-pay and commutation granted by Congress to the officers of the army. From these communications my decided sentiment will be clearly comprehended, together with the conclusive reasons which induced me, at an early period, to recommend the adoption of this measure in the most earnest and serious manner. As the proceedings of Congress, the army, and myself, are open to all, and contain, in my opinion, sufficient information to remove the prejudices and errors which may have been entertained by any, I think it unnecessary to say anything more than just to observe, that the resolutions of Congress, now alluded to, are as undoubtedly and absolutely binding upon the United States, as the most solemn acts of confederation or legislation.

As to the idea which, I am informed, has in some instances prevailed, that the half-pay and commutation are to be regarded merely in the odious light of a pension, it ought to be exploded forever; that provision should be viewed, as it really was, a reasonable compensation offered by Congress, at a time when they had nothing else to give to officers of the army, for services then to be performed. It was the only means to prevent a total dereliction of the service. It was a part of their hire. I may be allowed to say, it was the price of their blood and of your independency. It is therefore more than a common debt; it is a debt of honor; it can never be considered as a pension, or gratuity, nor canceled until it is fairly discharged.

With regard to the distinction between officers and soldiers, it is sufficient that the uniform experience of every nation of the world, combined with our own, proves the utility and propriety of the discrimination. Rewards, in proportion to the aid the public draws from them, are unquestionably due to all its servants. In some lines, the soldiers have, perhaps, generally, had an ample compensation for their services, by the large bounties which have been paid them, as their officers will receive in the proposed commutation, in others, if, besides the donation of land, the payment of arrearages of clothing and wages (in which articles all the component parts of the army must be put upon the same footing), we take into the estimate the bounties many of the soldiers have received, and the gratuity of one year's full pay, which is promised to all, possibly their situation (every circumstance being duly considered), will not be deemed less eligible than that of the officers. Should a farther reward, however, be

judged equitable, I will venture to assert, no man will enjoy greater satisfaction than myself in an exemption from taxes for a limited time (which has been petitioned for in some instances), or any other adequate immunity or compensation granted to the brave defenders of their country's cause. But neither the adoption or rejection of this proposition will, in any manner, affect, much less militate against the act of Congress, by which they have offered five years' full pay, in lieu of the half pay for life, which had been before promised to the officers of the army.

Before I conclude the subject on public justice, I cannot omit to mention the obligations this country is under to that meritorious class of veterans, the non-commissioned officers and privates, who have been discharged for inability, in consequence of the resolution of Congress, of the 28d of April, 1782, on an annual pension for life. Their peculiar sufferings, their singular merits and claims to that provision, need only to be known, to interest the feelings of humanity in their behalf. Nothing but a punctual payment of their annual allowance can rescue them from the most complicated misery; and nothing could be a more melancholy and distressing sight than to behold those who have shed their blood, or lost their limbs in the service of their country, without a shelter, without a friend, and without the means of obtaining any of the comforts or necessities of life, compelled to beg their bread daily from door to door. Suffer me to recommend those of this description, belonging to your state, to the warmest patronage of your excellency and your legislature.

It is necessary to say but a few words on the third topic which was proposed, and which regards particularly the defence of the republic—as there can be little doubt but Congress will recommend a proper peace establishment for the United States, in which a due attention will be paid to the importance of placing the militia of the union upon a regular and respectable footing. If this should be the case, I should beg leave to urge the great advantage of it in the strongest terms.

The militia of this country must be considered as the palladium of our security, and the first effectual resort in case of hostility. It is essential, therefore, that the same system should pervade the whole; that the formation and discipline of the militia of the continent should be absolutely uniform; and that the same species of arms, accoutrement, and military apparatus, should be introduced in every part of the United States. No one, who has not learned it from experience, can conceive the difficulty, expense, and confusion, which result from a contrary system, or the vague arrangements which have hitherto prevailed.

If, in treating of political points, a greater latitude than usual has been taken in the course of the address, the importance of the crisis, and the magnitude of the objects in discussion, must be my apology. It is, however, neither my wish nor expectation, that the preceding observations should claim any regard, except so far as they shall appear to be dictated by a good intention, consonant to the immutable rules of justice; calculated to produce a liberal system of policy, and founded on whatever experience may have been acquired by a long and close attention to public business. Here I might speak with more confidence from my actual observations; and, if it would not swell this letter (already too prolix) beyond the bounds I had prescribed myself, I could demonstrate to every mind open to conviction, that, in less time, and with much less expense than has been incurred, the war might have been brought to the same happy conclusion, if the

resources of the continent could have been properly called forth; that the distresses and disappointments which have very often occurred, have, in too many instances, resulted more from a want of energy in the continental government than a deficiency of means in the particular states; that the inefficacy of the measures, arising from the want of an adequate authority in the supreme power, from partial compliance with the requisitions of Congress, in some of the states, and from a failure of punctuality in others, while they tended to damp the zeal of those who were more willing to exert themselves, served also to accumulate the expenses of the war, and to frustrate the best concerted plans; and that the discouragement occasioned by the complicated difficulties and embarrassments, in which our affairs were by this means involved, would have long ago produced the dissolution of any army, less patient, less virtuous, and less persevering, than that which I have had the honor to command. But, while I mention those things which are notorious facts, as the defects of our federal constitution, particularly in the prosecution of a war, I beg it may be understood, that, as I have ever taken a pleasure in gratefully acknowledging the assistance and support I have derived from every class of citizens, so I shall always be happy to do justice to the unparalleled exertions of the individual states on many interesting occasions.

I have thus freely disclosed what I wished to make known before I surrendered up my public trust to those who committed it to me. The task is now accomplished; I now bid adieu to your excellency, as the chief magistrate of your state; at the same time I bid a last farewell to the cares of office, and all the employments of public life.

It remains, then, to be my final and only request, that your excellency will communicate these sentiments to your Legislature at their next meeting, and that they may be considered as the legacy of one who has ardently wished, on all occasions, to be useful to his country, and who, even in the shade of retirement, will not fail to implore the Divine benediction upon it.

I now make it my earnest prayer, that God would have you, and the state over which you preside, in his holy protection; that he would incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another; for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large; and particularly for their brethren who have served in the field; and, finally, that he would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of the mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, without an humble imitation of whose example, in these things, we can never hope to be a happy nation.

I have the honor to be, with much esteem and respect, sir, your excellency's most obedient and most humble servant.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

FAREWELL TO THE ARMY.

Princeton, November 2, 1783.

THE United States in Congress assembled, after giving the most honorable testimony to the merits of the federal armies, and presenting them with the thanks of their country for their long, eminent, and faithful services, having thought proper, by their proclamation bearing date the 18th day of October last, to discharge such part of the troops as were engaged for the war, and to permit the officers on

furloughs to retire from service, from and after tomorrow; which proclamation having been communicated in the public papers for the information and government of all concerned, it only remains for the Commander-in-chief to address himself once more, and that for the last time, to the armies of the United States (however widely dispersed the individuals who composed them may be), and to bid them an affectionate, a long farewell.

But before the Commander-in-chief takes his final leave of those he holds most dear, he wishes to indulge himself a few moments in calling to mind a slight review of the past. He will then take the liberty of exploring with his military friends their future prospects, of advising the general line of conduct, which, in his opinion, ought to be pursued; and he will conclude the address by expressing the obligations he feels himself under for the spirited and able assistance he has experienced from them, in the performance of an arduous office.

A contemplation of the complete attainment (at a period earlier than could have been expected) of the object, for which we contended against so formidable a power, cannot but inspire us with astonishment and gratitude. The disadvantageous circumstances on our part, under which the war was undertaken, can never be forgotten. The singular interpositions of Providence in our feeble condition were such, as could scarcely escape the attention of the most unob-serving; while the unparalleled perseverance of the armies of the United States, through almost every possible suffering and discouragement for the space of eight long years, was little short of a standing miracle.

It is not the meaning nor within the compass of this address, to detail the hardships peculiarly incident to our service, or to describe the distresses which in several instances have resulted from the extremes of hunger and nakedness, combined with the rigors of an inclement season; nor is it necessary to dwell on the dark side of our past affairs. Every American officer and soldier must now console himself for any unpleasant circumstances which may have occurred, by a recollection of the uncommon scenes of which he has been called to act no inglorious part, and the astonishing events of which he has been a witness; events which have seldom, if ever before, taken place on the stage of human action nor can they probably ever happen again. For who has before seen a disciplined army formed at once from such raw materials? Who, that was not a witness, could imagine, that the most violent local prejudices would cease so soon; and that men, who came from the different parts of the continent, strongly disposed by the habits of education to despise and quarrel with each other, would instantly become but one patriotic band of brothers? Or who, that was not on the spot, can trace the steps by which such a wonderful revolution has been effected, and such a glorious period put to all our warlike toils?

It is universally acknowledged that the enlarged prospects of happiness, opened by the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, almost exceed the power of description. And shall not the brave men, who have contributed so essentially to these inestimable acquisitions, retiring victorious from the field of war to the field of agriculture, participate in all the blessings which have been obtained? In such a republic, who will exclude them from the rights of citizens, and the fruits of their labor? In such a country, so happily circumstanced, the pursuits of commerce and the cultivation of the soil will unfold to industry the certain road to competence. To those hardy soldiers, who are actuated by the spirit of adventure, the fisheries will afford ample

and profitable employment; and the extensive and fertile regions of the West will yield a most happy asylum to those who, fond of domestic enjoyment, are seeking for personal independence. Nor is it possible to conceive that any one of the United States will prefer a national bankruptcy, and a dissolution of the Union, to a compliance with the requisitions of Congress, and the payment of its just debts; so that the officers and soldiers may expect considerable assistance, in recommencing their civil occupations, from the sums due to them from the public, which must and will most inevitably be paid.

In order to effect this desirable purpose, and to remove the prejudices which may have taken possession of the minds of any of the good people of the states, it is earnestly recommended to all the troops that, with strong attachments to the Union, they should carry with them into civil society the most conciliating dispositions, and that they should prove themselves not less virtuous and useful as citizens than they have been persevering and victorious as soldiers. What though there should be some envious individuals, who are unwilling to pay the debt the public has contracted, or to yield the tribute due to merit; yet let such unworthy treatment produce no invectives, nor any instance of intemperate conduct. Let it be remembered that the unbiased voice of the free citizens of the United States has promised the just reward and given the merited applause. Let it be known and remembered that the reputation of the federal armies is established beyond the reach of malevolence; and let a consciousness of their achievements and fame still incite the men who composed them to honorable actions; under the persuasion that the private virtues of economy, prudence and industry will not be less amiable in civil life than the more splendid qualities of valor, perseverance and enterprise were in the field. Every one may rest assured that much, very much of the future happiness of the officers and men will depend upon the wise and manly conduct which shall be adopted by them when they are mingled with the great body of the community. And although the General has so frequently given it as his opinion in the most public and explicit manner that, unless the principles of the Federal Government were properly supported, and the powers of the Union increased, the honor, dignity and justice of the nation would be lost forever; yet he cannot help repeating on this occasion so interesting a sentiment, and leaving it as his last injunction to every officer and every soldier, who may view the subject in the same serious point of light, to add his best endeavors to those of his worthy fellow-citizens toward effecting these great and valuable purposes, on which our very existence as a nation so materially depends.

The Commander-in-chief conceives little is now wanting to enable the soldiers to change the military character into that of the citizen, but that steady and decent tenor of behavior which has generally distinguished, not only the army under his immediate command, but the different detachments and separate armies through the course of the war. From their good sense and prudence he anticipates the happiest consequences, and while he congratulates them on the glorious occasion which renders their services in the field no longer necessary, he wishes to express the strong obligations he feels himself under for the assistance he has received from every class and in every instance. He presents his thanks in the most serious and affectionate manner to the general officers, as well for their counsel on many interesting occasions, as for their ardor in promoting the success of the plans he had adopted; to the commandants of regiments and corps, and to the other officers, for their great zeal and attention in carrying his orders

promptly into execution; to the staff, for their alacrity and exactness in performing the duties of their several departments; and to the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers, for their extraordinary patience and suffering, as well as their invincible fortitude in action. To the various branches of the army the General takes this last and solemn opportunity of professing his inviolable attachment and friendship. He wishes more than bare professions were in his power; that he were really able to be useful to them all in future life. He flatters himself, however, they will do him the justice to believe, that whatever could with propriety be attempted by him has been done.

And being now to conclude these his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer in their behalf his recommendations to their grateful country, and his prayers to the God of armies. May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of Heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under the Divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others. With these wishes and his benediction, the Commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene to him will be closed forever.

RESIGNATION OF COMMISSION.

New York, December 23, 1783.

MR. PRESIDENT: The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign, with satisfaction, the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the Supreme Power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge, in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the persons who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family could have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend in particular those who have continued in the service to the present moment as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

I consider it as an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping.

Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body under whose orders I have long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

New York, April 30, 1789.

FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE SENATE AND OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that, of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the fourth day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision as the asylum of my declining years; a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health to the gradual waste committed on it by time, on the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken, in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens, a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is, that if, in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country, with some share of the partiality in which they originated.

Such being the impressions under which I have, in obedience to the public summons, repaired to the present station, it would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being, who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration, to execute, with success, the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own; nor those of my fellow-citizens at large less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency. And, in the important revolution just accomplished, in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings, which the past seems to presage. These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none under the influence of which the pro-

ceedings of a new and free government can more auspiciously commence.

By the article establishing the executive department, it is made the duty of the president "to recommend to your consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." The circumstances under which I now meet you will acquit me from entering into that subject farther than to refer you to the great constitutional charter under which we are assembled; and which, in defining your powers, designates the objects to which your attention is to be given. It will be more consistent with those circumstances, and far more congenial with the feelings which actuate me, to substitute, in place of a recommendation of particular measures, the tribute that is due to the talents, the rectitude, and the patriotism which adorn the characters selected to devise and adopt them. In these honorable qualifications, I behold the surest pledges, that as, on one side, no local prejudices or attachments, no separate views nor party animosities will misdirect the comprehensive and equal eye which ought to watch over this great assemblage of communities and interests—so, on another, that the foundations of our national policy will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality; and the pre-eminence of a free government be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of its citizens, and command the respect of the world.

I dwell on this prospect with every satisfaction which an ardent love for my country can inspire; since there is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists, in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness—between duty and advantage—between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity—since we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained—and since the preservation of the sacred life of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps, as finally staked, on the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people.

Besides the ordinary objects submitted to your care, it will remain with your judgment to decide how far an exercise of the occasional power delegated by the fifth article of the constitution is rendered expedient, at the present juncture, by the nature of objections which have been urged against the system or by the degree of inquietude which has given birth to them. Instead of undertaking particular recommendations on this subject, in which I could be guided by no lights derived from official opportunities, I shall again give way to my entire confidence in your discernment and pursuit of the public good. For, I assure myself, that, whilst you carefully avoid every alteration which might endanger the benefits of an united and effective government, or which ought to await the future lessons of experience, a reverence for the characteristic rights of freemen, and a regard for the public harmony, will sufficiently influence your deliberations on the question, how far the former can be more impregnably fortified, or the latter be safely and more advantageously promoted.

To the preceding observations I have one to add, which will be most properly addressed to the House of Representatives. It concerns myself, and will therefore be as brief as possible.

When I was first honored with a call into the service of my country, then on the eve of an arduous struggle for its liberties, the light in which I contemplated my duty, required that I should renounce every pecuniary compensation. From this resolu-

tion I have in no instance departed. And being still under the impression which produced it, I must decline, as inapplicable to myself, any share in the personal emoluments, which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the executive department; and must accordingly pray that the pecuniary estimates for the station in which I am placed, may, during my continuation in it, be limited to such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require.

Having thus imparted to you my sentiments, as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave, but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that, since he has been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquillity, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity, on a form of government for the security of their union, and the advancement of their happiness, so his divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures on which the success of this government must depend.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

United States, September 17, 1796.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS—The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived, when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped, that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives, which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust I will only say that I have with good intentions contributed toward the organization and administration of the government

the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious in the outset of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these states, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection and adoption of every nation, which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty, which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that from different causes

and from different quarters much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of America, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes in different ways to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, in every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace

by foreign nations, and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same governments, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is, that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope, that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those, who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings, which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they have seen, in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event, throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the General Government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to the Mississippi; they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with Great Britain and that with Spain, which secure to them every thing they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions, which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government better calculated than your former for an inti-

mate Union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish Government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put, in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consisted and wholesome plans digested by common counsels, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the constitution, alterations, which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments, as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that, for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the state, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discrimination. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but, in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries, which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another, fomenting occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the doors to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true, and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit: far every salutary purpose. And, there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution, in those entrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern; some of them in our country and under our

own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connexions with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is, to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertion in time of peace to discharge the debts, which unavoidable wars may have occasioned not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should co-operate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment, inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue, which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant

period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt, that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential, than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation, which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence, frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the Government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The Government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations has been the victim.

So likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions; by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained; and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation), facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practice the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of

the very influence be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the purpose, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connexion as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground. Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having

given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course, which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22d of April, 1793, is the index of my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take, a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it, with moderation, perseverance and firmness.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to

detail. I will only observe, that, according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency, which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man, who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations; I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

By T. B. MACAULAY.

THE Prussian monarchy, the youngest of the great European States, but in population and in revenue the fifth amongst them, and in art, science, and civilization entitled to the third if not the second place, sprang from an humble origin. About the beginning of the fifteenth century, the marquisate of Brandenburg was bestowed by the Emperor Sigismund on the noble family of Hohenzollern. In the sixteenth century, that family embraced the Lutheran doctrines. Early in the seventeenth century it obtained from the King of Poland the investiture of the duchy of Prussia. Even after his accession of territory, the chiefs of the house of Hohenzollern hardly ranked with the Electors of Saxony and Bavaria. The soil of Brandenburg was, for the most part, sterile. Even around Berlin, the capital of the province, and around Potsdam, the favorite residence of the Margraves, the country was a desert. In some tracts the deep sand could with difficulty be forced by assiduous tillage to yield thin crops of rye and oats. In other places, the ancient forests, from which the conquerors of the Roman empire had descended on the Danube, remained untouched by the hand of man. Where the soil was rich it was generally marshy, and its insalubrity repelled the cultivators whom its fertility attracted. Frederick William, called the Great Elector, was the prince to whose policy his successors have agreed to ascribe their greatness. He acquired by the peace of Westphalia several valuable possessions, and among them the rich city and district of Magdeburg; and he left to his son Frederick a principality as considerable as any which was not called a kingdom.

Frederick aspired to the style of royalty. Ostentatious and profuse, negligent of his true interests and of his high duties, insatiably eager for frivolous distinctions, he added nothing to the real weight of the State which he governed; but he gained the great object of his life, the title of king. In the year 1700 he assumed this new dignity. He had on that occasion to undergo all the mortifications which fall to the lot of ambitious upstarts. Compared with the other crowned heads of Europe, he made a figure resembling that which a Nabob or a Commissary, who had bought a title, would make in the company of Peers whose ancestors had been attainted for treason against the Plantagenets.

The envy of the class which he quitted, and the civil scorn of the class into which he intruded himself, were marked in very significant ways. The elector of Saxony at first refused to acknowledge the new majesty. Louis the Fourteenth looked down on his brother king with an air not unlike that with which the count in Molière's play regards Monsieur Jourdain, just fresh from the mummery of being made a gentleman. Austria exacted large sacrifice in return for her recognition, and at last gave it ungraciously.

Frederick was succeeded by his son, Frederick William, a prince who must be allowed to have possessed some talents for administration, but whose character was disfigured by the most odious vices,

and whose eccentricities were such as had never been seen out of a mad-house. He was exact and diligent in the transaction of business, and he was the first who formed the design of obtaining for Prussia a place among the European powers, altogether out of proportion to her extent and population, by means of a strong military organization. Strict economy enabled him to keep up a peace establishment of sixty thousand troops. These troops were disciplined in such a manner, that, placed beside them, the household regiments of Versailles and St. James would have appeared an awkward squad. The master of such a force could not but be regarded by all his neighbors as a formidable enemy and a valuable ally.

But the mind of Frederick William was so ill-regulated that all his inclinations became passions, and all his passions partook of the character of moral and intellectual disease. His parsimony degenerated into sordid avarice. His taste for military pomp and order became a mania, like that of a Dutch burgo-master for tulips. While the envoys of the court of Berlin were in a state of such squalid poverty as moved the laughter of foreign capitals—while the food of the royal family was so bad that even hunger loathed it—no price was thought too extravagant for tall recruits. The ambition of the king was to form a brigade of giants, and every country was ransacked by his agents for men above the ordinary stature. These researches were not confined to Europe. No head that towered above the crowd in the bazaars of Aleppo, of Cairo, or of Surat, could escape the clings of Frederick William. One Irishman more than seven feet high, who was picked up in London by the Prussian ambassador, received a bounty of nearly £1800 sterling—very much more than the ambassador's salary. This extravagance was the more absurd because a stout youth of five feet eight, who might have been procured for a few dollars, would in all probability have been a much more valuable soldier. But to Frederick William this huge Irishman was what a brass Otho or a Vinagar Bible is to a collector of a different kind.*

* Carlyle thus describes the Potsdam Regiment:—"A Potsdam Giant Regiment, such as the world never saw before or since. Three Battalions of them—two always here at Potsdam doing formal life-guard duty, the third at Brandenburg on drill, 800 to the Battalion—2,400 sons of Anak in all. Sublime enough, hugely perfect to the royal eye, such a mass of shining giants, in their long-drawn regularities and mathematical maneuverings, like some streak of Promethean lightning, realized here at last in the vulgar dusk of things."

"Truly they are men supreme in discipline, in beauty of equipment, and the shortest man of them rises, I think, towards seven feet; some are nearly nine feet high. Men from all countries: a hundred and odd come annually, as we saw, from Russia—a very precious windfall: the rest have been collected, crimped, purchased, out of every European country at enormous expense, not to speak of other trouble to His Majesty. James Kirkman, an Irish recruit of good inches cost him £1200 before he could be got inveigled, shipped, and brought safe to hand. The documents are yet in existence: and the portrait of this Irish fellow-citizen himself, who is by no means a beautiful man. Indeed, they are all portrayed—all the privates of this distinguished Regiment are, if anybody cared to look at them. * Redivansoff

It is remarkable that, though the main end of Frederick William's administration was to have a military force, though his reign forms an important epoch in the history of military discipline, and though his dominant passion was the love of military display, he was yet one of the most pacific of princes. We are afraid that his aversion to war was not the effect of humanity, but was merely one of his thousand whims. His feeling about his troops seems to have resembled a miser's feeling about his money. He loved to collect them, to count them, to see them increase, but he could not find it in his heart to break in upon the precious hoard. He looked forward to some future time when his Patagonian battalions were to drive hostile infantry before them like sheep. But this future time was always receding, and it is probable that if his life had been prolonged thirty years his superb army would never have seen any harder service than a sham fight in the fields near Berlin. But the great military means which he had collected were destined to be employed by a spirit far more daring and inventive than his own.

Frederick, surnamed the Great, son of Frederick William, was born in January, 1712. It may safely be pronounced that he had received from nature a strong and sharp understanding, and a rare firmness of temper and intensity of will. As to the other parts of his character, it is difficult to say whether they are to be ascribed to nature or to the strange training which he underwent. The history of his boyhood is painfully interesting. Oliver Twist in the parish work-house, Smike at Dotheboys Hall, were petted children when compared with this wretched heir-apparent of a crown. The nature of Frederick William was hard and bad, and the habit of exercising arbitrary power had made him frightfully savage. His rage constantly vented itself to right and left in curses and blows. When his majesty took a walk, every human being fled before him as if a tiger had broken loose from a menagerie. If he met a lady in the street he gave her a kick and told her to go home and mind her brats. If he saw a clergyman staring at the soldiers, he admonished the reverend gentleman to betake himself to study and prayer, and enforced this pious advice by a sound caning, administered on the spot. But it was in his own house that he was most unreasonable and ferocious. His palace was hell, and he the most execrable of fiends—a cross between Moloch and Puck. His son Frederick* and his daughter Wilhelmina, afterwards Margravine of Bareuth, were in an especial manner objects of his aversion. His own mind was uncultivated. He despised literature. He hated infidels, Papists, and metaphysicians, and did not very well understand in what they differed from each other. The business of life, according to him, was to drill and to be drilled. The recreations suited to a prince were to sit in a cloud of tobacco smoke, to sip Swedish beer between the puffs of the pipe, to play backgammon for three halfpence a rubber, to

kill wild hogs, and to shoot partridges by the thousand. The Prince-Royal showed little inclination either for the serious employments or for the amusements of his father. He shirked the duties of the parade—he detested the fume of tobacco—he had no taste either for backgammon or for field sports. He had received from nature an exquisite ear, and performed skillfully on the flute. His earliest instructors had been French refugees, and they had awakened in him a strong passion for French literature and French society. Frederick William regarded these tastes as effeminate and contemptible, and by abuse and persecution made them still stronger. Things became worse when the Prince-Royal attained that time of life at which the great revolution in the human mind and body takes place. He was guilty of some youthful indiscretions, which no good and wise parent would regard with severity. At a later period he was accused, truly or falsely, of vices from which History averts her eyes and which even satire blushes to name—vices such that, to borrow the energetic language of Lord-Keeper Coventry, "the depraved nature of man, which of itself carrieth man to all other sin, abhorreth them." But the offenses of his youth were not characterized by any peculiar turpitude. They excited, however, transports of rage in the king, who hated all faults except those to which he was himself inclined, and who conceived that he made ample atonement to Heaven for his brutality, by holding the softer passions in detestation. The Prince-Royal, too, was not one of those who are content to take their religion on trust. He asked puzzling questions, and brought forward arguments which seemed to savor of something different from pure Lutheranism. The king suspected that his son was inclined to be a heretic of some sort or other, whether Calvinist or Atheist, his majesty did not very well know. The ordinary malignity of Frederick William was bad enough. He now thought malignity a part of his duty as a Christian man, and all the conscience that he had stimulated his hatred. The flute was broken—the French books were sent out of the palace—the prince was kicked and cudgelled and pulled by the hair. At dinner the plates were hurled at his head—sometimes he was restricted to bread and water—sometimes he was forced to swallow food so nauseous that he could not keep it on his stomach. Once his father knocked him down, dragged him along the floor to a window, and was with difficulty prevented from strangling him with the cord of the curtain. The queen, for the crime of not wishing to see her son murdered, was subjected to the grossest indignities. The Princess Wilhelmina, who took her brother's part, was treated almost as ill as Mrs. Brownrigg's apprentices. Driven to despair, the unhappy youth tried to run away; then the fury of the old tyrant rose to madness. The prince was an officer in the army; his flight was therefore desertion, and, in the moral code of Frederick William, desertion was the highest of all

from Moscow seems of far better bone than Kirkman, though still more stolid of aspect. One Hohmann, a born Prussian, was so tall you could not, though you yourself tall, touch his bare crown with your hand; August the Strong of Poland tried on one occasion and could not. Before Hohmann turned up there had been Jonas, the Norwegian Blacksmith,* also a dreadfully tall monster. Giant 'Macdill'—who was to be married, no consent asked on either side, to the tall young woman, which latter turned out to be a decrepit old woman, (all Jest-Books know the myth)—he also was an Irish giant, his name probably M'Dowal. This Hohmann was now *Fülgemann* ('fugleman' as we have named it, leader of the file), the tallest of the Regiment, a very mountain of pipe-clayed flesh and bone."

* The following is his answer to an humble supplication of Friedrich's for forgiveness:—

"Thy [in German the contemptuous third person singular is used] obstinate perverse disposition (*Kopf*, head), which

does not love thy Father—for when one does everything, and really loves one's Father, one does what the Father requires, not while he is there to see it, but when his back is turned too. For the rest, thou know'st very well that I can endure no effeminate fellow (*effeminierten Kerl*), who has no human inclination in him; who puts himself to shame, cannot ride nor shoot, and withal is dirty in his person; frizzes his hair like a fool, and does not cut it off. And all this I have a thousand times reprimanded; but all in vain, and no improvement in nothing (*keine Besserung in nichts ist*). For the rest, haughty, proud as a churl; speaks to nobody but some few, and is not popular and affable; and cuts grimaces with his face, as if he were a fool; and does my will in nothing unless held to it by force; nothing out of love;—and has pleasure in nothing but following his own whims (*own Kopf*)—so use to him in anything else. This is the answer.

FREDERICK WILLIAMS."

Carlyle (vol. II., pp. 47, 48.)

crimes. "Desertion," says this royal theologian in one of his half-crazy letters, "is from hell. It is a work of the children of the devil. No child of God could possibly be guilty of it." An accomplice of the prince, in spite of the recommendation of a court-martial, was mercilessly put to death. It seemed probable that the prince himself would suffer the same fate. It was with difficulty that the intercession of the States of Holland, of the Kings of Sweden and Poland, and of the Emperor of Germany, saved the house of Brandenburg from the stain of an unnatural murder. After months of cruel suspense, Frederick learned that his life would be spared. He remained, however, long a prisoner; but he was not on that account to be pitied. He found in his jailors a tenderness which he had never found in his father; his table was not sumptuous, but he had wholesome food in sufficient quantity to appease hunger; he could read the *Henriade* without being kicked, and play on his flute without having it broken over his head.

When his confinement terminated, he was a man. He had nearly completed his twenty-first year, and could scarcely, even by such a parent as Frederick William, be kept much longer under the restraints which had made his boyhood miserable. Suffering had matured his understanding, while it had hardened his heart and soured his temper. He had learnt self-command and dissimulation; he affected to conform to some of his father's views, and submissively accepted a wife, who was a wife only in name, from his father's hand. He also served with credit, though without any opportunity of acquiring brilliant distinction, under the command of Prince Eugene, during a campaign marked by no extraordinary events. He was now permitted to keep a separate establishment, and was therefore able to indulge with caution his own tastes. Partly in order to conciliate the king, and partly, no doubt, from inclination, he gave up a portion of his time to military and political business, and thus gradually acquired such an aptitude for affairs as his most intimate associates were not aware that he possessed.

His favorite abode was at Rheinsberg, near the frontier which separates the Prussian dominions from the duchy of Mecklenburg. Rheinsberg is a fertile and smiling spot, in the midst of the sandy waste of the Marquisate. The mansion, surrounded by woods of oak and beech, looks out upon a spacious lake. There Frederick amused himself by laying out gardens in regular alleys and intricate mazes, by building obelisks, temples, and conservatories, and by collecting rare fruits and flowers. His retirement was enlivened by a few companions, among whom he seems to have preferred those who, by birth or extraction, were French. With these inmates he dined and supped well, drank freely, and amused himself sometimes with concerts, sometimes with holding chapters of a fraternity which he called the Order of Bayard; but literature was his chief resource.

His education had been entirely French. The long ascendancy which Louis XIV. had enjoyed, and the eminent merit of the tragic and comic dramatists, of the satirists, and of the preachers who had flourished under that magnificent prince, had made the French language predominant in Europe. Even in countries which had a national literature, and which could boast of names greater than those of Racine, of Molière, and of Massillon—in the country of Dante, in the country of Cervantes, in the country of Shakespeare and Milton—the intellectual fashions of Paris had been to a great extent adopted. Germany had not yet produced a single masterpiece of poetry or eloquence. In Germany, therefore, the French taste reigned without rival and without

limit. Every youth of rank was taught to speak and write French. That he should speak and write his own tongue with politeness, or even with accuracy and facility, was regarded as comparatively an unimportant object. Even Frederick William, with all his rugged Saxon prejudices, thought it necessary that his children should know French, and quite unnecessary that they should be well versed in German. The Latin was positively interdicted. "My son," His Majesty wrote, "shall not learn Latin; and, more than that, I will not suffer anybody even to mention such a thing to me." One of the preceptors ventured to read the Golden Bull in the original with the Prince-Royal. Frederick William entered the room, and broke out in his usual kingly style.

"Rascal, what are you at there?"

"Please Your Majesty," answered the preceptor, "I was explaining the Golden Bull to His Royal Highness."

"I'll Golden Bull you, you rascal," roared the majesty of Prussia. Up went the king's cane, away ran the terrified instructor, and Frederick's classical studies ended forever. He now and then affected to quote Latin sentences, and produced such exquisite Ciceronian phrases as these: "Stante pede morire"—"De gustibus non est disputandum"—"Tot verbas tot spondera." Of Italian, he had not enough to read a page of Metastasio with ease, and of the Spanish and English, he did not, as far as we are aware, understand a single word.

As the highest human compositions to which he had access were those of the French writers, it is not strange that his admiration for those writers should have been unbounded. His ambitious and eager temper early prompted him to imitate what he admired. The wish, perhaps, dearest to his heart was, that he might rank among the masters of French rhetoric and poetry. He wrote prose and verse as indefatigably as if he had been a starving hack of Cave or Osborn; but Nature, which had bestowed on him in a large measure the talents of a captain and of an administrator, had withheld from him those higher and rarer gifts, without which industry labors in vain to produce immortal eloquence or song. And, indeed, had he been blessed with more imagination, wit, and fertility of thought than he appears to have had, he would still have been subject to one great disadvantage, which would, in all probability, have forever prevented him from taking a high place among men of letters. He had not the full command of any language. There was no machine of thought which he could employ with perfect ease, confidence, and freedom. He had German enough to scold his servants or to give the word of command to his grenadiers; but his grammar and pronunciation were extremely bad. He found it difficult to make out the meaning even of the simplest German poetry. On one occasion a version of Racine's *Iphigénie* was read to him. He held the French original in his hand; but was forced to own that, even with such help, he could not understand the translation. Yet though he had neglected his mother tongue in order to bestow all his attention on French, his French was, after all, the French of a foreigner. It was necessary for him to have always at his beck some men of letters from Paris to point out the solecisms and false rhymes, of which, to the last, he was frequently guilty. Even had he possessed the poetic faculty—of which, as far as we can judge, he was utterly destitute—the want of a language would have prevented him from being a great poet. No noble work of imagination, as far as we recollect, was ever composed by any man, except in a dialect which he had learned without remembering how or when, and which he had spoken with perfect ease before he had ever analyzed its struc-

ture. Romans of great talents wrote Greek verses; but how many of those verses have deserved to live? Many men of eminent genius have, in modern times, written Latin poems; but, as far as we are aware, none of those poems, not even Milton's, can be ranked in the first class of art, or even very high in the second. It is not strange, therefore, that in the French verses of Frederick, we can find nothing beyond the reach of any man of good parts and industry—nothing above the level of Newdigate and Seatonian poetry. His best pieces may perhaps rank with the worst in Doddsley's collection. In history he succeeded better. We do not, indeed, find in any part of his voluminous Memoirs either deep reflection or vivid painting. But the narrative is distinguished by clearness, conciseness, good sense, and a certain air of truth and simplicity, which is singularly graceful in a man who, having done great things, sits down to relate them. On the whole, however, none of his writings are so agreeable to us as his Letters; particularly those which are written with earnestness, and are not embroidered with verses.

It is not strange that a young man devoted to literature, and acquainted only with the literature of France, should have looked with profound veneration on the genius of Voltaire. Nor is it just to condemn him for this feeling. "A man who has never seen the sun," says Calderon in one of his charming comedies, "cannot be blamed for thinking that no glory can exceed that of the moon. A man who has seen neither moon nor sun cannot be blamed for talking of the unrivaled brightness of the morning star." Had Frederick been able to read Homer and Milton, or even Virgil and Tasso, his admiration of the *Henriade* would prove that he was utterly destitute of the power of discerning what is excellent in art. Had he been familiar with Sophocles or Shakespeare, we should have expected him to appreciate *Zaïre* more justly. Had he been able to study Thucydides and Tacitus in the original Greek and Latin, he would have known that there were heights in the eloquence of history far beyond the reach of the author of the *Life of Charles the Twelfth*. But the finest heroic poem, several of the most powerful tragedies, and the most brilliant and picturesque historical work that Frederick had ever read, were Voltaire's. Such high and various excellence moved the young prince almost to adoration. The opinions of Voltaire on religious and philosophical questions had not yet been fully exhibited to the public. At a later period, when an exile from his country, and at open war with the Church, he spoke out. But when Frederick was at Rheinsberg, Voltaire was still a courtier; and, though he could not always curb his petulant wit, he had, as yet, published nothing that could exclude him from Versailles, and little that a divine of the mild and generous school of Grotius and Tillotson might not read with pleasure. In the *Henriade*, in *Zaïre*, and in *Aleire*, Christian piety is exhibited in the most amiable form; and, some years after the period of which we are writing, a Pope condescended to accept the dedication of *Mahomet*. The real sentiments of the poet, however, might be clearly perceived by a keen eye through the decent disguise with which he veiled them, and could not escape the sagacity of Frederick, who held similar opinions, and had been accustomed to practise similar dissimulation.

The prince wrote to his idol in the style of a worshiper, and Voltaire replied with exquisite grace and address. A correspondence followed, which may be studied with advantage by those who wish to become proficient in the ignoble art of flattery. No man ever paid compliments better than Voltaire. His sweetened confectionery had always a delicate,

yet stimulating flavor, which was delightful to palates wearied by the coarse preparations of inferior artists. It was only from his hand that so much sugar could be swallowed without making the swallower sick. Copies of verses, writing-desks, trinkets of amber, were exchanged between the friends. Frederick confided his writings to Voltaire, and Voltaire applauded as if Frederick had been Racine and Bossuet in one. One of His Royal Highness's performances was a refutation of the *Principes* of Machiavelli. Voltaire undertook to convey it to the press. It was entitled the *Anti-Machiavel*, and was an edifying homily against rapacity, perfidy, arbitrary government, unjust war—in short, against almost everything for which its author is now remembered among men.

The old king uttered now and then a ferocious growl at the diversions of Rheinsberg. But his health was broken, his end was approaching, and his vigor was impaired. He had only one pleasure left—that of seeing tall soldiers. He could always be propitiated by a present of a grenadier of six feet eight or six feet nine; and such presents were from time to time judiciously offered by his son.

Early in the year 1740, Frederick William* met death with a firmness and dignity worthy of a better and wiser man; and Frederick, who had just completed his twenty-eighth year, became King of Prussia. His character was little understood. That he had good abilities, indeed, no person who had talked with him or corresponded with him could doubt. But the easy, Epicurean life which he had led, his love of good cookery and good wine, of music, of conversation, of light literature, led many to regard him as a sensual and intellectual voluptuary. His habit of carting about moderation, peace, liberty, and the

* Macaulay is a little too harsh with the old king. The following extract from Carlyle's recent *Life of Frederick the Great*, describing the last hours of Friedrich Wilhelm, will show something better in his character: "For the rest, he is struggling between death and life, in general persuaded that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief-Precacher Roloff out to Potsdam, has some notable dialogues with Roloff, and with two other Potsdam clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanor at this supreme time, we see the big, rugged block of manhood come out very vividly: strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world—which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm; and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel off his Kinghood and stand before God Almighty no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as the King had hoped. Surely this King 'never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage-vow, in spite of horrible examples everywhere; believed the Bible, honored the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were.' To all which Roloff, a courageous, pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head. 'Did I behave ill then, did I ever do injustice? Roloff mentions Baron Schluhbuth, the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. 'He had no trial; but was there any doubt he had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was set to gather: insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying, it was not *Monsieur* (good manners) to hang a nobleman!' Roloff shakes his head. 'Too violent. Your Majesty, and savoring of the tyrannous. The poor King must repent.'

"Well—is there anything more? Out with it, then: better now than too late! ' [And certain building operations of an oppressive character come under review.] . . . 'And then there is forgiveness of enemies: Your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven?'—'Well I will; I do. You Feekin [his wife, Queen Sophie], write to your brother (unforgiveablest of beings), after I am dead, that I forgive him, died in peace with him.'—'Better Her Majesty should write at once,' suggests Roloff.—'No, after I am dead,' persists the son of nature—'that will be safer!' An unwearyable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity; such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned ones nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff, 'You (Er, He) do not spare me; it is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man' " (vol. ii., pp. 661-662).

happiness which a good mind derives from the happiness of others, had imposed on some who should have known better. Those who thought best of him expected a Telemachus after Fénelon's pattern. Others predicted the approach of a Medicean age—an age propitious to learning and art, and not unpropitious to pleasure. Nobody had the least suspicion that a tyrant of extraordinary military and political talents, of industry more extraordinary still, without fear, without faith, and without mercy, had ascended the throne.

The disappointment of Falstaff at his old boon companion's coronation was not more bitter than that which awaited some of the inmates of Rheinsberg. They had long looked forward to the accession of their patron, as to the day from which their own prosperity and greatness was to date. They had at last reached the promised land, the land which they had figured to themselves as flowing with milk and honey, and they found it a desert. "No more of these fooleries," was the short, sharp admonition given by Frederick to one of them. It soon became plain that, in the most important points, the new sovereign bore a strong family likeness to his predecessor. There was a wide difference between the father and the son as respected extent and vigor of intellect, speculative opinions, amusements, studies, outward demeanor. But the groundwork of the character was the same in both. To both were common the love of order, the love of business, the military taste, the parsimony, the imperious spirit, the temper irritable even to ferocity, the pleasure in the pain and humiliation of others. But these propensities had in Frederick William partaken of the general unsoundness of his mind, and wore a very different aspect when found in company with the strong and cultivated understanding of his successor. Thus, for example, Frederick was as anxious as any prince could be about the efficacy of his army. But this anxiety never degenerated into a monomania, like that which led his father to pay fancy prices for giants. Frederick was as thrifty about money as any prince or any private man ought to be. But he did not conceive, like his father, that it was worth while to eat unwholesome cabbages for the sake of saving four or five rix dollars in the year. Frederick was, we fear, as malevolent as his father; but Frederick's wit enabled him often to show his malevolence in ways more decent than those to which his father resorted, and to inflict misery and degradation by a taunt instead of blow. Frederick it is true by no means relinquished his hereditary privilege of kicking and cudgelling. His practice, however, as to that matter differed in some important respects from his father's. To Frederick William, the mere circumstance that any persons whatever, men, women, or children, Prussians or foreigners, were within reach of his toes and of his cane, appeared to be a sufficient reason for proceeding to belabor them. Frederick required provocation as well as vicinity; nor was he ever known to inflict this paternal species of correction on any but his born subjects; though on one occasion M. Thiébauld had reason during a few seconds to anticipate the high honor of being an exception to this general rule.

The character of Frederick was still very imperfectly understood either by his subjects or by his neighbors, when events occurred which exhibited it in a strong light. A few months after his accession died Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, the last descendant in the male line of the house of Austria.

Charles left no son, and had long before his death relinquished all hopes of male issue. During the latter part of his life his principal object had been

to secure to his descendants in the female line the many crowns of the house of Hapsburg. With this view, he had promulgated a new law of succession widely celebrated throughout Europe under the name of the "Pragmatic Sanction." By virtue of this decree, his daughter, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, wife of Francis of Lorraine, succeeded to the dominions of her ancestors.

No sovereign has ever taken possession of a throne by a clearer title. All the politics of the Austrian cabinet had during twenty years been directed to one single end—the settlement of the succession. From every person whose rights could be considered as injuriously affected, renunciations in the most solemn form had been obtained. The new law had been ratified by the Estates of all the kingdoms and principalities which made up the great Austrian monarchy. England, France, Spain, Russia, Poland, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, the Germanic body, had bound themselves by treaty to maintain the "Pragmatic Sanction." That instrument was placed under the protection of the public faith of the whole civilized world.

Even if no positive stipulations on this subject had existed, the arrangement was one which no good man would have been willing to disturb. It was a peaceable arrangement. It was an arrangement acceptable to the great population whose happiness was chiefly concerned. It was an arrangement which made no change in the distribution of power among the states of Christendom. It was an arrangement which could be set aside only by means of a general war; and, if it were set aside, the effect would be that the equilibrium of Europe would be deranged, that the loyal and patriotic feelings of millions would be cruelly outraged, and that great provinces which had been united for centuries would be torn from each other by main force.

The sovereigns of Europe were therefore bound by every obligation which those who are intrusted with power over their fellow-creatures ought to hold most sacred, to respect and defend the right of the Archduchess. Her situation and her personal qualities were such as might be expected to move the mind of any generous man to pity, admiration, and chivalrous tenderness. She was in her twenty-fourth year. Her form was majestic, her features beautiful, her countenance sweet and animated, her voice musical, her deportment gracious and dignified. In all domestic relations she was without reproach. She was married to a husband whom she loved, and was on the point of giving birth to a child when death deprived her of her father. The loss of a parent and the new cares of the empire were too much for her in the delicate state of her health. Her spirits were depressed and her cheek lost its bloom.

Yet it seemed that she had little cause for anxiety. It seemed that justice, humanity, and the faith of treaties would have their due weight, and that the settlement so solemnly guaranteed would be quietly carried into effect. England, Russia, Poland, and Holland declared in form their intention to adhere to their engagements. The French ministers made a verbal declaration to the same effect. But from no quarter did the young Queen of Hungary receive stronger assurances of friendship and support than from the King of Prussia.

Yet the King of Prussia, the "Anti-Machiavel," had already fully determined to commit the great crime of violating his plighted faith, of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend, and of plunging all Europe into a long, bloody, and desolating war, and all this for no end whatever except that he might extend his dominions and see his name in the gazettes. He determined to assemble a great army with speed and secrecy to invade Silesia before

Maria Theresa should be apprised of his design, and to add that rich province to his kingdom.

We will not condescend to refute at length the pleas . . . [put forth by] Doctor Preuss. They amount to this—that the house of Brandenburg had some ancient pretensions of Silesia, and had in the previous century been compelled, by hard usage on the part of the court of Vienna, to waive those pretensions. It is certain that whoever might originally have been in the right Prussia had submitted. Prince after prince of the house of Brandenburg had acquiesced in the existing arrangement. Nay, the court of Berlin had recently been allied with that of Vienna, and had guaranteed the integrity of the Austrian states. Is it not perfectly clear that if antiquated claims are to be set up against recent treaties and long possession, the world can never be at peace for a day? The laws of all nations have wisely established a time of limitation, after which titles, however illegitimate in their origin, cannot be questioned. It is felt by everybody that to eject a person from his estate on the ground of some injustice committed in the time of the Tudors, would produce all the evils which result from arbitrary confiscation, and would make all property insecure. It concerns the commonwealth—so runs the legal maxim—that there be an end to litigation. And surely this maxim is at least equally applicable to the great commonwealth of states, for in that commonwealth litigation means the devastation of provinces, the suspension of trade and industry, sieges like those of Badajoz and St. Sebastian, pitched fields like those of Eylau and Borodino. We hold that the transfer of Norway from Denmark to Sweden was an unjustifiable proceeding; but would the King of Denmark be therefore justified in landing without any new provocation in Norway, and commencing military operations there? The King of Holland thinks, no doubt, that he was unjustly deprived of the Belgian provinces. Grant that it were so. Would he, therefore, be justified in marching with an army on Brussels? The case against Frederick was still stronger, inasmuch as the injustice of which he complained had been committed more than a century before. Nor must it be forgotten that he owed the highest personal obligations to the house of Austria. It may be doubted whether his life had not been preserved by the intercession of the prince whose daughter he was about to plunder.

To do the king justice, he pretended to no more virtue than he had. In manifestoes he might, for form's sake, insert some idle stories about his antiquated claim on Silesia; but in his conversations and Memoirs he took a very different tone. To quote his own words—"Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day, and I decided for war."

Having resolved on his course, he acted with ability and vigor. It was impossible wholly to conceal his preparations, for throughout the Prussian territories regiments, guns, and baggage were in motion. The Austrian envoy at Berlin apprised his court of these facts, and expressed a suspicion of Frederick's designs; but the ministers of Maria Theresa refused to give credit to so black an imputation on a young prince who was known chiefly by his high professions of integrity and philanthropy. "We will not," they wrote, "we cannot believe it."

In the mean time the Prussian forces had been assembled. Without any declaration of war, without any demand for reparation, in the very act of pouring forth compliments and assurances of good-will, Frederick commenced hostilities. Many thousands of his troops were actually in Silesia before the Queen of Hungary knew that he had set up any claim to any part of her territories. At length he

sent her a message which could be regarded only as an insult. If she would but let him have Silesia, he would, he said, stand by her against any power which should try to deprive her of her other dominions: as if he was not already bound to stand by her, or as if his new promise could be of more value than the old one!

It was the depth of winter. The cold was severe, and the roads deep in mire. But the Prussians passed on. Resistance was impossible. The Austrian army was then neither numerous nor efficient. The small portion of that army which lay in Silesia was unprepared for hostilities. Glogau was blockaded; Breslau opened its gates; Ohlau was evacuated. A few scattered garrisons still held out; but the whole open country was subjugated; no enemy ventured to encounter the king in the field; and before the end of January, 1741, he returned to receive the congratulations of his subjects at Berlin.

Had the Silesian question been merely a question between Frederick and Maria Theresa, it would be impossible to acquit the Prussian king of gross perfidy. But when we consider the effects which his policy produced, and could not fail to produce, on the whole community of civilized nations, we are compelled to pronounce a condemnation still more severe. Till he began the war it seemed possible, even probable, that the peace of the world would be preserved. The plunder of the great Austrian heritage was indeed a strong temptation; and in more than one cabinet ambitious schemes were already meditated. But the treaties by which the "Pragmatic Sanction" had been guaranteed were express and recent. To throw all Europe into confusion for a purpose clearly unjust was no light matter. England was true to her engagements. The voice of Fleury had always been for peace. He had a conscience. He was now in extreme old age, and was unwilling, after a life which, when his situation was considered, must be pronounced singularly pure, to carry the fresh stain of a great crime before the tribunal of his God. Even the vain and unprincipled Belle-Isle, whose whole life was one wild day-dream of conquest and spoliation, felt that France, bound as she was by solemn stipulations, could not without disgrace make a direct attack on the Austrian dominions. Charles, Elector of Bavaria, pretended that he had a right to a large part of the inheritance which the "Pragmatic Sanction" gave to the Queen of Hungary, but he was not sufficiently powerful to move without support. It might, therefore, not unreasonably be expected that after a short period of restlessness, all the potentates of Christendom would acquiesce in the arrangements made by the late emperor. But the selfish rapacity of the King of Prussia gave the signal to his neighbors. His example quieted their sense of shame. His success led them to underrate the difficulty of dismembering the Austrian monarchy. The whole world sprang to arms. On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe—the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the brave mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by this wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America.

Silesia had been occupied without a battle; but the Austrian troops were advancing to the relief of the fortresses which still held out. In the spring Frederick rejoined his army. He had seen little of war, and had never commanded any great body of men in the field. It is not, therefore, strange that his

first military operations showed little of that skill which, at a later period, was the admiration of Europe. What connoisseurs say of some pictures painted by Raphael in his youth, may be said of this campaign. It was in Frederick's early bad manner. Fortunately for him, the generals to whom he was opposed were men of small capacity. The discipline of his own troops, particularly of the infantry, was unequalled in that age; and some able and experienced officers were at hand to assist him with their advice. Of these, the most distinguished was Field-Marshal Schwerin—a brave adventurer of Pomeranian extraction, who had served half the governments in Europe, had borne the commissions of the States-General of Holland and of the Duke of Mecklenburg, and fought under Marlborough at Blenheim, and had been with Charles the Twelfth at Bender.

Frederick's first battle was fought at Molwitz, and never did the career of a great commander open in a more inauspicious manner. His army was victorious. Not only, however, did he not establish his title to the character of an able general, but he was so unfortunate as to make it doubtful whether he possessed the vulgar courage of a soldier. The cavalry which he commanded in person was put to flight. Unaccustomed to the tumult and carnage of a field of battle, he lost his self-possession, and listened too readily to those who urged him to save himself. His English gray carried him many miles from the field, while Schwerin, though wounded in two places, manfully upheld the day. The skill of the old Field-Marshal and the steadiness of the Prussian battalions prevailed; and the Austrian army was driven from the field with the loss of eight thousand men.

The news was carried late at night to a mill in which the king had taken shelter. It gave him a bitter pang. He was successful; but he owed his success to dispositions which others had made, and to the valor of men who had fought while he was flying. So unpromising was the first appearance of the greatest warrior of that age!

The battle of Molwitz was the signal for a general explosion throughout Europe. Bavaria took up arms. France, not yet declaring herself a principal in the war, took part in it as an ally of Bavaria. The two great statesmen to whom mankind had owed many years of tranquillity disappeared about this time from the scene; but not till they had both been guilty of the weakness of sacrificing their sense of justice and their love of peace in the vain hope of preserving their power. Fleury, sinking under age and infirmity, was borne down by the impetuosity of Belle-Isle. Walpole retired from the service of his ungrateful country to his woods and paintings at Houghton, and his power devolved on the daring and eccentric Carteret. As were the ministers, so were the nations. Thirty years during which Europe had, with few interruptions, enjoyed repose, had prepared the public mind for great military efforts. A new generation had grown up, which could not remember the siege of Turin or the slaughter of Malplaquet; which knew war by nothing but its trophies; and which, while it looked with pride on the tapestries at Blenheim, or the statue in the "Place of Victories," little thought by what privations, by what waste of private fortunes, by how many bitter tears, conquests must be purchased.

For a time fortune seemed adverse to the Queen of Hungary. Frederick invaded Moravia. The French and Bavarians penetrated into Bohemia, and were there joined by the Saxons. Prague was taken. The Elector of Bavaria was raised by the suffrages of his colleagues to the Imperial throne—a throne which the practice of centuries had almost entitled

the house of Austria to regard as an hereditary possession.

Yet was the spirit of the haughty daughter of the Cæsars unbroken. Hungary was still hers by an unquestionable title; and although her ancestors had found Hungary the most mutinous of all their kingdoms, she resolved to trust herself to the fidelity of a people, rude indeed, turbulent, and impatient of oppression, but brave, generous, and simple-hearted. In the midst of distress and peril she had given birth to a son, afterwards the Emperor Joseph the Second. Scarcely had she risen from her couch, when she hastened to Pressburg. There, in the sight of an innumerable multitude, she was crowned with the crown and robed with the robe of St. Stephen. No spectator could refrain his tears when the beautiful young mother, still weak from child-bearing, rode, after the fashion of her fathers, up the Mount of Defiance, unsheathed the ancient sword of state, shook it towards north and south, east and west and, with a glow on her pale face, challenged the four corners of the world to dispute her rights and those of her boy. At the first sitting of the Diet she appeared clad in deep mourning for her father, and in pathetic and dignified words implored her people to support her just cause. Magnates and deputies sprang up, half drew their sabers, and with eager voices vowed to stand by her with their lives and fortunes. Till then her firmness had never once forsaken her before the public eye, but at that shout she sank down upon her throne, and wept aloud. Still more touching was the sight when, a few days later, she came before the Estates of her realm, and held up before them the little Archduke in her arms. Then it was that the enthusiasm of Hungary broke forth into that war-cry which soon resounded throughout Europe, "Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa!"

In the mean time, Frederick was meditating a change of policy. He had no wish to raise France to supreme power on the continent, at the expense of the house of Hapsburg. His first object was to rob the Queen of Hungary. His second was that, if possible, nobody should rob her but himself. He had entered into engagements with the powers leagued against Austria; but these engagements were in his estimation of no more force than the guaranty formerly given to the "Pragmatic Sanction." His game was now to secure his share of the plunder by betraying his accomplices. Maria Theresa was little inclined to listen to any such compromise; but the English government represented to her so strongly the necessity of buying off so formidable an enemy as Frederick, that she agreed to negotiate. The negotiation would not, however, have ended in a treaty had not the arms of Frederick been crowned with a second victory. Prince Charles of Lorraine, brother-in-law to Maria Theresa, a bold and active, though unfortunate general, gave battle to the Prussians at Chotusitz, and was defeated. The king was still only a learner of the military art. He acknowledged, at a later period, that his success on this occasion was to be attributed, not at all to his own generalship, but solely to the valor and steadiness of his troops. He completely effaced, however, by his courage and energy, the stain which Molwitz had left on his reputation.

A peace, concluded under the English mediation, was the fruit of this battle. Maria Theresa ceded Silesia; Frederick abandoned his allies; Saxony followed his example; and the queen was left at liberty to turn her whole force against France and Bavaria. She was everywhere triumphant. The French were compelled to evacuate Bohemia, and with difficulty effected their escape. The whole line of their retreat might be tracked by the corpses of thousands

who died of cold, fatigue, and hunger. Many of those who reached their country carried with them seeds of death. Bavaria was overrun by bands of ferocious warriors from that bloody "debatable land" which lies on the frontier between Christendom and Islam. The terrible names of the Pandoor, the Croat, and the Hussar then first became familiar to western Europe. The unfortunate Charles of Bavaria, vanquished by Austria, betrayed by Prussia, driven from his hereditary states, and neglected by his allies, was hurried by shame and remorse to an untimely end. An English army appeared in the heart of Germany, and defeated the French at Dettingen. The Austrian captains already began to talk of completing the work of Marlborough and Eugene, and of compelling France to relinquish Alsace and the Three Bishoprics.

The court of Versailles, in this peril, looked to Frederick for help. He had been guilty of two great treasons, perhaps he might be induced to commit a third. The Duchess of Chateauroux then held the chief influence over the feeble Louis. She determined to send an agent to Berlin, and Voltaire was selected for the mission. He eagerly undertook the task; for, while his literary fame filled all Europe, he was troubled with a childish craving for political distinction. He was vain, and not without reason, of his address, and of his insinuating eloquence; and he flattered himself that he possessed boundless influence over the King of Prussia. The truth was that he knew, as yet, only one corner of Frederick's character. He was well acquainted with all the petty vanities and affectations of the poetaster; but was not aware that these foibles were united with all the talents and vices which lead to success in active life; and that the unlucky versifier who bored him with reams of middling Alexandrians, was the most vigilant, suspicious, and severe of politicians.

Voltaire was received with every mark of respect and friendship, was lodged in the palace, and had a seat daily at the royal table. The negotiation was of an extraordinary description. Nothing can be conceived more whimsical than the conferences which took place between the first literary man and the first practical man of the age, whom a strange weakness had induced to exchange their parts. The great poet would talk of nothing but treaties and guaranties, and the great king of nothing but metaphors and rhymes. On one occasion Voltaire put into his Majesty's hand a paper on the state of Europe, and received it back with verses scrawled on the margin. In secret they both laughed at each other. Voltaire did not spare the king's poems; and the king has left on record his opinion of Voltaire's diplomacy. "He had no credentials," says Frederick, "and the whole mission was a joke, a mere farce."

But what the influence of Voltaire could not effect, the rapid progress of the Austrian arms effected. If it should be in the power of Maria Theresa and George the Second to dictate terms of peace to France, what chance was there that Prussia would long retain Silesia? Frederick's conscience told him that he had acted perfidiously and inhumanly towards the Queen of Hungary. That her resentment was strong she had given ample proof, and of her respect for treaties he judged by his own. Guaranties, he said, were mere filigree, pretty to look at, but too brittle to bear the slightest pressure. He thought it his safest course to ally himself closely to France, and again to attack the Empress Queen. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1744, without notice, without any decent pretext, he recommenced hostilities, marched through the electorate of Saxony without troubling himself about the permission of the Elector, invaded Bohemia, took Prague, and even menaced Vienna.

It was now that, for the first time, he experienced the inconstancy of fortune. An Austrian army under Charles of Lorraine threatened his communications with Silesia. Saxony was all in arms behind him. He found it necessary to save himself by a retreat. He afterwards owned that his failure was the natural effect of his own blunders. No general, he said, had ever committed greater faults. It must be added, that to the reverses of this campaign he always ascribed his subsequent successes.

It was in the midst of difficulty and disgrace that he caught the first clear glimpse of the principles of the military art.

The memorable year of 1745 followed. The war raged by sea and land in Italy, in Germany, and in Flanders; and even England, after many years of profound internal quiet, saw, for the last time, hostile armies set in battle array against each other. This year is memorable in the life of Frederick, as the date at which his novitiate in the art of war may be said to have terminated. There have been great captains whose precocious and self-taught military skill resembled intuition. Condé, Clive, and Napoleon are examples. But Frederick was not one of these brilliant portents. His proficiency in military science was simply the proficiency which a man of vigorous faculties makes in any science to which he applies his mind with earnestness and industry. It was at Hohenfreidberg that he first proved how much he had profited by his errors and by their consequences. His victory on that day was chiefly due to his skillful dispositions, and convinced Europe that the prince who, a few years before, had stood aghast in the rout of Molwitz, had attained in the military art a mastery equaled by none of his contemporaries, or equaled by Saxe alone. The victory of Hohenfreidberg was speedily followed by that of Sorr.

In the mean time, the arms of France had been victorious in the Low Countries. Frederick had no longer reason to fear that Maria Theresa would be able to give law to Europe, and he began to meditate a fourth breach of his engagements. The court of Versailles was alarmed and mortified. A letter of earnest expostulation, in the handwriting of Louis, was sent to Berlin; but in vain. In the autumn of 1745, Frederick made peace with England, and, before the close of the year, with Austria also. The pretensions of Charles of Bavaria could present no obstacle to an accommodation. That unhappy prince was no more; and Francis of Lorraine, the husband of Maria Theresa, was raised, with the general consent of the Germanic body, to the Imperial throne.

Prussia was again at peace; but the European war lasted till, in the year 1748, it was terminated by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Of all the powers that had taken part in it, the only gainer was Frederick. Not only had he added to his patrimony the fine province of Silesia; he had, by his unprincipled dexterity, succeeded so well in alternately depressing the scale of Austria and that of France, that he was generally regarded as holding the balance of Europe—a high dignity for one who ranked lowest among kings, and whose great-grandfather had been no more than a margrave. By the public the King of Prussia was considered as a politician destitute alike of morality and decency, insatiably rapacious, and shamelessly false; nor was the public much in the wrong. He was at the same time allowed to be a man of parts—a rising general, a shrewd negotiator and administrator. Those qualities, wherein he surpassed all mankind, were as yet unknown to others or to himself; for they were qualities which shine out only on a dark ground. His career had hitherto, with little interruption, been prosperous; and it was only in adversity, in adversity which seemed without hope or resource, in adversity that would have overwhelmed

even men celebrated for strength of mind, that his real greatness could be shown.

He had from the commencement of his reign applied himself to public business after a fashion unknown among kings. Louis XIV., indeed, had been his own prime minister, and had exercised a general superintendence over all the departments of the government; but this was not sufficient for Frederick. He was not content with being his own prime minister—he would be his own sole minister. Under him there was no room, not merely for a Richelieu or a Mazarin, but for a Colbert, a Louvois, or a Torcy. A love of labor for its own sake, a restless and insatiable longing to dictate, to intermeddle, to make his power felt, a profound scorn and distrust of his fellow-creatures, indisposed him to ask counsel, to confide important secrets, to delegate ample powers. The highest functionaries under his government were mere clerks, and were not so much trusted by him as valuable clerks are often trusted by the heads of departments. He was his own treasurer, his own commander-in-chief, his own intendant of public works; his own minister for trade and justice, for home affairs and foreign affairs; his own master of the horse, steward and chamberlain. Matters of which no chief of an office in any other government would ever hear, were, in this singular monarchy, decided by the king in person. If a traveler wished for a good place to see a review, he had to write to Frederick, and receive next day, from a royal messenger, Frederick's answer signed by Frederick's own hand. This was an extravagant, a morbid activity. The public business would assuredly have been better done if each department had been put under a man of talents and integrity, and if the king had contented himself with a general control. In this manner the advantages which belong to unity of design, and the advantages which belong to the division of labor, would have been to a great extent combined. But such a system would not have suited the peculiar temper of Frederick. He could tolerate no will, no reason in the state save his own. He wished for no abler assistance than that of penmen who had just understanding enough to translate, to transcribe, to make out his scrawls, and to put his concise Yes and No into an official form. Of the higher intellectual faculties, there is as much in a copying machine or a lithographic press as he required from a secretary of the cabinet.

His own exertions were such as were hardly to be expected from a human body or a human mind. At Potsdam, his ordinary residence, he rose at three in summer and four in winter. A page soon appeared, with a large basketful of all the letters which had arrived for the king by the last courier—dispatches from ambassadors, reports from officers of revenue, plans of buildings, proposals for draining marshes, complaints from persons who thought themselves aggrieved, applications from persons who wanted titles, military commissions, and civil situations. He examined the seals with a keen eye; for he was never for a moment free from the suspicion that some fraud might be practiced on him. Then he read the letters, divided them into several packets, and signified his pleasure, generally by a mark, often by two or three words, now and then by some cutting epigram. By eight he had generally finished this part of his task. The adjutant-general was then in attendance, and received instructions for the day as to all the military arrangements of the kingdom. Then the king went to review his guards, not as kings ordinarily review their guards, but with the minute attention and severity of an old drill-sergeant. In the mean time the four cabinet secretaries had been employed in answering the letters on which the king had that morning signified his will.

These unhappy men were forced to work all the year round like negro slaves in the time of the sugar-crop. They never had a holiday. They never knew what it was to dine. It was necessary that, before they stirred, they should finish the whole of their work. The king, always on his guard against treachery, took from the heap a handful at random, and looked into them to see whether his instructions had been exactly followed. This was no bad security against foul play on the part of the secretaries; for if one of them were detected in a trick, he might think himself fortunate if he escaped with five years' imprisonment in a dungeon. Frederick then signed the replies, and all were sent off the same evening.

The general principles on which this strange government was conducted deserve attention. The policy of Frederick was essentially the same as his father's; but Frederick, while he carried that policy to lengths to which his father never thought of carrying it, cleared it at the same time from the absurdities with which his father had encumbered it. The king's first object was to have a great, efficient, and well-trained army. He had a kingdom which in extent and population was hardly in the second rank of European powers; and yet he aspired to a place not inferior to that of the sovereigns of England, France, and Austria. For that end it was necessary that Prussia should be all sting. Louis XV., with five times as many subjects as Frederick, and more than five times as large a revenue, had not a more formidable army. The proportion which the soldiers in Prussia bore to the people seems hardly credible. Of the males in the vigor of life, a seventh part were probably under arms; and this great force had, by drilling, by reviewing, and by the unsparing use of cane and scourge, been taught to perform all evolutions with a rapidity and a precision which would have astonished Villars or Eugene. The elevated feelings which are necessary to the best kind of army were then wanting to the Prussian service. In those ranks were not found the religious and political enthusiasm which inspired the pikemen of Cromwell—the patriotic ardor, the thirst of glory, the devotion to a great leader, which inflamed the Old Guard of Napoleon. But in all the mechanical parts of the military calling, the Prussians were as superior to the English and French troops of that day as the English and French troops to a rustic militia.

Though the pay of the Prussian soldier was small, though every rix dollar of extraordinary charge was scrutinized by Frederick with a vigilance and suspicion such as Mr. Joseph Hume never brought to the examination of an army-estimate, the expense of such an establishment was, for the means of the country, enormous. In order that it might not be utterly ruinous, it was necessary that every other expense should be cut down to the lowest possible point. Accordingly, Frederick, though his dominions bordered on the sea, had no navy. He neither had nor wished to have colonies. His judges, his fiscal officers, were meanly paid. His ministers at foreign courts walked on foot, or drove shabby old carriages till the axletrees gave way. Even to his highest diplomatic agents, who resided at London and Paris, he allowed less than a thousand pounds sterling a year. The royal household was managed with a frugality unusual in the establishments of opulent subjects—unexampled in any other palace. The king loved good eating and drinking, and during great part of his life took pleasure in seeing his table surrounded by guests; yet the whole charge of his kitchen was brought within the sum of two thousand pounds sterling a year. He examined every extraordinary item with a care which might be thought to suit the mistress of a boarding-house bet-

ter than a great prince. When more than four rix dollars were asked of him for a hundred oysters, he stormed as if he had heard that one of his generals had sold a fortress to the Empress-Queen. Not a bottle of champagne was uncorked without his express order. The game of the royal parks and forests, a serious head of expenditure in most kingdoms, was to him a source of profit. The whole was farmed out; and though the farmers were almost ruined by their contract, the king would grant them no remission. His wardrobe consisted of one fine gala dress, which lasted him all his life; of two or three old coats fit for Monmouth street, of yellow waistcoats soiled with snuff, and of huge boots embrowned by time. One taste alone sometimes allured him beyond the limits of parsimony, nay, even beyond the limits of prudence—the taste for building. In all other things his economy was such as we might call by a harsher name, if we did not reflect that his funds were drawn from a heavily taxed people, and that it was impossible for him without excessive tyranny to keep up at once a formidable army and a splendid court.

Considered as an administrator, Frederick had undoubtedly many titles to praise. Order was strictly maintained throughout his dominions. Property was secure. A great liberty of speaking and of writing was allowed. Confident in the irresistible strength derived from a great army, the king looked down on malcontents and libellers with a wise disdain, and gave little encouragement to spies and informers. When he was told of the disaffection of one of his subjects, he merely asked, "How many thousand men can he bring into the field?" He once saw a crowd staring at something on a wall. He rode up, and found that the object of curiosity was a scurrilous placard against himself. The placard had been posted up so high that it was not easy to read it. Frederick ordered his attendants to take it down and put it lower. "My people and I," he said, "have come to an agreement which satisfies us both. They are to say what they please, and I am to do what I please." No person would have dared to publish in London satires on George II. approaching to the atrocity of those satires on Frederick which the booksellers at Berlin sold with impunity. One bookseller sent to the palace a copy of the most stinging lampoon that perhaps was ever written in the world, the "Memoirs of Voltaire," published by Beaumarchais, and asked for his majesty's orders. "Do not advertise it in an offensive manner," said the king; "but sell it by all means. I hope it will pay you well." Even among statesmen accustomed to the license of a free press such steadfastness of mind as this is not very common.

It is due also to the memory of Frederick to say that he earnestly labored to secure to his people the great blessing of cheap and speedy justice. He was one of the first rulers who abolished the cruel and absurd practice of torture. No sentence of death pronounced by the ordinary tribunals was executed without his sanction; and his sanction, except in cases of murder, was rarely given. Towards his troops he acted in a very different manner. Military offenses were punished with such barbarous scourging that to be shot was considered by the Prussian soldier as a secondary punishment. Indeed, the principle which pervaded Frederick's whole policy was this—that the more severely the army is governed, the safer it is to treat the rest of the community with lenity.

Religious persecution was unknown under his government—unless some foolish and unjust restrictions which lay upon the Jews may be regarded as forming an exception. His policy with respect to the Catholics of Silesia presented an honorable con-

trast to the policy which, under very similar circumstances, England long followed with respect to the Catholics of Ireland. Every form of religion and irreligion found an asylum in his states. The scoffer whom the Parliaments of France had sentenced to a cruel death was consoled by a commission in the Prussian service. The Jesuit who could show his face nowhere else—who in Britain was still subject to penal laws, who was proscribed by France, Spain, Portugal, and Naples, who had been given up even by the Vatican—found safety and the means of subsistence in the Prussian dominions.

Most of the vices of Frederick's administration resolve themselves into one vice—the spirit of meddling. The indefatigable activity of his intellect, his dictatorial temper, his military habits, all inclined him to this great fault. He drilled his people as he drilled his grenadiers. Capital and industry were diverted from their natural direction by a crowd of preposterous regulations. There was a monopoly of coffee, a monopoly of tobacco, a monopoly of refined sugar. The public money, of which the king was generally so sparing, was lavishly spent in plowing bogs, in planting mulberry-trees amidst the sand, in bringing sheep from Spain to improve the Saxon wool, in bestowing prizes for fine yarn, in building manufactories of porcelain, manufactories of carpets, manufactories of hardware, manufactories of lace. Neither the experience of other rulers nor his own could ever teach him that something more than an edict and a grant of public money is required to create a Lyons, a Brussels, or a Birmingham.

For his commercial policy, however, there is some excuse. He had on his side illustrious examples and popular prejudice. Grievously as he erred, he erred in company with his age. In other departments his meddling was altogether without apology. He interfered with the course of justice as well as with the course of trade, and set up his own crude notions of equity against the law as expounded by the unanimous voice of the gravest magistrates. It never occurred to him that a body of men whose lives were passed in adjudicating on questions of civil right, were more likely to form correct opinions on such questions than a prince whose attention was divided between a thousand objects, and who had probably never read a law-book through. The resistance opposed to him by the tribunals inflamed him to fury. He reviled his Chancellor. He kicked the shins of his Judges. He did not, it is true, intend to act unjustly. He firmly believed that he was doing right and defending the cause of the poor against the wealthy. Yet this well-meant meddling probably did far more harm than all the explosions of his evil passions during the whole of his long reign. We could make shift to live under a debauchee or a tyrant, but to be ruled by a busybody is more than human nature can bear.

The same passion for directing and regulating appeared in every part of the king's policy. Every lad of a certain station in life was forced to go to certain schools within the Prussian dominions. If a young Prussian repaired, though but for a few weeks, to Leyden or Göttingen for the purpose of study, the offense was punished with civil disabilities, and sometimes with confiscation of property. Nobody was to travel without the royal permission. If the permission were granted, the pocket-money of the tourist was fixed by royal ordinances. A merchant might take with him two hundred and fifty rix dollars in gold, a noble was allowed to take four hundred; for it may be observed, in passing, that Frederick studiously kept up the old distinction between the nobles and the community. In speculation he was a French philosopher, but in action a

German prince. He talked and wrote about the privileges of blood in the style of Siéyès; but in practice no chapter in the empire looked with a keener eye to genealogies and quarterings.

Such was Frederick the ruler. But there was another Frederick, the Frederick of Rheinsberg, the fiddler and flute-player, the poetaster and metaphysician. Amidst the cares of state the king had retained his passion for music, for reading, for writing, for literary society. To these amusements he devoted all the time he could snatch from the business of war and government; and perhaps more light is thrown on his character by what passed during his hours of relaxation than by his battles or his laws.

It was the just boast of Schiller, that in his country no Augustus, no Lorenzo, had watched over the infancy of art. The rich and energetic language of Luther, driven by the Latin from the schools of pedants, and by the French from the palaces of kings, had taken refuge among the people. Of the powers of that language Frederick had no notion. He generally spoke of it, and of those who used it, with the contempt of ignorance. His library consisted of French books; at his table nothing was heard but French conversation.

The associates of his hours of relaxation were, for the most part, foreigners. Britain furnished to the royal circle two distinguished men, born in the highest rank, and driven by civil dissensions from the land to which, under happier circumstances, their talents and virtues might have been a source of strength and glory. George Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland, had taken arms for the house of Stuart in 1715, and his younger brother James, then only seventeen years old, had fought gallantly by his side. When all was lost they retired to the continent, roved from country to country, served under many standards, and so bore themselves as to win the respect and good-will of many who had no love for the Jacobite cause. Their long wanderings terminated at Potsdam; nor had Frederick any associates who deserved or obtained so large a share of his esteem. They were not only accomplished men, but nobles and warriors, capable of serving him in war and diplomacy, as well as of amusing him at supper. Alone of all his companions, they appear never to have had reason to complain of his demeanor towards them. Some of those who knew the palace best pronounced that the Lord Marischal was the only human being whom Frederick ever really loved.

Italy sent to the parties at Potsdam the ingenious and amiable Algarotti and Bastiani, the most crafty, cautious, and servile of Abbés. But the greater part of the society which Frederick had assembled round him was drawn from France. Maupertuis had acquired some celebrity by the journey which he made to Lapland, for the purpose of ascertaining by actual measurement the shape of our planet. He was placed in the chair of the Academy of Berlin, a humble imitation of the renowned Academy of Paris. Baculard D'Arnaud, a young poet, who was thought to have given promise of great things, had been induced to quit the country and to reside at the Prussian court. The Marquess D'Argens was among the king's favorite companions, on account, as it would seem, of the strong opposition between their characters. The parts of D'Argens were good and his manners those of a finished French gentleman; but his whole soul was dissolved in sloth, timidity, and self-indulgence. His was one of that abject class of minds which are superstitious without being religious. Hating Christianity with a rancor which made him incapable of rational inquiry, unable to see in the harmony and beauty of

the universe the traces of divine power and wisdom, he was the slave of dreams and omens—would not sit down to the table with thirteen in company, turned pale if the salt fell towards him, begged his guests not to cross their knives and forks on their plates, and would not for the world commence a journey on Friday. His health was a subject of constant anxiety to him. Whenever his head ached or his pulse beat quick, his dastardly fears and effeminate precautions were the jest of all Berlin. All this suited the king's purpose admirably. He wanted somebody by whom he might be amused, and whom he might despise. When he wished to pass half an hour in easy, polished conversation, D'Argens was an excellent companion; when he wanted to vent his spleen and contempt, D'Argens was an excellent butt. With these associates and others of the same class, Frederick loved to spend the time which he could steal from public cares. He wished his supper-parties to be gay and easy; and invited his guests to lay aside all restraint, and to forget that he was at the head of a hundred and sixty thousand soldiers, and was absolute master of the life and liberty of all who sat at meat with him. There was therefore at these meetings the outward show of ease. The wit and learning of the company were ostentatiously displayed. The discussions on history and literature were often highly interesting. But the absurdity of all the religions known among men was the chief topic of conversation; and the audacity with which doctrines and names venerated throughout Christendom were treated on these occasions, startled even persons accustomed to the society of French and English free-thinkers. But real liberty or real affection was in this brilliant society not to be found. Absolute kings seldom have friends: and Frederick's faults were such as, even where perfect equality exists, make friendship exceedingly precarious. He had, indeed, many qualities which on the first acquaintance were captivating. His conversation was lively, his manners to those whom he desired to please were ever caressing. No man could flatter with more delicacy. No man succeeded more completely in inspiring those who approached him with vague hopes of some great advantage from his kindness. But under this fair exterior he was a tyrant—suspicious, disdainful, and malevolent. He had one taste which may be pardoned in a boy, but which, when habitually and deliberately indulged in a man of mature age and strong understanding, is almost invariably the sign of a bad heart—a taste for severe practical jokes. If a friend of the king was fond of dress, oil was flung over his richest suit. If he was fond of money, some prank was invented to make him disburse more than he could spare. If he was hypochondriacal, he was made to believe he had the dropsy. If he particularly set his heart on visiting a place, a letter was forged to frighten him from going thither. These things, it may be said, are trifles. They are so; but they are indications not to be mistaken of a nature to which the sight of human suffering and human degradation is an agreeable excitement.

Frederick had a keen eye for the foibles of others, and loved to communicate his discoveries. He had some talent for sarcasm, and considerable skill in detecting the sore places where sarcasm would be most actually felt. His vanity, as well as his malignity, found gratification in the vexation and confusion of those who smarted under his caustic jests. Yet in truth his success on these occasions belonged quite as much to the king as to the wit. We read that Commodus descended, sword in hand, into the arena against a wretched gladiator, armed only with a foil of lead, and, after shedding the blood of the

helpless victim, struck medals to commemorate the inglorious victory. The triumphs of Frederick in the war of repartee were much of the same kind. How to deal with him was the most puzzling of questions. To appear constrained in his presence was to disobey his commands and to spoil his amusement. Yet if his associates were enticed by his graciousness to indulge in the familiarity of a cordial intimacy, he was certain to make them repent of their presumption by some cruel humiliation. To resent his affronts was perilous; yet not to resent them was to deserve and to invite them. In his view, those who mutinied were insolent and ungrateful; those who submitted were curs made to receive bones and kickings with the same fawning patience. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive how anything short of the rage of hunger should have induced men to bear the misery of being the associates of the Great King. It was no lucrative post. His Majesty was as severe and economical in his friendships as in the other charges of his establishment, and as unlikely to give arix dollar too much for his guests as for his dinners. The sum which he allowed to a poet or a philosopher was the very smallest sum for which such poet or philosopher could be induced to sell himself into slavery; and the bondsman might think himself fortunate if what had been so grudgingly given was not, after years of suffering, rudely and arbitrarily withdrawn.

Potsdam was, in truth, what it was called by one of its most illustrious inmates, the Palace of Alcina. At the first glance it seemed to be a delightful spot, where every intellectual and physical enjoyment awaited the happy adventurer. Every new-comer was received with eager hospitality, intoxicated with flattery, encouraged to expect prosperity and greatness. It was in vain that a long succession of favorites who had entered that abode with delight and hope, and who, after a short term of delusive happiness, had been doomed to expiate their folly by years of wretchedness and degradation, raised their voices to warn the aspirant who approached the charmed threshold. Some had wisdom enough to discover the truth early and spirit enough to fly without looking back; others lingered on to a cheerless and unhonored old age. We have no hesitation in saying that the poorest author of that time in London, sleeping on a bulk, dining in a cellar, with a cravat of paper, and a skewer for a shirt-plin, was a happier man than any of the literary inmates of Frederick's court.

But of all who entered the enchanted garden in the inebriation of delight, and quitted it in agonies of rage and shame, the most remarkable was Voltaire. Many circumstances had made him desirous of finding a home at a distance from his country. His fame had raised him up enemies. His sensibility gave them a formidable advantage over him. They were, indeed, contemptible assailants. Of all that they wrote against him, nothing has survived except what he has himself preserved. But the constitution of his mind resembled the constitution of those bodies in which the slightest scratch of a bramble or the bite of a gnat never fails to fester. Though his reputation was rather raised than lowered by the abuse of such writers as Fréron and Desfontaines—though the vengeance which he took on Fréron and Desfontaines was such that scourging, branding, pillorying, would have been a trifle to it—there is reason to believe that they gave him far more pain than he ever gave them. Though he enjoyed during his own lifetime the reputation of a classic—though he was extolled by his contemporaries above all poets, philosophers, and historians—though his works were read with much delight and

admiration at Moscow and Westminster, at Florence and Stockholm, as at Paris itself, he was yet tormented by that restless jealousy which should seem to belong only to minds burning with the desire of fame, and yet conscious of impotence. To men of letters who could by no possibility be his rivals, he was, if they behaved well to him, not merely just, not merely courteous, but often a hearty friend and a munificent benefactor. But to every writer who rose to a celebrity approaching his own, he became either a disguised or an avowed enemy. He slyly depreciated Montesquieu and Buffon. He publicly and with violent outrage made war on Jean Jacques. Nor had he the art of hiding his feelings under the semblance of good-humor or of contempt. With all his great talents and all his long experience of the world, he had no more self-command than a perted child or an hysterical woman. Whenever he was mortified he exhausted the whole rhetoric of anger and sorrow to express his mortification. His torrents of bitter words—his stamping and cursing—his grimaces and his tears of rage—were a rich feast to those abject natures whose delight is in the agonies of powerful spirits and in the abasement of immortal names. These creatures had now found out a way of galling him to the very quick. In one walk, at least, it had been admitted by envy itself that he was without a living competitor. Since Racine had been laid among the great men whose dust made the holy precinct of Port Royal holier, no tragic poet had appeared who could contest the palm with the author of *Zaire*, of *Alzire*, and of *Merope*. At length a rival was announced. Old Crébillon, who many years before had obtained some theatrical success, and who had long been forgotten, came forth from his garret in one of the meanest lanes near the Rue St. Antoine, and was welcomed by the acclamations of envious men of letters and of a capricious populace. A thing called *Catiline*, which he had written in his retirement, was acted with boundless applause. Of this execrable piece it is sufficient to say that the plot turns on a love affair, carried on in all the forms of Scudery, between Catiline, whose confidant is the Prætor Lentulus, and Tullia, the daughter of Cicero. The theater resounded with acclamations. The king pensioned the successful poet; and the coffee-houses pronounced that Voltaire was a clever man, but that the real tragic inspiration, the celestial fire which glowed in Corneille and Racine, was to be found in Crébillon alone.

The blow went to Voltaire's heart. Had his wisdom and fortitude been in proportion to the fertility of his intellect, and to the brilliancy of his wit, he would have seen that it was out of the power of all the puffers and detractors in Europe to put *Catiline* above *Zaire*; but he had none of the magnanimous patience with which Milton and Bentley left their claims to the unerring judgment of time. He eagerly engaged in an undignified competition with Crébillon, and produced a series of plays on the same subjects which his rival had treated. These pieces were coolly received. Angry with the court, angry with the capital, Voltaire began to find pleasure in the prospect of exile. His attachment for Madame de Châtelet long prevented him from executing his purpose. Her death set him at liberty, and he determined to take refuge at Berlin.

To Berlin he was invited by a series of letters, couched in terms of the most enthusiastic friendship and admiration. For once the rigid parsimony of Frederick seemed to have relaxed. Orders, honorable offices, a liberal pension, a well-served table, stately apartments under a royal roof, were offered in return for the pleasure and honor which were expected from the society of the first wit of the age.

A thousand louis were remitted for the charges of the journey. No ambassador setting out from Berlin for a court of the first rank had ever been more amply supplied. But Voltaire was not satisfied. At a later period, when he possessed an ample fortune, he was one of the most liberal of men; but till his means had become equal to his wishes, his greediness for lucre was unrestrained either by justice or by shame. He had the effrontery to ask for a thousand louis more, in order to enable him to bring his niece, Madame Denis, the ugliest of coquettes, in his company. The indelicate rapacity of the poet produced its natural effect on the severe and frugal king. The answer was a dry refusal. "I did not," said His Majesty, "solicit the honor of the lady's society." On this Voltaire went off into a paroxysm of childish rage. "Was there ever such avarice? He has a hundred of tubs full of dollars in his vaults, and haggles with me about a poor thousand louis." It seemed that the negotiation would be broken off; but Frederick, with great dexterity, affected indifference, and seemed inclined to transfer his idolatry to Baculard d'Arnaud. His Majesty even wrote some bad verses, of which the sense was, that Voltaire was a setting sun, and that Arnaud was rising. Good-natured friends soon carried the lines to Voltaire. He was in his bed. He jumped out in his shirt, danced about the room with rage, and sent for his passport and his post-horses. It was not difficult to foresee the end of a connection which had such a beginning.

It was in the year 1750 that Voltaire left the great capital, which he was not to see again till, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, he returned, bowed down by extreme old age, to die in the midst of a splendid and ghastly triumph. His reception in Prussia was such as might well have elated a less vain and excitable mind. He wrote to his friends at Paris that the kindness and the attention with which he had been welcomed surpassed description—that the king was the most amiable of men—that Potsdam was the Paradise of philosophers. He was created chamberlain, and received, together with his gold key, the cross of an order and a patent insuring to him a pension of eight hundred pounds sterling a year for life. A hundred and sixty pounds a year were promised to his niece if she survived him. The royal cooks and coachmen were put at his disposal. He was lodged in the same apartments in which Saxe had lived when, at the height of power and glory, he visited Prussia. Frederick, indeed, stooped for a time even to use the language of adulation. He pressed to his lips the meager hand of the little grinning skeleton, whom he regarded as the dispenser of immortal renown. He would add, he said, to the titles which he owed to his ancestors and his sword, another title derived from his last and proudest acquisition. His style should run thus: Frederick, King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg, Sovereign Duke of Silesia, Possessor of Voltaire. But even amidst the delights of the honeymoon, Voltaire's sensitive vanity began to take alarm. A few days after his arrival he could not help telling his niece that the amiable king had a trick of giving a sly scratch with one hand while patting and stroking with the other. Soon came hints not the less alarming because mysterious. "The supper parties are delicious. The king is the life of the company. But—I have operas and comedies, reviews and concerts, my studies and books. But—but—Berlin is fine, the princess charming, the maids of honor handsome. But—"

This eccentric friendship was fast cooling. Never had there met two persons so exquisitely fitted to plague each other. Each of them had exactly the fault of which the other was most impatient; and

they were, in different ways, the most impatient of mankind. Frederick was frugal, almost niggardly. When he had secured his plaything he began to think that he had bought it too dear. Voltaire, on the other hand, was greedy, even to the extent of impudence and knavery; and conceived that the favorite of a monarch who had barrels full of gold and silver laid up in cellars ought to make a fortune which a receiver-general might envy. They soon discovered each other's feelings. Both were angry, and a war began, in which Frederick stooped to the part of Harpagon, and Voltaire to that of Scapin. It is humiliating to relate that the great warrior and statesman gave orders that his guest's allowance of sugar and chocolate should be curtailed. It is, if possible, a still more humiliating fact that Voltaire indemnified himself by pocketing the wax candles in the royal antechamber. Disputes about money, however, were not the most serious disputes of these extraordinary associates. The sarcasm soon galled the sensitive temper of the poet. D'Arnaud and D'Argens, Guichard and La Métrie, might, for the sake of a morsel of bread, be willing to bear the insolence of a master; but Voltaire was of another order. He knew that he was a potentate as well as Frederick; that his European reputation, and his incomparable power of covering whatever he hated with ridicule, made him an object of dread even to the leaders of armies and the rulers of nations. In truth, of all the intellectual weapons which have ever been wielded by man, the most terrible was the mockery of Voltaire. Bigots and tyrants, who had never been moved by the wailing and cursing of millions, turned pale at his name. Principles unsailable by reason—principles which had withstood the fiercest attacks of power, the most valuable truths, the most generous sentiments, the noblest and most graceful images, the purest reputations, the most august institutions—began to look mean and loathsome as soon as that withering smile was turned upon them. To every opponent, however strong in his cause and his talents, in his station and his character, who ventured to encounter the great scoffer, might be addressed the caution which was given of old to the Archangel:—

"I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly; for that fatal dint,
Save Him who reigns above, none can resist."

We cannot pause to recount how often that rare talent was exercised against rivals worthy of esteem—how often it was used to crush and torture enemies worthy only of silent disdain—how often it was perverted to the more noxious purpose of destroying the last solace of earthly misery and the last restraint on earthly power. Neither can we pause to tell how often it was used to vindicate justice, humanity, and toleration—the principles of sound philosophy, the principles of free government. This is not the place for a full character of Voltaire.

Causes of quarrel multiplied fast. Voltaire, who, partly from love of money and partly from love of excitement, was always fond of stockjobbing, became implicated in transactions of at least a dubious character. The king was delighted at having such an opportunity to humble his guest; and bitter reproaches and complaints were exchanged. Voltaire, too, was soon at war with the other men of letters who surrounded the king; and this irritated Frederick, who, however, had himself chiefly to blame; for, from that love of tormenting which was in him a ruling passion, he perpetually lavished extravagant praises on small men and bad books, merely in order that he might enjoy the mortification and rage which on such occasions Voltaire took no pains to conceal.

His Majesty, however, soon had reason to regret the pains which he had taken to kindle jealousy among the members of his household. The whole palace was in a ferment with literary intrigues and cabals. It was to no purpose that the imperial voice, which kept a hundred and sixty thousand soldiers in order, was raised to quiet the contention of the exasperated wits. It was far easier to stir up such a storm than to lull it. Nor was Frederick, in his capacity of wit, by any means without his own share of vexations. He had sent a large quantity of verses to Voltaire, and requested that they might be returned with remarks and correction. "See," exclaimed Voltaire, "what a quantity of his dirty linen the king has sent me to wash!" Talebearers were not wanting to carry the sarcasm to the royal ear, and Frederick was as much incensed as a Grub Street writer who had found his name in the "Dunciad."

This could not last. A circumstance which, when the mutual regard of the friends was in its first glow, would merely have been matter for laughter, produced a violent explosion. Maupertuis enjoyed as much of Frederick's good-will as any man of letters. He was President of the Academy of Berlin, and stood second to Voltaire, though at an immense distance, in the literary society which had been assembled at the Prussian court. Frederick had, by playing for his own amusement on the feelings of the two jealous and vainglorious Frenchmen, succeeded in producing a bitter enmity between them. Voltaire resolved to set his mark—a mark never to be effaced—on the forehead of Maupertuis; and wrote the exquisitely ludicrous diatribe of *Docteur Akakia*. He showed this little piece to Frederick, who had too much taste and too much malice not to relish such delicious plesantry. In truth, even at this time of day, it is not easy for any person who has the least perception of the ridiculous to read the jokes on the Latin city, the Patagonians, and the hole to the center of the earth, without laughing till he cries. But though Frederick was diverted by this charming pasquinade, he was unwilling that it should get abroad. His self-love was interested. He had selected Maupertuis to fill the Chair of his Academy. If all Europe were taught to laugh at Maupertuis, would not the reputation of the Academy, would not even the dignity of its royal patron be in some degree compromised? The king, therefore, begged Voltaire to suppress his performance. Voltaire promised to do so, and broke his word. The diatribe was published, and received with shouts of merriment and applause by all who could read the French language. The king stormed; Voltaire, with his usual disregard of truth, protested his innocence, and made up some lie about a printer or an amanuensis. The king was not to be so imposed upon. He ordered the pamphlet to be burned by the common hangman, and insisted upon having an apology from Voltaire, couched in the most abject terms. Voltaire sent back to the king his cross, his key, and the patent of his pension. After this burst of rage, the strange pair began to be ashamed of their violence, and went through the forms of reconciliation. But the breach was irreparable, and Voltaire took his leave of Frederick forever. They parted with cold civility; but their hearts were big with resentment. Voltaire had in his keeping a volume of the king's poetry and forgot to return it. This was, we believe, merely one of the oversights which men setting out upon a journey often commit. That Voltaire could have meditated plagiarism is quite incredible. He would not, we are confident, for the half of Frederick's kingdom have consented to father Frederick's verses. The king, however, who rated his own writings much above their value, and who was inclined to see all Voltaire's actions in

the worst light, was enraged to think that his favorite compositions were in the hands of an enemy as thievish as a daw and as mischievous as a monkey. In the anger excited by this thought, he lost sight of reason and decency, and determined on committing an outrage at once odious and ridiculous.

Voltaire had reached Frankfort. His niece, Madame Denis, came thither to meet him. He conceived himself secure from the power of his late master, when he was arrested by order of the Prussian resident. The precious volume was delivered up. But the Prussian agents had no doubt been instructed not to let Voltaire escape without some gross indignity. He was confined twelve days in a wretched hovel. Sentinels with fixed bayonets kept guard over him. His niece was dragged through the mire by the soldiers. Sixteen hundred dollars were extorted from him by his insolent jailors. It is absurd to say that this outrage is not to be attributed to the king. Was anybody punished for it? Was anybody called in question for it? Was it not consistent with Frederick's character? Was it not of a piece with his conduct on other similar occasions? Is it not notorious that he repeatedly gave private directions to his officers to pillage and demolish the houses of persons against whom he had a grudge—charging them at the same time to take their measure in such a way that his name might not be compromised? He acted thus towards Count Buhl in the Seven Years' War. Why should we believe that he would have been more scrupulous with regard to Voltaire?

When at length the illustrious prisoner regained his liberty, the prospect before him was but dreary. He was an exile both from the country of his birth and from the country of his adoption. The French government had taken offense at his journey to Prussia, and would not permit him to return to Paris; and in the vicinity of Prussia it was not safe for him to remain.

He took refuge on the beautiful shores of Lake Leman. There, loosed from every tie which had hitherto restrained him, and having little to hope or to fear from courts and churches, he began his long war against all that, whether for good or evil, had authority over man; for what Burke said of the Constituent Assembly was eminently true of this its great forerunner. He could not build—he could only pull down; he was the very Vitruvius of ruin. He has bequeathed to us not a single doctrine to be called by his name, not a single addition to the stock of our positive knowledge. But no human teacher ever left behind him so vast and terrible a wreck of truths and falsehoods—of things noble and things base—of things useful and things pernicious. From the time when his sojourn beneath the Alps commenced, the dramatist, the wit, the historian, was merged in a more important character. He was now the patriarch, the founder of a sect, the chief of a conspiracy, the prince of a wide intellectual commonwealth. He often enjoyed a pleasure dear to the better part of his nature—the pleasure of vindicating innocence which had no other helper, of repairing cruel wrongs, of punishing tyranny in high places. He had also the satisfaction, not less acceptable to his ravenous vanity, of hearing terrified Capuchins call him the Antichrist. But whether employed in works of benevolence or in works of mischief, he never forgot Potsdam and Frankfort; and he listened anxiously to every murmur which indicated that a tempest was gathering in Europe, and that his vengeance was at hand.

He soon had his wish. Maria Theresa had never for a moment forgotten the great wrong which she had received at the hand of Frederick. Young and delicate, just left an orphan, just about to be a mother, she had been compelled to fly from the

ancient capital of her race; she had seen her fair inheritance dismembered by robbers, and of those robbers he had been the foremost. Without a pretext, without a provocation, in defiance of the most sacred engagements, he had attacked the helpless ally whom he was bound to defend. The Empress-Queen had the faults as well as the virtues which are connected with quick sensibility and a high spirit. There was no peril which she was not ready to brave, no calamity which she was not ready to bring on her subjects, or on the whole human race, if only she might once taste the sweetness of a complete revenge. Revenge, too, presented itself to her narrow and superstitious mind in the guise of duty. Silesia had been wrested not only from the house of Austria, but from the Church of Rome.

The conqueror had, indeed, permitted his new subjects to worship God after their own fashion; but this was not enough. To bigotry it seemed an intolerable hardship that the Catholic Church, having long enjoyed ascendancy, should be compelled to content itself with equality. Nor was this the only circumstance which led Maria Theresa to regard her enemy as the enemy of God. The profaneness of Frederick's writings and conversation, and the frightful rumors which were circulated respecting the immoralities of his private life, naturally shocked a woman who believed with the firmest faith all that her confessor told her, and who, though surrounded by temptations, though young and beautiful, though ardent in all her passions, though possessed of absolute power, had preserved her fame unsullied even by the breath of slander.

To recover Silesia, to humble the dynasty of Hohenzollern to the dust, was the great object of her life. She toiled during many years for this end, with zeal as indefatigable as that which the poet ascribes to the stately goddess who tired out her immortal horses in the work of raising the nations against Troy, and who offered to give up to destruction her darling Sparta and Mycenæ, if only she might once see the smoke going up from the palace of Priam. With even such a spirit did the proud Austrian Juno strive to array against her foe a coalition such as Europe had never seen. Nothing would content her but that the whole civilized world, from the White Sea to the Adriatic, from the Bay of Biscay to the pastures of the wild horses of Tanais, should be combined in arms against one petty state.

She early succeeded by various arts in obtaining the adhesion of Russia. An ample share of spoils was promised to the King of Poland; and that prince, governed by his favorite, Count Buhl, readily promised the assistance of the Saxon forces. The great difficulty was with France. That the houses of Bourbon and of Hapsburg should ever cordially co-operate in any great scheme of European policy had long been thought, to use the strong expression of Frederick, just as impossible as that fire and water should amalgamate. The whole history of the Continent, during two centuries and a half, had been the history of the mutual jealousies and enmities of France and Austria. Since the administration of Richelieu, above all, it had been considered as the plain policy of the Most Christian king to thwart on all occasions the court of Vienna, and to protect every member of the Germanic body who stood up against the dictation of the Cæsars. Common sentiments of religion had been unable to mitigate this strong antipathy. The rulers of France, even while clothed in the Roman purple, even while persecuting the heretics of Rochelle and Auvergne, had still looked with favor on the Lutheran and Calvinistic princes who were struggling against the chief of the empire. If the French ministers paid any respect to

the traditional rules handed down to them through many generations, they would have acted towards Frederick as the greatest of their predecessors acted towards Gustavus Adolphus. That there was deadly enmity between Prussia and Austria, was of itself a sufficient reason for close friendship between Prussia and France. With France, Frederick could never have any serious controversy. His territories were so situated, that his ambition, greedy and unscrupulous as it was, could never impel him to attack her of his own accord. He was more than half a Frenchman. He wrote, spoke, read nothing but French; he delighted in French society. The admiration of the French he proposed to himself as the best reward of all his exploits. It seemed incredible that any French government, however notorious for levity or stupidity, could spurn away such an ally.

The court of Vienna, however, did not despair. The Austrian diplomatists propounded a new scheme of politics, which, it must be owned, was not altogether without plausibility. The great powers, according to this theory, had long been under a delusion. They had looked on each other as natural enemies, while in truth they were natural allies. A succession of cruel wars had devastated Europe, had thinned the population, had exhausted the public resources, had loaded governments with an immense burden of debt; and when, after two hundred years of murderous hostility or of hollow truce, the illustrious houses whose enmity had distracted the world sat down to count their gains, to what did the real advantage on either side amount? Simply to this, that they kept each other from thriving. It was not the King of France, it was not the Emperor, who had reaped the fruits of the Thirty Years' War, of the War of the Grand Alliance, of the War of the Pragmatic Sanction. Those fruits have been pilfered by States of the second and third rank, which, secured against jealousy by their insignificance, had dexterously aggrandized themselves while pretending to serve the animosity of the great chiefs of Christendom. While the lion and tiger were tearing each other, the jackal had run off into the jungle with the prey. The real gainer by the Thirty Years' War had been neither France nor Austria, but Sweden. The real gainer by the War of the Grand Alliance had been neither France nor Austria, but Savoy. The real gainer by the War of the Pragmatic Sanction had been neither France nor Austria, but the upstart of Brandenburg. Of all these instances, the last was the most striking. France had made great efforts, had added largely to her military glory and largely to her public burdens; and for what end? Merely that Frederick might rule Silesia. For this, and this alone, one French army, wasted by sword and famine, had perished in Bohemia; and another had purchased, with floods of the noblest blood, the barren glory of Fontenoy. And this prince, for whom France had suffered so much, was he a grateful, was he even an honest ally? Had he not been as false to the court of Versailles as to the court of Vienna? Had he not played on a large scale the same part which, in private life, is played by the vile agent of chicane who sets his neighbors quarreling, involves them in costly and interminable litigation, and betrays them to each other all round, certain that, whoever may be ruined, he shall be enriched? Surely the true wisdom of the great powers was to attack, not each other, but this common barrator, who, by inflaming the passions of both, by pretending to serve both, and by deserting both, had raised himself above the station to which he was born. The great object of Austria was to regain Silesia; the great object of France was to obtain an accession of territory on the side of Flanders. If they took opposite sides, the result would probably be that,

after a war of many years, after the slaughter of many thousands of brave men, after the waste of many millions of crowns, they would lay down their arms without having achieved either object; but if they came to an understanding, there would be no risk and no difficulty. Austria would willingly make in Belgium such cessions as France could not expect to obtain by ten pitched battles. Silesia would easily be annexed to the monarchy of which it had long been a part. The union of two such powerful governments would at once overawe the King of Prussia. If he resisted, one short campaign would settle his fate. France and Austria, long accustomed to rise from the game or war both losers, would, for the first time, both be gainers. There could be no room for jealousy between them. The power of both would be increased at once; the equilibrium between them would be preserved; and the only sufferer would be a mischievous and unprincipled buccaneer, who deserved no tenderness from either.

These doctrines, attractive from their novelty and ingenuity, soon became fashionable at the supper-parties and in the coffee-houses of Paris, and were espoused by every gay marquis and every facetious abbé who was admitted to see Madame de Pompadour's hair curled and powdered. It was not, however, to any political theory that the strange coalition between France and Austria owed its origin. The real motive which induced the great continental powers to forget their old animosities and their old state maxims, was personal aversion to the King of Prussia. This feeling was strongest in Maria Theresa; but it was by no means confined to her. Frederick, in some respects a good master, was emphatically a bad neighbor. That he was hard in all his dealings and quick to take all advantages was not his most odious fault. His bitter and scoffing speech had inflicted keener wounds than his ambition. In his character of wit he was under less restraint than even in his character of ruler. Satirical verses against all the princes and ministers of Europe were ascribed to his pen. In his letters and conversation he alluded to the greatest potentates of the age in terms which would have better suited Collé, in a war of repartee with young Crébillon at Pelletier's table, than a great sovereign speaking of great sovereigns. About women he was in the habit of expressing himself in a manner which it was impossible for the meekest of women to forgive; and, unfortunately for him, almost the whole continent was then governed by women who were by no means conspicuous for meekness. Maria Theresa herself had not escaped his scurrilous jests; the Empress Elizabeth of Russia knew that her gallantries afforded him a favorite theme for ribaldry and invective; Madame de Pompadour, who was really the head of the French government, had been even more keenly galled. She had attempted, by the most delicate flattery, to propitiate the King of Prussia, but her messages had drawn from him only dry and sarcastic replies. The Empress-Queen took a very different course. Though the haughtiest of princesses, though the most austere of matrons, she forgot in her thirst for revenge both the dignity of her race and the purity of her character, and condescended to flatter the low-born and low-minded concubine, who, having acquired influence by prostituting herself, retained it by prostituting others. Maria Theresa actually wrote with her own hand a note full of expressions of esteem and friendship to her dear cousin, the daughter of the butcher Poisson, the wife of the publican D'Etioles, the kidnapper of young girls for the *Parc-aux-cerfs*—a strange cousin for the descendant of so many Emperors of the West! The mistress was completely gained over and easily carried her

point with Louis, who had, indeed, wrongs of his own to resent. His feelings were not quick; but contempt, says the eastern proverb, pierces even through the shell of the tortoise; and neither prudence nor decorum had ever restrained Frederick from expressing his measureless contempt for the sloth, the imbecility, and the baseness of Louis. France was thus induced to join the coalition; and the example of France determined the conduct of Sweden, then completely subject to French influence.

The enemies of Frederick were surely strong enough to attack him openly, but they were desirous to add to all their other advantages the advantage of a surprise. He was not, however, a man to be taken off his guard. He had tools in every court; and he now received from Vienna, from Dresden, and from Paris, accounts so circumstantial and so consistent, that he could not doubt of his danger. He learnt that he was to be assailed at once by France, Austria, Russia, Saxony, Sweden, and the Germanic body; that the greater part of his dominions was to be portioned out among his enemies; that France, which from her geographical position could not directly share in his spoils, was to receive an equivalent in the Netherlands; that Austria was to have Silesia, and the czarina East Prussia; that Augustus of Saxony expected Magdeburg; and that Sweden would be rewarded with part of Pomerania. If these designs succeeded, the house of Brandenburg would at once sink in the European system to a place lower than that of the Duke of Wurtemberg or the Margrave of Baden.

And what hope was there that these designs would fail? No such union of the continental powers had been seen for ages. A less formidable confederacy had in a week conquered all the provinces of Venice, when Venice was at the height of power, wealth, and glory. A less formidable confederacy had compelled Louis the Fourteenth to bow down his haughty head to the very earth. A less formidable confederacy has, within our own memory, subjugated a still mightier empire and abased a still prouder name. Such odds had never been heard of in war. The people whom Frederick ruled were not five millions. The population of the countries which were leagued against him amounted to a hundred millions. The disproportion in wealth was at least equally great. Small communities, actuated by strong sentiments of patriotism or loyalty, have sometimes made head against great monarchies weakened by factions and discontents. But small as was Frederick's kingdom, it probably contained a greater number of disaffected subjects than were to be found in all the States of his enemies. Silesia formed a fourth part of his dominions; and from the Silesians, born under the Austrian princes, the utmost that he could expect was apathy. From the Silesian Catholics he could hardly expect anything but resistance.

Some States have been enabled, by their geographical position, to defend themselves with advantage against immense force. The sea has repeatedly protected England against the fury of the whole Continent. The Venetian government, driven from its possessions on the land, could still bid defiance to the confederates of Cambray from the arsenal amidst the lagoons. More than one great and well-appointed army, which regarded the shepherds of Switzerland as an easy prey, has perished in the passes of the Alps. Frederick had no such advantage. The form of his States, their situation, the nature of the ground, all were against him. His long, scattered, straggling territory seemed to have been shaped with an express view to the convenience of invaders, and was protected by no sea, by no chain of hills. Scarcely any corner of it was a week's march from the territory of the enemy. The capital itself, in the event

of war, would be constantly exposed to insult. In truth, there was hardly a politician or a soldier in Europe who doubted that the conflict would be terminated in a very few days by the prostration of the house of Brandenburg.

Nor was Frederick's own opinion very different. He anticipated nothing short of his own ruin, and of the ruin of his family. Yet there was still a chance, a slender chance of escape. His States had at least the advantage of a central position; his enemies were widely separated from each other, and could not conveniently unite their overwhelming forces on one point. They inhabited different climates and it was probable that the season of the year which would be best suited to the military operations of one portion of the league, would be unfavorable to those of another portion. The Prussian monarchy, too, was free from some infirmities which were found in empires far more extensive and magnificent. Its effective strength for a desperate struggle was not to be measured merely by the number of square miles or the number of people. In that square but well-knit and well-exercised body, there was nothing but sinew and muscle and bone. No public creditors looked for dividends. No distant colonies required defense. No court, filled with flatterers and mistresses, devoured the pay of fifty battalions. The Prussian army, though far inferior in number to the troops which were about to be opposed to it, was yet strong out of all proportion to the extent of the Prussian dominions. It was also admirably trained and admirably officered, accustomed to obey and accustomed to conquer. The revenue was not only unencumbered by debt, but exceeded the ordinary outlay in time of peace. Alone of all the European princes, Frederick had a treasure laid up for a day of difficulty. Above all, he was one and his enemies were many. In their camps would certainly be found the jealousy, the dissension, the slackness inseparable from coalitions; on his side was the energy, the unity, the secrecy of a strong dictatorship. To a certain extent the deficiency of military means might be supplied by the resources of military art. Small as the king's army was, when compared with the six hundred thousand men whom the confederates could bring into the field, celerity of movement might in some degree compensate for deficiency of bulk. It was thus just possible that genius, judgment, resolution, and good luck united might protract the struggle during a campaign or two; and to gain even a month was of importance. It could not be long before the vices which are found in all extensive confederacies would begin to show themselves. Every member of the league would think his own share of the war too large, and his own share of the spoils too small. Complaints and recrimination would abound. The Turk might stir on the Danube; the statesmen of France might discover the error which they had committed in abandoning the fundamental principles of their national policy. Above all, death might rid Prussia of its most formidable enemies. The war was the effect of the personal aversion with which three or four sovereigns regarded Frederick; and the decease of any of those sovereigns might produce a complete revolution in the state of Europe.

In the midst of an horizon generally dark and stormy, Frederick should discern one bright spot. The peace which had been concluded between England and France in 1748 had been in Europe no more than an armistice; and not even been an armistice in the other quarters of the globe. In India the sovereignty of the Carnatic was disputed between two great Mussulman houses: Fort Saint George had taken the one side, Pondicherry the other; and in a series of battles and sieges the troops of Lawrence and Clive had been opposed to those of Dupleix. A

struggle less important in its consequence, but not less likely to produce immediate irritation, was carried on between those French and English adventurers who kidnapped negroes and collected gold dust on the coast of Guinea. But it was in North America that the emulation and mutual aversion of the two nations were most conspicuous. The French attempted to hem in the English colonists by a chain of military posts, extending from the Great Lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi. The English took arms. The wild aboriginal tribes appeared on each side mingled with the "Pale Faces." Battles were fought; forts were stormed; and hideous stories about stakes, scalplings, and death-songs reached Europe, and inflamed that national animosity which the rivalry of ages had produced. The disputes between France and England came to a crisis at the very time when the tempest which had been gathering was about to burst on Prussia. The tastes and interests of Frederick would have led him, if he had been allowed an option, to side with the house of Bourbon. But the folly of the court of Versailles left him no choice. France became the tool of Austria, and Frederick was forced to become the ally of England. He could not, indeed, expect that a power which covered the sea with its fleets, and which had to make war at once on the Ohio and the Ganges, would be able to spare a large number of troops for operations in Germany. But England, though poor compared with the England of our time, was far richer than any country on the Continent. The amount of her revenue and the resources which she found in her credit though they may be thought small by a generation which has seen her raise a hundred and thirty millions in a single year, appeared miraculous to the politicians of that age. A very moderate portion of her wealth, expended by an able and economical prince, in a country where prices were low, would be sufficient to equip and maintain a formidable army.

Such was the situation in which Frederick found himself. He saw the whole extent of his peril. He saw that there was still a faint possibility of escape; and, with prudent temerity, he determined to strike the first blow. It was in the month of August, 1756, that the great war of the Seven Years commenced. The king demanded of the Empress-Queen a distinct explanation of her intentions, and plainly told her that he should consider a refusal as a declaration of war. "I want," he said, "no answer in the style of an oracle." He received an answer at once haughty and evasive. In an instant the rich electorate of Saxony was overflowed by sixty thousand Prussian troops. Augustus with his army occupied a strong position at Pirna. The Queen of Poland was at Dresden. In a few days Pirna was blockaded and Dresden was taken. The object of Frederick was to obtain possession of the Saxon State Papers; for those papers, he well knew, contained ample proofs that though apparently an aggressor, he was really acting in self-defense. The Queen of Poland, as well acquainted as Frederick with the importance of those documents, had packed them up, had concealed them in her bed-chamber, and was about to send them off to Warsaw, when a Prussian officer made his appearance. In the hope that no soldier would venture to outrage a lady, a queen, a daughter of an emperor, the mother-in-law of a dauphin, she placed herself before the trunk, and at length sat down on it. But all resistance was vain. The papers were carried to Frederick, who found in them, as he expected, abundant evidence of the designs of the coalition. The most important documents were instantly published, and the effect of the publication was great. It was clear that, of whatever sins the King of Prussia might formerly have been guilty, he was

now the injured party, and had merely anticipated a blow intended to destroy him.

The Saxon camp at Pirna was in the mean time closely invested; but the besieged were not without hopes of succor. A great Austrian army under Marshal Brown was about to pour through the passes which separate Bohemia from Saxony. Frederick left at Pirna a force sufficient to deal with the Saxons, hastened into Bohemia, encountered Brown at Lowositz, and defeated him. This battle decided the fate of Saxony. Augustus and his favorite, Buhl, fled to Poland. The whole army of the electorate capitulated. From that time till the end of the war, Frederick treated Saxony as a part of his dominions, or, rather, he acted towards the Saxons in a manner which may serve to illustrate the whole meaning of that tremendous sentence—*subjectos tanquam suos, ciles tanquam alienos*. Saxony was as much in his power as Brandenburg; and he had no such interest in the welfare of Saxony as he had in the welfare of Brandenburg. He accordingly levied troops and exacted contributions throughout the enslaved province, with far more rigor than in any part of his own dominions. Seventeen thousand men who had been in the camp at Pirna were half compelled, half persuaded, to enlist under their conqueror. Thus, within a few weeks from the commencement of hostilities, one of the confederates had been disarmed, and his weapons pointed against the rest.

The winter put a stop to military operations. All had hitherto gone well. But the real tug of war was still to come. It was easy to foresee that the year 1757 would be a memorable era in the history of Europe.

The scheme for the campaign was simple, bold, and judicious. The Duke of Cumberland with an English and Hanoverian army was in Western Germany, and might be able to prevent the French troops from attacking Prussia. The Russians, confined by their snows, would probably not stir till the spring was far advanced. Saxony was prostrated. Sweden could do nothing very important. During a few months Frederick would have to deal with Austria alone. Even thus the odds were against him. But ability and courage have often triumphed against odds still more formidable.

Early in 1757 the Prussian army in Saxony began to move. Through four defiles in the mountains they came pouring into Bohemia. Prague was his first mark; but the ulterior object was probably Vienna. At Prague lay Marshal Brown with one great army. Daun, the most cautious and fortunate of the Austrian captains, was advancing with another. Frederick determined to overwhelm Brown before Daun should arrive. On the sixth of May was fought, under those walls which a hundred and thirty years before had witnessed the victory of the Catholic league and the flight of the unhappy Palatine, a battle more bloody than any which Europe saw during the long interval between Malplaquet and Eylau. The king and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick were distinguished on that day by their valor and exertions. But the chief glory was with Schwerin. When the Prussian infantry wavered, the stout old marshal snatched the colors from an ensign, and, waving them in the air, led back his regiment to the charge. Thus at seventy-two years of age he fell in the thickest of the battle, still grasping the standard which bears the black eagle on the field argent. The victory remained with the king. But it had been dearly purchased. Whole columns of his bravest warriors had fallen. He admitted that he had lost eighteen thousand men. Of the enemy, twenty-four thousand had been killed, wounded, or taken.

Part of the defeated army was shut up in Prague.

Part fled to join the troops which, under the command of Daun, were now close at hand. Frederick determined to play over the same game which had succeeded at Lowositz. He left a large force to besiege Prague, and at the head of thirty thousand men he marched against Daun. The cautious marshal, though he had great superiority in numbers, would risk nothing. He occupied at Kolin a position almost impregnable and awaited the attack of the king.

It was the 18th of June—a day which, if the Greek superstition still retained its influence, would be held sacred to Nemesis—a day on which the two greatest princes and soldiers of modern times were taught by a terrible experience that neither skill nor valor can fix the inconstancy of fortune. The battle began before noon; and part of the Prussian army maintained the contest till after the midsummer sun had gone down. But at length the king found that his troops, having been repeatedly driven back with frightful carnage, could no longer be led to the charge. He was with difficulty persuaded to quit the field. The officers of his personal staff were under the necessity of expostulating with him, and one of them took the liberty to say, "Does Your Majesty mean to storm the batteries alone?" Thirteen thousand of his bravest followers had perished. Nothing remained for him but to retreat in good order, to raise the siege of Prague, and to hurry his army by different routes out of Bohemia.

This stroke seemed to be final. Frederick's situation had at best been such, that only an uninterrupted run of good luck could save him, as it seemed, from ruin. And now, almost in the outset of the contest, he had met with a check which, even in a war between equal powers, would have been felt as serious. He had owed much to the opinion which all Europe entertained of his army. Since his accession, his soldiers had in many successive battles been victorious over the Austrians. But the glory had departed from his arms. All whom his malevolent sarcasms had wounded made haste to avenge themselves by scoffing at the scoffer. His soldiers had ceased to confide in his star. In every part of his camp his dispositions were severely criticised. Even in his own family he had detractors. His next brother William, heir-presumptive, or rather, in truth, heir-apparent to the throne, and great-grandfather of the present king, could not refrain from lamenting his own fate and that of the house of Hohenzollern, once so great and so prosperous, but now, by the rash ambition of its chief, made a by-word to all nations. These complaints, and some blunders which William committed during the retreat from Bohemia, called forth the bitter displeasure of the inexorable king. The prince's heart was broken by the cutting reproaches of his brother; he quitted the army, retired to a country seat, and in a short time died of shame and vexation.

It seemed that the king's distress could hardly be increased. Yet at this moment another blow not less terrible than that of Kolin fell upon him. The French under Marshal D'Estrées had invaded Germany. The Duke of Cumberland had given them battle at Hastenbeck, and had been defeated. In order to save the Electorate of Hanover from entire subjugation, he had made, at Closterm Severn, an arrangement with the French generals, which left them at liberty to turn their arms against the Prussian dominions.

That nothing might be wanting to Frederick's distress, he lost his mother just at this time; and he appears to have felt the loss more than was to be expected from the hardness and severity of his character. In truth, his misfortunes had now cut to the quick. The mocker, the tyrant, the most rigorous, the most imperious, the most cynical of men, was

very unhappy. His face was so haggard and his form so thin, that when on his return from Bohemia he passed through Leipsic, the people hardly knew him again. His sleep was broken; the tears in spite of himself often started into his eyes; and the grave began to present itself to his agitated mind as the best refuge from misery and dishonor. His resolution was fixed never to be taken alive, and never to make peace on condition of descending from his place among the powers of Europe. He saw nothing left for him except to die; and he deliberately chose his mode of death. He always carried about with him a sure and speedy poison in a small glass-case; and to the few in whom he placed confidence he made no mystery of his resolution.

But we should very imperfectly describe the state of Frederick's mind, if we left out of view the laughable peculiarities which contrasted so singularly with the gravity, energy, and harshness of his character. It is difficult to say whether the tragic or the comic predominated in the strange scene which was then acted. In the midst of all the great king's calamities, his passion for writing indifferent poetry grew stronger and stronger. Enemies all around him, despair in his heart, pills of corrosive sublimate hidden in his clothes, he poured forth hundreds upon hundreds of lines, hateful to gods and men—the insipid dregs of Voltaire's Hippocrene—the faint echo of the lyre of Chaulieu. It is amusing to compare what he did during the last months of 1757 with what he wrote during the same time. It may be doubted whether any equal portion of the life of Hannibal, of Cæsar, or of Napoleon, will bear a comparison with that short period, the most brilliant in the history of Prussia and of Frederick. Yet at this very time the scanty leisure of the illustrious warrior was employed in producing odes and epistles, a little better than Cibber's, and a little worse than Hayley's. Here and there a manly sentiment, which deserves to be in prose, makes its appearance in company with Prometheus and Orpheus, Elysium and Acheron, the plaintive Philomel, the poppies of Morpheus, and all the other frippery which, like a robe tossed by a proud beauty to her waiting-women, has long been contemptuously abandoned by genius to mediocrity. We hardly know any instance of the strength and weakness of human nature so striking and so grotesque as the character of this haughty, vigilant, resolute, sagacious blue-stocking, half Mithridates and half Trissotin, bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other.

Frederick had some time before made advances towards a reconciliation with Voltaire, and some civil letters had passed between them. After the battle of Kolin their epistolary intercourse became, at least in seeming, friendly and confidential. We do not know any collection of letters which throw so much light on the darkest and most intricate parts of human nature as the correspondence of these strange beings after they had exchanged forgiveness. Both felt that the quarrel had lowered them in the public estimation. They admired each other. They stood in need of each other. The great king wished to be handed down to posterity by the great writer. The great writer felt himself exalted by the homage of the great king. Yet the wounds which they had inflicted on each other were too deep to be effaced, or even perfectly healed. Not only did the scars remain; the sore places often festered and bled afresh.

The letters consisted for the most part of compliments, thanks, offers of service, assurances of attachment. But if anything brought back to Frederick's recollection the cunning and mischievous pranks by which Voltaire had provoked him, some expression

of contempt and displeasure broke forth in the midst of his eulogy. It was much worse when anything recalled to the mind of Voltaire the outrages which he and his kinswoman had suffered at Frankfort. All at once his flowing panegyric is turned into invective. "Remember how you behaved to me. For your sake I have lost the favor of my king. For your sake I am an exile from my country. I loved you. I trusted myself to you. I had no wish but to end my life in your service. And what was my reward? Stripped of all you had bestowed on me, the key, the order, the pension, I was forced to fly from your territories. I was hunted as if I had been a deserter from your grenadiers. I was arrested, insulted, plundered. My niece was dragged in the mud of Frankfort by your soldiers as if she had been some wretched follower of your camp. You have great talents. You have good qualities. But you have one odious vice. You delight in the abasement of your fellow-creatures. You have brought disgrace on the name of philosopher. You have given some color to the slanders of the bigots who say that no confidence can be placed in the justice or humanity of those who reject the Christian faith." Then the king answers with less heat, but with equal severity: "You know that you behaved shamefully in Prussia. It is well for you that you had to deal with a man so indulgent to the infirmities of genius as I am. You richly deserved to see the inside of a dungeon. Your talents are not more widely known than your faithlessness and your malevolence. The grave itself is no asylum from your spite. Maupertuis is dead; but you still go on calumniating and deriding him, as if you had not made him miserable enough while he was living. Let us have no more of this. And, above all, let me hear no more of your niece. I am sick to death of her name. I can bear with your faults for the sake of your merits; but she has not written *Mahomet* or *Merope*."

An explosion of this kind, it might be supposed, would necessarily put an end to all amicable communication. But it was not so. After every outbreak of ill-humor this extraordinary pair became more loving than before, and exchanged compliments and assurances of mutual regard with a wonderful air of sincerity.

It may well be supposed that men who wrote thus to each other were not very guarded in what they said of each other. The English ambassador, Mitchell, who knew that the King of Prussia was constantly writing to Voltaire with the greatest freedom on the most important subjects, was amazed to hear His Majesty designate this highly-favored correspondent as a bad-hearted fellow, the greatest rascal on the face of the earth. And the language which the poet held about the king was not much more respectful.

It would probably have puzzled Voltaire himself to say what was his real feeling towards Frederick. It was compounded of all sentiments, from enmity to friendship, and from scorn to admiration; and the proportions, in which these elements were mixed changed every moment. The old patriarch resembled the spoiled child who screams, stamps, cuffs, laughs, kisses, and cuddles within one quarter of an hour. His resentment was not extinguished; yet he was not without sympathy for his old friend. As a Frenchman, he wished success to the arms of his country. As a philosopher, he was anxious for the stability of a throne on which a philosopher sat. He longed both to save and to humble Frederick. There was one way, and only one, in which all his conflicting feelings could at once be gratified. If Frederick were preserved by the interference of France, if it were known that for that interference he was indebted to the mediation of Voltaire, this

would indeed be delicious revenge; this would indeed be to heap coals of fire on that haughty head. Nor did the vain and restless poet think it impossible that he might, from his hermitage near the Alps, dictate peace to Europe. D'Estrées had quitted Hanover, and the command of the French army had been intrusted to the Duke of Richelieu, a man whose chief distinction was derived from his success in gallantry. Richelieu was, in truth, the most eminent of that race of seducers by profession who furnished Crébillon the younger and La Clos with models for their heroes. In his earlier days the royal house itself had not been secure from his presumptuous love. He was believed to have carried his conquests into the family of Orleans; and some suspected that he was not unconcerned in the mysterious remorse which imbibtered the last hours of the charming mother of Louis the Fifteenth. But the duke was now fifty years old. With a heart deeply corrupted by vice, a head long accustomed to think only on trifles, an impaired constitution, an impaired fortune, and, worst of all, a very red nose, he was entering on a dull, frivolous, and unsuspected old age. Without one qualification for military command except that personal courage which was common to him and the whole nobility of France, he had been placed at the head of the army of Hanover; and in that situation he did his best to repair, by extortion and corruption, the injury which he had done to his property by a life of dissolute profusion.

The Duke of Richelieu to the end of his life hated the philosophers as a sect—not for those parts of their system which a good and wise man would have condemned, but for their virtues, for their spirit of free inquiry, and for their hatred of those social abuses of which he was himself the personification. But he, like many of those who thought with him, excepted Voltaire from the list of proscribed writers. He frequently sent flattering letters to Ferney. He did the patriarch the honor to borrow money of him, and even carried his condescending friendship so far as to forget to pay interest. Voltaire thought that it might be in his power to bring the duke and the King of Prussia into communication with each other. He wrote earnestly to both; and he so far succeeded that a correspondence between them was commenced.

But it was to very different means that Frederick was to owe his deliverance. At the beginning of November, the net seemed to have closed completely round him. The Russians were in the field, and were spreading devastation through his eastern provinces. Silesia was overrun by the Austrians. A great French army was advancing from the west under the command of Marshal Soubise, a prince of the great Armorican house of Rohan. Berlin itself had been taken and plundered by the Croats. Such was the situation from which Frederick extricated himself, with dazzling glory, in the short space of thirty days.

He marched first against Soubise. On the 5th of November the armies met at Rosbach. The French were two to one; but they were ill-disciplined, and their general was a dunce. The tactics of Frederick and the well-regulated valor of the Prussian troops obtained a complete victory. Seven thousand of the invaders were made prisoners. Their guns, their colors, their baggage, fell into the hands of the conquerors. Those who escaped fled as confusedly as a mob scattered by cavalry. Victorious in the west, the king turned his arms towards Silesia. In that quarter everything seemed to be lost. Breslau had fallen; and Charles of Lorraine, with a mighty power, held the whole province. On the 5th of December, exactly one month after the battle of Rosbach, Frederick, with forty thousand men, and

Prince Charles, at the head of not less than sixty thousand, met at Leuthen hard by Breslau. The king, who was, in general, perhaps too much inclined to consider the common soldier as a mere machine, resorted, on this great day, to means resembling those which Bonaparte afterwards employed with such signal success for the purpose of stimulating military enthusiasm. The principal officers were convoked. Frederick addressed them with great force and pathos, and directed them to speak to their men as he had spoken to them. When the armies were set in battle array, the Prussian troops were in a state of fierce excitement; but their excitement showed itself after the fashion of a grave people. The columns advanced to the attack chanting, to the sound of drums and fifes, the rude hymns of the old Saxon Heriholds. They had never fought so well nor had the genius of their chief ever been so conspicuous. "That battle," said Napoleon, "was a masterpiece. Of itself it is sufficient to entitle Frederick to a place in the first rank among generals." The victory was complete. Twenty-seven thousand Austrians were killed, wounded, or taken; fifty stand of colors, a hundred guns, four thousand wagons, fell into the hands of the Prussians. Breslau opened its gates; Silesia was reconquered; Charles of Lorraine retired to hide his shame and sorrow at Brussels; and Frederick allowed his troops to take some repose in winter quarters, after a campaign to the vicissitudes of which it will be difficult to find any parallel in ancient or modern history.

The king's fame filled all the world. He had, during the last year, maintained a contest, on terms of advantage, against three powers, the weakest of which had more than three times his resources. He had fought four great pitched battles against superior forces. Three of these battles he had gained; and the defeat of Kolin, repaired as it had been, rather raised than lowered his military renown. The victory of Leuthen is, to this day, the proudest on the roll of Prussian fame. Leipsic, indeed, and Waterloo, produced more important consequences to mankind. But the glory of Leipsic must be shared by the Prussians with the Austrians and Russians; and at Waterloo the British infantry bore the burden and heat of the day. The victory of Rosbach was, in a military point of view, less honorable than that of Leuthen, for it was gained over an incapable general and a disorganized army. But the moral effect which it produced was immense. All the preceding triumphs of Frederick had been triumphs over Germans, and could excite no emotions of natural pride among the German people. It was impossible that a Hessian or a Hanoverian could feel any patriotic exultation at hearing that Pomeranians slaughtered Moravians, or that Saxon banners had been hung in the churches of Berlin. Indeed, though the military character of the Germans justly stood high throughout the world, they could boast of no great day which belonged to them as a people;—of no Agincourt, of no Bannockburn. Most of their victories had been gained over each other; and their most splendid exploits against foreigners had been achieved under the command of Eugene, who was himself a foreigner.

The news of the battle of Rosbach stirred the blood of the whole of the mighty population from the Alps to the Baltic, and from the borders of Courland to those of Lorraine. Westphalia and Lower Saxony had been deluged by a great host of strangers, whose speech was unintelligible, and whose petulant and licentious manners had excited the strongest feelings of disgust and hatred. That great host had been put to flight by a small band of German warriors, led by a prince of German blood on the side of father and mother, and marked by the fair hair and the clear

blue eye of Germany. Never since the dissolution of the empire of Charlemagne had the Teutonic race won such a field against the French. The tidings called forth a general burst of delight and pride from the whole of the great family which spoke the various dialects of the ancient language of Arminius. The fame of Frederick began to supply, in some degree, the place of a common government and of a common capital. It became a rallying point for all true Germans—a subject of mutual congratulation to the Bavarian and the Westphalian, to the citizen of Frankfurt and the citizen of Nuremberg. Then first it was manifest that the Germans were truly a nation. Then first was discernible that patriotic spirit which, in 1813, achieved the great deliverance of central Europe, and which still guards, and long will guard against foreign ambition, the old freedom of the Rhine.

Nor were the effects produced by that celebrated day merely political. The greatest masters of German poetry and eloquence have admitted that, though the great king neither valued nor understood his native language, though he looked on France as the only seat of taste and philosophy, yet, in his own despite, he did much to emancipate the genius of his countrymen from the foreign yoke; and that, in the act of vanquishing Soubise, he was unintentionally rousing the spirit which soon began to question the literary precedence of Boileau and Voltaire. So strangely do events confound all the plans of man! A prince who read only French, who wrote only French, who ranked as a French classic, became, quite unconsciously, the means of liberating half the Continent from the dominion of that French criticism of which he was himself to the end of his life a slave. Yet even the enthusiasm of Germany in favor of Frederick hardly equaled the enthusiasm of England. The birthday of our ally was celebrated with as much enthusiasm as that of our own sovereign, and at night the streets of London were in a blaze with illuminations. Portraits of the Hero of Rosbach, with his cocked hat and long pigtail, were in every house. An attentive observer will, at this day, find in the parlors of old-fashioned inns, and in the portfolios of printsellers, twenty portraits of Frederick for one of George II. The sign-painters were everywhere employed in touching up Admiral Vernon into the King of Prussia. Some young Englishmen of rank proposed to visit Germany as volunteers, for the purpose of learning the art of war under the greatest of commanders. This last proof of British attachment and admiration Frederick politely but firmly declined. His camp was no place for amateur students of military science. The Prussian discipline was rigorous even to cruelty. The officers, while in the field, were expected to practice an abstemiousness and self-denial such as was hardly surpassed by the most rigid monastic orders. However noble their birth, however high their rank in the service, they were not permitted to eat from anything better than pewter. It was a high crime even in a count and field-marshal to have a single silver spoon among his baggage. Gay young Englishmen of twenty thousand a year, accustomed to liberty and to luxury, would not easily submit to these Spartan restraints. The king could not venture to keep them in order as he kept his own subjects in order. Situated as he was with respect to England, he could not well imprison or shoot refractory Howards and Cavendishes. On the other hand, the example of a few fine gentlemen, attended by chariots and livery servants, eating in plate, and drinking champagne and tokay, was enough to corrupt his whole army. He thought it best to make a stand at first, and civilly refused to admit such dangerous companions among his troops.

The help of England was bestowed in a manner far more useful and more acceptable. An annual subsidy of near seven hundred thousand pounds enabled the king to add probably more than fifty thousand men to his army. Pitt, now at the height of power and popularity, undertook the task of defending Western Germany against France, and asked Frederick only for the loan of a general. The general selected was Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who had attained to high distinction in the Prussian service. He was put at the head of an army, partly English, partly Hanoverian, partly composed of mercenaries hired from the petty princes of the empire. He soon vindicated the choice of the two allied courts, and proved himself the second general of the age.

Frederick passed the winter at Breslau, in reading, writing, and preparing for the next campaign. The havoc which the war had made among his troops was rapidly repaired, and in the spring of 1758 he was again ready for the conflict. Prince Ferdinand kept the French in check. The king, in the mean time, after attempting against the Austrians some operations which led to no very important result, marched to encounter the Russians, who, slaying, burning, and wasting wherever they turned, had penetrated into the heart of his realm. He gave them battle at Zorndorf, near Frankfurt on the Oder. The fight was long and bloody. Quarter was neither given nor taken; for the Germans and Scythians regarded each other with bitter aversion, and the sight of the ravages committed by the half-savage invaders had incensed the king and his army. The Russians were overthrown with great slaughter, and for a few months no further danger was to be apprehended from the east.

A day of thanksgiving was proclaimed by the king, and was celebrated with pride and delight by his people. The rejoicings in England were not less enthusiastic or less sincere. This may be selected as the point of time at which the military glory of Frederick reached the zenith. In the short space of three-quarters of a year he had won three great battles over the armies of three mighty and warlike monarchies—France, Austria, and Russia.

But it was decreed that the temper of that strong mind should be tried by both extremes of fortune in rapid succession. Close upon this bright series of triumphs came a series of disasters, such as would have blighted the fame and broken the heart of almost any other commander. Yet Frederick, in the midst of his calamities, was still an object of admiration to his subjects, his allies, and his enemies. Overwhelmed by adversity, sick of life, he still maintained the contest, greater in defeat, in flight, and in what seemed hopeless ruin, than on the fields of his proudest victories.

Having vanquished the Russians, he hastened into Saxony to oppose the troops of the Empress-Queen, commanded by Daun, the most cautious, and Laudohn, the most inventive and enterprising of her generals. These two celebrated commanders agreed on a scheme, in which the prudence of the one and the vigor of the other seem to have happily combined. At dead of night they surprised the king in his camp at Hochkirchen. His presence of mind saved his troops from destruction, but nothing could save them from defeat and severe loss. Marshal Keith was among the slain. The first roar of the guns roused the noble exile from his rest, and he was instantly in the front of the battle. He received a dangerous wound, but refused to quit the field, and was in the act of rallying his broken troops, when an Austrian bullet terminated his checkered and eventful life.

The misfortune was serious. But, of all generals,

Frederick understood best how to repair defeat, and Daun understood least how to improve victory. In a few days the Prussian army was as formidable as before the battle. The prospect was, however, gloomy. An Austrian army under General Harsch had invaded Silesia, and invested the fortress of Neisse. Daun, after his success at Hochkirchen, had written to Harsch in very confident terms: "Go on with your operations against Neisse. Be quite at ease as to the king. I will give you a good account of him." In truth, the position of the Prussians was full of difficulties. Between them and Silesia lay the victorious army of Daun. It was not easy for them to reach Silesia at all. If they did reach it, they left Saxony exposed to the Austrians. But the vigor and activity of Frederick surmounted every obstacle. He made a circuitous march of extraordinary rapidity, passed Daun, hastened into Silesia, raised the siege of Neisse, and drove Harsch into Bohemia. Daun availed himself of the king's absence to attack Dresden. The Prussians defended it desperately. The inhabitants of that wealthy and polished capital begged in vain for mercy from the garrison within, and from the besiegers without. The beautiful suburbs were burned to the ground. It was clear that the town, if won at all, would be won street by street by the bayonet. At this conjuncture came news that Frederick, having cleared Silesia of his enemies, was returning by forced marches into Saxony. Daun retired from before Dresden, and fell back into the Austrian territories. The king, over heaps of ruins, made his triumphant entry into the unhappy metropolis, which had so cruelly exiated the weak and perfidious policy of its sovereign. It was now the 20th of November. The cold weather suspended military operations, and the king again took up his winter-quarters at Breslau.

The third of the seven terrible years was over; and Frederick still stood his ground. He had been recently tried by domestic as well as by military disasters. On the 14th of October, the day on which he was defeated at Hochkirchen, the day on the anniversary of which, forty-eight years later, a defeat far more tremendous laid the Prussian monarchy in the dust, died Wilhelmina, Margravine of Bareuth. From the portraits which we have of her, by her own hand, and by the hands of the most discerning of her contemporaries, we should pronounce her to have been coarse, indelicate, and a good hater, but not destitute of kind and generous feelings. Her mind, naturally strong and observant, had been highly cultivated; and she was, and deserved to be, Frederick's favorite sister. He felt the loss as much as it was in his iron nature to feel the loss of anything but a province or a battle.

At Breslau, during the winter, he was indefatigable in his poetical labors. The most spirited lines, perhaps, that he ever wrote are to be found in a bitter lampoon on Louis and Madame de Pompadour, which he composed at this time and sent to Voltaire. The verses were, indeed, so good, that Voltaire was afraid that he might himself be suspected of having written them, or at least of having corrected them; and partly from fright—partly, we fear, from love of mischief—sent them to the Duke of Choiseul, then prime minister of France. Choiseul very wisely determined to encounter Frederick at Frederick's own weapons, and applied for assistance to Palissot, who had some skill as a versifier, and who, though he had not yet made himself famous by bringing Rousseau and Helvetius on the stage, was known to possess some little talent for satire. Palissot produced some very stinging lines on the moral and literary character of Frederick, and these lines the duke sent to Voltaire. This war of couplets, following close on the carnage of Zorndorf and the conflagration of Dresden, illus-

trates well the strangely compounded character of the king of Prussia.

At this moment he was assailed by a new enemy. Benedict XIV., the best and wisest of the two hundred and fifty successors of St. Peter, was no more. During the short interval between his reign and that of his disciple Ganganelli, the chief seat in the Church of Rome was filled by Rezzonico, who took the name of Clement XIII. This absurd priest determined to try what the weight of his authority could effect in favor of the orthodox Maria Theresa against a heretic king. At the high mass on Christmas-day, a sword with a rich belt and scabbard, a hat of crimson velvet lined with ermine, and a dove of pearls, the mystic symbol of the Divine Comforter, were solemnly blessed by the supreme pontiff, and were sent with great ceremony to Marshal Daun, the conqueror of Kolin and Hochkirchen. This mark of favor had more than once been bestowed by the popes on the great champions of the faith. Similar honors had been paid, more than six centuries earlier, by Urban II. to Godfrey of Bouillon. Similar honors had been conferred on Alba for destroying the liberties of the Low Countries, and on John Sobiesky after the deliverance of Vienna. But the presents which were received with profound reverence by the Baron of the Holy Sepulchier in the eleventh century, and which had not wholly lost their value even in the seventeenth century, appeared inexpressibly ridiculous to a generation which read Montesquieu and Voltaire. Frederick wrote sarcastic verses on the gifts, the giver, and the receiver. But the public wanted no prompter; and a universal roar of laughter from Petersburg to Lisbon reminded the Vatican that the age of crusades was over.

The fourth campaign, the most disastrous of all the campaigns of this fearful war, had now opened. The Austrians filled Saxony, and menaced Berlin. The Russians defeated the king's generals on the Oder, threatened Silesia, effected a junction with Laudohn, and intrenched themselves strongly at Kunersdorf. Frederick hastened to attack them. A great battle was fought. During the earlier part of the day everything yielded to the impetuosity of the Prussians, and to the skill of their chief. The lines were forced. Half the Russian guns were taken. The king sent off a courier to Berlin with two lines, announcing a complete victory. But, in the mean time, the stubborn Russians, defeated yet unbroken, had taken up their stand in an almost impregnable position, on an eminence where the Jews of Frankfurt were wont to bury their dead. Here the battle re-commenced. The Prussian infantry, exhausted by six hours of hard fighting under a sun which equalled the tropical heat, were yet brought up repeatedly to the attack, but in vain. The king led three charges in person. Two horses were killed under him. The officers of his staff fell all around him. His coat was pierced by several bullets. All was in vain. His infantry was driven back with frightful slaughter. Terror began to spread fast from man to man. At that moment the fiery cavalry of Laudohn, still fresh, rushed on the wavering ranks. Then followed a universal rout. Frederick himself was on the point of falling into the hands of the conquerors, and was with difficulty saved by a gallant officer, who, at the head of a handful of Hussars, made good a diversion of a few minutes. Shattered in body, shattered in mind, the king reached that night a village which the Cossacks had plundered; and there, in a ruined and deserted farm-house, flung himself on a heap of straw. He had sent to Berlin a second dispatch very different from his first: "Let the royal family leave Berlin. Send the archives to Potsdam. The town may make terms with the enemy."

The defeat was, in truth, overwhelming. Of fifty thousand men who had that morning marched under the black eagles, not three thousand remained together. The king bethought him again of his corrosive sublimate, and wrote to bid adieu to his friends, and to give directions as to the measures to be taken in the event of his death: "I have no resource left"—such is the language of one of his letters—"all is lost. I will not survive the ruin of my country. Farewell, forever."

But the mutual jealousies of the confederates prevented them from following up their victory. They lost a few days in loitering and squabbling; and a few days, improved by Frederick, were worth more than the years of other men. On the morning after the battle, he had got together eighteen thousand of his troops. Very soon his force amounted to thirty thousand. Guns were procured from the neighboring fortresses; and there was again an army. Berlin was, for the present, safe; but calamities came pouring on the king in uninterrupted succession. One of his generals, with a large body of troops, was taken at Maxen; another was defeated at Meissen; and when at length the campaign of 1759 closed, in the midst of a rigorous winter, the situation of Prussia appeared desperate. The only consoling circumstance was that, in the West, Ferdinand of Brunswick had been more fortunate than his master; and by a series of exploits, of which the battle of Minden was the most glorious, had removed all apprehension of danger on the side of France.

The fifth year was now about to commence. It seemed impossible that the Prussian territories, repeatedly devastated by hundreds of thousands of invaders, could longer support the contest. But the king carried on war as no European power has ever carried on war, except the Committee of Public Safety during the great agony of the French Revolution. He governed his kingdom as he would have governed a besieged town, not caring to what extent property was destroyed, or the pursuits of civil life suspended, so that he did but make head against the enemy. As long as there was a man left in Prussia, that man might carry a musket; as long as there was a horse left, that horse might draw artillery. The coin was debased, the civil functionaries were left unpaid; in some provinces civil government altogether ceased to exist. But there were still rye-bread and potatoes; there were still lead and gunpowder; and, while the means of sustaining and destroying life remained, Frederick was determined to fight it out to the very last.

The earlier part of the campaign of 1760 was unfavorable to him. Berlin was again occupied by the enemy. Great contributions were levied on the inhabitants, and the royal palace was plundered. But at length, after two years of calamity, victory came back to his arms. At Lignitz he gained a great battle over Laudohn; at Torgau, after a day of horrible carnage, he triumphed over Daun. The fifth year closed and still the event was in suspense. In the countries where the war had raged, the misery and exhaustion were more appalling than ever; but still there were left men and beasts, arms and food, and still Frederick fought on. In truth he had now been baited into savageness. His heart was ulcerated with hatred. The implacable resentment with which his enemies persecuted him, though originally provoked by his own unprincipled ambition, excited in him a thirst for vengeance which he did not even attempt to conceal. "It is hard," he says in one of his letters, "for a man to bear what I bear. I begin to feel that, as the Italians say, revenge is a pleasure for the gods. My philosophy is worn out by suffering. I am no saint, like those of whom we read in the legends; and I will own that I should die content

if only I could first inflict a portion of the misery which I endure."

Borne up by such feelings, he struggled with various success, but constant glory, through the campaign of 1761. On the whole, the result of this campaign was disastrous to Prussia. No great battle was gained by the enemy; but, in spite of the desperate bounds of the hunted tiger, the circle of pursuers was fast closing round him. Laudohn had surprised the important fortress of Schweidnitz. With that fortress, half of Silesia and the command of the most important defiles through the mountains had been transferred to the Austrians. The Russians had overpowered the king's generals in Pomerania. The country was so completely desolated that he began, by his own confession, to look round him with blank despair, unable to imagine where recruits, horses, or provisions were to be found.

Just at this time two great events brought on a complete change in the relations of almost all the powers of Europe. One of those events was the retirement of Mr. Pitt from office; the other was the death of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia.

The retirement of Pitt seemed to be an omen of utter ruin to the House of Brandenburg. His proud and vehement nature was incapable of anything that looked like either fear or treachery. He had often declared that, while he was in power, England should never make a peace of Utrecht—should never, for any selfish object, abandon an ally even in the last extremity of distress. The Continental war was his own war. He had been bold enough—he who in former times had attacked, with irresistible powers of oratory, the Hanoverian policy of Carteret and the German subsidies of Newcastle—to declare that Hanover ought to be as dear to us as Hampshire, and that he would conquer America in Germany. He had fallen; and the power which he had exercised, not always with discretion, but always with vigor and genius, had devolved on a favorite who was the representative of the Tory party—of the party which had thwarted William, which had persecuted Marlborough, and which had given up the Catalans to the vengeance of Philip of Anjou. To make peace with France—to shake off, with all, or more than all, the speed compatible with decency, every Continental connection,—these were among the chief objects of the new minister. The policy then followed inspired Frederick with an unjust but deep and bitter aversion to the English name; and produced effects which are still felt throughout the civilized world. To that policy it was owing that, some years later, England could not find on the whole Continent a single ally to stand by her, in her extreme need, against the House of Bourbon. To that policy it was owing that Frederick, alienated from England, was compelled to connect himself closely, during his later years, with Russia; and was induced reluctantly to assist in that great crime, the fruitful parent of other great crimes—the first partition of Poland.

Scarcely had the retreat of Mr. Pitt deprived Prussia of her only friend, when the death of Elizabeth produced an entire revolution in the politics of the North. The Grand Duke Peter, her nephew, who now ascended the Russian throne, was not merely free from the prejudices which his aunt had entertained against Frederick, but was a worshiper, a servile imitator, a Boswell, of the great king. The days of the new czar's government were few and evil, but sufficient to produce a change in the whole state of Christendom. He set the Prussian prisoners at liberty, fitted them out decently, and sent them back to their master; he withdrew his troops from the provinces which Elizabeth had decided on incorporating with her dominions, and absolved all those Prussian subjects who had been com-

pelled to swear fealty to Russia from their engagements.

Not content with concluding peace on terms favorable to Prussia, he solicited rank in the Prussian service, dressed himself in a Prussian uniform, wore the Black Eagle of Prussia on his breast, made preparations for visiting Prussia, in order to have an interview with the object of his idolatry, and actually sent fifteen thousand excellent troops to re-enforce the shattered army of Frederick. Thus strengthened, the king speedily repaired the losses of the preceding year, reconquered Silesia, defeated Daun at Buckersdorf, invested and re-took Schweidnitz, and, at the close of the year, presented to the forces of Maria Theresa a front as formidable as before the great reverses of 1759. Before the end of the campaign, his friend the Emperor Peter having, by a series of absurd insults to the institutions, manners, and feelings of his people, united them in hostility to his person and government, was deposed and murdered. The empress, who, under the title of Catherine the Second, now assumed the supreme power, was, at the commencement of her administration, by no means partial to Frederick, and refused to permit her troops to remain under his command. But she observed the peace made by her husband; and Prussia was no longer threatened by danger from the East.

England and France at the same time paired off together. They concluded a treaty by which they bound themselves to observe neutrality with respect to the German war. Thus the coalitions on both sides were dissolved; and the original enemies, Austria and Prussia, remained alone confronting each other.

Austria had undoubtedly by far greater means than Prussia, and was less exhausted by hostilities; yet it seemed hardly possible that Austria could effect alone what she had in vain attempted to effect when supported by France on the one side, and by Russia on the other. Danger also began to menace the imperial house from another quarter. The Ottoman Porte held threatening language, and a hundred thousand Turks were mustered on the frontiers of Hungary. The proud and revengeful spirit of the Empress-Queen at length gave way; and, in February, 1763, the peace of Hubertsburg put an end to the conflict which had, during seven years, devastated Germany. The king ceded nothing. The whole Continent in arms had proved unable to tear Silesia from that iron grasp.

The war was over. Frederick was safe. His glory was beyond the reach of envy. If he had not made conquests as vast as those of Alexander, of Cæsar, and of Napoleon,—if he had not, on field of battle, enjoyed the constant success of Marlborough and Wellington,—he had yet given an example, unrivaled in history, of what capacity and resolution can effect against the greatest superiority of power and the utmost spite of fortune. He entered Berlin in triumph, after an absence of more than six years. The streets were brilliantly lighted up, and as he passed along in an open carriage, with Ferdinand of Brunswick at his side, the multitude saluted him with loud praises and blessings. He was moved by those marks of attachment, and repeatedly exclaimed, "Long live my dear people! Long live my children!" Yet, even in the midst of that gay spectacle, he could not but perceive everywhere the traces of destruction and decay. The city had been more than once plundered. The population had considerably diminished. Berlin, however, had suffered little when compared with most parts of the kingdom. The ruin of private fortunes, the distress of all ranks, was such as might appall the firmest mind. Almost every province had been the seat of

war, and of war conducted with merciless ferocity. Clouds of Croats had descended on Silesia. Tens of thousands of Cossacks had been let loose on Pomerania and Brandenburg. The mere contributions levied by the invaders amounted, it was said, to more than a hundred millions of dollars; and the value of what they extorted was probably much less than the value of what they destroyed. The fields lay uncultivated. The very seed-corn had been devoured in the madness of hunger. Famine, and contagious maladies the effect of famine, had swept away the herds and flocks; and there was reason to fear that a great pestilence among the human race was likely to follow in the train of that tremendous war. Near fifteen thousand houses had been burned to the ground.

The population of the kingdom had in seven years decreased to the frightful extent of ten per cent. A sixth of the males capable of bearing arms had actually perished on the field of battle. In some districts no laborers except women were seen in the fields at harvest-time. In others the traveler passed shuddering through a succession of silent villages, in which not a single inhabitant remained. The currency had been debased; the authority of laws and magistrates had been suspended; the whole social system was deranged. For, during that convulsive struggle, everything that was not military violence was anarchy. Even the army was disorganized. Some great generals and a crowd of excellent officers had fallen, and it had been impossible to supply their places. The difficulty of finding recruits had, towards the close of the war, been so great, that selection and rejection were impossible. Whole battalions were composed of deserters or of prisoners. It was hardly to be hoped that thirty years of repose and industry would repair the ruin produced by seven years of havoc. One consolatory circumstance, indeed, there was. No debt had been incurred. The burdens of the war had been terrible, almost insupportable; but no arrear was left to embarrass the finances in the time of peace.*

It remains for us, in order to become thoroughly acquainted with the man, to contemplate Frederick's character in peace.

The first and most immediate object of Frederick's attention and anxiety was the re-establishment of his army, in order that no enemy might hope to reap advantage from a sudden renewal of hostilities. In order to bring the recently levied troops upon a par with his veteran, well-trained warriors—of whom, however, but a very small number still remained—military exercise and drilling were enforced with the most rigorous exactness. But the illustrious monarch himself, when he beheld the whole of Europe adopt his military tactics, was deceived in the over-estimation of their value. The system of maintaining standing armies was carried to the highest point, and became the principal object in the administration of every State; grave utility degenerated into mere display, until a grand convulsion of the world made its vanity and puerility but too apparent.

The care taken by Frederick to effect the restoration of his overwhelmed country was a much more beneficent employment of his energies, and was productive of incalculable good. It formed the most imperishable leaf in his wreath of glory. The corn

* The reader will not need to be reminded that the narrative of Macaulay ends here. The descent from the sunny uplands of his style is sudden and painful, but there is no help for it. Herr Kohlrausch goes on honestly enough, and we must let him finish the story or go without it altogether. Patience; it will soon be over, and as a sugar-plum for good children, we promise you near the close a gorgeous picture of the great king in his old age, by Carlyle.

which was already bought up for the next campaign he bestowed upon the most destitute of his people, as seed for sowing, together with all his superfluous horses. The taxes were remitted for six months in Silesia, and for two years in Pomerania and Neumark, which were completely devastated. Nay, the king, in order to encourage agriculture and industry, appropriated large sums of money for that purpose, in proportion to the greatness of the exigency, and these various sums amounted altogether, during the four-and-twenty years of his reign after the peace of Hubertsburg, to no less than twenty-four millions of dollars. Such noble generosity redounds still more to the glory of Frederick, inasmuch as it was only practicable through the exercise of great economy, and to promote which he subjected himself to every personal sacrifice. His maxim was that his treasure belonged not to himself, but to the people who supplied it; and while many other princes—not bearing in mind the heavy drops of sweat which adhered to each of the numerous gold pieces wrung from their subjects—only thought of dissipating the entire mass in the most unlicensed prodigality and waste, he lived in a style so simple and frugal that out of the sum appropriated to the maintenance of his court he saved annually nearly a million of dollars.

He explained on one occasion to M. de Launay, the assessor of indirect taxes, the principles by which he was actuated in this respect, in clear and distinct terms: "Louis XV. and I," he said, "are born more needy than the poorest of our subjects; for there are out few among them who do not possess a small inheritance, or who cannot at least earn it by their labor and industry; while he and I possess nothing, neither can we earn anything but what must belong to the State. We are merely the stewards appointed for the administration of the general fund; and if, as such, we were to apply to our own personal expenditure more than is reasonably necessary, we should, by such proceeding, not only bring down upon ourselves severe condemnation in the first place for extravagance, but likewise for having fraudulently taken possession of that which was confided to our charge for the public weal."

The particular care and interest shown by the king in the cultivation of the soil, produced its speedy improvement. Large tracts of land were rendered arable, fresh supplies of laborers were procured from other countries, and where formerly marsh and moor were generally prevalent, fertile, flourishing corn-fields were substituted instead. These happy results, which greeted the eye of Frederick whenever he took his regularly appointed journeys throughout his dominions, were highly grateful to his feelings; while during these tours of survey nothing escaped his acutely observing mind; so much so, that few sovereigns could boast of such a thorough knowledge of their domains—even to the most trifling details—as the king of Prussia acquired of his own estates through continual and indefatigable application to this one object. Silesia, which had suffered so much, was especially dear to his feelings, and to that territory he devoted particular attention; when, therefore, upon a general census in the year 1777, he found it contained 180,000 more inhabitants than in the year 1756, when the war commenced; and when he perceived the losses sustained during that war thus amply repaired, and the glorious results produced by agricultural labor and commercial enterprise, he, in the gladness of his heart, expressed, in a letter to his friend Jordan, the sensations he felt at beholding the flourishing state of a province the condition of which was but a short time before so sadly depressed and miserable.

Industry is indispensable in a people who depend on their energy and activity for their rank among

nations; but this rank is not the only attendant advantage: a benefit far greater is the fresh, healthy vigor it imparts to the people. And in this respect Frederick the Great was a striking example, truly worthy of imitation by all his subjects; for even during the early period of his life he already wrote to his friend Jordan thus: "You are quite right in believing that I work hard; I do so to enable me to live, for nothing so nearly approaches the likeness of death as the half-slumbering, listless state of idleness." And, subsequently, when he had become old and feeble, this feeling still retained its power, and operated with all its original influence upon his mind, for in another letter to the same friend he says: "I still feel as formerly the same anxiety for action; as then, I now still long to work and be busy, and my mind and body are in continual contention. It is no longer requisite that I should live, unless I can live and work."

And truly, in making a profitable use of his time, King Frederick displayed a perseverance which left him without a rival; and even in his old age he never swerved from the original plan he had laid down and followed from his earliest manhood, for even on the very day before his death he was to be seen occupied with the business of his government. Each hour had its occupation, and the one grand principle which is the soul of all industry—viz., *to leave over from to-day nothing for the morrow*—passed with Frederick as the inviolable law of his whole life. The entire day—commencing at the hour of four in the morning and continuing until midnight, accordingly five sixths of the day—was devoted to some occupation of the mind or heart, for in order that even the hour of repast might not be wholly monopolized by the mere gratification of the stomach, Frederick assembled around him at midday and in the evening a circle of intellectual men, and these *conversaciones*—in which the king himself took an important share—were of such an animated and enlivening nature that they were not inaptly compared to the entertainments of Socrates himself. Unfortunately, however, according to the taste of that age, nothing but witticisms and humorous sallies were made the subject of due appreciation and applause. Vivacity of idea promptly expressed, and strikingly *apropos* allusions, were the order of the day, while profundity of thought and subjects of more grave and serious discussion were banished as ill-timed and uncalled for—a necessary consequence arising from the exclusive adoption of the French language, which formed the medium of communication at these *réunions* of Frederick the Great. The rest of the day was passed in the perusal of official dispatches, private correspondence, and ministerial documents, to each of which he added his replies and observations in the margin. After having gone through this all-important business routine of the day, he directed his attention to the more recreative occupations of his pleasure-grounds and literary compositions—of which latter Frederick has left behind him a rich collection; and finally, as a last resource of amusement, he occasionally devoted a few stolen moments to his flute, upon which he was an accomplished performer. This, his favorite instrument, indeed, like an intimate and faithful friend, served often to allay the violent excitements of his spirit; and while he strolled with it through his suite of rooms, often for hours together, his thoughts, as he himself relates, became more and more collected, and his mind better prepared for calm and serious meditation. Nevertheless, he never permitted affairs of state to be neglected for the sake of the enjoyments he sought both in music and in poetry; and in this point of view Frederick's character must ever command respect and admiration.

The government of Frederick was despotic in the strictest sense of the word; everything emanated from the king, and everything reverted to him again. He never accorded any share in the administration to an assembly of States, nor even to the State Council, which, composed of the most enlightened men, would have been able to have presented to their sovereign, in a clear and comprehensive light, the bearings of the intricate questions connected with government. He felt in himself the power to govern alone, seconded by the strongest desire of making his people happy and great. Thence it appeared to his mind that the predominant strength of a State was based upon the means which are the readiest and most efficacious in the hands of one person; viz., in his army, and in the treasury. His chief aim, therefore, was to manage that these two powerful implements of government should be placed in the most favorable condition possible; and thus we find that Frederick often sought the means to obtain this, his grand object, without sufficiently taking into consideration the effect they might subsequently produce upon the disposition and morality of the nation. In accordance with this principle, he, in the year 1764, invited a distinguished fermier-general of France, Helvetius, to Berlin, in order to consult him upon the means of augmenting the revenues of the State; and in consequence of his suggestions, measures were adopted which were extremely obnoxious to the public, and caused many to defraud, instead of co-operating with, the government. At the same time, however, by these and other means resorted to by the king, the revenues of the kingdom were increased considerably. It must, however, be advanced in Frederick's vindication, first, that he adopted these measures, not for his own individual advantage, but for the benefit of all; and secondly—we must again repeat it—that the great errors of the age completely obscured his own view. With what eagerness would not his clear mind have caught at the enlightenment produced by reform, had he but lived in a time when freedom of thought was more appreciated; for to him this freedom of thought was so dear that he never attacked the public expression of opinion. His subjects enjoyed under his reign, among other privileges, that of the liberty of the press; and he himself gave free scope to the shafts of censure and ridicule aimed against his public and private character, for the consciousness of his own persevering endeavors in the service of his country, and of his sincere devotion to his duties, elevated him beyond all petty susceptibility. The chief object of the king's care was a search into truth and enlightenment, as it was then understood. But this enlightenment consisted in a desire to understand everything; to analyze, dissect, and—demolish. Whatever appeared inexplicable was at once rejected; faith, love, hope, and filial respect—all those feelings which have their seat in the inmost recesses of the soul—were destroyed in their germination.

But this annihilating agency was not confined to the State; it manifested itself also in science, in art, and even in religion. The French were the promoters of this phenomenon, and in this they were eventually imitated throughout the world, but more especially in Germany. Superficial ornament passed for profound wisdom, and witty, sarcastic phraseology assumed the place of soundness and sincerity of expression. Nevertheless, even at this time there were a few chosen men who were able to recognize that which was true and just, and raised their voices accordingly; and, in the world of intellect, the names of Lessing, Klopstock, Goethe, etc., need alone be mentioned, being, as they were, the founders of a more sterling age. They were joined by

many others, and thus united they constituted an intellectual phalanx in opposition to the progress made by the sensual French school. These intellectual reformers were soon strengthened by such auxiliaries as Kant, Fichte, Jacobi, etc., who advanced firmly under the banner of science; and from such beginnings grew, by degrees, that powerful mental reaction which has already achieved such mighty things, and led the way to greater results still.

This awakening of the German mind was unnoticed by King Frederick; he lived in the world of French refinement, separate and solitary, as on an island. The waves of the new, rushing stream of life passed without approaching him, and struck against the barriers by which he was inclosed. His over-appreciation and patronage of foreigners, however, impelled the higher classes of society to share in his sentiments, equally as much as his system of administration had served as a model for other rulers to imitate. Several among his contemporaries resolved, like him, to reign independently, but without possessing the same commanding genius, whence however well-intentioned, they were wrecked in their career; among whom may be more especially included Peter III. of Russia, Gustavus III. of Sweden, and Joseph II. of Germany.

In the year 1765 Joseph II. was acknowledged as successor to his father, Francis I., who died in the same year, but whose acts as emperor present little or nothing worthy of record. His son, however, was, on this very account, the more anxious to effect great changes; to transform ancient into modern institutions, and to devote the great and predominating power with which he was endowed towards remodelling the entire condition of his States. All his projects, however, were held in abeyance until the death of his mother, Maria Theresa, in 1780, who, ever wise and active, had, even to the last moments of her existence, exercised all her power and influence in the administration of affairs; and, accordingly, her maternal authority operated effectually upon his feelings as a son, and served for a time to suspend the accomplishment of his desires. Meantime, in the interval between the years 1765 and 1780, various events took place which exercised an important influence upon the last ten years of his reign. Among the rest may be more especially mentioned the *dismemberment of Poland* in 1773, and the war of the *Bavarian succession* in 1778.

Augustus III., King of Poland, died in the year 1765, leaving behind him a grandson, only as yet a minor; consequently the house of Saxony, which had held possession of the throne of Poland during a space of sixty-six years, now lost it. Both Russia and Prussia stepped forward forthwith, and took upon themselves the arrangement of the affairs of Poland: an interference which that nation was now unable to resist, for, strong and redoubtable as it had been formerly, dissension had so much reduced its resources that it was, at this moment, wholly incapable of maintaining or even acting for itself. Both powers required that Poland should choose for her sovereign a native-born prince, and an army of ten thousand Russians which suddenly advanced upon Warsaw, and an equal number of Prussian troops assembled upon the frontiers, produced the election of Stanislaus Poniatowski to the throne. Henceforth there was no longer an imperial diet held at which foreigners did not endeavor to bring into effect all their influence.

Shortly after this event, a war took place between Russia and Turkey, in which the former took possession of Moldavia and Wallachia, which that power was extremely desirous of retaining. This, however, Austria opposed most strenuously, lest

Russia should become too powerful, and Frederick the Great found himself in a dilemma how to maintain the balance between the two parties. The most expedient means of adjustment appeared in the end to be the spoliation of a country which was the least able to oppose it; viz., Poland; and, accordingly, a portion of its territory was seized and shared between the three powers—Russia, Prussia, and Austria. With whom this idea first originated has not been clearly ascertained, but it is easy to see that it was quite in accordance with the character of the times. For as the wisdom of that age only based its calculations upon the standard of the senses, and estimated the power of States merely by their square miles, amount of population, soldiers, and revenue, the grand aim of the then State policy was to devote every effort towards aggrandizement; nothing was held more desirable than some fresh conquest, which might advantageously round off a kingdom, while all consideration of equity and justice was forced to yield before this imperious principle. When one of the larger States effected such an acquisition, the others, alarmed, considered the balance of Europe compromised and endangered.

In this case, however, the three kingdoms bordering upon Poland, having shared between them the spoil, were each augmented in proportion, whence all fear of danger was removed. This system had become so superficial, so miserable and absurd, that they lost sight altogether of the principle that a just equilibrium and the permanent safety of all can only be secured by the inviolable preservation of the rights of nations. The partition of Poland was the formal renunciation itself of that system of equipoise, and served as the precursor of all those great revolutions, dismemberments, and transformations, together with all those ambitious attempts at universal monarchy, which, during a space of five-and-twenty years, were the means of convulsing Europe to her very foundations.

The people of Poland, menaced as they were in three quarters, were forced in the autumn of 1773 to submit to the dismemberment of their country, of which, accordingly, three thousand square miles were forthwith divided between Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

Maximilian Joseph, elector of Bavaria, having died in 1777 without issue, the inheritance of his estates and electoral dignity came into the hands of the elector palatine. The emperor Joseph, however, with his usual rashness, resolved to avail himself of this inheritance in favor of Austria; he accordingly raked up old claims, and marched suddenly with his army into Bavaria, of which he took immediate possession. The pacific palatine, Charles Theodore, thus surprised and overawed, signed a treaty by which he ceded two-thirds of Bavaria to the house of Austria, in order to secure to himself possession of at least the other third. The conduct of Austria, on this occasion, together with the part she had previously taken in the dismemberment of ill-fated Poland, was the more unexpected, inasmuch as she was the only one of all the superior States which had hitherto abstained from similar acts of aggression. But the mutability of the age had now destroyed likewise in Austria the uniform pacific bearing for which she had so long been distinguished.

These proceedings gave rise to serious commotions in various parts of the empire, and Frederick the Great more especially felt he could not and ought not to remain an inactive observer of what was passing. Accordingly he entered the lists against Austria at once, and commenced operations as protector of the heir of Charles Theodore, the Duke of Deux-Ponts, who protested against the compact signed by the former with Austria, and claimed the assistance of the

king of Prussia. The young and hot-headed emperor Joseph accepted the challenge forthwith, and taking up a position in Bohemia, he there awaited the king; the latter, who had already crossed the mountains, finding him, however, so strongly intrenched, was reluctant to hazard an attack under such difficult circumstances, and withdrew from Bohemia. After a few unimportant skirmishes between the light troops of both sides, peace was signed, by the mediation of France and Russia, at Teschen, on the 13th of May, 1779, even before the end of the first year of the war. The empress Maria Theresa, now advanced in years, by no means shared in her son's taste for war, but, on the contrary, earnestly desired peace; while Frederick himself, who had nothing to gain personally by this campaign, was equally anxious for a reconciliation. Moreover, he was likewise far advanced in years, and possessed an eye sufficiently penetrating to perceive that the former original spirit and energy of the army, which had performed such prodigies of valor in the war of Seven Years, had now almost disappeared, although the discipline under which it was still placed was equally severe and tyrannical as in former times. Under these and other circumstances, therefore, peace was preferable to war. By the treaty now concluded, Austria restored to the palatine house all the estates of Bavaria, except the circle of Burgau, and the succession was secured to the Duke of Deux-Ponts.

After the death of Maria Theresa, in 1780, Joseph II. strove, with all the impetuosity of his fiery and enterprising nature, to bring into immediate execution the great and ambitious plans he had formed, and to give to the various nations spread over the boundless surface of his vast possessions one unique and equal form of government, after a model such as he had himself formed within his own mind.

Joseph adopted as his model the absolute principles of Frederick in his system of government; but Frederick occupied himself more with external arrangements, with the administration of the State, the promotion of industry, and the increase of the revenue, interfering very little with the progress of intellectual culture, which followed its particular course, often altogether without his knowledge; while in this respect Joseph, by his new measures, often encroached upon the dearest privileges of his subjects. He insisted certainly upon liberty of conscience and freedom of thought; but he did not bear in mind, at the same time, that the acknowledgment of this principle depended upon that close conviction which cannot be forced, and can only exist in reality when the light of truth has gradually penetrated to the depth of the heart.

The greatest obstacles, however, thrown in the way of Joseph's innovations proceeded from the church; for his grand object was to confiscate numerous monasteries and spiritual institutions, and to change at once the whole ecclesiastical constitution; that is, he contemplated obtaining during the first year of his reign what would of itself have occurred in the space of half a century.

By this confiscation of ecclesiastical possessions more than one neighboring prince of the empire, such as the bishop of Passau and the archbishop of Salzburg, found themselves attacked in their rights, and did not hesitate to complain loudly; and in the same way, in other matters, various other princes found too much reason to condemn the emperor for treating with contempt the constitution of the empire. Their apprehensions were more especially increased when the emperor, in the year 1785, negotiated a treaty of exchange of territory with the electoral prince-palatine of Bavaria, according to which the latter was to resign his country to Austria, for which he was to receive in return the Austrian Netherlands

under the title of a new kingdom of Burgundy: an arrangement by which the entire south of Germany would have come into the exclusive possession of Austria. The prince-palatine was not at all indisposed to make the exchange, and France, as well as Russia, at first favored it in its principle; but Frederick II. once more stepped forward and disconcerted their plans, in which he succeeded likewise in bringing Russia to co-operate with him.

The commotions, however, produced by these efforts made by Joseph to bring his rash projects into immediate operation, caused the old king of Prussia to form the idea of establishing an alliance of the German princes for the preservation of the imperial constitution, similar in character to the unions formed in previous times for mutual defense. Such at least was to be the unique object of this alliance according to the king's own words; and this league was accordingly effected, in the year 1785, between Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, the Dukes of Saxony, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, and Deux-Ponts, the Landgrave of Hesse, and several other princes, who were soon joined by the Elector of Mentz. This alliance was based upon principles in their nature less inimical than strictly surveillant; nevertheless, it effected the object contemplated by acting as a check upon the house of Austria in the various innovations threatened by the emperor, while it operated as a lesson indicating to that house that its real distinction among the other nations of Europe was to preserve the present order of things, to protect all rights and privileges, to oppose the spirit of conquest, and thus to constitute itself the bulwark of universal liberty; but failing in all this, it must inevitably lose at once all public confidence. This alliance of princes, however, produced little or no important results for the advantage of Germany, owing partly to the death of Frederick II., which took place in the following year, and partly to the circumstance of the successors of Joseph II. happily returning to the ancient hereditary principles of the house, both in its moderation and circumspection; and, finally, owing to the unheard-of events which transpired in Europe during the last ten years of this century, and which soon produced too much cause for forgetting all previous minor grievances.

This alliance of the princes of the empire was the last public act of the great Frederick of any consequence; and he died in the following year. He continued active and full of enterprise to the last, in spite of his advanced age; but his condition became gradually more isolated, inasmuch as all the companions of his former days had in turns disappeared and sunk into their last resting-place before himself, the last among them being the brave old warrior Ziethen, who died in the January previous of the same year as his royal master, at the age of eighty-seven; and, on the other hand, heaven had not blessed him with any family, and thus he was debarred from the endearing enjoyment experienced by a father, when he sees himself growing young again, and revived in his posterity. At the same time, he was wanting in all those feelings conducive to this state of life—a state against which his whole nature recoiled.*

* "About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid, business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate, amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting, lean, little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Frederick the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*. Father Fred—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture; no crown

His mind, with scarcely any interruption, retained all its power during the long space of seventy-four years, although his body had latterly become much reduced and enfeebled. Through the extravagant use he had always made of strong spices and French dishes, he dried up the springs of life, and after suffering severely from dropsy, he departed this life on the 17th of August, 1786, and was buried in Potsdam, under the pulpit of the church belonging to the garrison.

In his last illness Frederick displayed great mildness and patience, and acknowledged with gratitude the trouble and pain he caused those around him. During one of his sleepless nights he called to the page who kept watch in the room, and asked him what o'clock it was. The man replied it had just struck two. "Ah, then it is still too soon!" exclaimed the king, "but I cannot sleep. See whether any of the other attendants are awake, but do not disturb them if they are still sleeping, for, poor fellows, they are tired enough. But if you find Neuman (his favorite *yäger*) stirring, say to him you believe the king wishes soon to rise. But mind, do not awaken any one!"

Although the news of Frederick's death at such an advanced age excited no very great astonishment, it nevertheless produced a considerable sensation throughout the whole of Europe. He left to his successor a well-regulated State, containing a population of six millions of inhabitants; a powerful, strictly organized army, and a treasury well provided; the greatest treasure, however, he left was the recollection of his heroic and glorious acts, which in subsequent times has continued to operate upon his nation with all its awakening power and heart-stirring influence.

but an old military cocked-hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute softness if new;—no scepter but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high, over-knee, military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

"The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaw and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humor—are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat—like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. "Those eyes," says Mirabeau, "which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (*portentous, au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur*). Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray color; large enough, not of glaring size, the habitual expression of their vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidly resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenious inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation; a voice 'the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,' says witty Dr. Moore. 'He speaks a great deal,' continues the doctor; 'yet those who hear him regret that he does not speak a great deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.'"

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